The rain had been falling all day from the dark clouds, which were lit up now and then by bright flashes of lightning. The constant twilight only vaguely hinted that evening was approaching. It was the perfect weather for a quiet, secret departure.

Light flickered through the high windows of the entrance hall. Not lightning. Headlights. Apparently, a car had just hit the deep potholes in the driveway. Ones that any local knew how to avoid. So, the driver wasn't from around here. The rain drowned out every other sound, which made the flickering lights seem all the more eerie.

Nastya shivered. Not because of the perpetual cold in the once-grand villa. But because she realized that an unknown future lay before her as soon as she walked through the door and got into the car. She looked around one last time.

The old manor house of a former noble family had housed an orphanage ever since they were dispossessed many decades ago. During the rise and fall of at least two different political systems, there were always more than enough children and never enough funds for its upkeep. Scarcely anything of its former glory remained.

Not even the children's voices. They were the last ones.

Katarina came down the stairs, her suitcase in hand. It looked light. Just like hers. There wasn't much they could take from this life. And yet, it had been their home for as long as they could remember. Strict, orderly. But also sheltered. A sense of security that was no longer safe.

Katarina had taken her instructions to prepare for the journey seriously, in her usual way, and had promptly cut her dark blonde hair herself. The result was a shaggy hairstyle that matched her rough face. That so rarely smiled, but could communicate with Nastya with just a few glances.

An older woman now came out of her room on the ground floor. Tall, with an upright posture, and her gray hair pinned up in a bun. She too was carrying a suitcase. Her flawless, dark traveling clothes looked like a uniform from a bygone era. It had probably hung in her closet for several decades. Nastya couldn't remember the housemother ever traveling.

In a rare, almost affectionate gesture, the woman laid a hand on each of their shoulders.

"Nastya. Rina. It's time. Everyone else is already gone, and you must leave, too." It was rare for her to use the pet names for her charges.

"I don't want to go to America," Katarina said. The words came out slowly, sounding harsh, but the defiance was unmistakable.

"I've explained it to you many times," the housemother replied. "There is no other way. It's becoming too dangerous here."

"Mamushka..." Nastya began, but immediately received a stern slap. She bore it without flinching. She was used to that kind of punishment.

"English, Anastasya, as we practiced!" the woman admonished her, but then immediately pulled her into a comforting embrace.

"Girls, there will be unrest. War, perhaps." She slipped back into a heavy accent, and her voice betrayed how hard she was fighting for control. "This is the wrong place for pretty girls like you. If you're lucky, you'll end up in the bed of an officer or even a general. But it wouldn't be your life. They would control you, and it would break you. Besides, you are far too smart. Men like that don't like it when women have thoughts of their own. It's much more likely you'll end up with a bullet in your head. Believe me, it is better for you to leave."

Nastya swallowed. "Can't... can't we trick them? Find a way to make them leave us alone? It's always worked before."

"Hush! Don't you ever say such a thing again!" The housemother looked at her sternly. "Our methods only work in peace. When there is war, madness seizes the men. Nothing can calm them, nothing can control them. You must go. Remember what we taught you here. The Old and the New. Use it to create a better future for all women. And don't forget us. Be there for each other like real sisters."

A knock sounded at the front door. The housemother gently pushed the two girls away from her, opened the door, and exchanged a few words with the woman who was driving the car.

As they drove away, Nastya looked back through the car's rear window. The old woman was still standing in the doorway. Suddenly, Nastya realized they hadn't spoken about where the housemother would go.

Nastya could hardly remember the journey through the darkness later. The trip was long enough for her to fall asleep and wake up in an area she had never seen before. Outside, fields and meadows passed by. They rarely saw other cars and never any towns or villages. The driver didn't talk much. Her first complete sentence was the instruction for the girls to get ready to get out.

A truck was already waiting for them at a crossroads in the forest. This time, Nastya and Katarina had to climb onto the loading bed and hide under smelly blankets behind a stack of boxes. After an indeterminable time, the truck stopped. Voices could be heard. A man demanded papers.

The driver seemed to know him. She spoke to him in a way, using words that would have earned the girls a week of short rations at the orphanage. A squeaking gate was opened, then the journey continued and ended in the echo of a large hall. Nastya and Katarina didn't dare to move, waiting until someone climbed onto the loading bed.

The crate was pushed aside, and a strange woman looked at them, serious but not unkind.

"Quick now, you two, and don't make any noise," she urged the girls.

Her accent revealed that they were really far from home. They climbed off the loading bed and looked around shyly. The truck looked tiny in the huge hall and was parked next to an airplane, with a ramp folded down at its end. The woman led the girls into the belly of the plane, where a lot of boxes like the ones on the truck were lashed down. In between, someone had laid out a niche with blankets, and the woman motioned for them to squeeze in there.

Another woman joined them, wearing a kind of uniform. The truck driver greeted her respectfully.

"I'm Paulina," she said in English with the same accent they had heard before. "I'm the pilot. We're still waiting for my crew, then we'll leave. Please excuse these accommodations, we're just a cargo plane and don't have passenger seats. And it's better if you aren't seen up in the cockpit during takeoff. When we're in the air, you can come out. Do you understand?"

The two of them nodded, and the women left. There was some rumbling as the last boxes were brought on board, and strained mechanics whined as the cargo hatch closed. In the silence that followed, they heard clicking and clattering around them

from mechanical functions checking the plane. Then it shook, and they heard the voices of several people. One was a man's, followed by a loud discussion. It wasn't their language and not English either, but they heard the man say words that sounded like 'sick' and 'replacement' in their native tongue. Then the propellers started, drowning out all other sounds.

The plane began to move. Then the engines roared to life, and the unexpected acceleration pressed the girls together. Both bit their lips and held hands tightly as they took off. They felt like they were losing the ground beneath their feet. Every sound, every movement was registered with bated breath. But after a while, the monotonous drone of the propellers had a calming, almost hypnotic effect.

Despite the ever-present vibrations, they felt exactly when steps approached shortly after. The blanket covering their hiding spot was pushed aside, and another woman looked at them kindly.

"Hello you two. Paulina sent me, I'm Agnes, the co-pilot. You can come out now."

Shyly, the girls stood up and stretched their cramped limbs. Agnes led them through a narrow passage between the boxes to a ladder, which ended directly behind the cockpit. Paulina sat in her seat, holding the controls and wearing massive headphones while speaking into an attached microphone. When she noticed the girls, she winked at them with a smile.

While they were looking around in amazement, Agnes tapped them on the shoulder to get their attention. The girls turned, and Agnes pointed to the area behind them.

"Coffee?" she shouted, just managing to be heard over the noise. The girls shook their heads.

"Water?" This time they nodded. Agnes gave a thumbs-up, squeezed past them, and handed each of them a small bottle, along with a chocolate bar.

Suddenly, a tiny door opened behind Agnes, and a man came out, busy closing his pants. Agnes unleashed a torrent of swear words at him, whereupon he turned around and briefly held his hands under the faucet through the open door. Only then did he seem to notice the girls. His gaze jumped back and forth between them and finally settled on Nastya. He twisted his mouth into a smile that reminded Nastya of an unpredictable stray dog just before it pounces on its prey.

"America, eh?" he said, but it seemed more like an observation than a question.

Agnes leaned toward the girls and pointed at the man. "Marek. Technician," she explained curtly and told the man to put on his headphones. Paulina apparently had some instructions for him, because he listened, rolled his eyes in annoyance, and pulled a hammer from a drawer. Then he squeezed past the girls, and although they shrank back from him, he brushed against them deliberately slowly before climbing the narrow ladder up into the cargo hold.

Agnes raised her hands in an apologetic gesture. "Is replacement. Because Maya is sick," she explained and then took a seat next to Paulina.

For a while, the girls watched them. Nastya was amazed at how all the buttons and displays could make sense to anyone. The fact that such a large plane had such small windows also puzzled her. Below them, the clouds drifted by, and they flew toward a brilliant blue sky. Paulina handed the controls to Agnes and turned to the girls.

"Everything okay with you?" she shouted to them. The two nodded.

"The flight will take many more hours. Go downstairs if you're tired. Okay?"

Indeed, it was starting to get boring. They carefully climbed down the stairs and made themselves comfortable in the gap between the boxes. Some time later, Marek passed them on his way back to the cabin and paused briefly when he noticed them huddled in the niche. Then he was gone.

The cargo hold grew colder, and the girls understood why there were so many blankets in their hiding place. Huddled together, they wrapped themselves in them and spent the next hours in a twilight state between waking and dreaming. Eventually, they needed the toilet. First, Katarina went, and when she returned, Nastya set off.

In the cockpit, Paulina had reclined her seat and was lying with her eyes closed. Agnes wore large sunglasses and gave Nastya a brief grin before turning back to the instruments. Opposite the toilet was a jump seat where Marek sat. His knees nearly reached the door, and he made no move to get out of the way. Nastya wondered how best to squeeze past him and finally turned her back to him. As she opened the door, she felt a large hand grab her roughly on the bottom. Startled and angry, she spun around, but Marek had raised his hand apologetically and just grinned broadly at her. Only now did she notice that he was holding one of those magazines in his other hand, the kind with women in skimpy bikinis on the cover. The woman on the open page was completely naked.

Nastya hurried to close the door behind her, making sure it was firmly locked. After using the toilet, she considered how best to get past this disgusting man and decided to try a different tactic. In the small mirror above the sink, she practiced her grimmest possible facial expression. This wasn't easy, as everything about her, especially her face, was more what one would generally describe as elfin and angelic. Nevertheless, she managed to make her ice-blue eyes flash like daggers.

With this expression on her face, she opened the door. This time she faced Marek. He was sitting in front of the door, legs spread wide and grinning, holding the magazine in one hand and massaging his crotch with the other. But Nastya paid no attention to that. She held eye contact, her hands balled into fists, ready to punch him in the nose at the slightest sign of aggression, like a flea-infested mutt.

Marek seemed more amused by this, but at least he took no further liberties. The pilots hadn't noticed the incident, and it was too loud to tell them anyway. Later, then, after landing. She was determined not to let him get away with it.

Katarina seemed to sense that she was still upset when she snuggled under the blanket with her. Instead of a long explanation, she took her sister in her arms and

gave her a brief hug. With this gesture, they had silently reassured each other many times in the past few days that they would endure and make it through.

After some time in a doze, Nastya felt steps approaching again. Marek trudged past their hiding spot, another tool in his hand, and threw them a strangely glassy-eyed look that sent a shiver down her spine. Nastya tucked the blanket in front of their spot to block any more curious glances. Katarina woke up and looked at her questioningly. Nastya gestured in the direction the man had disappeared, but her sister didn't seem to understand what she meant.

Before Nastya could explain, Marek's legs suddenly appeared under the curtain. The fabric was torn aside. First, Marek grabbed Katarina with his large hands and ripped her away. Her scream was cut short as he threw her into the aisle against some boxes. Ice-cold fear crept up Nastya's spine. She pulled her knees tight to her body, looking around frantically for a weapon, an object, anything to keep him away. But all she found was a nest of soft blankets.

Marek knelt in front of the gap, his unbuckled pants already halfway down. He made a brutal grab for her feet and caught one. With the other foot, Nastya kicked at him as hard as she could. He grunted in annoyance, grabbed it as well, and began to tie them with the belt. Then he pulled her toward him, as he couldn't fit into the narrow gap himself.

"America, eh?" he grunted as he leaned over her, his foul breath hitting her face. "I'll show you America!"

He had pinned her feet between his legs and now began to pull at her pants. Nastya fought back as best she could, but her blows had no effect. Finally, instead of his hands, she aimed for his face. For the nose, like with a mutt, and he flinched back, his face contorted in pain.

"Bitch!" he roared, slapping her so hard across the face with his open hand that her vision went black for a moment.

"Think you're better, eh? Going to a rich man in America? Be nice and spread legs? Fuck rich man, eh, for pretty dress and money? Can also be nice to Marek. Marek will show you how to make rich man happy!"

His attempts to open her pants were only moderately successful, but he managed to pull them down a bit, scratching her skin painfully with buttons and the zipper. Nastya pressed her legs together, wanting to make it as difficult for him as possible. He brutally dug his dirty, rough hands between her thighs. Nastya felt the moment approaching when she would have no defense left against him.

Then suddenly, a wild roar sounded and two arms wrapped around his neck from behind, fingers clawing at his face. Katarina shrieked like a wild animal, forcing Marek to let go of Nastya. He tried to grab Katarina's hands, but she proved to be surprisingly agile.

Freed from her stupor, Nastya now also began to scream, hitting shrill notes that only children can produce. Marek was still busy with Katarina. He threw himself backward against the nearest crate, finally managing to grab the girl's hands and rip her off his back. Nastya crawled closer with her bound feet, kicking him as best she could. He seemed unimpressed, focusing on Katarina. Two or three hard blows to the face were enough, and she went limp. He let her fall and turned back to Nastya with a wolfish grin. Her clothes had ridden up to her neck during the struggle. For her fifteen years, there wasn't much developed. But the sight of pale, bare skin with the hint of breasts with rosy nipples seemed to incite him even more. He reached his hands out to her, and suddenly tipped sideways.

Behind him, Paulina appeared, the hammer still in her hand. She dropped the tool and bent over Katarina. Relieved, Nastya saw the other girl slowly sit up and dazedly shake her head.

A tremor seized Nastya, the likes of which she had never experienced. She bent forward, trying to undo the belt around her feet, but her fingers had no strength. Paulina helped her. With one or two deft movements, Paulina had freed Nastya. Katarina had crawled closer on her knees, her strength just enough to fall into her sister's arms. For Nastya, this was the only source of strength she dared to rely on. They were alive, they had each other, and the worst had not happened.

Paulina crouched beside them and hugged the girls.

"It's over," she tried to comfort them over the noise of the engine. Nastya needed to see for herself. Standing up on shaky legs, she looked around. The technician's limp body lay stretched out in the aisle.

"Is he... dead?" Nastya asked.

Paulina shrugged. "Could be."

Crouching next to the man, she placed two fingers on his neck. For a long moment, everyone waited, then she turned around. "He won't be causing any more problems."

"Good," Nastya heard Katarina say. She was standing behind her, leaning on the aisle wall. Paulina looked at her with concern and examined her head.

"Could be a concussion. Take her upstairs, then come back here," she told Nastya.

Katarina walked ahead, but her knees buckled several times, and Nastya had to support her. When they reached the cockpit, Agnes gave them a questioning look. At the sight of Katarina, she hastily flipped a few switches, then came toward them and helped buckle her into the jump seat.

"I'll explain later, have to go back!" Nastya shouted to her and went back down.

Every bone in her body ached, and she had trouble looking straight. There was no sign of Paulina or the technician's body in front of the hiding spot. Nastya followed the aisle through the cargo hold all the way to the back. There she found Paulina, who was busy searching the pockets of the man's clothes.

"Help me," she said, "he can't have anything on him that identifies him."

As disgusting as it was, it helped Nastya convince herself that he was no longer a threat. When they had finished the grim task, Paulina indicated that she wanted to move him in front of the cargo ramp. Afterward, she inspected the cargo's fastenings near the hatch until she was satisfied.

"If it's any consolation, you weren't the only one he tried that with," Paulina explained at one point. "But you're definitely the last. He was a pig. Had I known he was the replacement for Maya, we wouldn't have flown."

"What happens to him now?" Nastya asked, although the preparations were clear enough to her.

Paulina confirmed her suspicion. "We can't take him with us. Can't land with him. Too many questions. Come with me."

They made their way forward. In the cabin, Katarina sat listlessly on the jump seat, and Paulina gave Agnes a brief overview of what had happened. Then she locked the passage to the cargo hold and checked Katarina's belts.

"It's going to get shaky, hold on tight," she then said to Nastya. "Maybe you should go into the toilet, it has handles to hold onto."

Nastya squeezed into the small room and wedged herself between the handgrips. She listened as the cargo hatch drive whined into motion. At the same time, the plane began to shake violently. Its position then changed, and Nastya couldn't tell if it was flying nose-up or falling tail-first. Her teeth chattered with fear, but after what felt like an eternity, the plane stabilized, and the shaking stopped.

Together with Paulina, she went downstairs again. There was no trace of Marek or his things.

A few more hours passed before landing, during which the girls recovered somewhat. On the other hand, the marks from Marek's hands on their faces became more and more visible. Paulina and Agnes dug out their entire supply of cosmetics. This at least concealed the worst of the marks, giving them a realistic chance of passing the identity check without attracting attention.

Katarina kept dozing off, but sleep was impossible for Nastya. Again and again, she went over the events. How could this have happened? Could she have seen it coming? Could she have prevented it? What had triggered it?

All questions led back to the few encounters where the man had looked at her. It wasn't her fault, but rather the image he had of her in his head. It became increasingly clear to her that, whether she liked it or not, she had an effect on men, and perhaps on women too.

In any case, the knowledge that she was being seen opened up possibilities to control how she was seen. Clothes, hairstyle, and makeup would never again be just a matter of personal taste for her.

After landing at the cargo airport, she discovered another way to control the impression men had when they looked at her.

The cargo terminal had a small area for passenger screening. Paulina and Agnes had already said their goodbyes to the girls. They had to take care of the plane and could not leave the airport grounds yet. From now on, only what Nastya and Katarina had practiced for months mattered.

There was only one counter, manned by a bored, gum-chewing officer. It quickly became obvious that he preferred people he knew personally. Everyone else, he harassed with petty power plays. At least they weren't alone with him. Nastya wasn't sure if Katarina, her head full of painkillers, and she herself, with her trauma, would have managed. The crews of several other planes were waiting in line behind them, and luckily, a few women were among them. In her eyes, this provided a certain amount of relief.

Finally, it was their turn. There was nothing wrong with their passports. According to the papers, they were US citizens doing an internship at an air freight company. The officer examined the X-ray of their suitcase all the more attentively. Katarina was allowed to pass, but Nastya was waved over to a table.

"Open it," the officer said.

Nastya obeyed and opened the suitcase. The officer pulled on rubber gloves and managed to make this simple gesture look suggestive. Then he began to rummage through her things. He took out her laundry, one piece at a time, holding it up inspectingly. Nastya felt a blush rise to her face. She felt exposed. It wasn't the fact that it was her underwear, but the type of clothing. New clothes were rare at the orphanage. Everything she wore had been worn by others before her. Even her outerwear, which was supposed to look as American as possible, was old-fashioned and completely out of style here.

Then the officer discovered the packet of herbs. A triumphant smile appeared on his face.

"What's this?" he asked, holding the bag up so everyone could see it.

Nastya was suddenly the center of attention. "Chai. Herbs. For tea," she said.

"Oh yeah? What kind of tea?" the officer asked.

"Tea from grandmother. For belly ache."

He didn't let up. "Tea from grandmother, of course!" he called out sarcastically. "Are you sure it's not maybe weed, for a little fun?"

"No!"

Startled, the officer looked at her. He was clearly not used to such a resolute contradiction.

"This is tea," Nastya continued, "for period!" With deliberate slowness, she reached toward her crotch and held her palm up in front of his face. "For pain, when pussy bleeds. You know period? You have woman with blood in pussy?" she asked him.

Behind her, the others in line began to whisper, and the officer's face turned a dark color. He dropped the bag of herbs, slammed her suitcase shut, and quickly turned to the next person.

One of the other officers, who had watched the incident, waved her over. He smiled at her apologetically and led her through all further checks without another stop.

In that moment, Nastya realized that she shaped her image in men's minds not only through her appearance, but also through her demeanor and her words. This immediate feeling of power was much more exciting than all the secret plans and intrigues.

The following days passed in a kind of limbo. At the airport, Nastya had activated the prepaid cell phone she carried for this purpose. She sent a text message, and some time later, one of those big American cars arrived. A woman got out and greeted them effusively. For Nastya's taste, she made far too much fuss, especially when she noticed that both of them had bruises on their faces. It was the opposite of a discreet arrival, but no one around them seemed to take any notice.

The woman's name was Helen, and she introduced herself as the director of a home for unaccompanied girls. Whatever that was supposed to mean exactly. Nastya couldn't really picture it.

It was very different from what they knew from home. In total, about ten other girls were housed with them in the building, and they could pretty much do as they pleased. As long as they could share a room, Nastya and Katarina were happy with everything. At least at the beginning.

After two days, during which Katarina had eaten less and less, she refused completely on the evening of the third day.

"I want to see kitchen, please," she said when Helen was called.

"Why? Is something wrong with the food?" Helen's tone was audibly piqued.

"Is not food." Katarina pointed to her plate, which held supposed mashed potatoes and chicken. "I don't know what this is. Show me plant in garden where this grows. Show me animal that eats plant. Then I eat."

This caused an uproar that neither Nastya nor Katarina had expected. They were sent to their room. From there, the two of them could hear Helen making phone calls, audible to everyone in the house, complaining about them both.

In the early morning hours of the next day, the door to their room was torn open and Helen entered. A horrified scream from her informed the other residents that she had found another reason for criticism. Sleepily, Nastya blinked at her. Katarina, who had snuggled up behind her, was wide awake and ready to pounce.

"What is going on in here? What are you doing in one bed? We do not tolerate such relationships here!"

It took a moment for Nastya to realize what Helen was implying.

"It is not like that, it is harmless," she tried to calm the agitated Helen.

But Helen turned to someone in the hallway. "You see! You see how corrupt these girls are!"

"Please," Nastya urged, "it is not like that. Katarina is my sister."

"Unbelievable. Did you hear that? Her own sister! How could they do this to me," Helen lamented in the hallway.

Nastya sensed that Katarina was about to end the scene physically. She had to act first. As quickly as possible, she jumped up and rushed to the door.

"Shut! Up!" she shouted at Helen. This brought a shocked silence to the hallway.

"You see this?" Nastya pointed to the bruises on her face. "You see this on her?" She pointed at Katarina.

Now she had the attention of Helen, her strange visitor, and the girls who had gathered in the hallway.

"That was a man. A bad man. He wanted sex with me. I did not want. Katarina protect me, I protect Katarina. Very simple. That is why we sleep in one bed. We protect, like sister and sister, not like woman and woman. You understand?"

"Oh no. How dreadful! What have you brought into my house! If this gets out, my reputation will be ruined! We are a decent house!" Helen complained again to her guest.

"Calm yourself. I will relieve you of this burden."

The warm, full voice belonged to a woman of remarkable elegance, who now stepped into the doorway. Nastya had never seen anyone like her before. Even here in America, she had met very few people with such dark skin. Something about her appearance ensured that one did not contradict her. There was no reason to, either, as her every word was carefully chosen and kindly phrased.

"Anastasya, Katarina, I am Seraphina. The housemother sends her warmest regards. She was relieved to hear that you arrived here safely. Please pack your things. We are leaving this place."

Seraphina turned out to be a surprisingly warm and sociable person with an eye for practical solutions. On the morning she picked up Nastya and Katarina from the home for unaccompanied girls, they first went shopping.

The offer was overwhelming, and Seraphina encouraged them several times to buy a bit more rather than too little. It took a while for Nastya and Katarina to take her request seriously, but then there was no holding back.

When they emerged from the shopping center later that afternoon, newly clothed, nothing of the old-fashioned Eastern Bloc look remained. Quite the opposite. While Katarina had discovered a preference for muted colors and military cuts, Nastya found more unusual pieces that she combined in remarkable ways. This earned her appreciative, but also envious, glances. She saw it as a chance to test how she could consciously change her visual impression through body language and her gaze.

Afterward, they drove to Seraphina's 'city apartment,' as she called it. It was only supposed to be temporary. Later they would go to her actual residence.

During the drive, Katarina became increasingly restless. Finally, she turned directly to her benefactress.

"That woman, at the home. Helen. Is bad," she said. "Worse than food. Not good for the girls there."

"What do you find so bad about her?" Seraphina asked.

"Is bad mother. Woman in home must be good mother. Must listen, make fair rules. And give good food."

Seraphina nodded thoughtfully. "You're right. Those are all good points. Do you think you could do it better?"

This counter-question surprised Katarina. She shook her head.

"No. I am not good at caring. Only for sister. For Nastya." She lowered her gaze.

"It's good to know what you can and can't do," Seraphina continued. "Because then you also know what you still need to learn. That's why your housemother sent you to this country. So you can learn. So that one day there will be homes with better mothers than Helen. Because we need that. Women like Helen turn nice girls into little Helens, and that doesn't help anyone."

Katarina giggled. "Little Helens. Is good joke."

Nastya had to smile too. She hadn't missed the fact that Seraphina had also looked at her while speaking. A feeling crept over her that this 'learning' wasn't just about school.

The city apartment turned out to be a villa the size of the orphanage back home. Yet, only Seraphina lived in it. For the first time, Nastya got an idea of the splendor possible with such old architecture.

Besides the driver who drove their car, there were other servants in the house. Seraphina instructed one of them to give the girls a room. Afterward, they were to meet in the salon.

When Nastya and Katarina finally arrived there, they were already expected. A small table was set with a very specific type of cookies that immediately reminded them of home, and the tea also exuded a familiar aroma. Seraphina made an inviting gesture and let them sit in large, comfortable armchairs.

"So, what am I to do with you?" the lady directed her words to the two girls. "What do you want to become? Who do you want to be?"

While Nastya was still busy figuring out how to approach these important questions, Katarina needed much less time to think.

"I want to live," she said. "Without fear. Free. Come and go when I want. And if threatened, I want to fight back. This..." she pointed to the bruise on her face, "this should never happen again. Not to me, not to Nastya. That's why I want to learn to fight, to win, to be faster than others, to make the first move."

Apparently, she had also been thinking about her future after the incident on the plane. Nastya was astonished at how concrete her orphan sister's ideas were. At the same time, she was proud of her, because nothing indicated that the burden of her experiences had broken her. Quite the opposite.

"Thank you," she said, gently touching Katarina's knee.

"Those are noble goals," Seraphina said, nodding appreciatively. "And realistic ones, too. All of that should be possible to arrange." She gazed out the window for a moment, lost in thought, as if already forging plans. Then she looked at Nastya.

"And what about you?"

Nastya took a deep breath. No matter what she said now, Seraphina would expect her to stand by it. So, all she could do was be completely open.

"I want to learn. Learn how to be myself better. Learn to make people do what I want, so I don't have to do what others want. I never want to be the girl sitting between the boxes in an old plane again. I want to be the woman who owns the plane, and the pilots too. The one who decides who flies with her and who doesn't."

Katarina looked at her, astonished. Seraphina also seemed impressed.

"That too is feasible, but it will take longer than learning to fight. It's a long, arduous path, and it can be lonely at the end. Are you prepared for that?"

"Yes." Nastya didn't hesitate for a moment. "That terrible man, that monster, on the plane, he said something." She faltered, then forced herself to repeat the words. "'Going to rich man in America? Spread legs and fuck rich man, eh?'"

She had imitated the tone and accent so well that Katarina turned completely pale. Nastya continued,

"I don't think he just meant me. I mean, I am here. We were supposed to be here all along. But for him, it was so obvious, as if there are many girls who end up somewhere else entirely. I want to help them. And I want to hunt and kill monsters like him."

The emotional words had an unexpected effect on Seraphina. Tears welled in her eyes, and she set down her teacup with trembling hands.

"We will, Nastya. I promise you, I will support you in this with all my resources. Although we might have to be a little less direct about the last part. You are right. Far too many girls and women are forced to walk that dark path. Many never return..."

"Good!" Katarina interjected. "When do we start?"

Seraphina chuckled. "Don't rush things, sweetie. If the information in your documents is correct, you're only fifteen, sixteen years old?"

Katarina looked surprised, but Nastya wasn't amazed that she had this information. They both nodded.

"First, you must learn a lot," Seraphina continued. "Your speech must not betray your origin. You must be knowledgeable, able to find your way in this part of the world. Great tasks lie ahead of us. There are many who have goals similar to ours. We know each other, just as I know your housemother in Europe. But now, for the first time, we are trying to create something together. A female community. A community of care and refuge. With open doors for all who are in need, and strong walls against all who would interfere."

"Female community? Sounds good," Nastya said. "But how is that supposed to work?"

"Like everything in this country. You found a company, a brand. Then you offer a product or a service. Like a membership in a fitness club."

"And what does this club offer?" Nastya asked.

"Everything women need. Healthcare. Childcare. Nursing homes. Substitute teachers for overburdened schools. Scholarships for gifted talents, maybe even our own schools ..."

"Who is boss of community?" Katarina interrupted her explanation.

This question interested Nastya too. Seraphina raised her hands.

"Many, I suppose. A kind of high council. With clear responsibilities, but no financial incentives. Committed only to our shared values."

"What about money? Who pays for all this?" Nastya was still not convinced.

"There is enough money." Seraphina made a placating gesture. "The challenge is to use it in the right places, to achieve the right goals with it. The currency we are interested in is influence. The ability to participate in large, long-term decisions."

"What I still don't understand about all this," Nastya said after a brief thought. "Why are you telling us all this? We are just two simple girls from a faraway country."

"You are definitely more than that. Your housemother made enough hints that I'm certain you have something to contribute. I simply wanted to be open with you from the start. And I hope I can earn your trust this way."

The girls gave her a long look. Finally, Katarina shrugged. "Is your decision."

"It's better if I show you." Without waiting for a reply, Nastya stood up, left the salon, and returned a short time later.

"The housemother gave us this for the journey." She placed the bag of herbs on the small table.

"What exactly is that?" Seraphina asked. "I assume you're not planning to go into the weed business, are you?"

Nastya shook her head. "I don't understand this weed thing. The man at the airport said that too. No, this is chai. Tea. We call it Nettleweed. It is a good herb. I have seeds, and we know the best place to plant them."

"I must admit, I'm not quite following. Why should we plant herbs? What's so special about this tea?"

"It is good for belly aches, during the period. And if you drink it regularly, the period stops. It is hard to get pregnant then."

"Ah, now I understand. A natural contraceptive. Yes, good, why not. There's certainly a market for that."

"Yes, but that's not all," Nastya said.

Seraphina looked at her expectantly. "No? What else?"

"When did you last see the housemother?" Nastya asked. Seraphina thought for a moment. "I believe we saw each other two years ago. We've only spoken on the phone since then. Why?"

"How old do you think she is?"

"How old?" The question seemed to surprise Seraphina. "I don't know, maybe around fifty?"

Nastya shook her head. "Wrong. She is almost eighty. And she drinks this tea every day."

"What?" Seraphina stared at her in disbelief. "Are you telling me this tea extends life?"

"No. Unfortunately not." Nastya shook her head. "Everyone dies when they are old. But it makes you look young."

Seraphina had consulted in detail with Nastya and Katarina about the best growing conditions for the Nettleweed. After consulting with her lawyers, the final choice fell on an old, remote horse ranch. The buildings just barely met Seraphina's standards. For the girls, however, it was pure luxury.

This was not the Montana they knew from movies. It was much better. Massive mountain slopes on the sides provided a feeling of seclusion and protection. Deep forests lined the slopes, giving way to pastures in the center of the long valley. The rich green reminded them of their homeland.

Shortly after their arrival at this place, staff arrived, confirming Seraphina's statement that there were many women ready to commit to the FemCom concept.

The nettleweed was sown. After just a few months, the plants were robust enough to take cuttings. Leaves were also harvested, and Seraphina used her contacts to have them analyzed. A favor here, a promise there, and soon they not only had confirmation that making tea from the herb was indeed the easiest way, but also an idea of the technical effort required. Nevertheless, Seraphina had further detailed pharmaceutical analyses conducted. Modern times require modern measures, were her words.

Not everything went so smoothly, however. Seraphina insisted from the beginning that the girls attend the nearest high school.

One day was enough, and they agreed that they hated it. It was nothing serious, but rather a mix of many small things. They found it hard to understand the nuances of the language. The classmates were loud and seemed to have no discipline. And the food was terrible.

It didn't take long for them to attract the attention of the boys at school. At least this offered Nastya the opportunity to continue her observations. She specifically paid attention to the interplay of her appearance with complementary or contradictory behavior and words. Within a short time, she earned the reputation of an ice queen whom nothing could melt. Stubborn admirers usually backed off after an encounter with Katarina.

A few weeks later, after the school routine had finally settled in, the next shock came.

One afternoon, they came home, and a troop of uniformed men was unloading luggage from trucks and taking it into a residential building. So far, only women had moved to the ranch, as was to be expected from the FemCom idea. The physical presence of the newcomers was, to say the least, unsettling for them both.

“Men are part of our lives, just as women are part of theirs,” Seraphina said. “Our goal is not to live without them, but to live in freedom with them. This requires us to acquire skills that these gentlemen will teach us. Mr. Meyers and his security team have proven themselves multiple times in the past.”

She waved over the middle-aged man who was clearly in command. Everything about him revealed his military background: uniform, posture, muscles. And his watchful, unyielding gaze.

“Mr. Meyers,” Seraphina said, “please reassure the ladies here. What happens to one of your men who crosses the lines of decency?”

“That will not happen, Ma’am,” Meyers said without hesitation.

“Yes, I believe you. But purely theoretically?”

“As I said, that will not happen,” Meyers replied. “But, purely hypothetically, that person would be permanently removed.”

“So you would fire him?”

“Removed, Ma’am, would be the correct term.”

Seraphina waited until the girls understood the statement and then said goodbye to Meyers.

“So you don't need to worry,” Seraphina said to Nastya and Katarina. “On the contrary. I think it would do you good if you let them teach you a thing or two. Meyers is not only a good leader, but also an excellent trainer.”

Her tone of voice made it clear that this was not a suggestion, but an order.

Surprisingly, it was Katarina who had the bigger problems with the training at the beginning.

A part of the old stables had been converted into a makeshift gym. Nastya had a heavy lump in her throat and felt panic rising inside her when she first entered the poorly lit room, where the men had lined up in a loose semicircle. Katarina, on the other hand, was literally shaking, and Nastya even thought she heard a soft whimper.

She had never asked Meyers in all those years how much Seraphina had told him and what he had pieced together himself. The fact was, he obviously knew exactly what he was doing. A little apart from the troop, he began to teach the girls the basics of close combat. It took a while, but eventually they got used to the presence of the men.

One day, Meyers brought one of them over to demonstrate various exercises, which the girls then imitated. When he finally moved the training to the center of the room, the presence of the men no longer felt quite so bad.

During the first sparring exercise with one of the men, Katarina nevertheless threw herself at him with a wild cry, forgetting half of her training. Her opponent still got a few scratches and bruises. It soon became clear that Katarina belonged in such a pack. Someday she would move among the troop as one of their own, perhaps even lead them. But it was a long, hard road until then.

Nastya, on the other hand, had to force herself not to freeze during the exercises. Meyers quickly noticed that she was always looking for the perfect opportunity to strike and often hesitated too long. He patiently helped her to spot openings in the defense and starting points for leverage holds at first glance.

Initially, the two girls were still completely preoccupied with themselves and their trauma. The more confident they became, however, the stronger the suspicion crept in that the men weren't taking them seriously and were intentionally letting them land

hits. If that was the case, it didn't last long. Of course, the girls had to take some hits, but they also learned to dish them out hard.

When spring arrived in the valley for the third time, they were ready to participate fully in the troop's regular training. The training was open to all women living on the ranch, and many of them took up the offer. The training area was eventually moved to the old riding hall. For Nastya, the smell would forever be inseparably linked with close combat training.

Neither she nor the boys had missed that Katarina had transformed from an awkward, wild teenager into an adult woman. The training and her natural abilities had given her a physique one would sooner encounter in the Olympic decathlon than on a fashion show runway. But anyone who saw her in martial arts could quickly be convinced of the elegance of her movements. Usually on the mat, from the loser's perspective. Nevertheless, the relationship between the boys and her remained on a friendly, buddy-buddy level. If there was more, it remained hidden from Nastya.

She herself had also changed. Her muscles had gained strength, she had even grown a little taller, and her demeanor was more confident than ever. But her figure did not develop pronounced femininity, remaining slim with delicate curves. Even without her daily cup of herbal tea, her curves hardly needed support. She felt like a bud that had frozen just before full bloom. Apparently, this held a very special appeal for many. No matter what she wore, she always drew glances. Whether in the city or on the ranch, from men or women. At least it remained at glances. No one was stupid enough to dare make suggestive remarks or even aggressive gestures.

Meyers was only gone occasionally for a few weeks. Otherwise, he was the constant in the team. Everyone else came and went after a while. As part of these changes, Nastya encountered the biggest challenge of her life so far that summer.

She couldn't remember when Miles had arrived at the ranch. One day he was just there, standing opposite her in training. She preferred tight clothing for sparring and

accepted the sparkle in the boys' eyes that came with it. But for someone to stare at her so directly was unusual. Especially the direction of his gaze. It repeatedly cost Miles his guard, and with every hit she used to send him to the ground, a larger crowd gathered around them. Still, she didn't get the impression that he was letting her win on purpose. He was really trying and could also dish out a hard hit. But when boys were new to the ranch, they usually had to get used to fighting women with full force.

Their fighting style was a wild mix of MMA, street fighting, and wrestling. More than once, she held him in a leg lock after a successful hit. It was just like in many training sessions before, with other partners. But the longer this fight lasted, the more aware she became of the physical contact.

They ended the match to applause and scattered whistles. While the audience's attention turned to the next fight, she rested, exhausted, on a bench at the edge of the hall. Miles took a seat next to her. His gaze kept flickering in her direction. But he wasn't staring at her sweat-soaked top and the firm breasts outlined beneath it, like the other boys. He seemed to be seeking her gaze. The next time he looked at her, she confronted him.

"Are you staring at me?"

For some unexplained reason, she slipped back into her Eastern European accent, which made him look even more interested for a moment.

"No, I... um. I didn't mean to..." he said. He turned red, which offered a nice contrast to his brown hair.

"Then what are you gawking at?" she said, more aggressively than she intended, and glared at him with her fiercest look.

He widened his eyes and swallowed.

"Sorry, it's just... you... you have the most intense eyes I've ever seen. Amazing. Really beautiful!"

Nastya was confused. She hadn't expected that. Miles was already packing his things and was about to leave, but she stopped him.

"Wait, stay." When she realized how harsh that sounded, she said, "Please!"

He sat down hesitantly. "I didn't want to be rude. Meyers gave us a pretty strict lecture today about what's allowed and what's not."

Nastya could imagine that very well. "And you still dared. And you let me beat you up," she said with a small smile.

Miles relaxed too and smiled, now that it was obvious she wasn't going to rip his head off. It was nice to chat with him. Very nice. And in the following days, they kept running into each other. Encounters that increasingly gave her a very special tingle. For the first time in a long time, Nastya found herself in a new, unfamiliar situation. She felt almost helpless, yet she was too embarrassed to confide in Katarina or Seraphina. Why should I, a defiant voice in her head said. After all, she was old enough. An adult. At least, almost.

She looked for opportunities to run into him when he was on guard duty. He found out when she usually went to eat and waited for her there. Evening walks followed, and eventually even a ride together on the tamer ponies, under the grinning gazes of everyone who noticed.

Nastya checked the lock on the door that connected her room to Katarina's. They hadn't shared a bed for a long time. But the possibility of being there for each other at any time still provided the greatest feeling of protection. Until now. Not that she had planned anything, but who knows, someday, maybe. And then it would be good if she could make sure Katarina didn't suddenly show up in her room because of suspicious noises.

She herself wasn't sure later what exactly led to her taking him to her room one evening. But there he was, standing in front of her, looking up at her with his big eyes. He was perhaps two or three fingers shorter than her, and maybe it was exactly this perspective she needed to allow his closeness. She felt his hands on her body and felt his muscles, first under the t-shirt, then without. His kisses wandered over her shoulders, over her arms, and back along the strap of her top, until she finally tore it off.

The rest of their clothes followed, and they found themselves on her bed. Nastya noted with amusement how they both kept resorting to various holds and grappling techniques from martial arts. When there was only one step left to take, he wanted to turn off the light, but she stopped him.

"Leave it on ... I... I can't in the dark. I want to see you," she said.

He nodded in surprise and looked uncertain, but he allowed it. As he lay beneath her and she slowly lowered herself onto him for this first ride, she held his hands tightly and rewarded him with her most sparkling gaze from her ice-blue eyes. Her eyes widened in pain for only a brief moment as he broke her final barrier.

In the following days, Nastya was euphoric. All colors seemed more brilliant, all scents more intense. Every chirp of a bird announced the joy of life. For several nights in a row, she checked if the door to the next room was really locked. Until the morning she woke up far too late and Miles was still lying next to her. He was long overdue for his shift.

She hastily woke him. He got ready at top speed, hoping his absence hadn't been noticed yet. It was in vain.

Later that morning, Nastya was summoned to Seraphina's office. There she met a grim-looking Meyers and a pale Miles. There was no trace of Seraphina's usual warmth either.

"Good," Seraphina said, motioning for Nastya to step closer. "We are all here, and I think we are all informed about the current, well, situation."

Nastya felt anger flushing her face. How could she interfere in her personal affairs? But Seraphina didn't let her speak.

"Mr. Meyers," Seraphina said, turning to her head of security, "what rules have you established for private relationships between your troop and the residents of the ranch?"

Meyers looked at the young man beside him.

"Miles?" Meyers said, prompting him to speak.

"All employees are required to maintain professional distance," Miles recited with a fixed stare. "If personal relationships should develop, they must be disclosed and must not interfere with duty."

"Are you in such a relationship, Mr. Miles?" Seraphina asked.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Did you disclose it to your superior?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Did it interfere with your duties?" was the merciless third question.

He swallowed. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Mr. Meyers, what is the standard procedure in such a case?"

Meyers cleared his throat. "In this case, it is customary to immediately transfer the employee to another work location. However," he cleared his throat again, "since you requested it in this instance, I leave it to you to determine the consequences."

Seraphina nodded. Turning to Nastya, she said, "Anastasiya, you have heard the rules that apply to him. What should we do?"

"What?" Nastya was shocked and could see that Miles felt the same. "I don't know... what do I have to do with the decision?"

"You... we are his employer," Seraphina said.

For the first time, Nastya had the feeling that the old woman was upset. "We agree on rules. Fair, appropriate rules. We demand that they be followed. And if they are broken, we are required to ensure there are consequences. Rightfully so. If we don't, chaos arises. Unrest. Abuse. Suffering."

The last word barely escaped her lips, and when she looked at Nastya, Nastya saw tears glittering in the corners of her eyes.

"So tell me, Nastya, is there any reason to suspend the rules in this case? And how do you explain to everyone else on the ranch that the same doesn't apply to him, to you, as it does to everyone else?"

Nastya bit her trembling lower lip. "I... I don't know. There is no reason. The rules are reasonable and fair."

A sob escaped Miles. His face was red, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry," he said, but Meyers cut him off with a curt gesture.

"You heard her, Miles. The rules apply to everyone. Please pack your things. Departure in 30 minutes."

"Yes, Sir. Ma'am." He saluted in Seraphina's direction. "Nastya, I..." he said, turning to her, but she shook her head, and he fell silent.

He left the office together with Meyers.

Instantly, Seraphina seemed to deflate. She sighed heavily, leaned on her desk, and dropped heavily into her chair.

"Why...?" was all Nastya could manage, her voice choked. A storm of feelings raged inside her. She could name anger, sadness, and indignation, but there was much more.

"I'm sorry it hurts so much," Seraphina said weakly. "Really. I know how this feels. I didn't want this. But I can't make an exception for you. You are not here because you are a princess to be spoiled. You are here because you are a leader. One who is strong and intelligent, and who recognizes the consequences of actions, for herself and for others."

"But it hurts so much..." Nastya said, her voice a sob.

"Yes, it does," Seraphina said. "Believe me, I would have gladly spared you this pain. No one here blames you. Don't be too hard on yourself, and not on him either. And someday, maybe you can forgive me too... But for now, please go and take care of your tasks."

Nastya couldn't make a sound.

"Nastya?" Seraphina called, just as Nastya had almost reached the door.

She turned around, her eyes filled with pain.

"If these rules seem too harsh to you, we need different, better ones. Think about what is good for everyone. What consequences are appropriate. And then you present them to the others on the council."

The horses had turned out to be a stroke of luck. At first, there were still many curious questions. It would be unfair to call the people in the area curious. Genuinely interested described it better. The old horse ranch had a long tradition. It was only natural that they wanted to know who the new owners were and what they planned to do with the property. Especially since there was a conspicuous amount of staff for a relatively small number of animals.

A sign at the entrance indicated that it was a 'Female Community Retreat for Women'. In conversations with the locals, they had made enough hints that 'Retreat' implied therapeutic services for women with traumatic experiences. This strategy aroused the sympathy of the female population, the protective instinct of the men, and a general understanding of why there were so many security forces on the grounds. Furthermore, no one asked tactless, indiscreet questions. On the contrary, it was common sense for everyone in the area that working with horses could have a healing, therapeutic effect.

Sooner or later, the locals would notice that the Nettleweed was being grown on a large scale, so a credible explanation was necessary. The good-natured four-legged friends provided this cover by a lucky coincidence. One day, someone had forgotten to close the horse pasture gate. The animals did not get far, however. They discovered the nearest field and nibbled contentedly on the young shoots.

This small accident led to surprising insights. At first, they considered it the perfect excuse to call the herb a fodder plant. Then, after a few tests, it turned out that the medically uninteresting plant residues were indeed usable as high-quality animal feed.

In the fourth year, the production of herbal tea from Nettleweed had long reached the limits of the available possibilities on the ranch. Furthermore, the first results of the pharmaceutical studies were available. It was time to think in larger dimensions.

One morning, Seraphina insisted that Nastya and Katarina accompany her on a trip. The drive took them past larger and larger towns, to a city that was much closer to civilization. There, they turned into a small industrial area that had clearly seen better days. Nastya carefully observed the various stages of decay of the abandoned facilities. Finally, they drove through the open boom gate onto a property where the large buildings were slightly better preserved.

"What is that?" Nastya asked.

"An old animal feed factory," Seraphina explained.

That fit with the row of towering silos next to the factory buildings. As they drove further onto the property, it turned out not to be so abandoned after all. A number of workers were busy with repairs; others were unloading equipment from vans.

"Do we even know how to do that?" Nastya asked Seraphina.

"The animal feed shouldn't be a problem," Seraphina replied. "The plant is old, but operational. And the previous owner has agreed to support us from her retirement with her knowledge. Much more exciting are the buildings in the back. We want to set up discreet research labs and workshops there. A creative space for women who want to put their knowledge and talent at the service of our ideas. There are a whole range of ideas worth testing in practice. And that brings me to your task here."

Now Seraphina had the full attention of Nastya and Katarina.

"I want you to take a thorough look around here over the summer," Seraphina continued. "Create a security concept for the facility. Participate in the job interviews. Find out who is suitable for cooperation, and who might have conflicts of interest."

The two young women nodded. That sounded like a responsible task.

"The quarters are still a bit provisional at the moment. But I want you to be here from the start. Once 'Fidelity Foods' is up and running, it will be time to put out feelers for more talent. The college term begins for you in the fall, so start thinking about which courses you want to take at college."

The interviews with the candidates were very revealing. About the candidates, but also about Nastya's own skills in provoking reactions and evaluating behavior. The experience from her high school days paid off.

She particularly remembered a young man whose gaze repeatedly slid over her contours. Professionally, he seemed like a perfect fit. But personally?

"Would you tell us briefly about your family situation?" Nastya asked him.

"Gladly." He took out his phone and showed her a photo of his wife and his two small children. His eyes lit up in a way that went far beyond the instinctive glances from before. He spoke with great enthusiasm about his little family.

"How would it affect your relationship if a majority of your colleagues were women?" Nastya inquired.

"What? I um, well..." This question seemed to catch him off guard. But only briefly. "I think I can handle that," he said.

"And your wife? Can she handle it too?"

"Definitely. Why do you ask?" He suddenly seemed very alert.

"It is one of our values to respect an individual's choice of lifestyle," Nastya explained. "In your case, that means family with a wife and child. But it's very possible that you will be confronted with other lifestyles at your workplace. Ones that, well, might not necessarily find the approval of the conservative public. We don't want to force this tolerance on anyone. At the same time, we want to avoid conflicts, especially if they are predictable from the start."

"Oh, no worries," he said. "In my opinion, everyone should live as they want. My wife thinks so too. Besides, I'm very good at separating my private and professional life."

"Good to hear." Nastya was satisfied, and the applicant was shortlisted.

In another interview, she met a woman whose application was also promising. But in this conversation, there was a completely different atmosphere from the start. Her gaze also scanned Nastya and the future HR manager of Fidelity Foods repeatedly. However, it wasn't a look that signaled interest. It was almost as if Nastya had met her equal. She had the impression of being analyzed and evaluated. The woman had applied for a mid-level position. But the conversation soon turned to career opportunities and chances for advancement. The sparkle in her eyes when discussing these topics did not escape Nastya.

It wasn't necessary to ask her detailed questions. A female alpha. Hungry for power. Nastya made a note. The woman belonged on the blacklist. She would highly likely cause trouble here and in any other FemCom facility.

The summer flew by. The conversations helped Nastya think through the drafts for better rules. Seraphina's request had been serious. At her first appearance before the council, Nastya had the full attention of the other women.

She had settled on a set of fundamental principles. No one should be forced to disclose their relationships. Guidelines instead of rigid rules. Fair principles that would enable harmonious coexistence in the most diverse forms of living together at all FemCom locations. Not everyone was looking for personal closeness; others, in contrast, couldn't get enough of it.

A simple symbol of a heart with an engraved plant served as an identifier. Depending on how it was worn, everyone could see who was in a committed relationship and whether there was room for more. They could not, however, dispense with a few rules. Especially the zero-tolerance policy for the security service. Even if her relationship would not have been reprimanded under the new rules, Miles still would have been transferred.

Nastya rarely thought of him anymore, but when she did, it was with wistful affection. She had never seen him again since the conversation in Seraphina's office. She wished from the bottom of her heart that he had found someone else. Other eyes to fascinate him. Although this thought gave her a small pang, she preferred to turn her attention to other things.

Seraphina had been right. It hurt, but it passed, and after some time, Nastya was also convinced that it was better this way. With her tasks and goals in mind, she had no room for a serious relationship. Now and then, she allowed herself a little non-committal fun.

She knew exactly how to behave to find someone in this unfamiliar city. There were more than enough opportunities. But she never committed. She also found that women could bring her pleasure too. But no matter with whom, never in the dark, preferably in broad daylight. And with eye contact.

Most of the students had already left the lecture hall. Nastya sat in the back row, as always. She had not only followed the lecture but also observed the other students. As she packed her things, Prof. Cullen called out to her.

"Ana, do you have a moment, please?"

On a whim, she had enrolled as 'Ana' at the beginning of her studies. Anastasya regularly led to questions about her origin, and she reserved 'Nastya' for close friends. But even after three years, she still needed a moment to realize she was the one being addressed. She walked down to the professor's desk.

"What is it?" she asked Mrs. Cullen.

The professor's gaze swept over the few remaining students in the hall. "If you could spare a few minutes, I'd like to talk with you in my office."

Nastya was curious about what it could be. Apparently, it was something confidential. Once in Mrs. Cullen's office, the professor pointed to the seating area where she usually held her consultations.

"Don't worry, Nastya," she said, noticing her questioning expression, "it's not about your performance in psychology and sociology. At least not directly. But my request does have something to do with it."

"Now I'm curious," Nastya replied. "If it's not about my grades, what is it about?"

Professor Cullen picked up a file from her desk and opened it. Nastya recognized the cover sheet; it was her last essay.

"'Between Endurance and Defiance: The Opportunities of Acceptance'," Mrs. Cullen read aloud and nodded thoughtfully. "The title caught my eye immediately. You've developed some very interesting thoughts there. I'm not quite sure what to make of it. It doesn't, well, let's say, it doesn't align with what is generally taught here at the college and therefore eagerly parroted. I like your independent thinking. It's not a return to traditional roles, but it's definitely not aggressive feminism either."

"Thank you." Nastya didn't know what else to say for the moment. It wasn't clear to her yet what Prof. Cullen was getting at.

"I'm wondering," Mrs. Cullen continued, "how these well-founded views came about. It seems more complex to me than the usual work of twenty-two-year-old students."

"You think I copied it from somewhere?" Nastya asked.

"No," the professor replied. "But I'm sure you haven't just delivered a pure thought experiment here, but have expressed your genuine conviction. I can relate to much of it. That brings me to the question of what other values you hold."

"Can you give me an example?" Nastya was not prepared to reveal all her views based on such a general statement.

Prof. Cullen turned a few pages further. "This, for example: 'Parts of society are primarily fixated on obtaining and exercising power. If one's own goal is not power itself, but the result of what is achieved with it, it may be more effective to grant the powerful their position and point them in a direction where they can exercise their power for one's own benefit'."

Prof. Cullen looked at Nastya. "'The man is the head, the woman is the neck?'"

Nastya smiled. "Yes," she said with a slight nod, "that essentially sums it up. But the greater the power, the more serious the decisions, the more likely it is that this neck is determined and thinks long-term. Especially since it may always be in the immediate vicinity of the head."

"Interesting." Prof. Cullen thought about it for a moment. "And I can assume that there are already real efforts for such guidance?"

"Yes," Nastya confirmed.

"I thought so. And yet, one hears no reports of it anywhere. So these efforts are either ineffective or perfect. How exciting." She hesitated again. "I agree with you on many points," she continued. "In two weeks, I'm going to a conference of the Sociology Association. I haven't made much use of it in the past, but it's quite common to be accompanied by selected students. I wanted to ask if you would like to accompany me."

Nastya raised her eyebrows in surprise. Prof. Cullen was in her early fifties, clearly exercised regularly, and also knew how to keep her private life private. She had heard wild stories about other professors in connection with such trips.

"In what capacity would I be accompanying you?" Nastya asked cautiously.

It took Prof. Cullen a moment to understand the question. "Oh!" she exclaimed, her expression a mixture of surprise and horror. "I understand why you're asking. No, I'm not interested in personal contact. Separate rooms, don't worry. If I were to consider something like that, it would be with a male student. Not that I have anything against anyone who... are you... would you be willing?" She stumbled over her words and turned visibly red.

"It's okay, I just wanted to ask. One hears all sorts of things about other faculty," Nastya replied. "Separate rooms sounds good."

It was a strange feeling to go on a trip without Katarina's company. But she was busy with another project that weekend. The hotel for the conference in Las Vegas was right on the Strip. Nastya and Prof. Cullen checked into their rooms, which were on the same floor.

Only a few of the conference events were interesting to Nastya. Besides, the professor had told her that the real reason for her accompaniment was an informal meeting at the end of the first day.

So she used the time to explore the city. A first stroll through the hotel's own casino was initially irritating and then repulsive. She didn't know whether to pity or despise the people who were systematically letting their money be taken at the slot machines and gaming tables.

On the other hand, she noticed that the narrow aisles with the machines and the arrangement of the tables were deliberately designed to capture the guests' attention. You could clearly see that some had been playing for hours. With no windows, no clocks, and the same constant, stimulating backdrop of lights and sounds, one quickly lost all sense of time. Although she had only wanted to take a quick look, she ended up spending over an hour in the casino. She only tore herself away from her observations when she received a call.

In the parking lane in front of the hotel, an SUV had squeezed into a gap between the taxis. It was not one of those polished SUVs, but a robust model, the kind that made sense in a city permanently besieged by the desert. A woman with dark hair and sunglasses was leaning casually against the hood, ignoring the grim looks of the taxi drivers.

"Brenda?" Nastya asked, walking up to her. The woman pushed her glasses up and looked her over. Her gaze was friendly, though she didn't seem to quite approve of Nastya's outfit. The elegant pantsuit had let her blend in with the crowd in the casino. Here on the street, it offered a certain contrast. On further reflection, her clothes

were probably far too conspicuous for where they were going. But that's why she had Brenda at her side. In her jeans, sturdy boots, and the vest with all sorts of pockets and accessories over her t-shirt, she, like her car, was the epitome of practicality.

"Hi. Nastya, I assume?" Brenda held out her hand in greeting, and Nastya returned the gesture.

"Yes. Thanks for taking the time for me."

"No problem. I was happy to hear from Katarina again. It's been a long time since I took that course at your ranch. Come on, get in, we can talk on the way."

She opened the car door, and Nastya got in. "So, what do you want to see?" Brenda asked after she had merged into the slowly rolling traffic.

"The real Vegas. The part that remains hidden when you let yourself be lulled by the flashing lights and the jingling of coins," Nastya said.

They didn't stay on the main street for long. After a few blocks, Brenda turned off, and suddenly the world looked far less spectacular. Suddenly, the army of service workers who kept the facade standing was visible. Garbage trucks, huge refrigerated transporters with fresh food, and armored money transports competed with the vehicles of employees on their way to or from work. A little further on, hardly anything of the glamour was left.

Brenda pulled into the parking lane in front of a nondescript apartment block near a major intersection.

"This here is the Vegas of the people who live here," she said, gesturing through the windshield at the surroundings. "The American nightmare. Apartments at exorbitant prices, but only for legal workers. The illegal ones live in completely different conditions. Back there, that building, is a brothel. I estimate two-thirds of the girls are not here voluntarily. Those guys on the corner are dealing drugs."

They watched the activity for a while. Nastya observed not only what was happening but also the faces of the people. Whoever walked past the car kept their gaze lowered, ignoring what was happening to their right and left. A group of women walked down the street and was hit on by a few guys. They had no interest in the interaction, but that didn't stop the guys from making advances. Nastya was just considering whether she should intervene when another group of men came out of a doorway, making it clear to the pushy guys that they should try elsewhere. Nastya was relieved that the women had gotten away. But something about the way the second group of men instructed the women to be on their way felt wrong.

Brenda had also watched the scene. When she noticed Nastya's questioning look, she just shrugged. "Not all services are rendered in the brothel. House calls are just as easy to book. Those guys don't watch over their girls for nothing."

A memory of her journey on the plane flashed before Nastya's eyes. Marek's voice, saying, 'America, eh?'. How easily she could have ended up here.

She turned to Brenda. "Is it like this everywhere? In the whole city?"

"Mostly," Brenda replied. "I'm a private investigator, and I think I've seen most of the filth that happens in this city. I can help some, others I can't. It's terrifying how many people would rather live at the very bottom, dreaming of a better life, than face reality if it means giving up one or two of those dreams."

"So we have to get active here," Nastya stated.

Brenda snorted. "How are you going to do that? Back at the ranch, the ideas all sounded great, but here, in this hole? There will be many who won't be happy about any interference."

"Not interference. Just offering a safe space."

"Two-thirds of the women in this city could use a safe space. At least," Brenda retorted. "How do you want to start?"

"Step by step." Nastya gave her a long look. "You could be in on it from the beginning. How about it?"

Brenda chuckled. "Thanks for the offer. I really find the FemCom ideals tempting. But for me, that's all they are. Ideals. I'd be happy to support you, but I don't see myself as part of it. How about 'external consultant'?"

Nastya smiled. "I can understand that. Consultant sounds good." She let her gaze sweep over the scene around the car one more time. Then she leaned forward to look up at the towering buildings that surrounded them.

"Alright then," she said, "advise me. The concept of a remote ranch won't work here. To start, we need a building we can move into. How about an old hotel complex? The bigger, the better, but inconspicuous, in the second row. Something that people will buy as a 'Women's Retreat,' that poses no threat to either the casinos or the underworld. Can you show me a few areas where we could find something like that?"

"Sure," Brenda said with an appreciative nod. "You've done your homework, I see. I somehow had a feeling your visit might head in this direction. That's why I got a list of hotels that are currently for sale. Let's go."

Nastya met Prof. Cullen in the hotel restaurant, right on time for dinner.

"What's your impression of this city?" the professor asked during the meal.

"This city could use some influence," Nastya replied curtly.

Cullen nodded knowingly. "Oh yes, I can believe that. I'm curious."

She left it at that and summarized one or two details from the day's lectures that were interesting for Nastya.

After dinner, they took a taxi to another hotel. An inconspicuous conference room had been rented. The door simply said 'Meeting' and the day's date. Nothing indicated what topics would be discussed here. Prof. Cullen hurried off to meet someone just before the event began. Nastya took a seat in the back area and looked around. The room was already quite full. Stylish clothing, wealth, and power were, if at all, only subtly recognizable. The audience consisted mainly of women. Most were just before or in the middle of the second half of their lives. But a few younger women were present, and even a few men. Prof. Cullen hadn't gone into detail about what to expect. She had only made it clear that it fit perfectly with FemCom's ideas.

The entrance doors were closed, and an elegant lady stepped up to the podium. After a warm welcome, she handed the floor over to one of the event's patrons. It was Prof. Cullen.

"Ladies," she greeted the audience. After a short pause, she gave an appreciative nod toward the back of the room. "And gentlemen." Scattered chuckles were heard; the mood was generally quite relaxed. Prof. Cullen continued.

"For decades, we as sociologists have observed the coming and going of various social ideas. Some consequences are predictable, other developments surprise us. We are expected to support the prevailing current. Our professionally well-founded, resulting opinion is often unwanted, especially if it contradicts the prevailing view. Every one of us knows someone who tried it anyway and paid for it with the sudden end of their career."

A murmur of agreement went through the room.

"As academics and teachers, we have few opportunities to take active measures. We are left primarily with providing food for thought, conveying ideas, and hoping to one day see these efforts bear fruit. It is all the more surprising, even euphoric, when one encounters views from an unexpected quarter that are very similar to our own. I would like to share an essay with you that recently reached me."

Nastya suddenly became alert. Her tension was clearly higher than that of the rest of the audience. She watched the attendees' reactions intently as Prof. Cullen began to read the familiar words.

"Oppression of the seemingly weaker, especially women, is as old as humanity itself and continues to this day. Abuse and violence, systematic exploitation, and the deliberate creation of dependencies must end. On the other hand, in coexistence with others, there are always tasks that must be done by someone. Much of what is called social activity is traditionally left to women. In the justified effort to overcome injustices, there is often rebellion against this role model. These efforts have been going on for decades; the successes are there, but limited. In contrast, there are centuries in which these roles were fixed. And we look back on this time with contempt. But what if these structures were not overcome, but adapted? Could fair living conditions be created for all, while still preserving the stable elements that give our civilization strength? Parts of society are primarily fixated on obtaining and exercising power. If one's own goal is not power itself, but the result of what is achieved with it, it may be more effective to grant the powerful their position and point them in a direction where they can exercise their power for one's own benefit..."

Prof. Cullen was a good speaker. Nevertheless, Nastya felt more and more that it was the content of her essay that was causing the concentrated silence in the audience. Finally, the professor came to the end.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to inform you that the author of these lines is personally known to me. As hinted in the text, there are indeed real efforts to implement these ideas. Efforts that go beyond what has been available to us in the past. I would therefore like to open a discussion on whether, how, and when our circle should make contact and support these efforts. If there are questions, you can ask them now. I will only be able to answer a few of them, but I will collect the important ones and forward them."

Arms immediately shot up. Nastya smirked. Prof. Cullen had arranged that very cleverly. Instead of having to awkwardly forward the questions, Nastya could follow them directly. She began to take notes on the individual questions. It quickly became clear that this established network of psychologists and sociologists would be a perfect complement to FemCom's efforts.

There were two more lectures, which Nastya followed with interest. After that, the event moved to the hotel bar.

The academic circle seemed to have a penchant for colorful cocktails of all kinds. Here, too, Nastya sat at a table on the edge and observed the scene. Prof. Cullen was surrounded by attendees, but she managed to make brief, discreet eye contact in between. Nastya could well imagine what the questioningly raised eyebrows meant, and she shook her head slightly. No. She was not in the mood to face the crowd.

A few minutes later, a pleasant voice spoke to her from the side. "May I join you?"

Nastya turned and saw one of the men who had attended the event standing next to her. His appearance was at least as pleasant as his voice. He had two drinks in his hand: one of them was unknown to her, the other looked exactly like the one she herself had ordered a while ago.

"I'm not going to stop you," she said.

It was neither agreement nor rejection and seemed to irritate the man for a moment.

"I'll risk it," he then said, smiling. He placed the drink in front of her and took the seat opposite her. "I'm Dave," he introduced himself.

"Ana," Nastya replied.

"Hi Ana. Are you accompanying Prof. Cullen?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Remarkable woman." He took a sip. "May I ask if you also know this mysterious author?"

"Yes," Nastya replied. Her tone indicated he was dying to know more, but she enjoyed this verbal cat-and-mouse game.

Dave gave her an intense look. A look that, Nastya noted, flickered only briefly over her down to the edge of the table, and then locked onto her eyes. A pleasant tingle spread through her. She was surprised to find that she was quite open to a non-committal encounter, the kind this city was known for. She held his gaze, noticing that his brown eyes had amber flecks in the iris.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare," Dave said suddenly, looking away briefly, only to look at her again. "If you know the author," he continued, and Nastya could clearly hear the quotation marks around 'know'.

This man was intelligent, but not a threat. Not yet.

"Could you perhaps tell me how she would answer a question? It's not really clear from the essay what she thinks about these so-called powerful people, if they already agree with her idea of fair living conditions. Do they also need to be subtly guided? Is there room for respectful coexistence? Or does it come down to competition?"

Those were good questions. Nastya thought about it. "I believe a mix of all that. Coexistence would be nice, definitely desirable. But I think there will always be attempts at subtle guidance from both sides. Even competition can be refreshing occasionally."

"That's what you think." A triumphant smile flickered across his face. "And what would the author think?"

"She would agree on all points." Nastya realized her little game had been seen through. It didn't bother her. But it wasn't reckless either.

"Now it's my turn," she said. "What brings you to this circle? Long-term student or young professor?"

Dave grinned. "Neither. I guess I'm one of the students in whom the seeds of this circle's ideas sprouted many years ago. There were a number of, let's say, events that sharpened my awareness of these issues. I'm now the owner of a large freight company with a penchant for socio-philosophical topics."

"Logistics. I see. Forgive me for saying so, but isn't that boring for an intelligent man in the long run?"

"Now I feel honored and insulted at the same time. At least you admit I'm intelligent. And yes, it can be boring. But since I can afford to leave these things to my employees, I have time to attend events. And my business is big enough that challenges always pop up that require an alert mind."

Nastya smirked. She liked him more and more. "Let me guess, you're also on the lookout for opportunities to move big things?"

A smile twitched at the corners of his mouth too. "Yes, you could say that. My specialty is oversized long-haul. You'd be surprised how far you can get on a full tank."

"I can well imagine. But that oversized surely needs some skillful handling."

"Could be. It would be worth a try. But for that, we'd have to navigate away from here."

"I'm fine with that," Nastya said. "What destination would you suggest? My hotel is a few blocks from here."

The amused sparkle in his eyes gave way to something else, which Nastya interpreted as desire. She felt the same.

"I have a suite in this hotel. I'll show it to you, if you like."

She needed no further invitation. They could barely keep their hands off each other in the elevator. Nastya was still wondering what exactly it was that generated enough trust in her to let him get so close so quickly. But by the time the elevator door chimed, her rational thinking had checked out for the next few hours.

Luckily, they met no one in the hallway. Her blouse was open, Dave's shirt was untucked. Clear signs of busy hands. No sooner had the door to his suite clicked shut than their clothes were already scattered in the entryway.

She felt his hands all over her body. The scent of her subtle perfume quickly mingled with other aromas. Finally, they reached the bedroom, but the bed still seemed much too far away. Nastya had already lost all her clothes. She pushed Dave against the door and crouched down in front of him. With one tug, she pulled down his shorts.

To put it in logistical terms: he was driving a truck of considerable size. "Sure this won't be just a joyride?" she asked with a mischievous smile, holding him firmly.

"I... yes... um, maybe..."

Then he pulled her up with his strong arms, grabbed her buttocks with both hands, and lifted her. His truck just fit into her garage. He had to go back and forth many times before coming to a comfortable stop that satisfied them both.

Exhausted, they finally fell onto the bed. Their hands picked up where they had left off in the elevator. After a while, when Dave had obviously refueled, he was ready for a second round. Combined with Nastya's skillful steering, it became a true long-haul journey that lasted into the morning.

A soft tickle between her breasts woke her the next morning. Dave had leaned over her and was playing with the pendant she wore on a chain.

"Satisfied with what you have there?" she asked him.

He gave her a mischievous look, kissing her soft curves first, then her lips. "Very. Sorry if I woke you," he said.

"There are worse things," she replied. In fact, she had to restrain herself from pressing against his face again. His lips and tongue had proven to be fantastic last night.

"What is this?" he asked, not letting go of the pendant.

"What does it look like to you?" she returned.

"Definitely a heart," Dave answered. "But I don't understand the symbol inside it. What is it?"

"Does it have to have a meaning?" Nastya teased.

"Everything about you has a meaning," he replied, incidentally finding a spot to spoil with kisses. Nastya purred with pleasure.

"Okay, then you have to guess," she said.

He turned the heart upside down and studied the piece. "I don't know... this way it looks like a butt. Or boobs..."

"Men!" She gave him a playful swat, realizing her hand had hit his bare butt. That was promising. "Try it the other way around. Think of life."

He turned it again and seemed to think hard. Finally, he gave up. "No idea. Please tell me."

"A lotus flower with leaves," Nastya said. "One of the many symbols of femininity and life. But it could also represent several figures standing behind one another with outstretched arms. A community, ready to accept anyone who wants to belong."

"Hm, sounds very philosophical. And what does it really mean?"

"Nothing." Nastya rolled onto her side, propping herself up on her elbow. The pendant slid back to where it belonged, and the overall impression of that region did not fail to have an effect on Dave.

"But you don't just adorn yourself with something meaningless. I don't believe you!"

"Well, it does have a meaning. But not a traditional one. Only the one we give the symbol. Originally, it was intended as something feminine that is also an identifier and a sign that we identify with our values. But it can also indicate whether one is in a closed relationship or open to offers. Something like that makes interaction easier, don't you think?"

"Cool. Clever. And what does yours say?"

"What do you think?" Nastya sat up, swung one leg over his body, and settled on his thighs. Bit by bit, she slid higher until she was sitting directly above him. During their subsequent ride, Dave's gaze repeatedly wandered to the pendant dangling rhythmically between her breasts. But mostly, he got lost in her sparkling eyes.

The visit to the conference and the resulting new contacts were a complete success. At least, that's what Nastya told herself as she gazed out the airplane window with a dreamy smile. Prof. Cullen had noticed her relaxed mood but hadn't commented on it yet.

"The trip obviously did you good," she said now with a smile, but immediately changed the subject. "What's next? What are you doing with the contact requests I collected for you?"

Nastya chased the last lustful images from her mind. "I'll go through them, research the people, and, if it's a good fit, make contact. Depending on what comes of it, I'll inform the council."

"So there's a council too? I'd like to get to know it better."

"I think that can be arranged," Nastya replied. "Perhaps during a wellness weekend at a FemCom retreat for women?"

"That sounds tempting," Prof. Cullen said with a slight smile. "Maybe I should actually do that."

Back at college, Nastya threw herself into work every free minute. This helped her fill the void that the brief encounter with Dave had left. His number was, of course, also among the collected contacts. It had been clear to both of them that it would only remain an affair. And yet, she repeatedly caught herself thinking about what might have been if they had met under different circumstances. They texted a few more times, but the gaps between messages grew larger each day, until finally, there was no reason left to reply.

Katarina returned from her trip. She had participated in a close combat training camp. Her surprisingly cheerful expression suggested she hadn't just been practicing combat exercises on the mat. Nastya told her about her successes at the conference and was full of enthusiasm about how the new contacts could help them gain a foothold in other regions.

"I found candidates too," Katarina said finally.

"At the training weekend?" Nastya asked.

"No, here at college. In the computer science course." Katarina pulled out her tablet and scrolled through a gallery that resembled personnel files. She stopped at the photo of a young woman with deep dark skin and a shaved head.

"What is this?"

"Files. Research." Katarina shrugged. "Candidates. This one caught my eye. Nia Mogwe. From East Africa, has a scholarship for this year. Is smart, almost hacked me. Maybe we can extend the scholarship."

When they were alone, Katarina occasionally forgot her polished English. Maybe it was also because her native language was mostly spoken in the dojo where she spent much of her free time. Nastya understood what she meant immediately.

"Also has a friend, but she is not in computer science course. Interested in medicine."

"Oh. Medicine sounds good. And you think the girlfriend would fit in with us too?"

"Yes." Katarina nodded. "She started with psychology. I think we can use that. Maybe you've seen her before."

Katarina pulled up another document. A young woman with pale skin and dark, wavy hair was on it. "Name is Carol Moore."

Nastya studied the picture. It was indeed possible that she had already seen the woman among this year's new students. The photo was just a snapshot, but something about her made Nastya curious.

"I'll take a closer look at both of them. Do you know how close they are?" she asked.

"Have fun. With each other, with others, men, women, doesn't matter. Young people." Katarina shrugged. For her, it was a detail without meaning. For Nastya, it was not.

It took a few days for Nastya to process the rest of the trip. During that time, she realized she had focused far too long only on her own studies. With a pang of guilt,

she noted that Katarina had pursued the search for suitable talents much more consistently. She was determined to change that.

The scholarship idea wasn't new. But it had somehow been forgotten. Yet it was a great one. While thinking about how to accomplish this, the thought occurred to her to link this scholarship directly to a place in a dormitory. A safe space for women was, after all, also an issue on campus. She eagerly put together a report and marked it as urgent.

When that was done, she finally had time to look at Katarina's recommendations more closely. The information on Nia was very extensive, but Nastya couldn't find a suitable pretext to get close to her. So she concentrated on Carol first.

In the psychology course, at least, it was no problem to observe her discreetly. Nastya was in a higher year, but she had every reason to be in that area of the faculty. In the first semester, the lectures were always well attended. Only later would it become clear who was really serious about this course of study. Therefore, it didn't attract much attention when she sat in on the lecture hall a few times.

It wasn't long before the students received assignments for which tutors were generally used. Nastya posted a corresponding offer. After turning down numerous uninteresting inquiries, she finally received a message from Carol one day.

Birds chirped outside the open window, joined by the sound of occasional passing cars. A patch of sun crept slowly toward the window as the sun climbed higher, announcing that it was already late morning on this bright, Californian day. Carol noticed little of it.

She had been on her feet for a few hours but wasn't ready to head out yet. The haul from her raids on the second-hand shops near the college had yielded a few really interesting pieces. She wanted to use them to assemble her optimal outfit for the day.

The other girl she shared her room with was already out of the house, so she could spread out to her heart's content. Just as she was halfway satisfied with the results and about to tidy up, her phone rang.

Only one contact had a special ringtone, and that was the exact one now playing. Her calm mood vanished instantly. For a few seconds, she hoped it would just stop, but she knew that wouldn't happen. Sighing, she answered the call.

"Hi Mom," she said.

"Hello sweetie, it's Mom. I'm so glad I reached you. I thought maybe we could talk for a minute before you have to go to class. What's your first subject today..."

"Mom. We talked about this," Carol interrupted at the next suitable moment. "I'm not telling you what I'm studying. Or anything else. This is my life, and I want to build it completely new here."

"Oh honey, Caroline, you don't need to..." Her mother's tone shifted to whiny. Exactly the whining that had, among other things, driven her to move from Boston to California. And then the name. Caroline didn't exist anymore. Fine, Carol hadn't been very creative either. But she had turned her last name from Morane into Moore. Close to the original, but different enough.

"Mom, I know you don't understand. But please, just respect it."

"Of course, honey, we support you completely. If it's money you need, we can gladly give you some the next time you come home..."

Absolutely. Not. Going. To. Happen! "Mom, just stop it, please. Don't make me silence your calls!"

Silence on the other end. Sobbing. Sniffling. Now this routine. A clatter sounded from the phone. Someone else had grabbed the receiver.

"Listen, Caroline, if this is about Steven..." her father's voice sounded.

Steven. Her second cousin, who had always looked at her a bit weirdly. At the last family party, he was very drunk and got a little too pushy in the garden. In front of everyone. Carol had no choice but to reject him loudly. She wouldn't even have minded giving him the same thing she had gladly given half the other guys there. But he had screwed it up, and the other boys beat him up badly for it. Just so he wouldn't spill anything. Shortly after, Carol had packed her bags and disappeared.

"Dad, I don't care about him, nothing even happened. I have other reasons. I just want to live a life here! Mine, you understand? Without everyone running into Uncle Dan or Aunt Betty or who knows who. I finally want to be me." Her voice had gotten louder. Not just because of the call. Being 'me' meant knowing who you are, and Carol just wasn't sure about that.

"...are you coming home for the holidays? Your mom would be so happy..."

You guys haven't done anything for years but pop out little Moranes. They all have nothing better to do than repeat the whole cycle around you. Why can't you spare one daughter? Why can't you let me go? Of course, she didn't say what the voice in her head was screaming. It wouldn't have done any good anyway.

"Dad, I already told Mom, I've made my decision. I'm doing my own thing here. I'll manage, don't worry about me!" And stop trying to control me! "It's possible you won't reach me for a while, the reception in these old buildings is pretty bad. Send me a message if it's important, I'll answer when I can. I have to go now, sorry."

She ended the call, hesitated for a moment, and then set all future calls from her family to silent.

Still, no real feeling of relief came. Her pulse hammered in her forehead. A wild mix of emotions raged in her chest, and she felt something lower down, too.

It's just hormones. Estrogen with a dash of testosterone.

She had taken every course that was even remotely related to medicine. Even though they were still far from such topics in the curriculum, this was her area of expertise. She had read everything she could find about it in recent years. She wanted to find out why she was so constantly horny and could only relax with sex in stressful situations. Situations like right now, after this shitty call that had ruined her good mood.

Her gaze fell on her roommate's closet door. In the two weeks they had lived together, Carol had plenty of opportunities to take an inconspicuous peek. Someday she would find out why Nia owned this large collection of sex toys and vibrators. Maybe even with her? The thought became more and more tempting. But that wouldn't happen without drinking a serious amount of liquid courage, as she hadn't gone in that direction before.

No, her hunting instinct was awake and demanded satisfaction. What she needed now was a well-endowed guy who was seriously pent-up. There were plenty of those on campus. She looked critically in the mirror. Her daring outfit was already heading in the right direction. Mostly form-fitting, skin-tight in the right places, yet with enough loose fabric to spark the imagination. Any tighter would look slutty, any looser would reduce her chances. With her perfectly arranged arsenal, she set off.

About two weeks later, the opportunity arose to take a closer look at the contents of Nia's closet. Or rather, Nia had spread the items out on her desk on a Friday evening, carefully arranged on a cloth. Next to them lay tools for precision mechanics.

Carol had just gotten ready in the dorm's communal bathroom, planning to have the maximum amount of fun that evening. When she entered the room and her gaze fell on the 'set table,' she stopped, speechless. Nia had also left the room briefly and was just returning, loaded with crackers and drinks.

"What... um... what is that?" Carol asked, feeling herself blush. Damn, why does this feel so weird? I've experienced more of this in real life than what's lying on that table! Still, she felt somehow uptight.

"It's a hobby of mine," Nia explained with a shrug. "I take the things apart and see how they work. Most of them were designed by people who've never held an anatomy book."

"Okay... but you have to admit, that's pretty weird, right? I mean, how do you get a hobby like that?" Carol asked.

"Oh, it just sort of happened. I like to tinker. I was taking apart computers, phones, and stuff like that at home in Botswana years ago. At some point, a friend of mine came to me with her broken devices, and I managed to fix most of them. Yeah, and later, they just had these toys. If you're making your money on OnlyFans with them, the things have to work. Very few of them last. And suddenly, I was an expert at repairing the toys."

The casual way Nia told it made it sound like the most natural thing in the world.

"Ah, I see," Carol said. "You repair them! I was thinking you used them all."

"Well, sure. A few of them aren't bad at all. Want to try one?"

Carol swallowed. The sight had actually sparked her curiosity. "Yeah, maybe sometime," she stammered.

"Why not now?" Nia's gaze slid over Carol's body. "Dressed like that, it's what you were planning for tonight anyway, isn't it?"

Carol felt caught. "Yeah, true, but I prefer the real thing. I mean, if it's fun for you, that's okay, really. But for me... I don't know..."

Nia had grabbed a phallus from her collection and stepped very close to Carol.

"Exactly, you don't know."

She let the tip of the toy glide over Carol's body and then activated the device. A soft humming sounded, and Carol felt the vibration through the fabric of her t-shirt onto her skin. In places that were highly sensitive, her body reacted immediately.

"See, you like it," Nia said with a bright smile. "We can take our time. No one will bother us here. Everyone else in the dorm is out looking for what you were, just like you planned. Just you and me! How does that feel?"

The question referred not only to the obvious toy, but also to Nia's hand, which was stroking Carol's butt.

It felt different from anything Carol had experienced before. Less rough and demanding, but still straight-forward.

"You've... you know how..." Carol was still insecure.

"Yes, I have, and I know how," Nia said with the biggest smile. "But only back home. Not here yet. I'd just love to find out if someone with your pale skin has rosy or dark nipples."

The humming wand continued to move over Carol's body, while Nia's other hand busied itself with the button of her ultra-tight jeans.

Carol felt her pulse quicken. For the first time in a long time, she didn't feel like the hunter, but the prey. It felt incredibly.

Within a few days, they had tried most of Nia's toys. Just as they had tried all the things Carol dared to do with another woman. The excitement of feeling Nia's warmth and having her taste on her tongue soon faded. In its place, a kind of habituation set in.

Until that Friday night, she had been careful to observe what is commonly called privacy. When they came from the shower, they were at least clothed in a towel. When changing in the room, they always turned away from each other. If there was ever more to see, they quickly looked elsewhere.

That had changed. Not much was left of modest behavior when you had just been sticking your tongue in each other's various orifices. Carol was surprised at herself how much effort the new openness still cost her. Her whole life, she had been taught to cover up in front of boys, and she had, at least in recent years, used every opportunity to bypass that rule. In contrast, it was considered completely harmless for women to see each other naked. But with the taste of Nia on her tongue and the feel of her skin under her fingers, she found it somehow difficult.

Nia, on the other hand, seemed to have no problem with it at all. She barely managed to wear a towel on the way down the hall, but in their shared room, she didn't seem to think it necessary to get dressed first. At first, she met Carol's shy glances and hastily averted eyes with laughter. More than once, she saw it as an invitation to approach Carol, which regularly led to a sensual scuffle.

But gradually, the tension eased. What had begun as tingling eroticism transformed into a physically close friendship, without a deeper emotional commitment.

After a few weeks, one could speak of normal everyday life again, and Carol became more aware of the world around her. In doing so, she made a strange observation.

While passing a handout during the lecture, she turned around and noticed a young woman in the last row. More precisely, she noticed how this woman quickly turned away when Carol looked in her direction.

At first, she thought nothing of it, but a few days later, she noticed the same woman again. This time on the other side of the lecture hall, also in the last row. And again, Carol had the feeling of being watched. From then on, she paid more conscious attention to what was happening around her.

The woman seemed to be nearby often when Carol attended psychology lectures. She often entered the lecture hall as one of the last and looked for a seat from which she had a good view of Carol. At first, Carol thought it was just a crazy coincidence. But to be sure, she began a counter-surveillance.

The challenge was to be there much earlier and find a spot from which she could discreetly watch the other students arrive.

Spotting the woman was no problem. She was half a head taller than most of the others and strikingly attractive. Her straight blonde hair reached well past her shoulders. Her clothes also stood out, they were a touch more extravagant than most female students' and emphasized her slim figure. When she stood at the edge of the crowd, searching, she looked almost androgynous. But as soon as she moved, the tight cut of her clothes traced spare but unexpectedly sensual curves. She had an athletic, or controlled, quality. As if she were ready to pounce at any time. Carol would only have dressed that way if her intentions were clear. The woman's effect on most male students was therefore no wonder. Yet, she managed to build an aura of unapproachability around herself.

She was obviously not a student of this year, because she never once spoke to any of the students. Only a brief exchange of words with the professor, who then walked on, shaking her head.

Carol made these observations on three, maybe four, days within a week. On the weekend, she spoke to Nia about it.

"Something's not right here," Nia said. "Something suspicious happened to me too. I was scanning the network in the computer science course and noticed someone trying to hack into my laptop. I recognize patterns like that and tried to trace it, but just before I could identify the attacker, the connection was cut. And now your beautiful stalker comes along. I get a very strange feeling about this."

"So you also think it's serious? Should we go to security? Or even the police?" Carol asked.

"I don't know," Nia hesitated. "I mean, I'm here on a student visa. I really don't feel like dealing with the circus with the authorities. And what explanation are you going to give them, that your name has no, well, no real history?"

"You know about that? How?" Carol was shocked.

"Sorry," Nia said, "it's a habit of mine. I just wanted to know who I was sharing my room with. You know, whether I can trust the person who secretly snoops in my closet."

That hit home. As much as Carol wanted to get upset about it, Nia was right. They were even on that score. Besides, the last few weeks had brought them closer in a completely different way, so there was no room for old mistrust.

"So what do we do now?" she asked instead.

"I'll try countermeasures," Nia replied. "Let me take a look at your phone. I've already checked mine. And as soon as I can arrange it, I'll accompany you to your lectures and see what else I can find out about this woman."

There were plenty of opportunities for both of them to get distracted over the weekend. On Monday morning, unfortunately, Nia had her own classes and couldn't accompany Carol. So she set off alone, carefully observing her surroundings.

Before the lecture, the woman was nowhere to be seen. There was no trace of her in the lecture hall either. Could it all have been a mistake? Carol had trouble following the material. Her thoughts kept circling the same questions. Was she being deliberately watched? If so, who was behind it? Had her parents perhaps hired a private detective to find out more about her new life? How could they have found her? What had given her away?

The lecture ended, and Carol looked around the hall one more time. Nothing. No sign of the mysterious stranger. She packed her things and set off. Still lost in thought, she stepped out into the hallway, about to merge into the stream of students, when she suddenly felt a touch on her shoulder and was addressed by an unfamiliar voice.

"Hello Carol."

Startled, she turned around and looked into the most fascinating ice-blue eyes she had ever seen. The beautiful stranger's gaze was alert and attentive, yet held a trace of amusement. Carol couldn't make a sound.

"I'm Nastya. May I buy you a coffee? I'd like to talk with you for a bit. Undisturbed."

Carol's thoughts raced as she followed this Nastya. An infrastructure of cafes and bars had established itself around the campus, satisfying the students' reasonable needs during the day and the less reasonable ones at night. They headed for one of them and found a table in a corner that promised privacy.

When the waitress had taken their order and was out of earshot, Carol could no longer hold back.

"What is going on? Why are you following me? Did my parents send you? If so, you can tell them right now that I'm not coming back..."

Nastya interrupted her with a gesture. "Your parents? I know nothing about them. But you're right, I was watching you. And I found your reaction when you noticed me impressive. That's exactly the kind of alert mind we're looking for."

Even more alarm bells went off for Carol. "We? Who is 'we'? Some secret agency?"

Nastya smiled. "No. Sorry if I gave that impression. Maybe we went a little overboard with the preliminary research. We're not an agency. I represent more of a private initiative. And we prefer to operate in the background. But 'secret' would be an exaggeration."

"Okay, then explain it to me..."

Nastya waited until the waitress had placed the house's coffee specialties on the table in front of them and left again.

"Basically, it's very simple. Our project is about making life better and safer for women. That starts with housing, meaning better living conditions or safe spaces, if necessary. But work is just as important. We want to help women cope better in their

jobs, but it has also shown that it's often better to start something of their own. Environments where they can flourish. Without constant male dominance games. And for that, we are always looking for the right people, for talents."

"Okay." Carol had listened to her attentively, noticing that the fascinating eyes belonged to an elfin face with high cheekbones. "But that all sounds very general. How exactly do I fit in?" she asked.

"You're interested in female medicine. That fits the direction in which we, one could say, want to expand."

"But I'm only at the beginning of my studies. It will be years before I'm finished."

"Right. That's why we're offering you our support. It's a long time until graduation. Not everyone makes it through. You have to do the learning yourself, but if you let us, we'll take the burdens off you in other areas. We're planning a dormitory where you'll be properly housed, and if your grades are good, we can accept you into our scholarship program so you won't have any further costs for college."

"Now you have my full attention," Carol said. "But there must be a catch. What am I committing to?"

Nastya took a deep breath. "It may sound like a commitment, but it's not a contract that binds you. We would expect you to prioritize your studies. We don't want to spoil the fun that's part of student life, but unfortunately, far too many students lose focus along the way. Beyond that, we would ask you to work for us for a while after your graduation. As I said, we're aiming for a broad network. A kind of network of clinics and outpatient centers, geared toward the needs of women. I think we can find a work location that matches your ideas. Furthermore, there are other projects that require long-term commitment, but we can talk about that later. For now, I'd just like to ask you to think about my offer."

"This is all a bit sudden. When do I have to decide?" Carol asked.

"Take your time. A few weeks, if you want. By the way, we're developing our first center near here, an old mission a bit further out, which is being converted into a Women's Retreat. We can take a trip out there sometime, if you like."

Nastya glanced at her watch. "Your roommate is having a similar conversation with my colleague right now, by the way. We'd like to support her talents as well. Just talk to each other and let me know if you'd like to see the construction site next week. You can reach me here."

She placed a card on the table, along with a bill that paid for both their drinks and included a generous tip. Then she took a small sip from her cup and stood up. "No matter how you decide, just let me know." Then she left the cafe, leaving a puzzled Carol behind.

The preclinical years had been exhausting. But it was only with the start of her clinical rotations that Carol truly learned to appreciate the support of the FemCom study program. Some things about the organization still seemed diffuse and mysterious to her. But on the whole, following Nastya's invitation had been a good decision for Nia and herself.

The thought of Nia made her feel wistful for a moment. Her best friend had recently accepted a postdoc position in Germany. Carol herself was so busy with her specialist training that she had barely managed to keep in touch.

Carol wasn't lonely, though. Now in her mid-twenties, she did have to start thinking about signs of aging. But still, those green herbal capsules that Nastya had urgently recommended really seemed to have an effect. It happened often enough that she had to show her ID when making certain purchases. That was annoying, as was the fact that she was sometimes not taken seriously by senior physicians and colleagues. But on the other hand, she had developed tactics to use her innocent-looking youthfulness to her advantage. She regularly managed to surprise both guys and girls in bed.

However, she saw the greatest advantage in the fact that adolescents and young women in particular quickly trusted her. FemCom had somehow managed to get its clinic network approved as a teaching practice. And so, Carol now spent one day a week in this less affluent suburb with a high immigrant population.

According to the registration form she had just scanned, a frightened, pregnant teenager was waiting in the treatment room. Not an isolated case in this area.

Carol put on a professional smile and entered the room.

"Hello. I'm Carol, your doctor. Isabel, right?"

"Yes." The girl nodded shyly.

She was quite tall for a fifteen-year-old. Despite her loose clothes, a strong build was evident. But most striking was her face. It was pretty, a bit round, and looked somehow exotic.

"So, Isabel," Carol began, "I have the lab results from the urine sample you gave earlier. Everything is fine so far. Your diet is appropriate for your circumstances."

"Circumstances? What circumstances?" Isabel asked nervously.

Don't try to bullshit me, kid, Carol thought, but didn't say it out loud. Instead, she mustered all her professional friendliness.

"Well, Isabel, how many times has your period been late now?"

"Three times," Isabel answered, "but it wasn't regular before either. I didn't think it meant anything."

"It's best if we take a closer look together. Please undress your upper body. Then we'll check with the ultrasound to see if everything is okay with you, alright?"

"Okay..." Isabel began to take off her clothes.

Carol noted that attractive proportions were revealed under the loose hoodie. Apparently, Isabel was one of those women who transitioned directly from the last phase of baby fat into pronounced curves. At least she seemed to be right in the middle of that transition. But that could also have something to do with her diagnosis.

"Please take a seat on the examination table," Carol requested.

When Isabel had lain down, Carol spread the gel on the sensor and activated the ultrasound machine. It took a while for Carol to find something. But when she did, it was all the clearer on the screen.

"Congratulations, Isabel," she said, smiling. "May I introduce you to your baby? Healthy and lively, as one would expect at 12 or 13 weeks. Look, this big, round thing up here, that's the head. It's still very large in proportion to the body. That's completely normal at this stage. You can even make out the profile already, here's the little button nose and the chin."

Isabel was frozen at first, then she began to tremble. "No. That... that can't be. It must be a mistake. I..." Tears began to run down her cheeks. "I've never even been with a boy. It's not possible."

Carol took a deep breath. It was always a challenge having to educate young people after they were already pregnant.

"Look, Isabel," she began gently, "it doesn't always have to be intercourse. Sometimes it's enough if some sperm gets near your vagina during foreplay."

"You're not listening to me!" Isabel interrupted, upset. "I haven't had sex. No petting. No boys. Never! I'm still... whole... inside. I... I haven't even used tampons. I wanted it to be special. How can I be pregnant?"

Carol sensed that she was completely serious. This wasn't a reckless teenager who had been caught. She was utterly convinced of what she was saying.

"Okay, Isabel, I'm listening to you. I want to believe you. But there is only one way a baby can start growing inside you. I suggest you undress down below, and then I'll take a look at that area as well. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes, okay." Isabel took off her pants and then sat on the chair. From this perspective, too, everything indicated that Isabel had excellent potential for a sensual figure. Carol had to force herself to look away for a moment.

Not again!

Since her time with Nia, she had repeatedly met women who had an inexplicable attraction for her. She had given in to it often enough and had a lot of fun. Thankfully, this was mostly outside of her work as a doctor. But a few had also crossed her path during such examinations. It would, of course, be completely inappropriate to allow those feelings. Especially not with a patient as young and emotionally distressed as Isabel.

When she had herself under control again, she turned to the obvious examination. She briefly explained which instrument she would use. Then she attended to the area in question. But when she tried to gently spread the opening with her fingers to make room for the speculum, she noticed resistance.

That's strange.

She put the instrument aside and gently pressed the opening apart with her fingers. The sight surprised her.

She rolled back a bit on her stool so she could look Isabel directly in the face.

"At first glance, everything is fine," she said, "but I'd like to have my colleague take a look. I'm not sure about one little thing, and she might be able to clarify it."

Carol dialed the number of Dr. Hayes, who ran the practice, and asked her to come down for a second opinion.

"What are the findings, Carol?" Dr. Hayes asked after briefly greeting Isabel.

"Um, well, we have a gravidity, about the twelfth week..." Carol pointed to the still image on the ultrasound. "And also a virgo intacta." She gestured between Isabel's legs.

Dr. Hayes pulled on gloves and got her own overview. When she also stepped back, shaking her head, Isabel became restless.

"What's wrong? What is it?"

"It's nothing bad," Dr. Hayes said, "just unusual. Your body has all the signs of virginity, even though you are clearly pregnant. That is extremely rare."

"I told you I didn't have sex!" Isabel cried out, looking angrily at Carol.

Dr. Hayes tried to de-escalate the situation. "That may be, Isabel, but the most common reason for pregnancy is, after all, intercourse in some form. Have there been any activities with boys, any cuddling that got out of hand?"

"No, I already said. I wanted it to be special. So, you're the doctor. You tell me how this is possible!"

"Could it be that it happened without your consent?" Carol asked now.

"What do you mean?" Isabel asked.

"Maybe a party with a little too much alcohol? Or other things? Do you have any gaps in your memory?"

Isabel shook her head. "No. My parents don't allow parties. They're afraid something like that might happen." She made a helpless gesture toward her stomach.

"Sometimes you don't have to leave the house for that," Carol continued as gently as possible. "It also happens that there are incidents within the family. Affections that are inappropriate... would that be a possibility?"

Disbelief and defense appeared in Isabel's eyes.

"What? Someone in my family? Absolutely not. They haven't seen me naked since I could shower by myself."

She shook her head vigorously. "None of this fits. No perverse family, no wild parties. And the only time I had a blackout was at the other doctor's, where I used to go. But I prefer to be examined by a woman, that's why I'm here today."

"Wait a minute, which other doctor do you mean exactly?" Dr. Hayes asked.

"His practice is a few blocks away. It's nothing big, not as modern as here. But it's free and closer to home. Besides, my parents were against me coming here. They said FemCom women weren't decent."

"I see." Dr. Hayes nodded. "Isabel, you can get dressed again. We don't need to do any more tests for now. But I'd like to ask you to stay a little longer. There might be a connection. Carol will accompany you to my office when you're ready. I need to make a call."

As she walked out, she pulled out her phone and dialed a number. "Hello?... Hello Nastya, this is Jenna Hayes... you had asked me to call if..." Her words faded as the door closed behind her.

Carol turned to Isabel. "Sorry, I should have taken you more seriously. I've just never seen anything like this..."

"It's okay," Isabel replied as she got dressed. "It's all pretty crazy." She took a deep breath, and her whole body trembled. "I... I'm pregnant. My family is going to totally freak out."

"Freak out like 'yell a lot'? Or freak out like 'throw you out of the house'?" Carol asked.

"More like the latter. Or they'll try to marry me off quickly to preserve the family honor."

"Oh." Carol swallowed. "If it gets too dangerous, maybe we can help. We have specially secured apartments where you can live anonymously."

"It won't get that bad," Isabel said. "At least I hope not. But maybe I just need a place where I can sleep and think in peace about what's next."

"I understand." Suddenly, Carol had an idea. Without thinking, she voiced the thought. "There's a free room in my dorm. You could move in right away."

"I don't know... maybe. We'll see. I'll talk to my mother first. But thanks!"

Dr. Hayes asked Carol to stay with Isabel and wait with her. Someone who was interested in her case was on their way.

She found a quiet spot in an adjoining room. To pass the time, Carol told her about her own parents, who were also not easy, and how she had eventually decided to go her own way.

Isabel listened to her attentively. "I can understand that. Sometimes I just want to get away too. All the traditions and customs, it feels so backward."

"Like what, for example?" Carol asked.

"Oh, my grandmother on my father's side comes from the Samoan community. My grandfather was a Scottish sailor who got stuck here. My mother's family comes from Poland. It's quite a mix."

"With you as the best of all worlds, then," Carol said spontaneously. Isabel looked at her surprised.

"What do you mean?"

Stupid mistake. That line belongs in a bar, not an examination room!

"Well, you have beautiful eyes," Carol tried to backtrack. "And no one can tell where your roots are at first glance. That makes you interesting. Exotic."

"You think so?" Isabel looked down at herself and raised her arms again in her typical helpless gesture. "I always thought I was too fat. Too rough. I guess a lot of the Samoa in me comes through."

"That doesn't have to be a bad thing," Carol said. "And besides, I think there's a lot of Scottish in there too. You have freckles, right?"

"Yeah, but only if you look closely. Cool that you noticed. Nobody else ever sees them."

"See? You're special. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

"Thanks!" Isabel smiled for a moment, then she became serious again. "I just don't know what to do now. I'm only fifteen, how is this supposed to work? I want to finish school, see the world, find a job I enjoy... and now this... I knew something was wrong." Her voice grew quieter. "Can you... get rid of it?"

Carol was startled. She hated having this kind of conversation. "Not here. FemCom sees itself as a protector of all who are weak, and that includes unborn life. Are you serious about this?"

"I don't think so." Isabel shook her head. "A little bit from church stuck with me. I think I see it the same way you do. It's not the baby's fault." She placed a hand on her belly. Tears ran down her face again. "But how am I going to manage all this?"

"Hey, you're not alone. We'll help you. That's what these clinics are for. As a contact point for those who don't know what to do."

She sat down next to Isabel and put a comforting arm around her. They were sitting like that when Carol's phone rang, and they were asked to come to Dr. Hayes's office.

"Isabel, this is Nastya and Katarina," Dr. Hayes introduced her visitors. "For some time now, there have been incidents in this area where women have become

pregnant under very strange circumstances. Nastya and Katarina are investigating. Maybe you can tell them what you experienced?"

Carol watched the scene with mixed feelings. Nastya was impressive as always, just with her presence. She was definitely one of the women Carol felt drawn to, but although they had crossed paths repeatedly over the years, there had never been an opportunity to act on those feelings. Katarina was also familiar to her, and she had a completely different kind of aura. Nobody wanted to make an enemy of that woman.

Isabel began to talk. She told them how she had gone to the doctor a year ago because her period was irregular. He had examined her and repeatedly ordered her back for check-ups. Sometimes he had just done a quick check, but a few times he had examined her more intensively. During one of the examinations, she had fainted. When she woke up, he had reassured her that this sometimes happens with young women and it meant nothing.

Nastya listened attentively. "Is this the doctor?" she finally asked, showing her a picture on her phone.

Isabel nodded. "Yes, that's him."

"Thank you. We will take care of it. As soon as we know more, we'll let you know."

The two women left. Isabel remained with Dr. Hayes and Carol.

"What happens now?" she asked.

"If you want, I'll walk you home," Carol offered. Dr. Hayes acknowledged the offer with a raised eyebrow.

"If there are problems with your family, the offer stands for you to move into the dorm immediately. It's actually only for college students, but I think they'll make an exception in your case."

"Thanks, that would be really nice." Isabel looked at her gratefully, and Dr. Hayes also nodded in approval.

The conversation with Isabel's family was unpleasant. As expected.

It didn't take long for Isabel to move into the room next door. The other women in the dorm took care of her with exceptional kindness. There were some formalities to handle, as Isabel's family did not agree with the new developments. But FemCom had good contacts at the youth welfare office, and after a few weeks, things calmed down.

Carol supported Isabel with all the medical details. Dr. Hayes felt that Isabel would be the ideal personal patient for her. So, every one of Isabel's examinations was performed by her. Sometimes in the presence of Dr. Hayes, sometimes without.

Over time, Carol became familiar with the tiniest details of Isabel. Many nights, she lay awake in her bed, wishing Isabel knew her just as well. But that was not allowed to happen. Her entire professional future depended on it. If she crossed that line, she could not count on FemCom's support.

Six months later, the time had come. Almost on the exact day they had calculated, Isabel's contractions began. Carol accompanied her to the clinic and stayed with her the whole time. The beeping of the monitoring devices announced that the unborn child was strong and in perfect health. Isabel was also in top form. There were no

delays, no stalling. With every contraction, she brought her body one step closer to birth.

Her groans were deep and animalistic, a sound that seemed to come from deep within her. Carol had tried to prepare Isabel for the birth as comfortably as possible. This included gentle massages in the intimate area. For a moment, she feared she had overdone it. What Isabel was emitting was not an expression of pain or agony. But it was not entirely pleasure either. It was most reminiscent of a top athlete at the peak of her best performance.

Everything went by the book. Except for that one thing.

Carol performed one last, extremely gentle vaginal examination. There had been no reason to damage the intact hymen during the entire pregnancy. If it were up to her, it should remain that way until the last moment. Her finger slid through the strangely elastic opening, pushing the surrounding thin skin inward. Her fingertips carefully felt for their target. Relieved, she found that the baby was already well on its way.

"Very good, Isabel. With the next contraction, you can push hard," Carol said in a calm voice as she took position in front of the birthing chair.

The contraction came. Isabel's body tensed like a single, trembling muscle. And then Carol saw it.

Between the swollen labia, which widened under the pressure, it was not just the baby's tuft of hair that appeared. In front of it, like a final, insurmountable seal, the hymen stretched. It was incredible. Even now, under the immense force of the uterus, the tissue held. No wonder it hadn't torn during everyday situations or sports. It was no longer pink and soft. Instead, it was stretched by the baby's head until it looked pale and almost translucent.

"That's it, Isabel, keep going. Breathe. He's coming," Carol murmured. Her eyes briefly darted to the action cam mounted at the foot of the bed. The tiny red light showed it was recording. Very good. This would give her proof if her colleagues

thought this story was an exaggeration. Her attention returned to the fascinating sight before her.

She expected the thin tissue to tear at any moment. But it didn't. It stretched.

With every push, the baby's head moved another bit forward, and the hymen stretched over it like a skin. It was like their silly jokes in medical school, when they had stuffed all sorts of things into condoms amidst much giggling. Carol immediately suppressed this memory. It was too weird and embarrassing. And yet, the similarity was undeniable.

Before her eyes, the baby's head pushed the thin skin to its limit. For a moment, she forgot the textbook. This was new. It was completely detached from all the knowledge she had accumulated about the process. The sight was bizarre. The labia were spread to their absolute limit. Between them was the head, over which the tissue was stretched. It should give way, tear. But it held, and beneath it, the tiny face, the closed eyes, the small nose, were clearly visible. Carol looked around for a suitable instrument, in case her help was needed after all.

"One more time, Isabel. One last time, very hard!" she commanded, her voice firmer than before.

Isabel screamed. In that instant, it happened. Not a tear, not an act of violence, but a slow, almost gentle yielding of the tissue. The sight was reminiscent of a time-lapse recording of a flower bud opening. Or a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

Then her mind switched back to routine mode. The last resistance had fallen. The head emerged completely, and Isabel could rest for a moment.

"Take a quick breath, Isabel, the next contraction is coming, then we'll get the shoulders," Carol called out.

No sooner had she said it than the next wave rolled over Isabel. With a gentle rotation, Carol delivered the anterior, then the posterior shoulder. The rest of the small, slippery body slid into her hands with a gush of amniotic fluid. A perfect, healthy boy. White with vernix, with traces of blood that came mainly from the small, almost insignificant tear.

The baby's first cry, strong and demanding, filled the room.

It quickly became clear that a student dorm was not the right environment for a new, young mother. With a heavy heart, Carol said goodbye to Isabel, when she finally moved into the FemCom facility far outside the city.

She threw herself even more into her training. Until now, she had seen the specialty of gynecology as a logical choice for her work in a women's organization like FemCom. But accompanying Isabel's pregnancy had turned it into a real fascination. She absorbed everything with zeal. All topics, from gametogenese to perinatal medicine itself. She studied the cascade of events that define a pregnancy, from the first nidation to the complex challenges of late gravidity. The deeper she delved into this world of embryology, the greater her fascination grew.

Of course, she learned about all kinds of diagnostic procedures in the process. Whenever a volunteer was needed, she made herself available. The result of one of the tests therefore hit her like a shock.

Tubal infertility.

Her chances of ever conceiving and carrying a child naturally were vanishingly small.

Processing this realization, according to her psychology courses, was equivalent to an intense phase of grief. From this grew an arousing fascination with all things female and the processes surrounding reproduction. If she couldn't experience it herself, she at least wanted to be as close to it as possible.

Shortly after Isabel had moved away, Nastya visited Carol and Dr. Hayes at the clinic.

"I wanted to inform you about what we've found," Nastya began. "This 'doctor'," you could almost hear the quotation marks in her voice, "was, or rather, is, a perverted bastard. He won't be doing any more harm, that's for sure. However, he had encrypted all his records, and during interrogation, he was anything but cooperative."

She paused. Carol didn't even want to imagine what 'cooperative' and 'uncooperative' might have looked like in an interaction with Katarina.

"He turned women into breeding machines," Nastya continued. "But not in the natural way. He took eggs from other women, artificially inseminated them, and then implanted them in women who, according to his files, had the ideal conditions for problem-free pregnancies. This Isabel is one of them. There are more, and we are trying to find them."

The words hung heavy in the air. No one knew what to say.

Finally, Carol spoke up. "Should we tell Isabel about this?"

Nastya shrugged. "Those are the facts. But there are still many gaps. A lot we don't know. Which women he selected for the eggs. Why. Who the sperm donor is. Maybe

we'll learn more from him, maybe not. You are in a better position to decide what the girl should know and what she shouldn't."

The company name at the entrance seemed foreign. 'Fidelity Foods', with the logo of a rearing horse. What did that have to do with FemCom and their internal pharmaceutical study?

But it was the address on Carol's invitation. She quickly realized she was in the right place. The plain buildings in the rear part of the property housed ultra-modern research labs and conference rooms. A long day followed, filled with presentations full of medical and pharmaceutical details.

After the official program all the other course participants left. The trip to a bar in the next town wasn't a bad idea at all. But Carol had planned something more personal to wrap up the day.

She stood in the high-ceilinged entrance hall of the research building. On the upper floors, she had spent the entire day. Now she listened to the soft hum of the air conditioning. Not a single person was left in sight.

From a distance, footsteps echoed through the empty corridors. Carol looked in the direction the sound was coming from. Just then, her friend's dark, clean-shaven head peeked around the corner, and she came running toward her with open arms.

"Isn't this crazy," Carol said after they had exchanged extensive greetings. "How long have you been here? What's keeping you so busy that you couldn't even contact me?"

"For a few weeks. I've basically been holed up in the basement here from day one." Nia grinned. "It's really crazy stuff they're letting us build here. What about you? I thought you were busy around the clock with your specialist training. I haven't run into any pregnant women here. At least none who could use your help."

Now it was Carol's turn to smile. "You're right, I can't do much for my specialty here. But I'm almost finished with that anyway. A few days off won't hurt. I was actually

personally invited to take a course here on introducing a new product. And I feel the same as you. I'm really impressed with what we're achieving. But you first, show me what you guys are doing."

"Sure, gladly. Come with me." Nia led the way to a large elevator and pressed the button for a lower floor.

"Sorry I didn't get in touch sooner," Carol said as the elevator slowly descended. "I was so surprised when I found out you were leading a research project here. Since you took that postdoc position, time has just flown by. I didn't think it would be so complicated to keep in touch. How was Germany?"

Nia shrugged. "Just as you'd expect. You're quickly made to feel that you're different. The only woman in the engineering course at the Technical University. Multiply that by the factor of my origin, and you can pretty much imagine it."

A grin flickered around the corners of her mouth. "But I showed them all. Imagine the look on the guys' faces when the girl from the African village snags the best grade in the class. And then turns down all the offers from the big companies just to work at an unknown facility in the American hinterland." She giggled at the thought, and Carol had to smile too.

"That sounds amazing. I'm happy for you." Carol gave her friend a brief hug.

The elevator had stopped, and the doors opened. Nia led the way down a wide corridor. On both sides, there were separate cubicles for offices, but the actual ceiling of the hall was much higher.

"Okay," Nia said as they reached a barrier, behind which the hall lay in darkness. "What I'm about to show you isn't official yet. Not really top secret, but keep it to yourself anyway."

Carol nodded. "Yeah, sure, of course!"

Nia switched on the lights at a terminal. She led Carol behind the barrier into an area that looked like a mix between a lab and a workshop. In the middle stood an examination chair, all too familiar to Carol from the gynecology practice. Suspended from a mount above it was a most peculiar device. It looked like a giant, metallic scorpion with six legs, its tail hanging down obscenely toward the center of the chair.

"What... what the hell is that?" Carol asked, horrified.

Nia giggled. "Allow me to introduce: The automated gynecological multifunctional carrier system for scans and penetrative interaction, AGYCASYSCAPI. The name is so cumbersome, we just call it Scapi."

Carol shuddered. "That... this thing... does what?"

Nia stepped up to a console connected to the monstrosity by many cables and pressed a few keys. With a click and a hum, the system started. Carol yelped and took a step back as all the scorpion's limbs fully unfolded before slowly returning to their starting position. The tail also extended in a threatening, whipping motion. Then it slowly curled, and the stinger aimed at the center of the examination chair. As if it were looking for something. The construction froze for a moment, then the tail struck. Just one small, violent thrust. Afterward, it moved slowly back and forth, in a rocking motion that was perversely arousing.

Carol didn't need much imagination to picture what that would mean for a person on the chair. An icy chill ran through her. "Who on earth is willing to get on that?" she asked.

"Who? Well, all of us," Nia explained, ignoring Carol's horror. "Every one of us down here has tried the thing. It's not just the advanced sensors and cameras that provide data at a resolution far superior to a speculum and the naked eye. You can do completely different things with it. The thing is really flexible, and with the right program..."

"Cameras?" Carol interrupted. "You mean, a dildo-cam like in... in..."

"Yes, exactly, like in those perverted movies you secretly watched in our dorm room back in the first year. Did you think I wouldn't notice?" Nia grinned from ear to ear. "But Scapi does it in 4K, and you can control the recording down to the millimeter afterward. No anomaly remains hidden. And none of the other details either, if you're into that sort of thing. I've always wondered what exactly you find so fascinating about it."

Carol pointedly ignored the last question. Nia was right. She had been far more interested in female anatomy since their time in the dorm than was necessary for her job. Maybe she had already sensed back then that something was wrong with her. At least that's what she told herself, because the alternative was that she had, well, preferences that bordered on a fetish. Apparently, her fascination with all things female and the processes surrounding reproduction had not remained hidden from Nia. She felt herself blush.

"You have recordings? Could I maybe take a look?"

Now Nia laughed out loud.

"I knew it! Sorry, no chance. I'm already risking a lot by showing you this prototype. But don't worry, it won't be long before one of these is in every FemCom clinic. Then you'll get to see plenty of recordings. Simple diagnoses can be made much more thoroughly on-site, and for complicated cases, the scans can be sent directly to specialists. I'm telling you, this is the future."

"I understand," Carol said, resigned. "And what's the other thing you wanted to show me?"

"That's a byproduct of this, so to speak." Nia motioned for her to follow and led the way into an adjoining room. On a wide workbench lay all sorts of objects whose shapes seemed quite familiar to Carol.

"What is this? Are you still tinkering with dildos?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's kind of crazy," Nia replied. "This used to be just my perverse, private hobby. But with the scans and measurements from Scapi, I can build this."

She picked up one of the toys. It consisted of the familiar phallus on one side. At the lower end, a second object was attached at an angle, appearing shapeless at first glance. Yet the overall impression seemed somehow familiar to Carol.

"Is that one of those strap-on double dildos?" she asked.

"Something like that. But without the strap. This here," Nia pointed to the thicker end, "corresponds exactly to the scan I made with Scapi. Maximum size, so the wearer can just barely insert it. It expands a tiny bit more when activated. Maybe a little uncomfortable at first, but you don't need a harness or anything. It has a solid hold. With a little muscle training, everything stays where it belongs, even in hectic moments. This whole thing has so much potential that I'm officially allowed to work on it. I could imagine a range of additional functions, maybe adjustable sizes or something. Right now, I'm working on the surface. There's a stimulus transmission system. If I can get that to work, you'll feel inside you what's happening at the tip on the other end."

"Wow." Carol was speechless. For a moment, she was undecided whether to find these ideas repulsive or arousing. The tendency was clearly toward the latter.

It was clear that this was the perfect environment for Nia. She was beaming as she watched Carol's curious gaze wander over the individual toys.

"But enough about me," she said finally. "Tell me, what's going on in the labs upstairs? I only know they're being very mysterious about it."

"Good observation," Carol replied. She pulled a pill bottle from her pocket and placed it on the table. "This was what today was all about up there."

Curious, Nia took the bottle and looked at the label. "Should this inscription mean anything to me?" she asked. At the same time, she opened the bottle and took out one of the pills. "The color looks familiar. What is it?"

"You take the green herbal capsules too, right?" Carol asked, emphasizing the question with a bold grope of Nia's chest.

"But of course," Nia said. "I want to stay in good shape, after all."

"And it's working," Carol said. "But these pills are the next step. They call them 'Greens'. The active ingredient is extracted from the herbs and combined with other substances for various applications. It can be a completely normal pill. You know, contraception and such. Or for the opposite, to aid conception. They're even working on a variant for pregnant women. They all have one thing in common: the significant tightening of the connective tissue as a side effect."

"I see." You could tell Nia's engineering mind was working at full speed. "Isn't there also a variant just for tissue tightening?" she asked.

Carol shook her head. "No, the herb's active complex always affects the hormonal balance. You can steer the direction, but you can't prevent it. That's why it doesn't work on men. But it works all the better on women."

She deliberately stood up straight and made her chest jiggle under her t-shirt. Nia watched the gesture with raised eyebrows.

"What exactly are you trying to tell me?" she asked.

"I'm in the test group and have been taking them for a while. No more bra. Haven't worn one in weeks," Carol explained, grinning. "It's so much better than the herbal capsules. Come on, don't be shy. See for yourself!"

Nia hesitated briefly, then followed the invitation. She placed the pills on the workbench and grabbed Carol's curves with both hands, first tentatively, then more searching.

"Amazing. Feels really firm. Like being seventeen again."

"Yeah, exactly." Carol returned the grab on Nia. "It would do you good too. And that's why I diverted these for you."

She stepped aside, took the bottle, and held it in front of Nia's face. "This is the basic version. If it takes, an individual dose can be adjusted for you after a few months."

"Okay... and it's safe?" Nia asked.

"Sure!" Carol replied exuberantly. "And the best part is, you can always take them. You just have to stop once a year and let nature take its course. The rest of the time you're protected, have no complaints, and stabilize your connective tissue. Because of the natural extracts, the hormone dosage is even significantly lower. That's an added benefit. The disadvantage is, natural products sometimes have unexpected side effects. They can be different for everyone. Just watch for signs of intolerance in the first few weeks. If nothing happens, you're safe."

"What kind of side effects would those be?" Nia still seemed skeptical.

"I don't have any myself," Carol said with a shrug. "But I've heard that it sometimes causes itchy skin or a feeling of tension in the tissue. Then you just try a different mixture. There are plenty of them. That's what I meant by individual dose. It's almost unheard of for someone not to tolerate it at all."

"If it's so great, you could get incredibly rich off this. Most women would rip it out of our hands. Why haven't I heard about it?" Nia asked.

Carl's and Tyron's trucks were already parked in front of the workshop. Lukas cursed internally. Nothing harsh, his upbringing didn't allow for that. A glance at the clock told him he was punctual to the minute, but still the last one. Even in his second week on the job, the commute still held plenty of surprises. He made a firm decision to leave a few minutes earlier in the future. After all, that's what his father had taught him.

Coffee mug in hand, he hurried into the workshop. His two colleagues greeted him warmly. Luckily, there was no sign of Jerry, the boss, yet. He could be heard, though. On the phone in his office, behind a closed door. The words couldn't be understood, but something about the tone immediately struck Lukas. Jerry was always a friendly guy on the phone, but this time he sounded unusually accommodating.

Shortly after, the call ended, and Jerry came into the workshop with a work order.

"Today's your lucky day, boys. One of you gets to go to the Amazons."

Carl choked on his coffee at those words. Coughing, he put down his mug and waved his hands dismissively.

"No chance, Boss. I'm out. My wife will kill me if I ever set foot in there again. She's still suspicious ever since I told her about the last job..."

Tyron, usually the quiet type, spoke up just as firmly.

"Sorry, Jerry, you know I'll do almost anything for you. But I can't do that. I still have nightmares about the machines they have in their basement. It was worse than when my wife wanted me to be there for the birth of our first kid. I really don't need that again."

"Pull yourselves together, boys," Jerry grumbled. "They pay double what everyone else does. Those whole buildings are full of old wiring. They call us over and over. By now, they're our best customers."

"Then go yourself," Carl muttered.

Jerry shot him a scathing look. "I guess my wife has the same arguments as yours. I'm not allowed to show my face there anymore either."

Lukas had followed the discussion in silence but had lost the thread pretty early on. He did at least know where the logistics hub on the edge of town was.

"Amazon? Everything's standardized there. What's the problem?" he finally asked.

The other three stared at him speechlessly for a moment. Then they burst into loud laughter. Carl clapped him on the shoulder so hard that Lukas nearly spilled his coffee.

"That was a good one, kid. Really, that was really good!" he said, before another fit of laughter shook him.

Even Tyron had tears of laughter in the corners of his eyes.

Jerry was the first to calm down. "Not the Amazon with the packages, kid. But Amazons, plural and female. Like fierce warriors on wild horses."

"I know my way around horses. That doesn't scare me. We had plenty at home," Lukas replied.

The men burst into laughter again.

"Let him go," Carl said, gesturing toward Lukas with his mug. "Honestly, Jerry, the kid's got skills. I think it fits."

"Are you sure?" Jerry asked skeptically. "He was supposed to ride along with you for at least another week to learn the ropes."

"Sure," Carl replied. "We still have the old blueprints in storage, from before the women took over the factory. It'll be the exact same thing as last time. They're just plugging too many power-hungry machines into the old lines. Lukas just needs to pull a few new cables and install proper breakers. You can handle that, kid, right?"

Lukas felt like he'd grown an inch. "Of course I can handle it. If the blueprints are correct, it shouldn't be a problem. Run conduit, pull cable, done."

A suspicious gurgle came from Carl's coffee mug as he took another sip. All eyes turned to Jerry. Finally, he grumbled,

"Okay, fine. But Lukas takes your truck. It has everything he needs. And you, Carl, you're riding with Tyron to the other site today."

The two old-timers nodded in agreement. Then Jerry turned directly to Lukas.

"And you, kid, you watch your tools, understand? Whatever you do, safety first, and no games. Come with me. We'll get the old blueprints, then I'll show you where to go."

Half an hour later, Lukas approached the remote industrial complex. There was no sign of horses far and wide. A pity, he had actually been looking forward to that. It would have reminded him a little of home. He turned into the driveway and stopped in front of a barrier gate. A woman in a security guard's uniform approached him. She looked completely normal, quite pretty in fact, and not at all frightening. His colleagues' reaction was becoming more and more incomprehensible to him. He felt a bit like they had messed with him.

"Welcome to Fidelity Foods. I'm Sue. Where are you headed?" the gorgeous guard asked. She beamed at him with a sweet smile that did not fail to have an effect.

"Hi, I'm Lukas, I, um..." Somehow, he could barely manage to turn the work order in the right direction. Sue seemed to be barely older than him. She had a mane of copper-red curls and beautiful green eyes. She had also forgotten to close the top buttons of her blouse. Should he point that out to her? It would be the decent thing to do. On the other hand, it was pretty indecent to even look there and notice it.

"So... I'm here because of the shorts... I mean, because of the short circuit. Technical development department." He had finally found the information.

"Ah yes, the team is already waiting for you. Half the building is down. You need to drive past the big factory building and then turn left behind it." She emphasized the directions with sweeping gestures that caused plenty of movement in her half-open blouse. "Wait a sec, I'll get that thing up for you."

Sue gave him a wink he couldn't quite interpret. "And when you're done, please report back to me here before you leave the site, okay?"

"Yeah, sure." Lukas returned her smile. The prospect of seeing her again later felt good.

He drove slowly across the property. The buildings were old and had obviously seen better days. But the more closely he looked, the more signs of recent renovations and repairs he found. Jerry had spoken of a previous owner. This seemed to be a new company that had taken over some old buildings.

Several pipelines led from the factory building to brand-new tanks. Mist rose from some of them, giving the scene an eerie quality. A truck was waiting at a loading dock, its side bearing the logo of a stylized horse. 'Fidelity Foods' was written underneath. So they did do something with horses here. Lukas became more and more curious.

Directly after the described turn-off, he reached another building. A sign informed him that he would find 'Labs' and 'Tech. Dev.' there.

He was indeed expected. As he parked, the door opened and a woman came toward him. She had a dark, clean-shaven head and exceptionally sparkling eyes.

"Hi, I'm Nia," she greeted him. "Good thing you're finally here. We have to go ways through the building, to the basement. Should I take some of that material for you?"

"Hi, I'm Lukas. Thanks, that's nice, but I've got it."

His dad would have cuffed him on the head for just the thought of letting a woman carry something. On top of that, he had forgotten the 'ma'am'. But just like with the gatekeeper, Lukas had the feeling it wouldn't be taken as politeness here either. Life in the city could be really complicated.

He balanced a selection of materials he assumed he would need on top of his toolbox and pulled it behind him on its tiny wheels. The whole thing was actually quite heavy to move. But he didn't let it show.

Luckily, Nia didn't comment on his efforts. She held the door for him, and he followed her to a large elevator. After just a few steps, Lukas was convinced she had an extraordinarily attractive sway in her hips.

The elevator was huge. He wondered what they transported in it. After a short ride down, the doors opened. He stopped in surprise after the first step. He hadn't expected such a large basement from the outside. It was a proper hall. Directly in

front of the elevator, there were a few small cubicles to the right and left of the wide corridor, which probably held offices or something similar.

Nia walked ahead of him again, capturing his attention. "Follow me," she said. "We have to go to the other end. The power supply is over there."

On the way through the hall, he looked around shyly. On one side, a group of women stood together, chatting relaxed. They noticed his gaze, waved at him with smiles, and their giggles echoed through the space. Of course! None of the complicated machines had power. Only the lighting seemed to work.

They reached a steel door with the obligatory warning sign for electricity. Nia opened it. He squeezed past her through the narrow opening, noticing the pleasant scent of her perfume. It took him a moment to get his bearings in the dim light of the room. Then he inspected the circuit breakers.

"Did you turn the lights back on?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yes."

Nia was suddenly standing right behind him, looking over his shoulder with interest. The fact that she was half a head taller than him made it easier for her. For him, the proximity also opened up new perspectives. What is it with the buttons around here, he thought for a moment. Then he focused back on his job.

"The light was working," Nia continued. "But as soon as we flip the other breakers, they trip again immediately. Unfortunately, the air conditioning is also out, and it's getting pretty warm down here."

"I see." Lukas wasn't sure if it was her physical closeness or the failed AC, but he could indeed feel a growing heat rising in him.

"Maybe I should first..." Lost in thought, he turned around, brushing her with his shoulder.

Now he no longer felt heat, but molten lava flooding his face. He had touched a woman's breast! A series of sensations vied for dominance. Shame for the invasive touch. Fascination at the strangely soft feeling. And another stirring, a little lower down.

Nia didn't seem to notice at all.

"Sorry, it's a bit tight in here," she said, taking a step back. Lukas couldn't stand it any longer and unbuttoned his jacket.

"I, um... it's just way too hot. I have to get out of this jacket." In the confined space, he nearly got tangled in the stubborn fabric until it slid off his arms as if by itself. When he turned, he saw that Nia had stripped it off him.

"It's getting too hot for me too," she said, beginning to unbutton her lab coat. Underneath, she wore a skin-tight tank top and one of those pairs of yoga leggings that left nothing to the imagination. Lukas had seen women in outfits like that a few times in the city and had looked away every time. As one should.

He hastily turned back to the electrical panel. "I think a few of the breakers have tripped a few too many times. I know this from home, when faulty appliances are plugged in. Maybe the wiring isn't the problem, but the machines. Could I maybe see what you've been plugging in?"

The question seemed to catch Nia off guard. "What we've... um, yeah, sure. Come on, I'll show you."

Had he said something wrong? Lukas followed the fantastic hips as Nia led him to the various machines distributed around the room. He systematically checked the power connection of each one.

On a harmless-looking computer, his meter gave the decisive clue.

"This is the culprit," Lukas said. "Probably the power supply."

He looked up and now noticed that the other women had gathered behind him, watching his work. They all wore outfits similar to Nia's. It really had gotten hot. They looked at him expectantly. Lukas stood up and looked around at the group.

"So, um, ladies, it's really important that you pay attention to what you plug in here. Otherwise, the socket gets overloaded quickly. It can even lead to a short circuit, and then the fuse blows again."

A giggle erupted, not unlike the one he had heard in the workshop that morning. What was so funny now?

"Thanks, Lukas, that really helps us," Nia said, glancing at her colleagues. "Do you think that was all?"

"Well, just to be safe, I'd like to check the protective devices. A few have taken too much of a charge and need to be replaced."

While Lukas worked on the connections in the utility room, Nia stood next to him again, watching.

"You seem to know exactly what you're doing. At first, I thought you were way too young for this. Where did you learn it?" she asked him.

"At home, on my father's farm," Lukas said. "You can't always call someone out there. So I paid attention in school and watched the electrician whenever he was around. When the old milking machine had a short circuit again and the udders were electrified, the cows could get pretty agitated. You had to act fast."

"Cows, udders, and milking machines? Doesn't sound like a city kid."

"No," Lukas replied, "I've only been living here for a few weeks. I come from a farm out west, pretty remote. Miles of nothing but pastureland, cows, and horses."

A trace of wistfulness was in his voice, and he paused in his work. Then he turned to Nia.

"What's the deal with horses here anyway? I heard there were some here?"

"What gave you that idea?" Nia asked, astonished.

"Oh, my colleagues said this place was like a horde of fierce Amazons on wild horses."

Nia shook her head. "So, so, that's the image they have of us. What's your impression?"

"I only saw the truck outside, with the horse logo and 'Fidelity Foods'. What do you actually produce here?" Lukas asked.

"In the factory next door, they make medicines and feed additives. Our parent company does own a few farms that raise horses, among other things, and grow feed. We process the surplus here."

"And this?" Lukas made a sweeping gesture toward the workshop. "What do you do here?"

"Women's stuff," Nia answered curtly.

Lukas looked at her questioningly.

"Medical things for women. Has to do with pregnancy and birth and stuff."

"Ah, I see. Must be important," Lukas replied and turned back to his work. "I've seen a cow calf a few times, and a foal being born. It's really intense."

He couldn't see Nia's eyes widen at this remark. "Most men are uncomfortable with topics like that," she said.

Lukas shrugged. "Maybe. I'm not. I find it fascinating. It's a great thing when new life comes into the world healthy."

A click sounded as the last component snapped into place, and he tossed his tool into his bag. "That's it."

Satisfied, he turned to Nia, who was standing in the doorway and made no move to step aside.

"What about you? What do you think of us?" she asked Lukas.

"What do you mean?" He was visibly confused.

"Because of what your colleagues said. Do you also think we're fierce Amazons?"

"No, not at all." He looked past her into the room, where the other women were starting up one machine after another. Then his gaze fell back on Nia, though he had trouble meeting her eyes.

"I think it's nice here. I could even imagine working down here more often. Something is different, I have to admit, but I don't know exactly what it is. Maybe because only women work here?"

"That's good," Nia said. "Then I know who to call next time we need someone to tackle the wiring. Or when a fuse blows, or we have a short circuit..." She paused. "Or problems with milking machines and udders." She added the words with a wink.

Lukas swallowed. Was that actually an innuendo? He forced himself not to think about it. He carefully gathered his tools. Carl would flip out if anything was missing.

On the way back, the workshop was brightly lit, and Lukas looked around again. On the side stood a strange chair, and hanging above it on a crane was a most strange-looking machine. It looked like a giant scorpion, only with six legs instead of eight. He couldn't imagine how that was supposed to fit in with the 'women's stuff,' as Nia had called it. But it was probably important. His father always complained that there was far too much technology involved in cow insemination these days. From the looks of the electrics here, this definitely wasn't his last time. Maybe next time he'd get a chance to learn more about it.

The other women waved goodbye to him, and he noted again that every one of them was very attractive in her own way. And young. Strange. Were there no older female employees with real experience and stuff?

Nia walked him back to his truck. When she touched his shoulder to say goodbye, he felt a tingle. The touch was probably just accidental. Women just did that sometimes. After all, he hadn't declared any intentions toward her.

In the rearview mirror, he saw her watching him leave. Lukas had to admit, the women here were all really nice, and Nia especially so. As he rolled past the factory building, he spotted a few wildflowers by the fence, among some weeds. On a whim, he stopped, picked a handful of them, and then drove on to the main entrance.

There, he was disappointed to find that a different woman was on duty now. He got out to sign out, as instructed, when Sue stepped out of the guard's office. He immediately turned around and grabbed the improvised bouquet from the passenger seat.

Sue looked at him, surprised and at the same time embarrassed. "What... um... what's this?" she asked, her eyes shining.

"I wanted to ask if you'd like to go out with me," Lukas said. "And the best way to ask that is with a bouquet of flowers. At least, that's what my dad taught me."

"You're really sweet!" Her face turned a deep shade of red. When she turned to her colleague, the other woman just shook her head, laughing.

"So? Would you like to?" Lukas pressed on.

"Yeah... sure, I'd love to." She glanced at the clock. "I, um... I still have to... So..." She looked helplessly at her colleague, who made a confirming gesture. "Ten minutes?"

"Sounds good. I'll wait outside."

"Wake up, Sparky!" The friendly call was accompanied by a loving pat on his thighs as they stuck out from under the blanket.

Lukas lazily opened his eyes. Sue was standing next to the bed, smiling at him with sparkling eyes. She was already wearing her uniform, as always with the blouse only half-buttoned. As she leaned down to him, there was no way to close another button. Lukas had become extensively acquainted with the anatomical reasons over the past months. It had surprised him that she was five years older than him. He would have estimated her to be 19.

"Be careful not to be late," she said, giving him a kiss. She gently stroked his forehead one more time before heading out. Her shift at Fidelity Foods began early in the morning.

He himself had the same destination today. Since his first job there, barely a week had passed without them calling him. For him, those were the best days. He would get to see Sue again. There was a huge spark between them. That was the reason for the nickname Sparky, which Sue had given him. But it didn't just refer to electrical discharges.

After just a few dates, she had managed to lure him home. By now he officially lived with her. He had only told his parents that there was a nice girl he wanted to introduce them to eventually. They didn't need to know that he had long since left behind everything they considered decent with her.

He was really lucky with her. Sue seemed to genuinely like him. He enjoyed the moments when he dreamed of their future together.

After a quick breakfast and a stop at the workshop, he headed to the Fidelity Food factory. The closer he got to the entrance, the faster his heart beat. Sue was on duty at the gate. She waved to him and opened the barrier. The sight of her still gave him a tingle every time.

"Stay decent and don't let them tease you," she said, handing him the visitor's pass through the car window. Lukas had the impression she had deliberately dressed in a way that made him notice her charms as clearly as possible.

That was exactly what he needed right now. The women in the factory were all extremely attractive. By now, he knew them well enough to realize that on some days, their every word was ambiguous and contained constant offers.

Sue knew about it. When he told her, she had laughed and said it was all harmless fun. Still, she must have talked to the others, because it got better after that.

Almost bearable. He sighed. Nia was and remained a challenge. She masterfully understood how to charm him right to the edge. For her, it really seemed to be a game, and he was just another toy.

Lukas parked the truck in front of technical development. Nia was already waiting for him, as always. The greeting was the same as always too. Lukas bravely endured the borderline gestures and touches. He was curious what pretext she had found this time to lure him into her basement. The jobs in recent weeks had actually been minor things she probably could have handled herself.

But Nia had immersed herself in a new project. Lukas wasn't sure if his first visit had been the unwitting trigger for it. She led him into the workshop, past the bizarre scorpion that hung lurking on a frame. He had noticed that the legs were configured differently on each visit. There seemed to be a lot of accessories for it.

Nia walked quickly past it and headed straight for her project area. On a long table stood several stands. Deceptively real in form and function, replicas of udders hung from them. From a cow, a sheep, and a goat. Below them lay industrially available milking machines in various stages of disassembly.

He should have never mentioned he knew about this. But now it was too late. Nia considered him an ally in her search for the perfect machine.

The last stand was prepared just for that. A deceptively real replica of full, voluptuous breasts rose from it.

"So, what is it this time?" he asked, resigned.

"I think I've finally got it," Nia said, activating a switch on a small box. With a soft hum, the pump came to life.

Lukas still didn't quite understand the background. He crouched down next to the box. At least he would never have seen such sophisticated technology around the farm.

"I'm still fascinated by how quietly this scroll pump runs." He placed his hand on the device. "Not the slightest vibration. When I think of the noise of our milking system at home..."

"And that's exactly why I need you, Farmer Boy," Nia called to him from the other side of the table. "I don't have to explain to you what a 'teat cup' is."

"Yeah, but didn't we abandon that concept weeks ago? You said the anatomical differences were just too big."

"That's right," Nia agreed. "That's why I looked into alternatives and designed this."

Lukas looked at the device in Nia's hand. It had the shape of a halved orange, with a bundle of thin tubes leading from it to the pump on the floor.

"What is it?" Lukas asked. "I can't see the function."

"This is just the prototype. I designed it from scratch. The only thing reminiscent of a classic milking machine is the use of a vacuum. But I developed the actual design completely new." The pride in her work was evident in Nia's voice.

"Go on, try it!"

"What?" Lukas stared at her with wide eyes. "How...?"

"Don't worry. We're keeping all our clothes on," Nia said. "Place the flat side on your palm."

Lukas placed the cup on his hand as instructed. As soon as it was flat, he felt it gently suction on. He shook it and turned his hand so the cup hung from the underside. It held, without being uncomfortable on his hand.

"Not bad. How did you manage the seal and the suction?"

Nia smiled, obviously pleased that someone understood the technical subtleties.

"The outer ring is soft silicone and only serves to hold the cup with the vacuum. What's much more exciting is the pneumatic peristalsis."

"The what?" Lukas looked at her, clueless.

"Take the cup off, then you'll see."

With a strong pull, he managed to detach the cup from his hand.

"Hey, don't break it! You were supposed to turn off the vacuum first," Nia shouted.

Embarrassed, he held the part in his hand. When she was in her zone, Nia could be very resolute. Maybe it was because of her year in Germany, which she kept talking about.

"Sorry, you're right, my mistake. I'll remember next time." The stupid mistake really embarrassed him. He was aware Nia was playing around with expensive material that was way over his budget.

"So, what about the milking function?" he asked.

"Look at the flat side. Then you'll see."

He looked at the surface, which looked like a wrinkled film.

"Watch out, I'm turning it on," Nia said, flipping another switch on the pump.

The film in the cup tightened and pulled inward. Then, starting from the edge, a first ring under the film began to contract, until about half the area was closed. Below that followed another ring that closed a bit further. Another one below that, and finally a fourth, which had almost no opening left. Then everything relaxed, the film in the cup loosened, and it all started over.

"Put your finger in, then you'll feel how it works," Nia said.

"Really? You serious?"

"Come on." She used the opportunity for an encouraging pat on his shoulder. "You're not trying to tell me you never tried that with your milking machine at some point, are you? With your finger, I mean!"

Lukas barely suppressed a gasp. How did she know that? Nobody talked about it! All the boys on farms who handled milking machines had tested them themselves, one way or another.

He placed his finger in the center of the cup. On the first step, he was sucked in by a vacuum pulse. In the second step, as the rings closed, he was still held fast. It felt as if something was being stripped from his finger. Gently at the base, more powerfully toward the tip. The sucking and pulling was accompanied by the rhythmic hiss of pneumatic valves.

"It feels just like something is suckling on it. A calf, for example," he added quickly.

"That's exactly how it's supposed to be. I think I'm a big step further with this prototype."

"But does the milking also work with it?" Lukas asked.

"I hope so..." Nia replied. "I just prepped the model. I was about to start a test run. Here, attach this to the adapter at the bottom."

She handed him a sterile bag, the kind used for medical purposes. The connection fit perfectly onto the adapter at the bottom edge of the suction cup.

"And now, latch it there!" Nia pointed to the breast model.

In his life on the farm, Lukas had worked with a milking machine countless times. But this still felt totally weird. Just as he was about to place the suction cup on the artificial breast, a familiar voice sounded from behind him.

"Lukas! What the hell are you doing!"

He flinched and let go, startled. Luckily, the cup had already suctioned itself to the intended spot and was swinging gently on the breast.

He turned around and saw an angry-looking Sue marching toward him.

"Can you explain to me what's going on here? Are you missing something at home that you have to fiddle around with artificial tits?"

"Sue, it's... it's not what it looks like," he stammered. "Please. Let me explain!"

"I'm looking forward to this." Her furious gaze darted between Lukas, Nia, and the breast model.

"Nia is building this milking machine. Since I used to work with them on the farm, I was helping her with a few things."

"Ah. So this has been going on for a while?"

"Yes. I mean, no, nothing's 'going on'. It's just a project. Work. Nothing personal..."

Sue had planted herself right in front of him. Lukas barely dared to look her in the eye. But nothing had even happened! He couldn't look down either, because Sue's blouse with the open button was on full display. Frantically, he looked to the side, where the breast model was at eye level.

Why was he suddenly surrounded by breasts everywhere!

Even Nia, standing behind the model, had visible contours under her open coat. At least she was smiling at him.

Wait. Why was she smiling? Something wasn't right here! Shyly, Lukas raised his gaze. He looked into the sparkling green eyes of a smiling Sue, who could barely hold back her laughter and already had tears in the corners of her eyes.

She threw her arms around his neck and pressed him to her in a tight hug.

"Sorry, Sparky, that was just supposed to be a joke."

Relief washed over him. Every time he was down here in the basement, it felt like walking on thin ice. For a moment, he had thought he had broken through and lost everything.

"You're not mad?" he asked, still under the impression of her fake outburst.

"Not at all. Nia told me I could drop by anytime. I think it's great that you're helping her with the project. This could be a real improvement for many women."

"You think so? I thought this was more of a side project."

"No, not at all. In this building alone, there are a lot of women who want to try it. If it works like Nia promised." The last words were directed at the engineer.

"It definitely will," Nia said. "We were just about to try the prototype on the model. But now that you're here, how about it? Are you brave enough?"

Sue stepped closer to the model breast. Nia had turned on the machine, so she could easily remove the cup. She looked thoughtfully at the device in her hand. Then she glanced around, and when no one else was in sight, a grin spread across her face.

"Why not," she said and, to Lukas's great surprise, began to unbutton her blouse. The bra she wore underneath was very familiar to him.

"Would you be so kind?" Sue asked after taking off the blouse, turning her back to him. With trembling fingers, he opened the clasp. She slipped the garment off and then stood before them, exposed but extremely self-confident.

"Well, let's go," she urged the other two, giving her curves a provocative swing.

Nia got busy at the pump, and Lukas shyly reached for the cup. A quick test on his palm told him the vacuum was already on. Still, he hesitated.

"Oh, come on," Sue prompted him, pulling her shoulders back. "Don't be so shy. Don't act like it's the first time you've touched them."

Gently, Lukas placed the cup on her breast, and it suctioned on immediately.

"And how does it feel?" Nia asked.

"Not bad at all. Was that it?"

"No, that's just the attachment. I have to turn on the main function."

Nia flipped a switch on the machine. Sue gasped, her eyes widened in surprise, and a tremor ran through her body. "Wow. That is... just wow."

Lukas had not taken his eyes off Sue. At the same time as her exclamation, he could see the nipple of her other breast stand at attention. A suspicion crept over him. Could it be that this device was about more than just the simple milking process?

Sue stood with her eyes closed, completely focused on the sensation. She grabbed Nia's shoulder, searching for support. Her breathing became heavier and came in gasps. Lukas noticed she was getting goosebumps all over her body and her knees were trembling slightly. Was she really... right now...?

Before he could finish the thought, she relaxed.

"Nia, that is amazing. I absolutely need one of these," she said, still breathing heavily.

Nia beamed. "I'm so glad. I'll put you on the list."

"Thanks." Only now did Sue seem to notice Lukas was still standing next to her. Her eyes got that watchful, cat-like look that Lukas knew all too well. From home. From the bedroom. It was the look she always gave him just before she talked him into something new and crazy.

"But there's one test missing," she said.

"What do you mean?" Nia asked.

"The direct comparison. Lukas, would you be so kind?"

He didn't need a second invitation.

The steady rain had been rattling against the awning of the cheap motel room for hours. It was leaking in one spot, so the sound of a heavy stream of water mixed with the gentle rush. This hypnotic backdrop of sound was only interrupted when a vehicle drove through the puddles outside and stopped directly in front of the room. The engine was cut. A door slammed. Steps approached. Then the door opened.

Katarina had refined her style, but it remained the dark, military look.

"We're going to a bar, incognito. Do you consider that discreet?" Nastya asked after a brief greeting. Even when they hadn't seen each other in a long time, they were not prone to effusiveness.

"It is what it is." Katarina did not give the impression that she was open to discussing her outfit.

She was probably right. It was Nastya who was overdressed for their mission. She had gotten a brief impression of the city upon her arrival. A mediocre provincial backwater. It was just big enough that not everyone knew everyone, but small enough for a few influential people to make the most important decisions to suit their interests.

"What's the status?" she asked Katarina.

"Everything is on schedule." Katarina glanced at her phone. "The tracker is working. He's on the move. I think it will be the same bar as always."

"A strange coincidence," Nastya said. "That he's meeting her, of all people." She pulled on her expensive coat, which matched her tailored pantsuit perfectly. "We should get going. Is your car prepped?"

Katarina gave her a withering look. "If you weren't my little sister... Of course it's not the car I've been using to tail him for four weeks. I swapped it three towns over. The new one is inconspicuous and has local plates. No one will notice it."

Nastya's lips twitched. "You're still the same. You haven't changed. It feels good."

Katarina grunted something unintelligible, and the two women grabbed their bags. Nastya looked around one last time. The room looked untouched. There was no sign that she had spent the day here.

The few occupied shops on the street had long since closed. In between were many that no longer opened, even during the day. Tacky signs indicated the spaces were for rent. A few of them were lit. The light reflected off the puddles and the wet street.

From their parking spot, they could see a good way down the side street. The second building bore the neon sign of a bar that was clearly well-attended. Katarina was tracking a dot on her phone screen.

"He's here. Should be visible any second."

Sure enough, a dark van approached on the other side of the street. It slowed and then aimed for a parking spot directly across from their car. Katarina blanked her phone screen so the light wouldn't give them away.

A man got out of the van, walked around the vehicle, and jiggled all the door handles. After making sure everything was locked, he headed toward the bar.

Less than three minutes later, Nastya and Katarina entered the bar. A long counter stretched far into the room on the left side. On the right side were separate booths.

The bar was crowded. Most of the booths were occupied. A waitress bustled back and forth between them. She shot them a brief glance. The predominantly male patrons in the booths gave them a longer one.

There were still a few empty seats at the bar. Including next to the man who now had his back to them, speaking to a person he was blocking from view.

Nastya and Katarina took the seats to his left. He barely registered their presence from the corner of his eye and remained focused on his conversation with the woman sitting to his right. What they were saying was lost in the general noise.

A striking figure. Nastya could only see half of her face for a moment. The snapshot in their files hardly did the woman justice. She had light red curls tending toward blonde and pale, almost translucent skin bordering on albinism. She confidently wore her pale eyelashes and eyebrows without any makeup. An impressive aura that made Nastya curious.

The bartender was just handing the two of them drinks. Two identical glasses. Then he took Katarina's order. She requested a light beer from the local craft brew scene for them both.

The pale woman suddenly stood up from her seat. Her expression showed she was excusing herself for a trip to the restrooms. On her way, the gazes of most of the male patrons followed her. Rightfully so, Nastya noted. The girl definitely had it. Not too much, but definitely not too little.

She only registered this briefly, however. Her focus was on the man, who was now waiting for his companion. He reached for the glasses, arranged them on the counter, and there it was. Hidden in his hand was a small vial. He dripped its contents into his companion's drink.

If this ended well, she would have a serious word with the pale woman about risk assessment. Leaving a drink unattended was a classic rookie mistake. After what had happened in this area over the past few months, it was a tragic mistake at that.

Nastya turned to Katarina, who was sitting to her left. They had also received their drinks by now. As they both took a sip, Nastya nodded at her.

As planned, Katarina stood up and squeezed past Nastya. She bumped hard into the man. He spun around in a flash. If he had ever managed a charming smile, there was no sign of it now. His face, distorted with rage, and his hateful gaze revealed who he really was. Then he noticed he was facing a woman who was, in her own way, not unattractive. Nastya could practically see him scrambling to regain control of his expression. With the hint of an ice-cold smile and a voice dripping with condescension, he addressed Katarina.

"Watch it, sweetie. Or I'll have to teach you some manners." His gaze turned lecherous, and he scanned Katarina from head to toe.

"You think you can do that, little man?" Katarina retorted.

He didn't seem used to that kind of defiance. A brief argument developed.

Exactly as planned. This gave Nastya the opportunity to swap the glasses of the man and his companion unnoticed. Only the bartender seemed to notice. She shot him a look that made him flinch back nervously. Sometimes her sparkling eyes were more powerful than any words.

The pale woman now reappeared from the direction of the restrooms. She looked questioningly at the man, who turned away from Katarina with a gruff gesture and demonstratively pushed the glass toward her.

Katarina made her token trip to the back of the restaurant and returned after a suitably long pause. In that time, the man and the woman had both taken a generous sip from their glasses.

The pale woman was telling the man something in a cheerful, lively manner. He listened silently. Out of the corner of her eye, Nastya noticed him grab the edge of the bar after a while, searching for support with one hand, then the other. His body swayed slightly.

"Packs a real punch, huh?" Nastya suddenly heard the woman say. Surprised, she looked past the man, who held his head bowed low. The pale woman had actually spoken to her.

"What do you mean?" Nastya asked, as innocently as possible. The other woman leaned closer to her.

"Don't play dumb. I know what he was planning. See that dark, shiny spot up there above the shelf? That's the security camera for the register. It covers this area too, and I hacked into the system."

She held her phone up to Nastya's face. A pale video clip on it showed the man handling the glasses.

Nastya nodded, impressed. "Respect. And what's your plan now?"

"I'm taking him away. Somewhere I can get him to tell me about his hobbies. What's your plan?"

Contrary to her initial assumption, this woman seemed to know exactly what she was doing. Her confidence was clearly the result of careful planning, not naivety. Those were qualities Nastya deeply appreciated.

"Maybe we should talk more outside," Nastya replied. "And of course, we're taking him with us. I'm Nastya." She held out her hand to the woman.

She returned the gesture. "I'm Erin. Okay. Agreed, let's go."

Before they stood up, Nastya waved the bartender over. He had been watching the scene with growing unease. He approached hesitantly. She waited until he was close enough to understand her at a normal volume.

"You have until midnight to get out of here. If you're ever involved in something like this again, we will find you. Check the news in the next few days. Then you'll know what to expect."

Ignoring his half-hearted protest, she stood up. Together with Erin, she maneuvered the man to the door.

Many of the male patrons shot them envious looks. They probably thought he was a lucky guy who partied harder than he could handle and was still getting hauled off by three attractive ladies. They couldn't have painted a better picture.

Faking a cheerful party mood, they made it to the man's van without incident. The keys were quickly found in his pockets. They opened the sliding door on the side.

Erin froze at the sight, but Nastya had expected something like this. Katarina knew from her surveillance what to expect. In the middle of the cargo area was a mattress. Restraints for arms and legs were attached in the appropriate places. They maneuvered the man onto it, and Katarina strapped him down.

Nastya turned to Erin. "Let's talk. My car is right over there."

"Who are you?" Erin asked, finally finding her voice once they were in Nastya's car.

"Ever heard of FemCom?" Nastya replied with a counter-question.

Erin nodded. "I knew we'd cross paths eventually. But I didn't know you were this capable... What happens to him now?"

"We find a quiet corner. And then we'll ensure justice is served."

The quiet corner turned out to be a side street in an abandoned industrial park. It was of no interest to anyone and therefore offered enough cover.

"I've been looking forward to meeting you. I'm sorry it's happening under these circumstances," Nastya said.

Erin looked at her, surprised. "You were planning to meet me? Why?"

"Don't play dumb," Nastya countered, using the same tone Erin had used in the bar. "You're a gifted IT scientist. So gifted that your professor can't even follow what exactly you're doing. That's why she gave us a tip. We are more than just a bunch of clinics and women's shelters."

"I can see that!" Erin said. "My professor, then. I should have guessed. Even without this," she gestured toward the van driving ahead of them, "I know there's more to you. It's just much bigger than most people can imagine. Up close, you don't see the connections. The pattern only emerges in the big picture."

"And you think you've recognized a pattern?" Nastya asked attentively.

"Not me. ZWAI."

"What is ZWAI?" Nastya asked, irritated.

"First of all, it's a pun." Erin grinned broadly. "It's pretty nerdy, I know. But it's the acronym for A.A.I.I. Autonomous Artificial Independent Intelligence. Double 'A', double 'I'. Therefore, Zwai. like 'Zwei', the German word for 'two'."

"Okay. I'll just accept that's what it's called." Nastya shook her head, trying to get rid of that weirrd chain of thoughts. "But what can it do?" she asked.

"Zwai finds all kinds of information you tell it to look for. Completely autonomous and redundant. It's distributed in small pieces across all kinds of open cloud services."

"And with that, you discovered patterns that point to FemCom?"

"Yes." Erin nodded enthusiastically. "Once you know what to look for, there's a lot to see. It usually starts with the purchase of some property. Like the abandoned military facilities and the other scrap real estate you've bought up. The crazy thing is, as soon as you become active there, things happen in the area. Decisions are made in

your favor. Crime rates drop. City council members retire early. All sorts of things. And in the end, a surprising number of women are suddenly in charge."

"I'm impressed," Nastya said. "What are you going to do with this information?"

Erin shrugged. "I don't know. Right now, I'm wavering between doing nothing and looking for a way to join you. It all depends on what you plan to do with him, for example."

She pointed to the van, which was parked on the side of the road ahead of them. The side door opened, and Katarina got out and climbed into the car with them.

"Just as we thought, he has everything in there," she said. "Tools. Camera. Trophies. Are we sticking to the plan?" She made a brief gesture toward Erin and looked at Nastya questioningly.

"Don't mind me," Erin said. "I'm curious to see what your plan is." The question of whether her well-being was being monitored by ZWAI was answered by her confident demeanor.

"Before I get to that, how did you track him down?" Nastya asked.

The cheerfulness vanished from Erin's face. "That girl four weeks ago, the one in the news. She was a good friend. Lived in my dorm, in the room next door. When they found her and more and more details came out, I made it my mission to find the pig who did this."

"And how did you find him?"

"I logged into her computer. Checked her social media accounts. He tried hard to lay a false trail, but with ZWAI it was child's play."

"And why didn't you go to the police with this?"

"Because I've been keeping an eye on them too. I'm afraid their investigation would go nowhere. Something's not right here. So I had to come up with something." Erin sounded grim and determined, which didn't match her innocent appearance at all.

"We feel the same way. Except we know of several other cases that also point to him," Nastya said. "How sure are you?" she asked Katarina.

"Absolutely. There are photos. Hard drives from the video camera. The memory in the camera still had recordings. It's him."

"Alright then." Nastya turned back to Erin. "Our plan is to give him the same treatment he gave his victims. Including a video recording. Is that okay with you, or is this where you say goodbye?"

Erin's eyes took on a threatening glint. "I'm in. But I just had an idea that's even better than a video recording. Do you have his phone...?"

It only took a few minutes for Erin to tamper with the man's video equipment. She avoided both looking at him and looking at the drawers and boxes set up around the torture bench. Luckily, all the lids were closed.

When she was done, she sat next to Nastya in the car again. "Should I start?" she asked.

"Yes. But explain to me again how this is supposed to work," Nastya requested.

"Simple. Here, we see what the camera is filming." She activated her tablet. Sure enough, the man was visible, tied to the bench. Small movements showed that the feed was real and that he was slowly waking up.

"And here I have his phone. I've prepped it so that all his contacts get a video call from him at the same time. They can see and hear him, but can't speak themselves. The only option they have is to hang up."

"Sounds good. Then we'll have Katarina start." Nastya gave Katarina the okay via phone. "As soon as he wakes up, you make the calls," she instructed Erin.

The tablet stood in the middle of the dashboard, so they could both watch the events.

A sharp shadow pushed into the frame, which turned out to be Katarina. However, there was nothing to identify her. She must have changed. On the feed, she was wearing a dark, shiny full-body suit that was quite tight. Even her head was completely masked, although it remained out of the camera's view most of the time. But right now, she was fully visible as she leaned over and gave the man an injection.

"What is she doing?" Erin asked.

"That's the antidote for the knockout drops. He should be aware of what's happening," Nastya said. "What was your plan for the drops in the bar, anyway?"

"Oh, when I was 'on the toilet'," she made air quotes, "I preemptively took a mix of common blockers and antidotes. It might make me a little hyper now, but it would have prevented the drops from working on me. I would have pretended to be unconscious but would have been wide awake."

"A dangerous plan. Stupid. Reckless." Nastya shook her head. Before she could comment further, there was activity on the screen.

"I think now would be a good time for the calls."

Erin activated the man's phone. Immediately, the first participants began to accept the call. "52 participants. 61. 73. 84. It keeps growing." Satisfaction was in Erin's voice.

Sounds now joined the movements on the tablet: groans, grunts, screams.

"You crazy bitch. Let me go," were the man's first clear words. Katarina didn't react at all.

"Do you have any idea who you're messing with? My father is a senator. Senator Bradford. I'm James Bradford, his son. We will destroy you, you dirty piece of sh..."

His tirade dissolved into a scream as a whip lashed across the screen, hitting him in the face.

"Perfect. He said his name, clearly identified himself." Now it was Nastya who sounded very satisfied. "No reason for him to ever speak clearly again."

Again, there were shaky movements on the screen as the image slowly refocused. A photo was held up to the camera. It was one of the man's victims. Not much was recognizable. Next, Katarina held the line of whips up to the camera. The message was clear.

James was just about to start a new round of insults when Katarina began to use the tools, systematically and one by one. It didn't take long before Erin turned the volume down.

Her naturally pale skin now looked almost transparent. Dark veins showed through, giving her a somber beauty. "It doesn't seem to bother her," was all she could manage.

"Who do you mean? Katarina?"

"Yes. How can she go through with that..."

"We are sisters. From an orphanage." Nastya was surprised at herself that the old story came to her lips so readily. "I was eight when Katarina came to us. She was nine. She never spoke about what happened in her life before the orphanage. As we got older, most of us started to get interested in boys. Not her. Not in girls either. Nothing in that direction. Much later, when we had lived in this country for a long time, she began to discover those things. But not like you and me."

Nastya paused, then continued. "I went with her once. It was a club. For people with special preferences. Katarina was already well known there. She was wearing something similar to that." Nastya pointed to the screen, where a shiny arm was repeatedly drawing back to strike. "In the club, it was roleplay. Not my taste, but she had her admirers there. Men and women willing to go to the limit. That's when I understood that something deep inside her was broken. Something that thankfully rarely comes to the surface. Because when it's not roleplay, she knows no mercy."

For a few moments, only James Bradford was visible on the screen. The whip had torn his clothes to shreds. Dark welts were visible everywhere.

"How many viewers?" Nastya asked.

Erin checked. "81. Constant. No one wants to miss this show."

Again, the sequence of victim photo and tool. This time it was the clamps of a jumper cable. Katarina briefly touched the ends together. The sparks proved it was not a prop.

Immediately after, Erin turned the tablet's volume down another notch and looked out the window, while the tablet was illuminated by the flickering light of the electric sparks.

A period of calm followed. Where James had struggled before, he now hung motionless in his restraints. He barely reacted to kicks and blows. Just enough to show he was still conscious.

The picture of the third victim was followed by a baseball bat. For this tool, Katarina readjusted the camera. It was now focused on James's midsection.

With a horrified gasp, Erin realized the bat was not just for hitting. She clapped her hand over her mouth and turned to Nastya. "Did she just... did she put it in...?"

Nastya nodded. "As I said, so far we've only dished out what he dished out himself. That too. He also used the variant with it that isn't available to us. But Katarina will surely think of something for that."

For the next few minutes, Nastya looked out the window. Erin kept her eyes fixed on the phone, until the van eventually stopped rocking.

"Was that it?" Erin asked, her voice trembling.

Nastya shook her head.

Another picture was held up to the camera. The last victim. Erin's friend. Nastya watched how she reacted. Her horror indeed seemed to be turning into anger.

Katarina adjusted the camera again, zooming back in on the scene. The dark stains between James's legs were clearly visible.

Then Katarina stepped into the frame, this time without a tool. Instead, she wore an obscenely large strap-on dildo. The size and shape were like something set up only as a gruesome decoration. Any real use was anatomically absurd. That didn't seem to bother her, however, as she went to work with powerful thrusts.

Two days had passed without the slightest mention of James Bradford in the media. The bartender, however, had skipped town.

Even Erin couldn't find anything with her ZWAI tool. Apparently, everyone who knew about it had decided to keep it to themselves. Or they were forced to. Either way, it amounted to the same thing. This gave Nastya even more leverage.

The elegant sedan pulled up to the gate of Senator Bradford's estate. She handed security her card. She had gotten an appointment under the pretext of presenting him with the opportunities offered by her wealthy and influential foundation.

The senator was waiting for her in his office. In a grandfatherly, overbearing manner, he guided her to an elegant seat and sat down opposite her.

"Now, Miss..."

"Ana. Ana is perfectly fine," Nastya said curtly.

"Miss 'Ana'," the senator continued, "I still haven't understood who exactly you represent. Perhaps you could jog my memory?"

Nastya took a small envelope from her bag and handed it to the senator. "I think this will explain whose interests I represent."

Senator Bradford gave her another lecherous smile and took a series of photos from the envelope. A horrified gasp was all he could muster. Nastya knew every one of

the pictures. She gave him time, until he had surely looked through the stack three times.

"How... how dare you... you miserable little..." the senator choked.

Nastya interrupted him. "Let's save it, Senator. You had plenty of opportunities to avoid this escalation."

He stared at her. He was clearly not used to such a tone.

Nastya leaned back and crossed her legs. "Hadn't you already received indications during his college days that James's behavior was crossing the line? And what did you do? You made sure the female students involved were expelled. Until no one dared to press charges anymore. And so it continued. Who do you think paid the invoices he used to buy his van and the equipment for his perverse activities?"

The senator was about to offer a rebuttal, but Nastya didn't let him speak. "With every action, your son escalated further. The last victim is very lucky to be alive at all. It's questionable whether she even considers that lucky. And you knew about it, Senator. You gave the sheriff instructions before a report was even filed."

During her tirade, the senator's face had turned red with agitation. "You... you... disfigured him. Scarred him. He can't even... not even..."

"Yes, he can't even shit, Senator. That's what you were getting at, wasn't it? When he was done with the women, they were in a similar state. Only they didn't have your resources to recover hidden away from the public. Your son is better off in that regard. Where did you put him? Florida, right? In the private wing of a clinic for seniors."

"I... how do you know that... What do you want!" Desperation spread across the old man's face.

"That's a good question, Senator." Nastya paused, as if she had to think about it.

"You know, Senator, I have a feeling I know what you want. I think you want to retire and withdraw from all public and business affairs. I think that's a good idea. Your son's video call was seen by a great many people. I really don't know if someone was clever enough to record it. It would certainly be advantageous if you moved to an unknown location, in case the reporters show up here. Wouldn't it?"

The senator turned pale. "You can't demand that, I... I can't..."

"Oh, but you can, Senator. Others have managed it. But please, no one is forcing you. As I said, in my view, it's only a matter of time. Remember, we will always know where you are. Or your son. We know which businesses you have your fingers in. We have dug up all the dirt on your life and can make it public at any time. That's why you should also recommend to your friend, the sheriff, that he back down. It would even be good if he retired as well. Make way for a breath of fresh air."

The old man sat slumped in his chair, unable to utter a word in reply.

Nastya stood up and turned to leave. "Oh, and one more thing, Senator." She turned back to him one last time. "There are a few large properties in Montana and Oregon that you hardly use. You shouldn't burden yourself with such real estate any longer. In the next few days, you will be contacted by the lawyers of a foundation that will be very happy about the generous donation of the land. We'll issue you a certificate, if you like."

Far below the glass front of the spacious suite, the slow evening traffic moved through the streets. Nastya looked down at the flow of glowing lights. For a moment, she compared her life to it.

An endless river of people and choices. Lives that needed steering. Decisions that demanded to be made.

She was the traffic light. The control system that already had things in view which others did not even suspect.

The woman sighed. In some places, it was easy to build the harmless part of FemCom. In other locations, it was exhausting. Like in this city.

It was predictable that word would get out eventually. In recent years, too many powerful people had tripped over similar things. The Bradford action a while ago had never made it into the news. Behind closed doors, however, it had caused even greater waves.

Powerful men were becoming more cautious. Fewer affairs. Even more secrecy when it came to strange preferences. Or here, in this city, a noticeable distrust toward good-looking, confident women from out of town. There was no way to operate more than the simple clinics. Oh yes, FemCom was welcome for the care of ordinary people. Any attempt beyond that hit a brick wall. This was unfortunate, as the city's location offered many logistical advantages.

The thought of logistics made her think of Dave. There had been one or two meetings in past years, including some clear hints from him to make more of it. Nastya had not responded, and after a long break, Dave eventually introduced his fiancée at a gala with a sheepish smile. Pretty thing, nice eyes, certainly intelligent. The blonde woman had not bothered to find out more.

She pulled herself away from the sight of the city at night. Where there were FemCom clinics, there were always ways to find distractions according to her tastes. Nastya looked into the mirror. In the conference rooms that day, she had impressed no one with her strict, elegant outfit, but for the evening, it would serve its purpose.

The nightclub was located in a side street. It sat just within sight of the city's pulsing nightlife. This promised some curious day guests alongside regular customers.

Nastya took a seat at the long bar and studied the stylish atmosphere. The woman behind the counter noticed the delicate pendant she wore around her neck and smiled at her kindly.

"New in town?" she asked Nastya while placing the ordered drink in front of her.

The guest nodded. "Yes. For a few days. Business." She looked around once more. "Nice club. The decor is something different."

The bartender beamed. "Thanks. It was a lot of work!"

"And how are things going here?" Nastya asked.

"Quite well. The beginning was a bit slow. This used to be a purely queer club and some think it still is. But many have realized that everyone is welcome here. Usually, it doesn't take long until everyone finds someone suitable."

The bartender turned to some newly arrived guests. The place was filling up more and more, and at many tables, it looked as if something was starting to develop. Waiters rushed around with cocktails and drinks.

The entrance door opened again and a single man entered the club. His hesitant steps and the way his eyes darted around screamed first-timer. This gave Nastya the chance to watch him discreetly.

Well-dressed. Younger than herself. Tall. Bigger than her, but not threatening. Athletic, powerful movements.

He also let his gaze wander through the room. For a tiny moment, their eyes met. He took a few steps into the club but then headed purposefully toward the tables. With a feeling of regret, Nastya turned back to her drink.

Too bad. I would have liked to take a closer look at that lad.

"Hello, is this seat free?" a pleasant voice suddenly sounded beside her. She looked to the side and there he stood, his jacket carefully draped over his arm, smiling shyly.

"Yes, please, have a seat."

Hopefully, I am not sending the wrong signals! Or too many! It had simply been too long since she had secured a companion this way. For a moment, the helplessness she had left behind many years ago on the farm in Montana flashed up.

"Thanks. I'm Lance," he introduced himself after carefully adjusting the bar stool and sitting down.

"I'm Ana."

He smiled. "Beautiful name."

"Thank you. Actually, it is Anastasya. But that usually confuses people and you have to explain so much."

Nastya literally had to bite her lip to keep from babbling. She had never given her real name to someone so carelessly before.

"I know that problem," Lance said. "My parents named me Lancaster. At least you have a name that is just beautiful, whether short or long. And it fits you wonderfully, I think."

Heat crept up her cheeks, burned her ears, even reached the tip of her nose.

Did this boy just make me blush with a compliment?

The bartender came by, took Lance's order, and served him the drink immediately. As she did, she gave Nastya a meaningful grin.

"Are you here often?" Nastya asked to take back the lead in the conversation.

"No, I, um, I'm here for the first time. And you? Do you know your way around? Do you know how things... um, well, how things work here?"

Nastya forced herself not to show her triumph.

Clueless and new! No matter how the evening goes, I can't do anything wrong. "What did you expect here?" she asked him as seductively as possible.

Now it was his turn to blush. He hesitated.

"They... they say that you can just... meet someone here," he finally said.

"Why here? You give me the impression that you wouldn't find it hard to make contact anywhere."

"Oh, that..." his hands gripped the edge of the table as if he were struggling with himself. "That's because of my job. Public relations. You can't help but be open to

people. Always friendly, having an answer for everything, always an idea kept in the back of your mind. For a job, that's fine. But for myself, as a human being, I want something else."

"That sounds like a successful career. What would make you feel comfortable? As a person, in private?"

Nastya leaned toward him a little, making sure her breathing created enough movement in her neckline. At the same time, her fingers played with the rim of her glass, and she watched closely where he looked.

Without blinking, he met her gaze. "I think there is still a lot for me to discover. To experience things I can't even imagine yet. Things someone with experience can show me..."

"I see." She could not hide the disappointment in her voice. "Maybe you'll find the mature lady somewhere here to take you by the hand. Good luck!" She turned back to her drink.

"That's not the picture I have in my mind," Lance replied without leaving her side.

"No? What then?" Now he had her attention again.

One could see how he struggled with himself, and he lowered his gaze.

"I see myself more like an awkward foal. Full of wild energy and joy of life. Full of drive, eager to discover what lies outside its paddock." His ears turned a dark red color.

Nastya could not prevent a twitch at the corners of her mouth.

"A nice image. Very detailed. Don't you find it strange to tell a woman about it whom you've only known for a few minutes?"

Lance flinched. "Oh, sorry, you're right, I didn't want to be pushy. Please excuse me, I..." He made a move to leave, but Nastya grabbed his elbow and held him back.

"Wait. That was a joke. I didn't want to drive you away, but to see how you react. You seem to be serious."

The man sat down again and took a deep breath. His tension decreased with every breath.

"Yes. I mean, there are these rumors about this club. Unfortunately, I don't know anyone who really has experience with it."

"Hey, it's okay!"

Nastya let her hand travel up to his shoulder in a calming gesture. But it could just as well be a sign of a kind of claim or possession. Lance shivered under the touch.

"There is one thing I don't understand," Nastya continued. "A foal is usually out with its herd. Why aren't you?"

Lance shrugged and kept his gaze fixed on the counter.

"My... 'environment' has only mockery for anything that doesn't fit their narrow-minded normality. They would be horrified to see me here. Besides, I am far from home. I'm just passing through this city."

"Then it's a happy coincidence that we met here," Nastya said. "I am also only here for this weekend."

When Lance finally looked at her, she read a mix of fear and surprise in his eyes.

The woman met him with an open smile.

"You know, I like your image of the foal. I know a lot about that. I lived on a ranch as a teenager and trained many things. They need a firm hand and must learn discipline."

Her fingertips had moved across his shoulder to the edge of his collar, and suddenly she held his tie in a firm grip just below the knot.

"Are you ready to be led? To learn discipline and obedience?"

His nod and his gaze signaled exactly the level of submission that made her heart beat faster. For a moment, she seriously considered making this game real and taking him to the hotel immediately. Then common sense won, and she pulled her hand back.

"I'm afraid, however, that such training is a longer project," she said. "I'm not in town long enough for that. I hate starting something I can't bring to a satisfying conclusion."

Disappointment spread across his face. "Okay. I understand... May I ask if you could find the necessary time for it where you are going next?"

The question surprised Nastya. "Yes, I think so. Why do you ask, do you want to follow me?"

"Maybe." The corners of his mouth twitched, and a spark of hope mixed into his look. "I just finished my last project and am looking for a new challenge anyway."

The idea was tempting. She immediately had an image of Lance as her personal assistant in mind. As a very personal assistant. While she thought about it, Nastya cast a glance into the room, which was now well filled. He still had to answer one question for her.

"Why me?" she asked him. "Why don't you look for someone here on site?"

For an endless moment, he looked bravely into her eyes.

"Because of your eyes. You had me with those the moment I entered the club."

The AC was fighting a harsh battle against the brutal summer heat in West Bottoms. It got help from sunshades in front of the tall windows and the thick walls of the old brick building. In the top-floor loft that served as Nastya’s office, the architecture of the old warehouse was especially striking. This was mainly because there was hardly any furniture in the spacious rooms. A touch more comfort wouldn’t hurt.

That would be exactly the right task for my new assistant. If he proves worthy.

Nastya took a last look at her tablet. By now, she knew the information about Lance by heart.

Single. Only child. Parents retired, traveling somewhere in a huge motorhome. Little interest in politics. No traces on social media except for a few guest appearances in old party photos. An anonymous account on a forum where vague hints were made about the kind of acquaintances one could find in bars and clubs near FemCom. Katarina would keep an eye on that.

His previous clients and performances were promising. He definitely had the potential to be polished according to her personal ideas. If he proved himself. Everything else depended on that.

A reminder for her appointment popped up on the device and Nastya went to the elevator. It would still take some time until he received clearance for this part of the building and she could 'use' him properly up here. For the start, a small, windowless office cubicle near the entrance area would have to be enough.

As Nastya entered the lobby, Lance immediately rose from the chair in the waiting area and walked toward her.

"Hi. I’m happy to get the chance to see you again." Sincere joy and curiosity sparkled in his eyes. "I am excited to see what lies behind the job offer. It all sounded very vague and uncertain. If I hadn’t met you before, I probably wouldn’t have come. Which of the companies do you work for?"

He pointed to the board next to the reception desk where the various company names were listed. All of them had their headquarters in this building.

At the very top were the simple initials of JT. 'Juno Trace', the legal and asset consultancy that looked after all the others. Below that were the individual logos. 'Fidelity Foods', and next to it 'Lotos Labs', the now independent technology sector under Nia’s leadership. 'Serenity' pointed with edgy letters to the official security service, which was now more than just a cover for Katarina’s activities. And most recently, the curved lettering of 'decene'. Clothing and lingerie that rejected the dictates of the fashion industry and was yet elegant and comfortable.

"For none of those. But for this." Nastya pointed to another board on the other side of the reception. On it was a heart symbol with a stylized plant, and below it the lettering of 'FemCom'.

"Ah, I see. The health branch. I’ve heard of that," Lance said.

Apparently, he had informed himself about who was listed at this address.

"Among other things. My tasks are diverse," Nastya replied. "Follow me. We will talk next door."

She led him into a small meeting room intended for receiving guests who were not allowed too far into the building.

Lance took a seat and looked at her expectantly. Nastya gathered her thoughts and opened the interview.

"So, Lance. I have looked at your resume and can offer you a position. As my personal assistant. The emphasis for now is on 'assistant.' How 'personal' it gets remains to be seen." She leaned back with these words and crossed her arms in front of her body so that exactly the right features of her figure were emphasized.

Lance widened his eyes for a fraction of a second. The message had been received.

"Sounds good. What activities would be expected of me? And on what terms?"

He accepted every single condition without a peep. This was expected, as the number in the salary line was very generous. Additionally, he was provided with an apartment, an advance for clothes and similar items, and was allowed to use the available vehicles.

In return, he had to agree to an extensive non-disclosure agreement and be available at all times. This did not seem to bother him. On the contrary, his eyes lit up expectantly at this clause.

During the probationary period, she would not allow herself anything that went beyond purely professional requirements. Like training a stallion, he should first get used to her. Trust her. And finally obey.

For his first assignment, Nastya sent him to the surrounding public hospitals. His task was simple. Find out how women were treated there. Afterward, he was to look around a few FemCom clinics and determine what differences he noticed.

The challenge was to get any insight at all as a man without a companion. He had permission to make up stories as he pleased. Everything was allowed, except for criminal acts.

When he entered his small office at the end of the next day, he looked exhausted.

"What did you find out?" Nastya asked him.

"It is probably better not to get sick if you have to rely on public hospitals. I mean, everywhere I went, the doctors and nurses really tried hard. But everyone was so stressed. Very few had the strength left for a kind word, and the patients always had to wait. Wait a very long time. The only thing that went fast was checking the insurance. Just to make sure not a single move was made that isn't paid for."

Nastya sighed. "That is how the system works. It has been like that for decades, and it is getting worse. That is why we try to do things differently with FemCom. Did you notice any differences?"

"Yes, of course! Lots of them!" Lance suddenly seemed much more cheerful. "It started right in the waiting area. I have no idea how you do it, but nobody had to wait long. Really everyone was taken care of within a very short time. And the staff was truly friendly. Even when the ladies from security had to escort someone out, they were highly professional!"

"Such things happen from time to time, unfortunately. So you didn't just get an impression of FemCom, but also of our security forces."

"Oh yes. You can say that. Who came up with that name, 'Serenity'?"

Nastya smiled. "The name describes less their actions and more the effect on those entrusted to them."

Then she became serious again. "Very well, Lance. You have gained a first impression of what distinguishes us from other commercially oriented companies. My task consists mainly of launching new projects and accompanying them until they run independently. Your task will be to support me with organizational matters. We will travel a lot. I expect high-standard, discreet hotels. Sometimes I even have to travel undercover without any visible hints of FemCom. Find ways for our cover to withstand an inspection. Our budget is generous, but I hate waste. So use the funds wisely."

One could see Lance making a mental note of each of her statements. With this, he was already gathering his first plus points.

"As you have already noticed, almost all our activities involve women," Nastya continued. "Therefore, you should also have clear ideas about our needs. The following scenario is the framework for your next task. Imagine for some reason we have to change our location immediately. I have nothing with me other than what I am wearing and I cannot leave my quarters."

She spread her arms and Lance studied her from head to toe.

"Your task is to get me a complete set of clothes and whatever else a woman needs. Stylish and a perfect fit. In all places! You have until tomorrow noon."

She turned slowly, deliberately, smoothing the fabric over her hips. One last chance for Lance to take measurements.

Just before the deadline, Lance reported in from his office. When Nastya visited him, a carefully aligned row of bags from various boutiques stood on his desk. Most of the shops were familiar to Nastya. He had clearly captured her style.

"The requested goods, Ma'am." He made a broad gesture toward the bags. Nastya stepped closer and peered into each one individually.

"Good." She thought for a moment. "Let’s stay in our scenario for a moment. To maintain my cover, I must change clothes before I leave the room. Lock the door and stand over there, face to the door."

She saw his chest rise in a surprised breath, then he hurried to the door. He locked it and stood close in front of it. Nastya waited a moment and watched him. The man made no move to turn around.

As she spread the contents of the bags on the table, two things became clear to her. First, he had apparently captured her proportions extremely thoroughly. Second, he had experience in deriving the correct clothing sizes from them.

The office silence shattered softly with the slow rasp of her zippers. She peeled off her business suit piece by piece until only her lingerie remained. From Lance, there was still no movement.

How well does he have his impulses and desires under control?

A test could not hurt. She walked over to him and turned her back to him.

"Turn around!" she demanded, followed by "Open!"

She felt his warm fingers gently opening the clasp of her bra.

"Eyes to the wall!" she commanded.

The shuffling of his feet on the floor told her that he was turning around.

Nastya went back to the table and now took off her underwear as well. A tingle raced through her body and caused goosebumps everywhere. Just one word and he would tear the clothes from his body. Fall over her. Give her the pleasure for which she yearned. The power of possibilities was overwhelming. Her instincts had captured the excitement of the situation long before her mind. A damp dark spot in her panties and her hard, erect nipples made that obvious. She flicked a glance toward the door to confirm he still hadn’t turned. But he continued to stand motionless in front of the door with his head bowed.

Piece by piece, she put on the new clothes. With a hint of appreciation, she noticed the 'decene' logo on the underwear. She did not know this model yet, but the FemCom-owned brand remained true to its motto. Perfect fit with subtle details on the edge.

Did he get advice or does Lance know about the quality of the garments from experience?

From another bag, she took a white blouse and a cream-colored suit. The blouse was the right size but had a very tight cut. The top two buttons could not be closed, the decorated edge of the bra was visible in the neckline, and seams and even her nipples were clearly visible under the fabric.

Is that intentional?

She took the suit. It consisted of a pleasant stretch material, though its flexibility was hardly challenged. The skirt was slightly bell-shaped at the bottom, the soft material falling playfully to below the knees. The matching jacket also fit like a glove.

So he can estimate my size correctly after all!

Therefore, the tight blouse was intentional. The question remained whether he deserved recognition or punishment for it. Or something that could be both.

With a touch on his shoulder, Nastya woke Lance from his trance.

"You may turn around."

He obeyed. With a quick glance, he captured her outfit, then he looked straight ahead again. Since he was half a head taller than her, it meant he was looking over her.

"How would you rate the result of your efforts?" Nastya asked.

To answer the question, he had to study her more closely. He took a step back. His gaze lingered briefly on the daring neckline, then it traveled thoroughly from head to toe.

"Everything seems to fit," Lance said.

"Really everything?"

"Well, um..." He swallowed. "The blouse might have turned out a bit tight..."

"Correct." She waited until he released his gaze from the 'problem zone' and looked her in the eyes. "This is no joke," she continued. "The mentioned scenario has already happened and it can certainly happen again. That is one of the reasons why I will travel in male company in the future. In your company. And I expect you to take my instructions seriously. Understood?"

Lance nodded. "Yes, Miss Ana, I understand!"

"Good!" Nastya took a satisfied deep breath. This pushed the next button on the blouse to its limits, but it still held.

"This once, I will let it pass. After all, you have shown taste. And I think we will have use for this one day."

With these words, she let her finger slide over the edge of her neckline.

"But for every mistake you make, that moment is delayed further. And you don't want to make me wait unnecessarily, do you?"

Now it was Lance who took a deep breath. He had heard the we in her words just as much as he had noticed her subsequent gesture.

"No, Miss Ana. There will be no further mistakes, Miss Ana!" He snapped to something resembling attention, awaiting her next command

Is there perhaps a military background in him that he has kept secret from me until now?

"I expect so, Lance. The next task is no longer a scenario, but real. We are traveling north. Book a flight to Spokane and a discreet hotel. We need a robust car and clothes. We will first explore the area as a harmless tourist couple and later meet a business partner. You have two days to take care of it."

"As you wish, Miss Ana."

He was about to turn around when Nastya held him back.

"Oh by the way, under what name did you actually make your rounds through the clinics and shops?"

"Freelance Executive Service. I couldn't think of anything more creative on the fly. Why?" He looked at her questioningly.

"I’ve received a few calls regarding that name. I like it. First thing, stop by the JT office, they have already set everything in motion to officially register your new company."

Lance nodded and left the room. As the door clicked shut behind him, Nastya noticed the round metallic doorknob for the first time.

That's where Lance was staring earlier!

She stepped closer. Every corner of the room was reflected in the polished chrome surface. So were her sparkling eyes, amused, yet edged with mock fury.

The trip was remarkably pleasant. Nastya had only needed to bring her most personal items and, of course, her confidential documents. Lance had taken care of everything else. The outfit wasn’t her usual style, but it nailed the look of a couple heading out for camping or hiking.

Normally, she dressed in an extravagant style. Now, seeing her reflection in the airport shop windows, she had to admit she cut a truly good figure in the tight jeans. And that Lance looked damn good beside her. But she didn't need a mirror to know that.

He seemed to enjoy his role. Perhaps a little too much. His attentive manner on the plane and whenever they stopped to eat perfectly matched her wishes. However, the suspicion occasionally crept in that his attention and affection were not merely an act. It felt… nice. Comforting, even. Until the realization hit that a part of her actually enjoyed being the wooed girl beside a strong man. That terrified her, because it was

the exact opposite of everything she had been working toward since her arrival in this country. In fact, her whole life.

After their arrival in Spokane, they took a rental car and she gave Lance the address of their first destination. The route led them north along Highway. Eventually, the last major town really was the last, as all further signs of settlement consisted of isolated houses. The highway was accompanied the entire time by a railway line that disappeared into the woods here and there, only to approach the road again shortly after. They reached a place consisting of a few more houses where the railway line branched into a small loading station. They finally stopped in front of a few buildings at the roadside, one of which a sign identified as a restaurant.

They entered. Finding a quiet spot was not difficult, as most of the tables in the place were empty. A friendly older lady introduced herself as Abby and took their order.

"What exactly are we doing here?" Lance whispered once she had gone.

Nastya smiled. She had sensed that this question had been on his mind for a while, though he hadn't spoken it.

"We are on vacation. Our hobby is lost places. Let’s see if we can get a few tips here."

They received their portions quickly. It wasn't long before Abby came back to check if they were satisfied or needed anything else.

"And what brings you two beautiful people to this area?" she finally asked.

Lance shot Nastya a quick glance, then turned to Abby with his charming smile.

"My fiancée and I are on vacation. Our hobby is photography. We are looking for motifs that no one else has discovered yet."

"That sounds nice. But unfortunately, there isn't much left to see here. Except for hills and forests that are hardly different from those elsewhere."

"Sounds like there used to be more going on here?" Nastya said.

Abby nodded. "Oh, but that was a few decades ago. Back then there were more jobs, more families, more life. Now we are the only restaurant in the area. And even this one is struggling."

"What kind of industry was here before?" Lance asked.

"A bit of mining. Lots of timber. Forests, sawmills, and such. Some of them are still operating, but with modern machinery, they only need a fraction of the staff. The railway line is a blessing and a curse at the same time. On one hand, it ensures the remaining companies get by. On the other hand, almost nothing is processed here anymore. Most of it is hauled away."

"Sounds like a lot of decommissioned factories. That can sometimes be an impressive backdrop for photos. Ideally with some old train tracks. Do you have any tips?" Nastya asked.

Abby thought for a moment. "Hmm, nothing comes to mind. Except maybe the old Army supply depot, a few miles past the town. No idea if it's still in operation, but it's completely cordoned off, and as far as I know, it's guarded. I don't think they'll let you in there to take pictures."

Another guest entered the restaurant and Abby went to attend to him.

"You seem satisfied," Lance remarked shortly after.

"Yes, I learned everything I wanted to know. Let's finish eating and take a closer look at this old depot."

Lance still had a lot of questions written on his face, but he held back.

After the meal, they said their goodbyes at the restaurant and drove slowly out of town. There were hardly any other cars on the road, so it wasn't noticeable that they were taking their time. The tracks next to the road had been doubled since the junction in town. After a while, one of them branched off into the woods. Shortly after, a sign pointed to a turn-off in the road which they took. Soon they were following the railway line again. They didn't get far.

A sign indicated that further passage was not possible. The path made a bend and they saw from a distance a large gate that blended into a high fence. Only when they were directly in front of it could they read the sign. Supply Depot and Military Restricted Area were all they could decipher. No unit, no indication of which armed forces.

And no people either. Everything made a deserted impression. But then she noticed a modern SUV with long antennas further down on the grounds.

"Up there, on the fences under the weathered covers," Lance murmured without lifting his head.

Nastya forced herself not to look there. She let her gaze wander so that she noticed the cameras out of the corners of her eyes. They were small, inconspicuous models. Current technology. Even though nothing seemingly happened here, the base was still being monitored. She had seen enough.

"Let's go. We won't get any further here," she said to Lance. They got into the car and turned around.

"Where to now?" Lance asked when they reached the junction back to the highway.

"We're driving back to the hotel in Spokane. If we stay overnight here, we'll stand out too much."

"May I ask why we looked at this old facility?"

Lance asked the question after they had been driving along the highway in silence for a while.

Nastya considered, then a mischievous smile flickered across her face.

"I could explain it to you at length now, but after our appointment tomorrow, everything will make sense on its own. You'll have to wait until then."

Lance nodded. "Okay."

For a long time, they let the landscape pass them by in silence as dusk set in. They reached their hotel only after it was already dark.

Lance handled the check-in. He had booked the room in his name, with no references to his or Nastya's company.

"Why did the clerk look at us like that?" Nastya asked him as they entered the elevator.

He shrugged.

"Don't know. Maybe..." He took a deep breath and stared at the floor to avoid her gaze. "Maybe because I booked the Romantic Package. I thought it would be ideal so no one here gets the idea that we are... pursuing professional interests."

"Romantic Package. I see." Nastya said nothing more.

The suite definitely fit the category. Bright furniture on a floor of pleasant wood imitation. Lots of white. It was dominated by an oversized bed. Next to it was a sliding door hiding a large bathtub. A bottle of wine stood on the coffee table and the rest of the decor featured many heart motifs.

Nastya noticed the red flush creeping into Lance's face.

Clearly more than he had expected.

She set her bag down, looked at the bed, and then turned to Lance.

"So the Romantic Package is just cover? And you referred to me as your fiancée in the café by pure coincidence?"

Lance's face turned a shade darker.

"Yes, exactly, I thought that would be in your interest..."

Nastya smiled and stepped closer to him. He looked relieved.

"I like this room," she said. "I'm going to have a wonderful night here."

Lance smiled back, his eyes widening expectantly. Before he could respond, Nastya continued.

"But I think you were a bit overzealous here. I set the pace at which we approach each other. If ever. Understood?"

All trace of her smile was gone.

"Yes, Miss Ana, I... I understand. I just thought you would like it..."

"Maybe I do. We shall see. Nevertheless, I must punish you. You are to serve me, and not secretly pursue your dirty desires."

Lance froze while Nastya looked around the room searchingly. Between the bed and the sliding door to the bathtub lay a white, thick, fluffy rug.

"That will be your place whenever we are in this room." She pointed to the rug.

"Yes, Miss Ana, as you wish." He nodded and looked at the rug.

"Now. Immediately!" Nastya demanded, and he went hesitantly to his place.

"On your knees!"

Lance flinched.

Did I overdo it?

Tensely, she watched as he slowly lowered himself onto his knees, looking at her with sparkling eyes.

She felt a little sorry for him, but not enough to release him from his role.

Romantic Package! Fiancée! How could he dare!

That had hit her harder than she wanted to admit. As if a part of her wished for exactly that. Yet such a thing would be exactly the kind of surrender she had learned to fight against all her life.

Lance was still kneeling on the rug, watching her with his jaw clenched.

He had earned a small reward!

Nastya slipped out of her shoes and took off her clothes as slowly as possible until she stood in the room wearing only her underwear. Then she bent over her bag and took out nightwear and cosmetics. Lance watched her every move. With playful swinging hips she went into the bathroom and closed the sliding door behind her. It was made of semi-transparent frosted glass and she could see Lance's contours slightly behind it. She turned on all the lights in the room.

Now Lance should be able to see something of me too.

Then she devoted herself to personal care, as was necessary after a long day. Whenever possible, she turned so that her shadow fell on the glass door. When she was refreshed and satisfied, she pushed the door aside. Lance was kneeling in his place. He looked less angry. Instead, he was... attentive in another way.

Nastya went around the bed to the other side and turned out the light from there.

"You may get up now and use the bathroom. But do it so that I am not disturbed," she called out to him in the half-light.

"Yes, Miss Ana," he replied with a thick voice.

Afterward, she listened as he carefully unpacked his things in the dark and disappeared into the bathroom with quiet steps. She heard him enter the shower cabin next to the bathtub. Under the rushing sound of the water, she could even hear how he was soaping himself. A rhythmic sound that lasted a suspiciously long time.

Nastya smiled.

My foal clearly needs a firm hand!

The next morning, Nastya opened her eyes and was wide awake from one moment to the next. The dim light of the approaching dawn sparsely lit the room, enough to perceive vague contours. She listened with alerted senses.

Nothing.

Only the quiet breath of Lance, which gave her a sense of security.

No threat.

Yet she remembered his tense expression from last night. The risk she'd pushed the game too far.

If he set his mind to it, he would be physically superior. What would she oppose him with? How much resistance would she actually offer before she allowed him to take what he so obviously desired?

She imagined how it would feel to be grabbed by his powerful arms. He pushes her onto the bed, tears the clothes from her body, touches her... For a brief second, she actually had the wish that something like that would happen. But then the memory kicked in. Of her journey, the plane, the attack...

Nausea surged, followed by the familiar pounding headache that always came with the memory.

She swung her feet out of bed and sat on the edge. Her hands trembled and she felt a sense of dizziness.

Stupid thing! To even think such a thing!

On unsteady feet, she walked slowly toward the bathroom. Walking by, she looked at Lance. He lay on the rug with his eyes open, and his gaze followed her in the darkness.

As on the evening before, Nastya got ready first, and then Lance used the bathroom. Together, they visited the restaurant for breakfast.

Lance was friendly and attentive as usual. There was no sign of any frustration; that much she could feel.

"What is the plan for today?" He asked while eating.

"We are meeting someone from an agency that handles the decommissioning of former military facilities. This will require the full use of your acting talent."

"Meaning?" Lance looked at her questioningly.

Nastya put down her cutlery, made sure with a quick glance around the room that they were not being overheard, and leaned forward. Lance leaned in toward her.

"A lot depends on the agent's goodwill. He has some freedom in deciding whether we get the contract for the facility. That is why we informed ourselves about him. He seems to be difficult," Nastya explained. "According to our research, he has a problem with women. Especially when they are in a higher position than he is. Therefore, he must under no circumstances know which organization we represent. I will play the assistant and you will pretend to be the boss. Can you handle that?"

What Lance thought of the task became clear through a brief twitch of a corner of his mouth, but he managed to keep a serious face.

"Of course. This is not the first... difficult client I encounter. I think I have a pretty good idea of how he ticks. That should be no problem. However..." He hesitated.

"What?" Nastya asked. "Speak up, better now than when it's too late."

"Well, it might be that I have to treat you in a way during the conversation that you don't like. I don't want to do anything that forces you to punish me."

Now it was the corners of Nastya’s mouth that twitched.

"I think you know me well enough to know that I, too, know how to play a role. And you should know which boundaries you'd better not cross. I have full confidence in you!"

Lance nodded. The rest of breakfast passed in silence. He clearly had a lot to think about.

That morning, their trip took them north again, though this time a little further west. The foothills of the mountain range they had seen to their left the day before were now on the right side. This time, the signs of fading civilization were visible even earlier. They reached a lake where a wide variety of lodging and entertainment options awaited tourists on the southern shore.

They stopped in front of a nice café, and Lance dialed the number Nastya had given him during the briefing for the day.

"Freelance Service, we are in front of the café," he said after his conversation partner answered.

Then he hung up and looked expectantly at the building. A man came through the door. Although he didn't wear a uniform, everything about him screamed military. Lance got out of the car and waved to him. The man approached and extended his hand.

"Major Sanders," he introduced himself with a strong handshake. "Strictly speaking, in retirement, but you can call me Major. Once Army, always Army, as I always say. You are Mr....?"

"Lance. Like in FreeLance Service." Lance smiled at him, and as far as Nastya could tell, some masculine ritual took place during the far too long handshake. Finally, the Major let go of him.

"My assistant, Miss Ana, is accompanying me," Lance said, pointing to Nastya, who also got out of the car.

The Major studied her a second too long and in the wrong places. Enough to give her the impression that most of the rumors were likely true. It was probably even worse. When he shook her hand, her instinctive discomfort intensified even more.

"Did I say anything about getting out, Ana?" Lance called out to her crossly. She froze. "Get in! We want to move on!" he commanded.

"Follow me," the Major called to Lance and climbed into a mud-spattered truck. He drove ahead to the north, and shortly past the town, the paved road turned into a gravel track.

"I’m sorry, I didn't want to overdo it..." Lance began. But Nastya cut him off.

"Save it. I can handle it; the matter is too important to dwell on such sensitivities. See that you stay in your role."

"Okay." He nodded curtly and immediately had the grim facial expression back that he had put on for the Major.

After a few miles, the truck slowed down in front of them and turned into a narrow branch-off. The bushes and trees at the roadside had been trimmed at some point, but that was a long time ago. Branches and sticks repeatedly struck the car. But the Major set a brisk pace, and they followed him.

The road had a lot of potholes, and they occasionally came suspiciously close to the creek that meandered through the steep, dark valley next to the road. Here and there, the road was clearly damaged. Then the forest thinned out and the slopes widened into a valley with flat bushland. Likely overgrown meadows. As with the road, it seemed no one had cared for the vegetation here for a long time.

They passed through a rusty gate and shortly after reached a group of buildings. The parking spaces in front of the large entrance door suggested that the site was visited regularly. The Major had climbed out and was waiting for them.

"Welcome to Copperlode."

He spread his arms in an exuberant gesture.

"The valley, the creek and the old mine they all share this name. I see you've made sure the lady left her fancy little shoes at home. Very good, then we can start our tour right away."

Without waiting for an answer, he turned around and went up the steps to the large entrance door of the two-story building. It reminded Nastya of the old industrial architecture of her distant childhood. They entered the building and found themselves in a high hall with corridors branching off and a wide staircase leading upward. Opposite the entrance was an equally large back door, toward which the Major headed.

"This is the old main building. During the time of the mine, the director lived here. The wings were added later."

He opened the back door and they entered a courtyard lined on both sides by long building wings. As they walked, the Major continued with his explanations.

"One side was added at the end of the twenties when they wanted to convert this valley into a sanatorium. A few years later, the other wing followed. In the fifties, the military took over. Initially also as a sanatorium, but at the end of the seventies, there was no longer a need for it. Follow me!"

He went back into the building and turned into one of the corridors. They walked along the hallways that led through one of the side wings. Some doors were open, and hospital beds as they were common over fifty years ago could be seen in the

rooms. Here and there, a television stood between them. Significantly younger, but also long since outdated.

The Major noticed their interesting looks.

"The staff of the test facility lived here. Because of the previous use, in the end, no one cleared away what had been dragged here over the years. That’s why you encounter old equipment everywhere. It’s all still here, from the time of mining to the use as a sanatorium, and even the guys from Army Vehicle Development left their junk here. Only what was truly secret was hauled away."

They had reached the end of the building and stepped outside. A large sandy area fought unsuccessfully against the invasion of grass. Rusty soccer goals and basketball hoops told a silent story of the activity that had once reigned here. Behind them were a few flat buildings with large gates.

"Garages, workshops, what you need to survive in this place," the Major explained as they walked past. He stopped at one door and opened it.

Lance and Nastya peered inside and vaguely recognized machines and old vehicles covered in cobwebs and dust.

"As I said, it looks the same behind the other doors. A real journey through time if you’re interested in that stuff. Nothing that doesn't exist in other abandoned facilities."

He turned around and grinned at them.

"Which brings us to the special feature of this base. The things you would not find again anytime soon. If you please."

He made an inviting gesture toward the path that led behind the garages and walked ahead at the same time. They headed for a narrow, high building that was at least as old as the main building. The back was set into the steep flank of the rocky cliff that rose behind it. Hidden by trees and shrubs, the rock wall extended to both sides.

"This is the old generator house, the only thing left of the old mine buildings. Up on the cliff, the creek was diverted and used to operate a water turbine. As far as I know, it didn't make much, but enough to supply the buildings with electricity for lighting. It is decommissioned, but with a modern unit, you could surely do something there. What kind of plans does your client likely have for the valley?"

He looked at Lance with alert eyes. The question sounded casual but was very deliberately placed.

"I believe they want to restore the sanatorium to its former glory. Having its own little power plant comes in quite handy."

"Aha. Well, anyone can burn their money however they want..."

The Major walked past the building along a path that was hardly recognizable as such. They followed him through the bushes and suddenly stood in an open area. At regular intervals, there were gaps in the vegetation of the steep mountainside. Large gaps that, upon a second look, turned out to be gates.

"Are those aircraft hangars?" Lance asked in astonishment.

The Major stopped abruptly and turned around.

"I thought you knew that. Wasn't that one of the reasons you’re showing interest in the facility at all?"

Lance turned to Nastya and looked at her grimly. "Damn it, Ana!" he snapped at her. "Why did I only get the info about the sanatorium? Is it really that hard to put together a complete file?"

Nastya lowered her head. "I... I'm sorry, Mr. Lance..."

"Oh, leave the little doll alone. She surely has other qualities..." A dirty, barking laugh accompanied this remark.

"Yes," Lance growled. "Only I haven't noticed much of those yet."

"Anyway, you're right," the Major continued. "Behind those gates, you could indeed park small planes. That's how it's written in the description of this facility. However, it doesn't quite correspond to the facts, but it was easier to document it that way. Come, I'll show you."

They went to one of the large gates, and the Major opened a small door built into it. Then he reached for a large portable lamp and switched it on.

"As I said, the generator is turned off and so is the lighting in here. As you can see, this wasn't really about aircrafts."

He directed the lamp into the depths of the room and let it glide over the contours of a massive machine. Nastya caught her breath in shock. What she saw looked like a giant, coarse skeleton made of metal. Arms, legs, and something like a spine were clearly recognizable. The head was missing, as were the ribs.

"What is that?" she whispered.

"Don't worry, girl," the Major was suddenly beside her and patted her shoulder. "Those are the remains of the experiments conducted here. Some crazy scientist convinced the higher-ups in the army that we needed to develop mechas for our

armed forces. Like in one of those cursed Japanese cartoons. Don't ask how much money was wasted here. In the end, of course, nothing came of it. But like with the other stuff, it was easier to leave these scrap parts here than to haul them away."

Dust danced in the light of the lamp, and the Major had a coughing fit. They left the building, and outside he calmed down.

"Cursed asthma. The dirt in there doesn't make it easier. I'm sorry, but I'm not setting foot inside those gates." He coughed again. "Over there, three gates further, is the train station. Copperlode Main Station, so to speak. The tunnels and tracks date back to the time of the mine and were later expanded by the Army. Mining the ore hasn't been worth it for a long time, but the rock of this mountain is perfect for creating caves in it. You saw the access road. No heavy truck can get through there. All heavy loads needed must be delivered by train. This station is connected with a small military supply depot on the other side of the mountains. There you have access to the the official train network."

The rasp in his throat eased. He cleared it with a wet cough, spat, and drew a deep breath.

"The deal is pretty simple. Sold as seen, like our britisch friends would say. Your client acquires the valley, up to the point where we left the gravel track. The Army keeps the depot at the end of the tunnel, but they get a right of use for the freight station there. That way they can deliver and haul away whatever they want by rail. In return, they waive all too thorough analyses of the surroundings and make no claims when it comes to the disposal of all the scrap in the tunnels. Between us, that’s a lot. There are tunnels and chambers in this mountain where no human has been for half a century. No one knows what’s lying around there. But as I said, once the contract is signed, that’s no longer our concern."

Lance nodded. "Good. So that means there won't be more than this tour?"

"Correct," the Major replied. "Besides, there are no negotiations. You know the requested price. For the pure real estate, it’s favorable. Everything else... well, you have to know for yourself."

"Ana, take a few photos so we at least have something to include in the report. Otherwise, Major, I thank you for your time. I will pass all the information to my client. The law firm will then contact you regarding the contract. When Juno Trace gets in touch, you can look forward to a successful deal."

As they made their way back to the cars, Lance’s gaze wandered over the surrounding woods and slopes.

"What about neighbors?" he asked. "Or unwanted, curious visitors? Random hikers?"

Nastya was busy capturing as many impressions of the buildings on photos as possible. At the same time, she listened attentively, because the answer to this question interested her as well.

"Ha, that shouldn't be a problem," the Major replied in a good mood. The prospect of a successful deal seemed to put him in high spirits. "The area has been a military zone for decades and is cordoned off accordingly. You don't get rid of that image so easily. Besides, it borders a reservation to the south. The people there keep to themselves and have no interest in what goes on here. The hikers all get stuck at the lake, where we met at the café. They have no interest in real wilderness. They want nice, well-kept paths where no thorny bush tears their fancy clothes. You’re guaranteed your peace here!"

They reached the cars in front of the main building, and Nastya walked a few steps further to take one last picture. It was amazing. From this perspective, everything pointed to the mysterious expansions hidden behind the building.

Lance was already saying goodbye to the Major. As Nastya approached, his gaze was stuck everywhere on her. Except for looking her in the eyes. It took a lot of strength for her to endure his staring. She deliberately turned around, even though his gaze was now on her butt.

Her attention was focused on something else as she looked around one last time.

This here is worth it. This will be something huge!

On the drive back, Nastya looked at the area and also the overgrown path with different eyes. She was already considering how much work it would take to repair the dilapidated track. Lance also looked out the window silently as he steered the car around the potholes.

When they were finally driving on a proper road again after some time, he turned to Nastya.

"What on earth does FemCom want with this valley?" he asked.

Nastya smiled.

"Exactly what you said. A sanatorium doesn't sound bad, does it? The concept for Women’s Retreats has proven itself, the demand is high. Something can definitely be made out of the buildings."

And I have ideas for this place you don’t have clearance for… yet.

"Okay, yes, sounds plausible, but it’s a lot of work, and what about all the scrap stored there?"

"We have specialists for that. Believe me, our head of new technology development would personally pick up the blowtorch and clean up there if she can set up a playground for experimenting. You don't get an out-of-the-way facility like that without nosy neighbors again anytime soon."

"That means you really want to buy the property?" Lance asked. He still didn't sound convinced.

"Yes. Definitely. And get used to the climate here, because I plan to make this a personal project. We will spend a lot of time here."

"Okay. If you say so!" He shrugged and concentrated on driving again.

"And otherwise, were you satisfied with how the conversation went?" Lance started a conversation again after some time.

"Yes, I think so," Nastya replied. "You played the role very well. Well enough for a reward."

The quick glance Lance shot her told her that was exactly what he wanted to hear.

"Once we are at the hotel..." Nastya began and paused.

"Yes?" Lance asked eagerly.

"Once we are there, I will write my report for the board so it can be set in motion. And you will cancel our return flight. I've decided we'll take a little detour. There is a ranch in Montana where we set up our first facility. Visiting there, you will better understand what I have in mind."

"Oh, okay." That was not what he had expected.

For the rest of the drive, Nastya considered exactly how she should reward Lance for his exemplary efforts.

Perhaps she should allow him to spend the night in the bed. Strictly separate, each on their own side, without any contact. That was likely not what he hoped for, but it would be a step in the right direction.

The next morning, Nastya was awake even earlier. She lay in the darkness, and as dawn broke outside, she listened to the steady breathing of Lance. He was likely doing the same, but neither of them dared to move.

Only when her alarm went off did Nastya turn to the side.At the exact same moment, Lance stirred on his side of the bed.

So he really is already awake!

The same ritual as the day before followed. Nastya used the bathroom first, Lance second, and then they went to breakfast together. The red rims around Lance’s eyes told her he’d barely slept. Yet he had been lying much more comfortably in the bed than on the rug.

For a fleeting moment, pity washed over her. Had she pushed him too far this time? How much longer would Lance put up with this?

"What’s on the agenda today?" Lance asked, taking a large gulp from his second mug of extra-strong coffee.

"We are leaving. I received confirmation this morning that our lawyer is taking care of the formalities for the purchase of the Copperlode area. So we can set off on a relaxed little road trip. Our first destination, however, should be a few shops where I can find something in my usual style. There is no longer any reason to play the harmless tourist couple. Where we are going, people associate a certain appearance with me."

Lance looked at her questioningly, but Nastya only smiled. "Wait and see, you’ll understand when we get there."

"What about me?" he asked. "What kind of outfit do I require as your assitant?"

"Surprise me," Nastya replied and leaned forward. "Make yourself interesting," she whispered to him with a wink.

Lance caught on quickly. He drove straight to an upscale mall that housed a large decene flagship store. They separated, and Nastya went into the store. They even had one of those new body scanners there. More and more shops had been equipped with them lately. After the scan, the exact sizes and fits were calculated for her. This saved the hassle of trying things on. The only remaining criterion for sorting things out was the matter of taste.

Nastya decided on her usual basics and a selection of proven business outfits. To outsiders, the style conveyed exactly the right measure of authority. Connoisseurs recognized her good taste by the elegant cut and high-quality workmanship. Besides, it was quite close to the outfit with which she had first sparked Lance’s interest in the club.

As she stood before the entrance in her new clothes, his gaze held enthusiasm and a pure, fiery desire. The long drive was going to be a hard time for him.

He had also said goodbye to casual jeans and T-shirt. There was a provider of equally high-quality and elegant clothing for men in the mall. His suit was neither cheap nor boastful and fit perfectly. Only his shoes betrayed a kinship with combat boots. But she had never seen anything else on him in all the time they had known each other.

They fueled the car and then drove east. Hour after hour, the miles stretched on. There was no longer any sign of fatigue in Lance, so Nastya leaned back in her seat and caught up on some of the missing sleep from the night before.

A change in the monotonous driving noise signaled that they had left the highway. Nastya woke from her dazed state and looked out the window. The area was indeed familiar to her. Lance followed the navigation system’s instructions, and after a short time, they reached the driveway of the factory site with the 'Fidelity Foods' sign at the entrance.

Thirteen years had passed since Nastya had overseen the commissioning of this small factory as her first independent project for FemCom. Once she had it running, a local manager took over, and she had moved on to new challenges.

Time had not stood still. New buildings had been added, and the old ones were completely modernized. The site made a neat and busy impression. Trucks delivered raw materials or transported animal feed away. At first glance, nothing indicated that FemCom's best-kept product was manufactured here.

The supposedly harmless herb plant that Nastya had brought with her during her flight from Europe contained active ingredients that had an amazing effect on the female hormonal balance. A natural, usually well-tolerated contraceptive. It came with a side effect that even surpassed its intended use. With regular intake, the herbal extracts ensured firm tissue and skin and an overall youthful appearance. The effect was remarkable. And it was one reason why FemCom members remained loyal to their organization. The pills, known as 'Greens,' were available only to them.

High-quality animal feed was produced from the remains of the extracts, which was becoming increasingly popular on many farms. Demand was now so great that FemCom was always looking for remote plots of land where they could grow the

'Nettleweed' hidden from prying eyes. This was one of the reasons why the Copperlode area was interesting to them.

She hoped to discuss another reason with a person she expected to find in one of the side buildings. The gatekeeper smiled seductively at Lance. He smiled back with polite distance and drove through the opened barrier.

"I must warn you," Nastya said to him. "Almost only women work here, as in most FemCom facilities. Confident, modern women who like to take an opportunity for some fun. Don't be surprised if you get clear signals. We need to go behind the buildings, to the research lab."

"Okay..." Whether his reaction referred to the warning or the directions was hard to say. Lance let the car roll slowly across the grounds and followed the signposts.

"What is the best way for me to behave if such signals occur?" he finally asked.

"Stay decent. You're a big boy. Think about what would make me proud of you," Nastya replied.

They had reached their destination and stopped in the visitor parking lot. As they entered the building, they were again received by security personnel. Nastya handed over her ID and said she wanted to speak with Nia. After scanning the ID, the guard's eyes widened, and she waved them through to a modern waiting area.

"I will let her know immediately. One moment, please." There was clear awe in the guard’s voice. Something Lance immediately picked up on, shooting Nastya a questioning glance

"I once held a management position here," Nastya explained with a shrug. "The reputation has stayed with me."

They did not have to wait long. An elevator door opened and quick steps came rushing in their direction.

"Nastya! What a surprise!" a cheerful voice shouted, already pulling Nastya into a strong, warm embrace.

Once she’d extracted herself from the embrace, Nastya made the introductions

"Lance, this is Nia, the lead engineer of our development department." Then she turned to the tall, dark-haired woman with the shaved head. "Nia, this is Lance, my new assistant."

Nia shot her a genuinely surprised look. "A male assistant? You? I never thought I’d see the day! He must be someone quite special." Then she noticed her comment was perhaps a bit too candid and waved it off. "But well, it’s none of my business. What brings you to me? How can I help you?"

"I want to give Lance an insight into the full range of our activities," Nastya said.

"And by full range you mean... everything?" Nia asked.

"Yes. Correct. Besides, I’m curious myself to see what you’re up to in your basement these days."

"Hmm, okay, I... well, we... It might be a bit chaotic right now. We weren't expecting visitors."

"No problem. I know how you work. Your results speak for themselves. We can handle a little chaos. Besides, I have news for you. You’ve mentioned a few times that you’re running out of space here."

Nia led the way to the elevator. "Yes, exactly, the problem is that we keep developing things that suddenly end up being produced in small series. Like with the plug dildos back then. Now, in addition to the medical scanner, we're supposed to build those things for the decene branches... " She paused, the full significance of Nastya's words only now seeming to register. "What do you mean by news? Are we finally allowed to expand?"

"Much better than that. But I'll tell you later. First, we want to see the lab."

The elevator took them down quite a way, and when they stepped through the door, Nastya stood in the familiar hall of Nia's workshop. However, nothing remained of the previously generous space. Palettes and carts loaded with equipment and material stood everywhere, leaving only narrow aisles between them.

"We urgently need to change something, Nia," she exclaimed.

"Yes, like I said, we constantly have to decide which product line to work on and push everything else aside. We don't even get around to trying out new ideas."

Nastya had approached one of the fully loaded carts and looked with interest at the parts lying on it, without understanding what she saw. That wasn't necessary yet—Nia's space problem was impossible to miss.

Suddenly, a loud scream rang out. Somewhere deeper in the hall. Nastya froze, while Lance rushed like lightning into the labyrinth of equipment and storage. She hurried after him. Another loud outcry followed, unrestrained and brutal. Somewhere in the chaos, a woman was suffering extreme agony.

Nia followed them.

"... wait, don't worry... it's nothing..." she called after them.

Neither Lance nor Nastya let that stop them. Another scream, accompanied by loud shouting. Lance demonstrated an amazing sense of direction as they approached the source of the noise. They rounded the last corner and bumped into Lance’s back. He stood rooted to the spot, and she had to squeeze between him and a stack of crates to see what was irritating him so much.

When she finally managed to see something, she froze as well.

"... I can explain this..." Nia called out behind them, but she was instantly drowned out by another scream let out by the woman trapped in a skeletal apparatus in the middle of the open space before them.

The image was beyond bizarre. A woman lay on a kind of couch or examination chair, like the type used at a gynecologist’s. Naked, except for her eyes, which were covered by a VR headset. Her arms were strapped to the armrests close to her body with belts; her legs were tied to pads that forced her into an obscenely spread position with bent knees. This presented her bare crotch to the newcomers, though there wasn't much to see. Hanging over her was a monstrous machine, a flat oval shape reminiscent of the body of an insect. A series of mechanical arms were attached to it. Each of them held some sort of instrument, all of which were working on the woman. At the far end of the disc was a particularly large, multi-jointed arm that had bent down, its tip thrusting repeatedly between her legs. Altogether, it created the impression of a giant scorpion stinging its tail into a victim.

The woman screamed again, back arching violently against the straps that bit deep into her wrists and thighs. It was no use, she could not free herself of the seat. One of the side arms of the scorpion machine used a tool to work on her mouth, pressing her head firmly against the rest. This gave her cry a dull, inhuman tone. Two other arms pressed transparent suction cups onto her breasts, and one could see her vacuum-tortured breasts being rhythmically drawn in an manipulated by some sort of fingers. Other machine arms stroked her body with padded attachments, aiming purposefully at all the most sensitive spots.

The woman buckled once more and let out an animalistic sound. Only then did Nastya realize: this wasn’t pain or agony. It was raw, devastating pleasure. The woman seemed to be experiencing an incredibly intense orgasm. Fluid dripped from

her lap and with every thrust of the scorpions tail, another gush squeezed out. Directly above it, a miniature version of the suction cups worked on her clit.

She cramped and shivered, her loins lunging fitfully toward the tip of the scorpion's tail. As her strength waned, the mechanical limbs of the scorpion increased their activity, and another orgasmic wave followed.

Beside the perverse machine stood four women who watched the event with focused intensity and cheering shouts. It was clear to see that all of them made frequent use of the Greens. Their appearance only remotely resembled work clothes. Wherever possible, the cut was extremely brief and emphasized their figures. Their age was also difficult to estimate. At first glance, they looked barely twenty, but that too had to be attributed to the effect of the Greens. They couldn't have qualified for this work at such a young age. Two of them had quite unashamedly unbuttoned their tight pants and buried a hand inside. They were clearly carried away by the heated atmosphere on the chair. The other two vigilantly followed the machine's work on the woman, repeatedly glancing at computer monitors standing nearby.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Nastya demanded, her voice cutting through the noise

The two women who had been touching themselves quickly straightened their clothes. One of the others pressed a few keys on the computer.

On the chair, the woman was experiencing yet another climax, but the machine slowed down and then the arms withdrew. With a squelching sound, the suction cups detached from her breasts, leaving dark swollen rings behind. Inside the cups, a few grotesque fingers or short tentacles whirled around. The attachment of the scorpion tail slid out of her. Its tip was segmented like the rest of the tail and shaped like overlapping, thick cockheads and of a size that was painful just to look at. Some program seemed to still be active, as this segmented dildo still twitched and writhed as if it had a life of its own, aiming hungrily for the hot, dripping opening it had just left.

"I can explain," said Nia, who couldn't get past Nastya and Lance. "It's just a software test..."

Meanwhile, the woman on the chair pulled her arms out of the loops, as well as her legs. The straps weren’t meant to imprison her, they simply kept her from falling off.

"The... the new visuals are amazing," she said with panting breath, pulling the VR goggles off her face. "Only the oral stimulator doesn't quite fit right. It feels like a mix of a blowjob and a French kiss. So neither one nor the other; we need to work on that again. But otherwise, absolute immersion! I was Furry Fox, and the mighty Lion King really took me hard. He was huge! But the program was nowhere near finished. Why did we stop?"

Then she noticed the guests. "Oh, visitors." Her gaze lingered a bit longer on Lance, following his stare into her wet crotch, and her face contorted into a broad grin. There was a clear invitation in it. Or a challenge.

It took a moment for Lance to notice, and he turned away in embarrassment.

Nastya stepped closer, eyes moving slowly over the machine and the glistening woman still catching her breath, before she turned to Nia, who was now also approaching.

"I’m listening?" Nastya asked. Her voice had lost every trace of humor and friendliness.

"This device is SCAPI, our device for scans and penetrative interaction. By now, we have produced a small series of them, which are used in some clinics and a mobile care center. It is programmed for all types of gynecological examinations, from mammography to palpating the cervix. Any nurse who has had the appropriate training can operate it. The diagnostic data is evaluated in our central computer, and if necessary, a specialist can look over it or even control it manually by remote. This allows for affordable and rapid care even in problem regions."

"I understand. I’ve heard of the device. However, that wasn't exactly a medical examination just now, was it?"

"No, um, not quite. We... um... found that the machine's sensors interact very sensitively with the patients. With the right programming, it feels almost tender. After one examination happened to have certain, well, stimulating side effects by chance, our programmers started playing around with various additional programs. All... um... bodily functions are monitored in real time, and the program ensures maximum... um... experiences. That’s how this ranking list started, where you can see who can have the most orgasms in a row..."

"Yes, and I was just about to break the record," said the woman, who had since freed herself from the chair. Sweat glistened on her skin, a cloud of scent with every flavor of sex surrounded her body, and moisture ran down the inside of her thighs. She wiped her face with a nearby towel and then slowly over her body. As she did, she cast a glance at the visitors, especially Lance.

"Who’s the cute stallion you dragged in?" Her casual tone revealed she had no idea who Nastya was. Her remark caused all eyes to turn toward Lance. The bulge in his pants was impossible to miss. He tried to hide it with a military-casual posture, but it was too late.

"He is the assistant to the Head of FemCom Special Projects," Nastya said. "My assistant."

"Oh, um, nice to meet you? I... um... I urgently need a shower." She was suddenly in a hurry and disappeared through an aisle between the shelves. The other women began cleaning the machine and the chair.

Nastya turned to Nia. "So you’ve combined a million-dollar medical apparatus with your plug dildos. Does that sum it up?"

"Yes," Nia said meekly, "you could put it that way. We even integrated the PeriCup milking machine. Did you see the adapted suction cups? When controlled correctly, they can be used for other places besides the breast. You can do really crazy things with a vacuum. The sensors..."

"I don't care about the technical details," Nastya interrupted her, making a dismissive gesture to emphasize her words. "I admit that this..." she pointed to the machine and the hermetic attachments and tools, none of which seemed to have a medical function, "...that doesn't suit my taste. I cannot allow you to continue working on such projects here."

"But consider everything you can do with it. The toys we operate now also started as side projects like this..." Nia began.

"Oh, I see the potential very well. But not in this place. Let's go to your office. I need to tell you about a place called Copperlode. You've probably never heard of it, but neither has anyone else, and we can use that to our advantage..."

Nia was thrilled. She examined the photos of the old facility with wide eyes. The shot with the eerie mecha skeleton in the background fascinated her in particular.

"It will be a tough piece of work to clean up there," Nastya cautioned, trying to slow her down.

"No problem. A bit of work won't hurt my girls. Besides, I have a whole lot of applicants I had to put on hold because we don't have enough space. They can prove just how interested they really are in working on a project there. This is going to be huge fun!"

The engineer beamed, and Nastya let herself be swept up by the good mood.

"Fine. Then I will let you know immediately once the contracts are signed."

"Yes, do that," Nia said, lost in thought. "... a rail connection. That changes a lot. I need to calculate this..."

Nastya shook her head with a smile and stood up. "Lance and I are moving on now. We're taking a trip to the old ranch. Call me if you have any questions."

The women said their goodbyes, and shortly after, Nastya and Lance were back in the car. This time, Nastya took the wheel. She took her time. The drive in the approaching twilight did not last long, but the route she had driven so many times evoked a lot of nostalgic feelings and memories.

Just as the sun dipped below the horizon of the endless grassland, they arrived at the old ranch. The place where it had all started.

Lance had been noticeably silent since the scene in the research lab. As Nastya let the car roll onto the ranch grounds, he looked around attentively but still didn't say a word. That suited her perfectly. The memories of her years here hit deeper than she had expected. They stopped in front of the main house and climbed out. Shortly after, the door opened and a woman approached them.

"Oh, it’s you, Nastya. What a surprise." she called.

"Hi Nicole. Long time no see!"

The two women hugged, and then Nicole looked at Lance.

"Who's that handsome young man? Don’t tell me you finally got married!"

"What? No!" Nastya countered, horrified. "This is Lance, my... um... assistant."

"I see, an assistant. So, should I prepare a guest quarter?" Nicole asked.

"Not necessary. He is at my disposal around the clock. We are passing through and want to stay the night here," Nastya replied.

"Okay, as you wish. Your rooms are ready, as always. We've dusted regularly and otherwise left everything as it is. If you need anything fresh, let me know. Do you feel like a glass of wine on the veranda?"

"Yes, I'd love to. But first, I want to take my things upstairs."

Nastya led the way and Lance followed her to the upper floor of the house. At the end of a long hallway, they entered a loft that stretched across the entire gable side. The silence and desertion in the room were almost tangible. Nastya left her bag by the door and stepped to the large window, which offered a beautiful view over the ranch's stables. She stood there for a long time, lost in thought, while Lance quietly looked around the room. When she turned back to him, he was standing in front of the wall of photos.

He was looking at the photo in the center. The photo. Seraphina, serious and upright in the middle, with Katarina and Nastya to her right and left. It had been taken shortly after their arrival at the ranch. The faces of the young women showed the hardship of their flight, but also strength and self-confidence. Their paleness emphasized the dark skin of the woman in the middle even more.

Lance turned toward her.

"You grew up here?" he asked.

"Partly. I spent my childhood in an orphanage in... far away. The photo was taken shortly after I arrived here. The woman in the middle is Seraphina; she gave Katarina and me a home here, and later she officially adopted us." Nastya let her gaze wander over the other, later photos and stopped at the last one. Seraphina in a wheelchair, the two young women by her side again, but older, more mature.

"A few years ago, I inherited the ranch from her. It was quite a surprise."

"Oh. I'm sorry," Lance said, then looked around the room. "So that's why you have your own rooms here. Because you are the mistress..."

Nastya smiled. "I'm not suited for managing something like this. It requires too much... constancy. I have Nicole for that. But yes, if you want to put it that way, I am the mistress here. Who would now like a glass of wine. Come on."

They spent a pleasant evening on the veranda. Nicole casually brought Nastya up to date, and Lance listened with interest. Initially, the talk was about agriculture and horse breeding, but then the topic shifted.

"The guest house is already fully booked for the second time this year. Who would have thought there was such a demand for a Women's Retreat," Nicole said.

"Even in the off-season?" Nastya asked.

"Especially then. The idea of the Seclusion Weeks is a total success. Accepting only hand-picked guests who appreciate the protection of their privacy due to their prominence was genius. Some even pay for the other rooms to remain empty. We don't even need advertising. And new inquiries keep coming in. We could run the program all year round."

Nastya nodded thoughtfully. "Maybe we should offer that in other facilities too. My new project might be suitable for it as well. It's quite remote but used to be a sanatorium."

"Sounds good. Then you have everything you need," Nicole replied.

But Nastya shook her head.

"Oh no, a lot of investment is needed first. But it has potential. And we should take a look at the breeding books tomorrow. Horses would do the place good too. Are the guests still as impressed?"

"Yes, many find a new connection to nature and themselves through the animals."

"That’s good to hear." Nastya yawned and set her empty wine glass aside. "It’s been a long day. I think that’s enough for today. Everything else tomorrow. If it fits your plans. I didn't want to ambush you."

"No problem," Nicole said. "Tomorrow morning you'll have to pass the time yourself first, as I have an important appointment. But from noon on, we can look at the books if you’d like."

"Sounds good. Let’s do that." Nastya stood up, and Lance stood up as well. "Good night," she said to Nicole.

"To you both as well." There was an undertone of cheeky curiosity in Nicole’s voice; it was palpable. But Nastya had no intention of engaging with it.

Lance followed her upstairs without a word.

"So, what do you think of the concept of my ranch?" Nastya asked him, and began unashamedly unbuttoning her blouse.

"It... it’s interesting," was his brief answer.

"Hmm, doesn't sound very enthusiastic." She turned around and took a step toward him. She had her hands on her hips, which ensured that the open blouse offered a clear view of her elegantly decorated bra. She waited until Lance had truly registered the sight. One could see that he was struggling for composure.

"Or are your thoughts still in the lab?" She came another step closer. "Would you like to be with that hot babe from the fuck-machine right now? She certainly showed interest in you. And if I remember correctly, so did you."

The crude words clashed deliciously with her soft, seductive tone, making them even more devastating.

"No... I... um..." Lance's face turned a shade darker.

"Be honest!" Nastya now stood close to him. Her blouse had slipped off her right shoulder, and the perfect curve of her breasts, rising and falling with every breath, was fully displayed.

"Wouldn't you rather be with that willing, little slut right now," she purred, "who buries her toys into her wet, soaked pussy, begging you to fuck her senseless?"

"Stop!" Lance cried with a hoarse voice. "Stop it!" He clenched his hands into fists. "Why... why do you say things like that?" he asked, barely controlled.

Because I need to know whether you truly want me — or just the fantasy!

But instead of speaking this thought aloud, she looked into his eyes for a few seconds without a word, searching for a gap in his self-control.

"You were a good foal today. Therefore, you may choose where you want to sleep tonight. Rug, couch..." she made a gesture in the respective direction, "...or bed." At the last word, she pointed upward toward the alcove under the pointed roof, to which a narrow wooden staircase led.

Without waiting for his reaction, she turned and went into the bathroom to get ready. When she lay in her bed later and listened, she heard Lance using the bathroom as well. Afterward, his steps came closer, the stairs creaked under his weight, and he carefully slid under the covers on the other side of the bed.

It took every ounce of willpower not to slide across the sheets toward him.

Not yet. But soon...

The images of what she wanted to do then accompanied her into sleep.

The look on Lance’s face the next morning when she put on her riding gear was worth the trip alone. They were just her normal, harmless clothes that she had worn since the first time she sat on a horse's back. Her instructor had taught her the basics of English riding, and she still preferred it to casual Western style. Perhaps it was because English riding required more discipline and conscious control, It was clear all the time, that the rider was in command. Once her horse accepted that, she had spent many beautiful hours out on trails.

It was a memory she wanted to reconnect with this morning. That is why she put on the typical breeches after breakfast, complemented by a form-fitting top and a vest. The items had been hanging in the closet for years and still fit perfectly. Not bad for someone in her early thirties.

Of course, Nastya was aware that she attracted attention in other ways. Since her experience on the plane, she had never forgotten that. She had learned to work with it, and her extravagant style of dress was the result. Often enough, especially with male contacts, it ensured she got exactly what she wanted.

The way Lance watched her pull on her tall riding boots, however, went far beyond simple admiration. Perhaps there was more to the horse and foal metaphor from their first meeting than she had thought. Although he visibly struggled for restraint, his eyes were glued to her behind and thighs, and the shiny leather of the boots seemed to increase his fascination even more.

"Ready for your first real encounter with a horse?"

The question finally made Lance look her in the eyes again.

"I don't know. Unlike you, I don't exactly look prepared."

He looked down at himself and Nastya had to agree. In jeans and a sweatshirt, he differed significantly from the experienced riders seen everywhere on the ranch since morning. But for a first attempt, it would suffice.

"Don't worry. We'll just see if you're a horse person in real life, not just in your imagination. You've never dealt with horses before?"

"No. Never."

"Then let's find out."

Nastya stood up and Lance followed her.

"I, um... I don't know if riding is such a good idea," he said as they stepped out of the house and a group of women rode past them. From up close, the animals were a considerable height.

"Don't worry, we certainly won't get that far today," Nastya said as they walked toward the stables. "I will ride. You will watch. I am not reckless enough to put a beginner directly on a horse he doesn't know. That takes time. Either the animal knows you and forgives your mistakes, or you know what you're doing and can work with a strange horse. Both take time. Today, you are simply the observer. We'll go from there."

Two women approached them, leading their horses by the reins. Nastya watched Lance with amusement as he walked beside her. On one hand, he kept a respectful distance from the animals. He looked tense, ready to jump away at any moment. On the other hand, his fascination for all kinds of female curves was clearly visible. The tight clothing looked just as excellent on the riders as it did on Nastya. The surprise of encountering a man here was clear on their faces. But after sizing Lance up, they smiled at him challengingly. As Lance looked after them, it wasn't clear for a moment whether his gaze followed the swaying bottoms of the women or those of the horses.

Interesting. It seems I am learning as much about him here as he is about FemCom. And me.

They had reached the stables. Most of the stalls were empty; staff and guests were nowhere to be seen. Everyone was out riding or busy elsewhere. That would only change when the riders returned to care for their animals and their needs. Caring for the animals was part of the retreat's concept.

They stopped in front of a stall with one of the remaining horses. The animal approached. Nastya watched it attentively and blew her breath into her hand, holding it out for the horse to sniff.

"Come closer. No sudden movements. Give her a chance to get to know you."

"Her?" Lance asked as he stepped up to the stall.

"Yes, the mares are housed in this stable. The stallions are in another building."

"I see." The mare sensed Lance's tension and became a bit restless, but she seemed well-trained and sniffed him too. Then she nudged his hand so that he ended up stroking the bridge of her nose as if by instinct. Both seemed surprised by the sudden contact. Then the horse turned her head and took a step into the stall.

"A start, at least," Nastya remarked. "Come on, I'll show you the rest."

Their footsteps echoed through the empty central aisle of the stable. On the other side, a covered path led to another building with a high roof.

Already in the stable, the typical smell and familiar sounds had awakened many memories for Nastya. As she now entered the large indoor riding arena, the impressions were overwhelming.

Memories she hadn't touched for years suddenly flooded over her: how she had learned hand-to-hand combat here under this roof. How she had learned to allow the physical proximity of men while maintaining control. And how she had met her innocent first love here.

The hall was empty and barely lit. All the more loudly and clearly did she see and hear her memories. Perhaps it was the soft straw on the floor, the typical smell, or the combination. Suddenly, all those feelings were there that she hadn't felt for so long. Memories of connection, of touches and grips she had tested in martial arts training and later used in bed for entirely different purposes.

A tingle flowed through her and unleashed an irrepressible desire to reconnect with it.

Nastya turned to Lance, who stood a step behind her. She stepped very close to him and placed her hand on his chest.

"Do you want me?" she asked, opening her vest with the other hand.

"What?" He looked surprised but recovered quickly. "Yes, of course, since our first meeting..."

Nastya was now busy with her blouse. A button tore off in her rough effort, but at least it was open within seconds. She grabbed Lance's hand and guided it to her breast.

"I want you. Now," she said.

"Here?" Lance looked around.

"There's a side room back there." Nastya took his hand and pulled him after her.

In the side room stood crates of horse equipment, a workbench, and plenty of straw bales. Nastya closed the door and slid the bolt, then she was already back in front of Lance, fumbling with his pants. Through the fabric, she noted with satisfaction that he was already taking shape.

"Shouldn't we rather go to the loft?" Lance asked, unsure of what to do with his hands.

"No, I want you now, here," Nastya replied. She had unbuttoned his pants and stripped them down, along with his underwear. To her great joy, she registered his considerable shaft rising up.

"Take me," she cried with a hoarse voice and turned around. She leaned forward, supported by a straw bale, and thrust her behind toward Lance. "Come on, you've been staring at my ass all morning!"

Lance actually touched her behind. Slowly, he let his hand slide over her curves. Then he pulled it back.

"No," he croaked hoarsely.

"What?" Nastya turned around in horror. The touch alone had been enough for her body to react. She wanted him; she wanted his cock, which she hadn't had for so long. "What do you mean, no?"

Lance actually forced his semi-erect shaft back into his pants and buttoned them up.

"I want you, Nastya! But not like this!" His voice sounded pained. "I want you, and the only condition is that you want me too. This here..." He looked around. "This here is your past. If I... you now, would I just be someone from your past that you were with?"

Nastya felt the world tilt. She staggered back half a step.

How could he dare to reject me! How could he...

See through her! What had been glowing lust just a moment ago turned into cold rage.

"Have you forgotten who the boss is? You have to obey me, remember?"

"No. You are the boss. You are the mistress. I do everything for you. As long as it is me doing it. I'm sorry."

He stood before her with his head bowed, his pants half-buttoned, and Nastya realized what a sight she had presented to him. The rage turned into shame.

He's right! How could I!

Hastily, Nastya began to straighten her clothes, her thoughts racing, searching for a way out of this embarrassing situation.

I will not break down in front of him. Or in his arms. Never!

There had to be a way to maintain control, to play the role, for her and for him.

"Wait here," she commanded him once she had put her things in order. "Half an hour. Then go to the loft and wait for me."

"Yes, Miss Ana," Lance said in a neutral tone. He had turned to the side and was staring at an indefinite spot on the wall.

Damn it! How can he have such good control over himself!

Nastya hurried back to the stable and readied the lone mare, then swung onto her back and trotted off the yard. It took her a few minutes to adjust to the horse. It had been far too long since she had allowed herself a break on the ranch. But the horse was well-trained and reacted excellently to her steering, and soon she was galloping across the wide grassland.

Working with the horse required enough concentration to distract her for a while from the incident in the arena and the memories that had ultimately led to it.

With every gallop stride, the storm in her chest grew a bit calmer. Out here, on the wide grassland, she could breathe again. She had lost control. For a brief, terrible moment, she had allowed herself to be a helpless little girl again.

When she headed back toward the ranch after an extensive ride, the wind had long since dried all traces of tears. If they had ever existed.

She cared for the mare as was proper after an intense ride and released her into the paddock where other horses were already frolicking. Then she stored the saddle and gear in the tack room. she was about to leave the room when her gaze fell on a bundle of old reins and straps.

Maybe he was right. Maybe I should try something new!

Shortly after, she entered her loft. Lance, who was wearing his formal assistant outfit again, rose when he saw her and looked at her expectantly. Nastya kept her hands behind her back and walked slowly toward him.

"I have to apologize to you. You were right," she said, looking into his eyes. No trace of triumph. On the contrary. He raised his hand and waved it off.

"No problem, forgotten already..."

"No, it's important. For us. For our future. For what happens next."

With that, she had his full attention. He looked at her with alert, interested eyes.

"I will not let my memories be projected onto you again. Instead, we will create new shared memories. And we are starting right now."

Her voice became quieter but sharper: "On your knees!"

Lance obeyed without asking questions, but curiosity and expectation lay in his fiery gaze. With one hand, Nastya began to unbutton the collar of his shirt. He looked up at her, and as she stroked him gently across his chest and neck, he closed his eyes with pleasure.

But only briefly. When the cold leather of the collar, which she had held in her other hand behind her back, touched his skin, he snapped his eyes open in shock.

"What..."

But Nastya placed her forefinger briefly on his lips, and he fell silent. Without another word, she put the strap around his neck. She had estimated the length well. It fit loosely enough that he could turn his head, but tightly enough to let him feel at all times who held the leash. With a soft, metallic click, the hook of the heavy leather leash snapped into place.

"Time for your first riding lesson!" Nastya said with a dangerous smile, giving the leash a firm tug to make him rise.

The old adobe walls kept the California summer heat out remarkably well. They worked so effectively that there was hardly any need for air conditioning. This was a lucky thing because the remote mission was not connected to the power grid. The low buildings sat at the end of a jagged valley. Sharp rocks and plains full of rubble surrounded the site. It wasn't even marked on most maps. The original builders had cared about not being found and the current residents liked it that way too.

In the center of the courtyard, a group of children played in a pool. They were under the watchful eye of mothers resting in the shade of the surrounding walkway.

"You have a nice place here," said the woman who, unlike most others, wore long clothes made of light linen. Her skin looked pale where it showed. It was almost white. She had pinned up her reddish-blonde curls in a simple knot so they wouldn't fall on her neck in the heat.

"It is true, Erin. You should have seen this place when we took it over a few years ago. The nuns laid a solid foundation, but it was a lot of work," Carol replied. She stood in a quiet corner of the walkway and watched the activity in the courtyard with the other woman.

"How did you actually discover this?" Erin asked. "Even my GPS only had coordinates. No map shows a habitable settlement here."

"It was chance. And old stories," Carol explained. "Women talk a lot when they come to our clinics and feel comfortable there. Besides, we were looking for a quiet retreat. Someone eventually had a map with a handwritten note. It sounded interesting enough to check out. The owner of this land had never been here himself. To him, it was just a huge piece of desert he had inherited. That is how we got the property quite cheaply."

"Bad luck for him. If he had known there was water here, the price probably would have gone up. Where does it actually come from? I mean the pool in here and the gardens outside," Erin said while making a wide gesture. "There must be a spring here somewhere."

"Yes, you are right," Carol said. "It is a creek that surfaces in a jagged corner of the valley. It disappears again a bit further down. But on our part of the land, it is enough to make plants thrive. When it gets cooler in winter and occasionally rains, it carries a surprising amount of water. Even in summer, it has never dried up. The old mission had large cisterns which we expanded. This ensures the water supply all year round."

"It is even enough for horses. What is the deal with them? I have seen them in every FemCom facility I have visited so far."

"Oh, you better ask someone else about that. I don't care much for them. To me, it seems like sentimentality. But I admit there are always a few women who take care of the animals with great enthusiasm. As long as they enjoy it, it's fine. I am more interested in the herd behavior of the women here."

Erin smiled and let her gaze wander across the yard. Cheerful laughter echoed across the courtyard where once prayerful silence had ruled. Here and there, pieces of clothing could be seen. They were used for protection against the sun, which not everyone tolerated equally well. Others used them to cover the monthly curse that women were still subject to here. But no one wore clothes because of gravity. That was perhaps the first real miracle these once holy halls had experienced. There were plenty of skin and curves of all shapes and sizes to admire. Yet everything seemed to defy physics and age.

"I wonder how the nuns would have reacted to the sight of so many naked people. How is the project going? Nastya asked me for an update."

Carol took a deep breath. After the small talk, things were now getting serious. She had already suspected that her boss's newest recruit had not shown up here without a reason.

"It's going great," she began her explanation. "What did Nastya tell you about it?"

"Not much," Erin replied. "Only that it is about how a community of only women functions over a longer period. That is also why she didn't come here personally. She recently got a male assistant. Would that really have been a problem?"

"Quite possibly." Carol thought about it for a moment. "You have to understand that the women here are all volunteers. They knew the conditions from the start. For many, this very self-restriction is exactly what makes it attractive. Especially if they want to leave unpleasant experiences with men behind. But in the long run, some find they don't want to do without guys. If they can't stand it here, they have to leave. Over time, other women have joined. So there is a certain amount of fluctuation. Changed constellations and changed needs naturally have an impact on the community."

"What do you mean by that?" Erin asked.

"On the one hand, there are no men here who could abuse their authority based on traditional roles. We also try to be as consistent as possible with the FemCom

philosophy of not letting fashion or other trends dictate beauty ideals. Of course, everyone here wants to look good. We create a solid base for that with our medical care and the Greens. Furthermore, we encourage everyone to accept their natural traits and make the most of them. The result is a remarkably open attitude. There is less shame and more self-confidence and joy in diversity."

"So there is something to the rumor that FemCom promotes lesbianism!"

Carol shrugged her shoulders. "I wouldn't put it that way. The goal is to put sexuality back completely into the hands of women. It is more like... how should I say it. When girls discover themselves and their sexuality, some go through a phase where they like to do that with other girls. They do this without committing to an orientation or even a relationship. It is just curiosity and fun. We live that out openly for longer, regardless of age. This results in a lot of interesting interactions and even a few more serious relationships. It is completely free from the pressure and constraints of society. Don't you find that appealing too?"

Erin thought for a moment. "Maybe I haven't been involved long enough. Nastya only picked me up last year. I haven't had many close contacts except for her. And you know her. She is not the type to allow personal closeness."

"True." Carol smiled. "But if you are curious, there are ways to signal interest and openness. Shall I show you?"

This was more serious than Erin might have realized. Carol found her quite attractive. The conversation with her had been stimulating throughout the visit.

"I know the jewelry you wear has some meaning. Maybe later. Right now, I am not in the mood for relationships. It would be too complicated."

"You are right. Of course, some drama has happened over time. Jealousy and broken hearts exist even in an all-female settlement. At least we have ensured clear conditions with our rules for open communication about relationship status. There has not been a single incident of non-consent. We are not a women's prison, but a

study project. It has been running long enough now to provide the first results for the investors."

"Investors? I thought this was a secret FemCom facility."

"Yes, it is. But there are certainly institutions interested in the results. Imagine a moon base or a trip to Mars. People living together in a tight space for a long time. Our data is very interesting for such plans."

"I see." Erin nodded in approval. Then her gaze fell on the playing children and she raised a questioning eyebrow. "But how do you explain the boy over there? How does he fit into the all-female concept?"

Carol followed her gaze. One of the naked children in the pool was clearly a boy. "Yes, he has lived here with his mother since he was born. They were among the first in this project. At that time, we just viewed children as children. It was never planned for them to stay here until his masculinity became an issue."

They watched the activity in the pool in silence for a while. There, children were simply children. "It is nice when they are so small and innocent," Erin finally said. "But eventually, biology opens their eyes."

"There is still enough time for me to take care of that before then," Carol replied. She tried to use a casual tone. Erin did not need to know that she had already noticed the first signs that would require her intervention soon.

"Regarding the other matter," Erin said. "Please look at the documents and let Nastya know soon if the project is interesting for you. As you said, this place is already running by itself. Nastya said she would rather see a creative mind like yours somewhere else. She said you also have other medical interests that you cannot pursue here. What does she mean by that?"

"Oh, that. Besides psychology, I have a degree in gynecology. Pregnancy and associated trauma are fields that have fascinated me since the beginning of my studies. There are a few theoretical concepts that won't let me go. But so far, the technical implementation is missing."

"Nastya made a hint in that direction. My knowledge of complex computer systems is supposed to be quite useful there too. Who knows, maybe we will see each other again soon in the forests of Oregon."

Carol looked at Erin questioningly. Did she have more interest in her after all?

"Yes. Maybe. In any case, I could well imagine working with you. It is nice that you found your way here."

She accompanied Erin to her vehicle. As the dust cloud settled at the end of the valley, she turned her attention back to one of her most urgent problems. The boy at the pool. Perhaps Nastya's offer was the key to setting everything in motion in a gentle way.

Back in the courtyard, Carol’s gaze lingered on Isabel. The other woman was just rising from her sun lounger. It seemed as if she had been waiting for Carol to return. Even though she looked in another direction, every movement was an invitation.

During Erin’s visit over the past two days, they had hardly spoken to each other. They did not want to alert their guest to the fact that their bond was one of the most interesting in this place. If the old stories were true, things were not much different in the time of the nuns. However, back then, everything happened in secret, while now it was lived out openly.

Carol felt the familiar tingle at the sight of Isabel. In part, their relationship was a result of the isolation of this retreat. In such a close community, where all women showed their natural beauty so openly, it was bound to happen. Yet, Carol and Isabel shared much more. Since the day Carol helped Isabel through her unusual pregnancy, something had grown between them slowly but steadily.

This shared history was the reason for their caution. Most people here probably knew about them anyway. At this time, nobody cared. But during their first meeting, Carol had been the doctor and Isabel an unexpectedly pregnant, distressed sixteen-year-old. That age might have been tolerable, but a relationship between doctor and patient was questionable even by FemCom's open standards. In the end, it led to a secret, casual affair that went on and off over time.

Before Carol could follow Isabel’s signal, she had to take care of something else. Children were playing in the pool, and she soon spotted him. Calvin. He was the only boy in the facility.

Until now, Calvin had not been a problem. He was simply a child amongst others, living here with his mother. Both Carol and his mother knew that this would not stay that way forever.

Carol had noticed signs of change lately. More than once, she had the impression that the spontaneous hugs and gestures of affection for Calvin were becoming warmer. They looked longer and more intense. It was not clear who started this behavior. Sometimes, it seemed that the women looked at Calvin differently than the girls. It was not alarming yet, but there was a growing awareness of his masculinity. Even if they dismissed it with a smile, it was there.

On other days, the boy seemed to actively seek the closeness of the women. He did this in an awkward but focused way. So far, the women had always welcomed him. At least his attention stayed on the adult women who could be his mother.

That changed a few weeks ago when a teenager named Alice arrived. She was a typical fifteen-year-old runaway. The women had saved her from local idiots in the city during a supply trip. Carol had examined and questioned her. Aside from slight malnutrition, she was healthy and stable. However, she brought experiences that could ruin the innocence of this place.

Alice entered the courtyard as if to confirm these fears. Her charisma had quickly won over the younger girls. Calvin seemed to like her too. Everyone greeted her with excited shouts. When she stepped into the pool, the little ones rushed toward her.

Carol’s suspicion was confirmed when Alice hugged Calvin. The contact was far too intense. She moved him to places where a child's face did not belong. Giggling and silly laughter followed. To Carol’s horror, other girls began to copy the behavior.

Carol sighed. As regrettable as it was, Alice had to leave. FemCom only took such measures in extreme situations. But unfortunately, that was not enough. The seed was planted. It would take effort to turn the girls' thoughts back to innocent things. They needed to reach a mature age before dealing with masculinity. Calvin would only be a distraction now. Carol needed to have a serious talk with his mother.

Before that, the unspoken promise of Isabel pulled at her. Carol pushed all her worries aside. Their relationship was definitely 'on' right now. Isabel had just finished a project and was taking time to recover and get back into top form. She had certainly reached that form now. Two days without contact felt like a very long time. Carol left the courtyard and headed toward the living quarters. The door to Isabel’s room was slightly open, confirming the silent invitation.

"Hello?" Carol called into the empty hallway.

"Come in, I'm back here," Isabel's voice echoed from the rear of the apartment. It was the bedroom, as Carol knew all too well.

Isabel was waiting for her on the edge of the bed. She wore nothing but a long blouse and gave Carol a mockingly shy look. A single button held the fabric together over her impressive chest. Dark spots around her nipples revealed the delicious liquid she had saved for Carol.

"Hello, Doctor. I think I need a very thorough examination. I feel such a sense of pressure right here." Isabel emphasized this theatrical opening by lifting her breasts with both hands and wiggling them. The buttonhole of the blouse stretched dangerously.

As always, Isabel’s full figure had a powerful effect on Carol. Heat and a tingle began to spread in her lap. It felt exactly like the day they first met.

"Then we shall check your breathing first. Deep breath, please," Carol said. She tried to maintain her professional tone of voice.

Isabel followed the instruction with a cheeky grin. At the same time as her deep breath, she tensed her shoulders. With a soft pop, the blouse flew open and revealed her swaying curves. Her grin turned into a giggle as she let herself fall back onto the bed. She presented herself to Carol in all her glory.

Isabel’s inheritance of Scottish, Polish, and Samoan genes had given her a lush sensuality. Carol fell for it every single time. Something about this younger woman touched her deeply. At first, Carol thought it was just compassion and care mixed with an unprofessional amount of sympathy. Such things happened to doctors. However, it was more than that. While she accompanied Isabel through her pregnancy, every exam and every touch brought them closer.

Carol was aware of the taboos they broke one by one. Still, she had nothing to counter her desire and longing. When she began to show Isabel her affection, the gestures were returned. Over the years, a relationship developed that lasted until today. The special appeal lay in the merging of the professional and the private. They often returned to the theme of patient and doctor.

With a lustful smile, Isabel slowly spread her legs. Carol knew it was an invitation. She was familiar with the female lap in all its variations and usually kept a professional distance. But this was different. Isabel was her forbidden fruit. She had been tempting since the first sight and delicious since the first taste. Carol could not explain why, but she was at the mercy of this attraction.

Slowly, the doctor knelt between Isabel's legs. The lap lay before her, velvety soft like a giant ripe peach. It was overripe, with an opening that dripped with juice. Carol approached her and explored the soft skin with her lips. She tasted the nectar and moved further with her tongue, searching for the core.

They were both skilled at this game. Nothing required an explanation. It did not take long for pleasant shivers to race through Isabel. Waves of pleasure moved over her soft curves. After a pause filled with tender caresses, Isabel pampered Carol in a similar way.

For the next round, Isabel took a plug dildo from a drawer. Carol’s friendship with Nia, the creative mind behind these toys, ensured she always had access to the latest prototypes.

One end was meant for the receiver. It usually matched the anatomical shape that women enjoyed. Some preferred more creative attachments. The one Isabel presented today would have done credit to a pony in terms of size and appearance.

A thicker part was attached at exactly the right angle. At first glance, it appeared odd shaped. Yet it was custom-made and so well-tuned to the wearer that it sat firmly inside her. No additional harness or straps were needed.

Fascinated, Carol watched as Isabel inserted the thicker end. The sight alone looked painful, but Isabel seemed ready for it and enjoyed the sensation.

Sophisticated technical features in the device ensured that they felt each other at a level of high intensity. Way more, than it was reachable with a natural partner. Carol certainly could not get enough of it.

Tightly entwined, they finally lay exhausted on the bed. When they were finally able to speak in full sentences, Carol could no longer hesitate.

"Isabel, I have to tell you something," she began.

"Yes, what is it?" Isabel’s hands moved playfully over her skin. She knew exactly which touches triggered the strongest reactions in Carol.

"It's about Calvin."

Isabel froze. "What about him? Did he do something? Is something wrong? Is he sick?" With every question, Isabel sounded more alarmed.

Carol swallowed. "He is fine, don't worry. Everything is okay with him. It's just..." She hesitated and felt Isabel’s expectant tension.

"He is no longer just a child. He is a boy. I think the women are noticing, and the girls are becoming aware of it too." She told Isabel about her observations. "...we knew this moment would come, didn't we?" she finished.

"Yes," Isabel said, and she sounded sad. "But I didn't expect it so soon. That stupid Alice! If only she hadn't shown up here!"

"I don't think that would have changed much," Carol replied. "But yes, she is a disruptive factor. I will make sure she disappears from here. There are other facilities where she will fit in better."

"And what about me? And Calvin? Are we supposed to disappear too?" The pain in Isabel's voice was clear.

"No, sweetheart!" Carol pulled away from the close embrace. She felt the thick dildo slide out of her, leaving an aching emptiness that made her body clench in protest. For a moment, she craved for it to return inside her.

But this conversation was more important.

"I won't let you vanish from my life, even if you go to other places," she continued. "Your next project is outside anyway. After that, we will find something for you and Calvin that fits better. Perhaps it is not a bad idea for him to slowly learn about the world outside these walls."

"Maybe you're right." Isabel did not sound completely convinced yet. Then her tone changed. "But is it possible that Miss Psychologist intentionally took her time to tell me? A quick nice fuck, just in case I get mad?"

Carol felt caught. "Well, it's possible that thought played a role in my timing," she said sheepishly.

"That won't go unpunished. Turn around!" Isabel demanded in a stern voice.

A pleasant shiver ran through Carol. She had not expected this, but it suited Isabel. The woman could channel many emotional states into very passionate activities. Carol turned over and stood on all fours on the bed, presenting her backside.

"That's a good view, my little mare. Now take what you've earned." The words came from behind her. She felt the tip of the dildo between her legs. Was she mistaken, or was the thing actually larger now?

As a doctor, Carol was used to being in control of her patients. She usually decided what happened to their bodies and orifices under her hands. She was well aware of her power and control. Therefore, it was even more exciting for her to experience the other side every now and then. But what if Isabel demanded more from her than she could give?

The mercyless, punishing thrust that followed answered the question. Isabel drove into her and Carol felt a fierce burning as she was stretched like never before. With every further thrust, Isabel discharged all the anger and pain she felt. Yet it was only a preview of what followed in the next few minutes.

Carol enjoyed every second of it.

The scent of blooming bushes and meadows hung in the cool air, mixed with the faint tang of saltwater drifting up from the cliffs behind the park. Summer sometimes arrived late up here in the far northeast. Isabel breathed in deeply in the steady

rhythm of her stomping feet. It was wonderful. Her running route took her behind the manor house. The sight of the building and the large garden was impressive. Normally, Isabel did not care much for such things. But since living here, she had thought more than once about what her parents would say.

They would never find out. No contact had existed between them since they had driven Isabel away with shame and disgrace nearly ten years ago. Calvin had never met his grandparents. What you never knew, you can’t miss. Their little family consisted only of her and him, and that was enough for both of them.

Isabel slowed her pace on the gravel path to the small cottage she had occupied for almost three years. The stop was not so abrupt when she reached her door. Her strong pulse beat steadily and remarkably calm. She was in top form and it felt great. The chirping of birds reached her ears along with the rustling of the wind in the ancient treetops. And footsteps on the gravel path to her cottage. Isabel turned around.

"Oh, Sophia! Hi!" she greeted the young woman approaching her.

"Hi Isabel, nice weather today. Perfect for running."

"Yes, it is great." Isabel waited.

Sophia certainly had not intercepted her to talk about the weather. The young mistress of the house was usually busy around the clock with her little son. For over a year now, she had been the mother of the heir. As so often, the strain of motherhood was visible on her. Isabel had done everything to make it as pleasant as possible for her. That was her job.

"I... um... I wanted to talk to you briefly. Can we..." She looked around. At the other end of the garden, the old gardener was busy with some bushes. "Can we maybe talk inside?"

"Sure, come in!"

They were about the same age. In another life, they might have gone to school together. They would have spent their childhood together. Friendship might have blossomed. The reality looked different. Isabel was the employee. Sophia was the boss. To be fair, she had never acted superior at any point during the past years.

Therefore, Isabel was even more surprised by her request.

"Isabel, I... I am sorry to be so direct. But I have to ask you: Is there any way you could perhaps … leave earlier?"

"What?" Isabel was shocked. "Why? According to the contract, the care continues for two more months. Until the summer holidays. That was the agreement!"

"Yes, I know. But by now, I really manage well without help. You will also receive full payment. And a bonus that will definitely cover a place of your choice in town. If Calvin wants to finish the school year here."

Isabel waved her off dismissively. "It is not about the money at all. I am just shocked. We all got along very well! What is the problem?"

"The problem, yes, um..." Sophia kneaded her hands nervously.

As a daughter of a rich family, she had been prepared her whole life to be the perfect wife of an even more wealthy and powerful husband. Asserting her own opinion was not part of that upbringing. Isabel had recognized this early on. Now she simply felt sorry for the young woman.

"Come on, Sophia, we will find a solution. If it helps you, I will leave here sooner, but I want to understand. Remember, I am a trained nurse. I have understanding for everything, and secrets stay with me!" She put a hand on Sophia's shoulder. "Would you like some tea? Shall we sit down for a moment? Then you can tell me everything in peace."

Sophia nodded. Her eyes had red rims, and she visibly struggled for composure. When they both held a cup of tea shortly after, she had calmed down enough to speak.

"It is because of Richard. He..." Sophia bit her lip. "I feel like he doesn't see me anymore. And I notice how he looks at you." Sophia's gaze briefly scanned Isabel's curvy contours, which were highlighted by the tight running clothes. "Please do not misunderstand, it is not your fault. It really isn't. I am infinitely grateful for everything you have done for us, for me. Without you, I would never have my little boy. But..."

Now she swallowed.

"But I cannot stand how he looks at you. What happens on his business trips, I cannot know, I don't want to know. But here, this is my home, my little world. I don't want that to break." She sobbed again and looked at Isabel with large, wet eyes. "Do you understand what I mean?"

Isabel nodded slowly. Of course, she had noticed Richard's looks. Lately, when they met and chatted, there was this hesitation on his side. As if he wanted to ask for something. Even without Sophia's outburst, she could imagine all too well what he had in mind. Men!

"I understand what you mean, Sophia." Isabel leaned forward and took Sophia's hand. "But I can assure you, nothing has happened during this whole time. I do not fuck my employer. Never! That is one of my principles!"

Her blunt choice of words seemed to break Sophia's emotional tension. She even grinned.

"Thank you. I was sure that it didn't come from you and that you are strong enough to set boundaries. But it feels so good to hear it."

"No problem." Isabel leaned back. "However, I can recommend the driver from the vegetable market. His carrots and cucumbers really stand out."

Sophia almost choked on her tea. "You are serious, aren't you?"

Isabel shrugged. "Yes, sure."

Suddenly, there was that sparkle in Sophia's eyes again. Her lively imagination, which she had previously focused so much on becoming a mother, returned. The corners of her mouth twitched.

"Cucumbers! Oh damn, Isabel, now you've put a picture in my head."

They both giggled. Then Sophia became serious again.

"Would that be okay for you?"

Isabel let her gaze wander around the room. She would miss the cottage.

"Yes," she said firmly. "I understand what is bothering you and I think your suggestion is the simplest solution. As soon as I have found a place to stay, we are out of here."

"I... um, I asked a friend. She has a guest house..."

Isabel looked at Sophia in surprise. "Is it that serious?"

Sophia's eyes filled with tears, and her brief grin gave way to a painful expression. "Yes."

"Okay, then I'll start packing right away. But you have to tell Calvin. The boy really is fond of you, you have to say goodbye to him yourself!"

Sophia’s friend turned out to be a cynical woman in her early thirties.

"Hi, I’m Kate," she introduced herself as Isabel drove up. Every gesture and word carried an undertone of 'don't bother telling me, I’ve seen it all.'

It was not that Isabel planned on telling her anything anyway. However, Kate was quite curious.

"What exactly did you do for Richard and Sophia again?" she asked while leading Isabel to the guesthouse in the garden.

"I’m a nurse. You know, medical things and confidentiality and such," Isabel replied.

Kate acknowledged this with a shrug. "It doesn't matter. I’ve known Sophia since she snagged Richard. I'll find out eventually. She mentioned you have a son?"

"Yes, Calvin. I'm picking him up from school later. Is it truly okay for us to stay here for two months?"

"Yes, no problem at all." The emphasis and Kate's wide gestures confirmed Isabel's suspicion. The woman probably already had a few drinks in her by this time of day.

"What about you?" Isabel asked.

"What? Me? Kids? Oh, no." Kate rolled her eyes dramatically.

"No, I meant if there are more people in your household," Isabel said. "People I might suddenly run into at the door?"

"Oh, I see. No. I've lived alone since... Let's just say, unlike Sophia, I failed to kick the housemaid out in time." Bitterness echoed in her voice. After a pause, she noticed Isabel's silence. "Oh, sorry, that wasn't directed at you. I didn't mean to imply... Nothing. I..."

"It's fine. I think I'll just start unpacking now."

Ignoring Kate, Isabel carried the suitcase into the bedroom of the bungalow.

"By the way, one of you will probably have to sleep on the couch since there is only one bedroom," Kate called out after her. Shortly after, the door clicked shut.

Finally, Isabel could look around in peace. This place was a small building. Aa living area with a kitchen, one bedroom, and a bathroom. It would suffice for a few weeks. Only the floor-to-ceiling window front needed a solution. Her private life was nobody's business.

The bags were quickly unloaded. On the way to the school, she even found time to stop by the local FemCom clinic. After introducing herself as one of their own, the nurses led her into the staff area. The head doctor joined them shortly after.

Without naming names, Isabel briefly explained why she was in the area. She offered her services for the coming weeks. Actually, the staffing situation was quite tight. Everyone was happy that she could contribute part-time to ease the workload.

After nearly three years with Sophia and Richard, meeting her colleagues felt incredibly good. These nurses insisted she stop by with Calvin on the way back so they could meet him too.

In the end, Isabel had to hurry to pick up Calvin on time. When she reached the school, he was already waiting for her.

"How’s it going, little man?" she greeted him as he got in.

Those effects of Sophia's goodbye yesterday were still visible on him.

"Okay, I guess," he said softly. The boy stared out the window with sad eyes.

Isabel would have loved to pull him close and not let go for the rest of the day. He probably would have liked that too, but it wasn't possible here in front of everyone. Consequently, she would do it even more warmly later.

"Calvin, I met some really nice girls at the clinic in town today. Do you want to say a quick hello? I’ll be helping out there for a bit over the next few weeks."

"Okay," was his listless answer.

When they arrived at the clinic, he cheered up a little. The way the staff approached and spoke to him reminded him strongly of the time at the old mission. Calvin became happier. At least a little.

"Mom? Is it because of me? Because I'm a boy?" Calvin asked later on the way to their new home.

This question pierced her chest like a cold dagger.

"No!" Isabel cried instinctively. "Why would you say something like that?"

Calvin sat beside her in the car, looking thoughtful. "Well, because we had to leave the last place too. It must have been because of me since I was the only boy there."

They had never spoken about it. Isabel had simply announced they were leaving, and Calvin had followed her faithfully. Now she heard for the first time what he was thinking about the reasons.

"Calvin..." She had to take a breath herself. "Calvin, that's not how it is. It's not because of you!" At least not this time, though she did not say that out loud. "It is just because Sophia and Richard can manage well without me now. Imagine you are learning to ride a bike. Even though you can already do it, I keep running along beside you. Would you like that?"

"No, Mom."

"See. It’s the same with Sophia. She is healthy and so is the baby. They are a small family now and no longer need my help. That's why we are moving on. It just happened a bit faster than planned. We would have left in the summer anyway."

"Hmm. Okay. So it's not because of me?" Calvin was still suspicious.

"No. It has nothing to do with you at all. That’s why we are making sure you can finish the school year here."

Isabel felt torn. She hadn't lied to her boy. At least not about this time. And if she told herself this conversation wasn't about the previous move, she hadn't lied about that either. Still, she felt like she was betraying him. Until now, she had always spoken about everything.

They reached the driveway and Isabel parked the car in front of the guesthouse.

Calvin followed her inside. He barely noticed the inside.

"Calvin. There is only one tiny problem here," Isabel said while checking the curtains. She really didn't want the curious Kate spying on them.

"What is it?" Calvin asked.

"We only have one bedroom. One of us has to sleep on the couch."

For the first time, Calvin looked around more consciously. He bounced up and down on the couch to test it, then shrugged.

"Okay. I can sleep here," he said emotionlessly.

"That would be one option," Isabel replied. "The other would be sharing the big bed!"

Suddenly, Calvin was wide awake. He jumped up and looked through the door into the bedroom. Then he looked at Isabel with wide eyes.

"You mean the whole time? Not just for cuddling in the evening?"

"The whole time, my sweet. What do you think?" She came closer and took off her T-shirt. Calvin’s gaze was fixed on her bra and her füllige Oberweite. His eyes showed excitement and the recognition of what was ahead. For the first time that afternoon, he smiled.

"That would be fantastic, Mom!" His eyes lit up as he stared at her chest.

"Come then. You must be hungry.

"Swim, Calving! Swim!"

The hissed insults were followed immediately by a rough push. Calvin fell from the edge into the large swimming pool. He lost his orientation for a moment, then

surfaced, spluttering. The group of larger boys seemed to have moved quite a bit further. Even so, their nasty laughter reached him.

Larger boys. Yet, not older. While paddling to the next set of stairs, he cursed the fact that he could not keep up with the others' growth. He also regretted choosing the swimming class. When he had put his schedule together at the start of the school year, swimming had suddenly appeared as an option. With a nostalgic look at his childhood and the fun he had in the pool back then, he had picked the subject.

The reality of the class was completely different. It quickly became clear that the others were stronger. He could not keep up and ended up left behind in the beginner area. The trainer often shook his head while watching his efforts to cross the pool.

Endurance was not the problem. Calvin felt he could last much longer than the others. However, the fear of being dunked at any moment led to deep insecurity. He hated every second in the water.

"Are you okay, kid?" the trainer asked as Calvin climbed the ladder, dripping.

"Yes, sir," he replied and slunk away.

No help would come from the coach. Calvin had understood that early on. A glance at the clock showed the class was almost over. If he hurried, he would finish changing before the others. This meant one less chance to get pushed around. Looking over his shoulder, the boy snuck away unnoticed.

He finished just in time as the others entered the locker room. In the shade of some trees, he waited for the bus, thinking.

Mom. Her job was the reason they ended up in this town two years ago. Everything started great. Then word got around that he lived alone with her. No trace of a father. This seemed like something bad to the local people. Things got really difficult when Mom brought him to school one day instead of him taking the bus.

It was a completely normal day. Mom wore nothing special. Nevertheless, the other parents stared at her. A few fathers watched with greedy eyes, while most mothers showed contempt. People whispered. Among the insults, 'fat cow' had stuck. This resulted in the distortion of his name to the nickname 'Calvling'. It was a mix of 'calf', because he was the son of 'the cow', and 'halfling', since he was smaller than everyone else for his age.

It hurt. On some days, he had a stomachache because of it. All he wanted was to be left in peace. A few friends would be nice, but that dream drifted further away every day.

Mom noticed something was wrong the moment he entered the house.

"What's wrong, little man?" she asked with concern. Carelessly, the woman set down whatever was in her hand and pulled him into a warm hug.

"Did they tease you again?" she whispered while stroking his back. Calvin managed a nod.

"I'm so sorry! I wouldn't have come here if I had known." She stroked him lovingly, and the lump in his throat slowly vanished.

"It was terrible, Mom."

Letting him go, she held him by the shoulders and looked at him. "If you want, we can change that."

He swallowed. "Really? Are we leaving?"

"Oh, sweetie, it's not that easy. My project runs for another whole year. But I thought we could sign you up for online school. Then you won't have to deal with those terrible children anymore."

Relief flooded his body. "I don't have to go there? Is it that simple?"

"Yes. I did some research. FemCom even has a very good online school. You will get your own computer and can participate from anywhere. However, they warned me that the program is strict. They expect full participation. What do you think?"

"Mom, that would be great!" This time, he was the one pulling her into a tight hug. "Thank you, Mom!"

"You're welcome, sweetie."

She stood up and continued her work. While doing so, she muttered to herself. "A bunch of primitive cattle drivers. They have less sense than the cows they are so proud of."

The mention of cows made Calvin flinch. He gave his mother a searching look. Did she know about the insults? He hadn't told her. It would have hurt her to hear it.

To him, she was the most beautiful woman in the world. She wasn't fat at all. She was just not as thin as some others. Like those teachers, who were always in a bad mood. Furthermore, Calvin had seen many mothers from other kids, who had much more of a figure than Mom. But none of them looked as good. He had never seen anything spill out of her clothes, as he had observed with some of the other mothers. And he had definitely been looking closely! For some time now, since it had been somewhat exciting to look at women and imagine what they looked like without clothes.

With Mom, everything seemed to be in the right place. It looked good and felt perfect. This was true when they sat on the couch in the evening or when they

hugged just because they loved each other. Then she was warm and soft in just the right way and smelled wonderful.

Only one tiny detail of the insult was true, without the others knowing. Something that nobody should ever find out. Cows gave milk. Just like Mom.

Little rings kept spreading across the water in his glass. Exactly in time with the steady, thudding steps from the living room.

Calvin tried to focus on his math homework, but his eyes kept drifting toward his mom. Isabel was on the treadmill with headphones in her ears and a slightly flushed face. Her body swayed in a strong, steady rhythm and her big, soft boobs and her hips and butt jiggled nicely with every step. He liked it when she ran like that. Very much. It made him feel all warm and tingle inside.

At first, she had gone running outside. But that didn't last long. Some creepy guys shouted strange things at her or even drove alongside her. Calvin didn't understand why they did that. Well, he understood why people noticed her, because Mom looked fantastic. But why did people shout such stupid things? Why didn't they just tell her she was beautiful? He did that quite often, and Isabel always seemed happy about it.

Perhaps a lot of idiots just lived here in this city. Like the ones at school.

The treadmill beeped softly, slowed down, and finally came to a complete stop. Isabel stepped off. She took out her headphones and wiped her forehead with the back of her hand. When she looked over at him, she gave him an encouraging smile. He knew she wanted to cheer him on with his tasks. That was the agreement. As long as he finished his schoolwork without complaining, he could stay with the FemCom online school.

But her smile did something weird to him. His chest suddenly felt all warm and fluttery. He would have loved to jump up and press himself against her, burying his face against her warm chest.

Isabel walked over to the weight station and began to adjust ropes and weights. The metallic clattering echoed through the room. Calvin continued to watch her from the corner of his eye. Lately, she was taking her training very seriously. She wanted to 'get in shape,' as she always said. He didn't quite understand why. He liked her exactly as she was. So soft and warm and cuddly!

She stood in front of the machine, reached for the handles, and began the first reps. Her arms tensed, her back arched slightly, and her breasts pressed firmly against the tight sports top. Calvin felt his face get hot. Quickly, he looked back at his work. But he couldn't concentrate.

He could tell exactly which exercise she was doing just from the sound, even without looking up. Although the thought was tempting. For the third time, he read the task without understanding what it was about. Instead, he thought about his own attempts with the gym equipment.

Mom already saw results after one week. But nothing happened when he tried it. Perhaps it was the wrong equipment for him. He didn't want to lose weight. Instead, he wanted more muscle. Secretly, he had hoped the exercises would cause a growth spurt. But none of that happened. He didn't get stronger and certainly not taller. He remained the smallest boy in his class. That made him the first choice when the idiots at school looked for a victim. But for now, that was over.

With a groan and a sigh, Isabel finished the next set of her exercises. The weights fell into the holders with a loud clink. For a moment, Calvin could clearly hear her heavy breathing. Perhaps he should bring her something to drink? Surely she wouldn't mind if he interrupted his work for a moment.

He was about to get up when the doorbell rang. Before he could react, Mom was already past him and on her way to the door.

"Yes, please?" she asked, still out of breath.

Jonah listened intently, since he couldn't see the door from his place.

"Good day, my name is Jones," a woman's voice sounded. "I'm from Youth Services. Does a boy named Calvin live in this household?"

"Yes." Isabel was annoyed. "Your colleagues already checked that last year and a few months ago."

"Maybe so," the woman's voice sounded strict. "But we must investigate every tip when it comes to child welfare. Are you his sister?"

"I'm his mother!"

Calvin knew that tone. The visitor better not say anything wrong now. Mom could get very angry!

"Oh." Mrs. Jones sounded confused. "Ah yes, it says so right here. Hmm. That was quite early, I must say. Very well. I must see for myself that the boy is doing well and that he is appropriately housed."

"Fine, come in."

Footsteps came closer. Calvin stood up and walked toward them.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello Calvin," she replied.

Mrs. Jones looked a bit like one of the older teachers at his school. She studied him with a stern look. Then she noticed the school supplies on the kitchen table.

"Does the boy not have his own room?" she asked reproachfully.

"He does have his own room. But when he does his work here, it feels more like a family," Isabel said.

"Hm..." Mrs. Jones grunted. Then she noticed the gym equipment in the living room and studied Isabel with a long look from head to toe, as if she had just noticed the tight sports outfit. It was exactly that look Calvin had noticed with other people before.

"Do you consider this type of clothing appropriate in the presence of your son?" she asked and scribbled something on her pad.

"You tell me. Where is the problem?" Isabel replied irritably.

Mrs. Jones only shook her head.

"What accusation was made this time?" Isabel continued.

"I cannot say," Mrs. Jones replied. "The tip was anonymous. Furthermore, you recently withdrew your son from school without giving any reasons. In the middle of the school year. That is highly unusual. What is your occupation?"

"I am a nurse and look after clients who value privacy. I can give you the contact for my agency at FemCom if you want to ask there."

Mrs. Jones paused. "FemCom? Oh, I didn't know that. That changes quite a bit, of course. It doesn't say anything about that here..." She flipped through her papers hastily.

"It's not supposed to be in there. As I said, this work requires a high degree of discretion. Come with me. I'll show you Calvin's room, and then we'll end this circus."

When the two of them were gone, Calvin finally managed to focus on his tasks. It wasn't that difficult. Later, when Mrs. Jones had finally left, Mom came to the table. She stood close behind him. He could feel her warm breath and the soft touch as she leaned over his shoulder to check the answers.

"Looks like you're doing well."

She stroked his head and sat down next to him at the table.

"I'm sorry you're having such a hard time in this city, my big boy," she sighed. "If I had known what the people here were like, I wouldn't have taken the job. I wish we could just pack up and leave this stupid place."

"Oh yes, that would be great! We'd just run away, completely in secret. It would be a huge adventure," Calvin said enthusiastically.

"Yes, my sweet, it would," Isabel smiled at him. "But unfortunately, the adult world doesn't work that way. But we can already think about where we'll go when the current project is finished. Maybe we can leave a bit earlier. No reason to wait for the end of semester. What do you feel like? The ocean? The mountains? Or the desert?"

Calvin thought about it. When he was little, they had lived in the remote old mission. That had been the best time of his life. Everyone had been nice to him. Only women lived there. They were always kind to him and there were no stupid boys to tease him. But they couldn't go back there. Mom had explained that to him a long time ago. Since then, she had already worked for two other people. Now she would start something new again. The fact that she was getting in shape with sports was a clear sign. But now she was asking for his opinion for the first time. He felt much more grown-up.

"Mom, can you somehow see if the people there are nice?" he asked.

She smiled. "That would be wonderful, but I'm afraid such a thing doesn't exist. You can perhaps estimate it roughly. In some areas, people deal better with someone being different than in others."

"Then I want to go somewhere where the people might be nicer. Everything else doesn't matter. The main thing is that we're together."

"Yes, exactly. You're right. The main thing is that we're together!"

She hugged him spontaneously and gave him a kiss on the forehead. Calvin returned the hug as best as he could. He could feel how soft and warm she was. And her nice smell.

"Finish the task and then there's dinner," Mom said. "And afterward, we'll treat ourselves to some cuddle time on the sofa. How does that sound?"

"Great!"

Suddenly, he was torn. On the one hand, he could hardly wait. At the same time, he was much more motivated. Motivation won. He got so excited that he finished his homework way faster than usual.

That meant more cuddle time with Mom on the couch.

I messed up.

That was the first clear thought Jonah had as soon as he woke up that morning.

He dragged himself out of bed and fished something out of the wardrobe. His last clean clothes. Laundry had to wait for the afternoon again. He hadn't been able to bring himself to do it yesterday. Like most everyday things, he was expected to take

care of it himself. But before the much-needed laundry, a long school day lay ahead of him.

Somewhere in the house, he heard Norma ordering Barry around. If they were already in that mood in the morning, he preferred not to run into them. He crept into the kitchen and quietly filled a bowl with cereal. At least when it came to groceries, he could count on his foster parents.

They had their rules and he had to admit, they stuck to them just as much as they expected him to. He could understand most of them. When you had too many kids in the house, it was simply necessary.

However, he had been the only child in the house for almost a year. Barry and Norma were close to retirement. 'Foster grandparents' was the more fitting term. Jonah suspected he was the last foster child they would ever take in. He could have done worse.

The books Norma left lying around were often about brutal crimes, and the children in those stories didn't have it nearly as good. If they survived.

Sure, a few comforts wouldn't be bad. Jonah didn't have a cell phone. Or a game console. But Norma said 'No' to anything that went beyond the bare necessities. Barry was a bit softer, but he didn't go against his wife's strict budget. Every now and then, he let Jonah stay and watch a game on TV with his buddies.

Beyond that, Jonah only had books. Not all of them were dark thrillers. Norma’s second passion was incredibly cheesy romance novels. They were often about dirty adult stuff. He didn't understand a lot of it, although it was strangely exciting to read. But some stories had a happy ending. Jonah especially liked reading those, and he would imagine living in a kind family like that. Where people said loving things, were interested in each other, and hugged one another. All things that didn't happen in his life with Barry and Norma.

After a hasty breakfast, he got ready for school. A look in the mirror told him that while his clothes were clean. But his outfit once again looked like a trip back through

time. No wonder, since he had to make do with the hand-me-downs from the many foster children who had come before him.

Of course, it made him stand out. His outfit had earned him a reputation as an oddball. At least he had figured out how to counter nasty comments and bullying. Being the class clown, the one who made others laugh, worked very well. And since school was easy for him and he got good grades, the teachers let him get away with a lot.

That had worked well until yesterday. Then he had messed up.

As he got off the school bus, the other students streamed toward the main entrance from all sides. Jonah, however, stood still, his heart pounding. As the next group of students went through the door, he saw the teacher on duty that morning just inside. He seemed to be looking out for Jonah. When the teacher spotted him, he gestured for Jonah to follow.

With shaking knees, he followed the teacher to the principal's office. Like many troublemakers before him, he had to take a seat on the bench in the hallway. With every threatening tick, the second hand of the large clock on the opposite wall brought him mercilessly closer to his judgment. Now it wasn't just his knees. His whole body trembled, and his thoughts raced, circling the events of the day before. He wondered how it had all gone so wrong.

The school year had started off wonderfully. On the first day, Mrs. Collins, the principal, came into the classroom accompanied by a pretty young woman.

She wrote a large M on the chalkboard and then turned to the class. “Hello, I’m Ms. Megan Bennet, your new homeroom teacher. You can call me Ms. Megan” she said in a voice that stuck with Jonah.

From the very first moment, she had the full attention of the whole class. The girls loved her style, her tips for hairstyles, and the fact that she knew all the popular music.

For Jonah, just like all the other boys, one look was all it took. He was devoted to her. Ms. Megan always had a smile for everyone. When something was done well, she gave out praise generously. When things didn't go as well, her suggestions for improvement were so kind that one almost enjoyed making mistakes. Jonah, however, tried his best to get as much of that praise as possible, and he usually succeeded.

The letter M became an important symbol for him. M as in Ms. Megan. M as in Miracle. Marvelous. He even looked up other beautiful words in the dictionary. Magnificent. Magic. Mind-blowing. His notebook filled up more and more with sweeping doodles. Suddenly, M was the most beautiful letter of all. And Ms. Megan was the most beautiful teacher in the whole school.

When the children were working on their assignments, she walked through the rows, stopping here and there to watch attentively and offer a quiet tip. During this, she would place her hand on a student's shoulder or whisper something in their ear. These gestures made the entire class even more eager to listen and follow the lesson.

One day, while he was struggling with a very challenging task, Ms. Megan stopped right behind him. Much longer than usual. She stood so close that he could smell her perfume. Her long hair fell onto his neck, tickling him, and then she even placed her hand on his shoulder. Jonah forgot everything around him. There was only him and Ms. Megan. For a moment, he imagined what it would be like to lean back just a little and have her hug him warmly. It was the best moment of his entire school life.

Then it happened. She leaned further forward, holding out her hand to point something out in his notebook. He sensed her touch. It wasn't her hand, because he could see that. Patiently, she showed him where the mistake was. But he had only one thought. Ms. Megan’s breast, pressing warm and soft against his shoulder.

Suddenly, the innocent feeling of his secret crush was replaced by something else. He realized that Ms. Megan was also Ms. Bennet.

Bennet with a B. Like beautiful. Busty. Boobs. From that moment on, he was aware that her T-shirts with the manga designs weren't just cool, they were also tight. When she walked between the rows of desks, he watched her from behind, and suddenly he understood a whole series of other B-words from Norma's novels. Butt. Booty. Babe.

Even the letter B itself had revealing curves. Depending on how he looked at it, the similarity to her proportions was hard to miss. In the following weeks, he observed every detail about her. In his notebook, he scribbled fewer Ms and more Bs. It was like a secret, hidden in plain sight, yet no one but him had noticed.

Jonah couldn't take his eyes off her as soon as she entered the classroom. If Ms. Megan had noticed, she didn't seem to have a problem with it. On the contrary, whenever their eyes met, she would smile at him with her big, sparkling eyes, which encouraged him even more. Sometimes he felt bad that his thoughts and observations revolved around her figure all the time. Especially when he noticed the lines of her underwear underneath her clothes. Once, he could even see the pattern through the fabric! It caused a flutter in his belly that he had never experienced before.

Because of these thorough observations, he also noticed the smallest changes in her. How she styled her hair differently. Which T-shirt she wore most often. That her face seemed somehow rounder lately. Her jeans were tighter, a sight that intensified the tingling.

For a while, she tried a different style. Her clothes were looser. She wore long, baggy tops that barely hinted at her figure. But that was just a short phase, and on the day she showed up again in her usual T-shirts and jeans, it was suddenly obvious to everyone.

Ms. Megan was pregnant.

The girls in the class were thrilled and crowded around her. The boys didn't know what to do with the news and turned their attention to other things. Jonah was hit by a hurricane of emotions that he couldn't understand.

He knew, of course, that Ms. Megan had to have a man for that. One she had done 'adult stuff' with. Things he didn't dare to imagine even in his dreams. And until that day, no one in the class had known anything about this mysterious stranger.

Jonah found it especially hard to smile that day. In the following days, those exciting feelings didn't just appear anymore. He participated less in class. His jokes, which had always gotten laughs from the students and Ms. Megan, became a shade meaner every day.

The news about the pregnant teacher was also a topic at home. For several days, Barry and Norma went on about how inappropriate a pregnant, unmarried teacher was. That she was setting a completely wrong example. The two saw some connection to the FemCom organization, which had been managing the school for two years. They used a lot of dirty, ugly words.

Words that Jonah didn't fully understand, but that he didn't want to hear in connection with Ms. Megan. Still, they stuck with him. Like the strange scenes in Norma's books, they steered his imagination in a direction that kept him awake long into the night.

Just as he had noticed her change, Ms. Megan also noticed his. She grew more and more worried and asked questions about whether everything was all right. Her concern sparked conflicting feelings in Jonah. On one hand, he wanted to throw himself into her arms and would have done anything to be near her. On the other hand, he was angry, felt betrayed.

It went on like this for many weeks, and the bigger Ms. Megan's belly got, the greater his frustration grew. In the end, it led to everything going wrong.

No one had been able to laugh at his jokes for weeks, and when he was really on a roll during the last period yesterday, Ms. Megan had interrupted him and told him to be quiet. But instead, he had launched into a retort, repeating many of the things Barry and Norma had said about Ms. Megan. Including B-words. Like Bitch. Bimbo.

Ms. Megan turned pale when she heard his spiteful words. Her worried expression turned to one of pain. Jonah could see it clearly, and yet he only stopped when her big, beautiful eyes filled with tears.

Only then did he get it. He had messed up. Royally.

The door to the principal's office opened, and the school secretary came out. She shot Jonah a devastating look, shook her head, and walked silently down the hallway.

After the clacking of her heels had faded, Jonah noticed she had left the office door open a crack. Voices could be heard, and he could understand a few snippets.

“... crossed a line ... consequences ...” he heard Mrs. Collins say.

Then came sobbing. Ms. Megan's voice, pleading with Mrs. Collins. Determined footsteps approached the door, and the principal stepped out into the hallway.

“Come with me!” she demanded.

Jonah followed her, with feet as heavy as rocks. Ms. Megan was sitting in the office. She looked up, her eyes red and swollen. It was the same pained expression from yesterday, right after the ugly words had burst out of him. A hot wave of shame washed over him, and he stared at the floor.

Mrs. Collins sat down at her desk, opened a file, and snapped it shut again a moment later.

“Alright,” she began in a business-like tone. “I don’t think we need to repeat what happened yesterday. I have reports here from several students, all giving consistent and very clear statements. Even though yours is missing, Megan, I am handling this.”

Jonah gave Ms. Megan a surprised look. She was standing up for him? After everything he had said? His thoughts raced, but he couldn’t find an explanation.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?” Mrs. Collins asked him. Jonah shook his head. There was no excuse, no justification for his behavior. He had already agonized over it all night.

“I’m sorry…” he began, but Mrs. Collins cut him off.

“It’s too late for that. We have rules at this school. I will not tolerate disrespect toward anyone. Especially not toward a teacher who is also pregnant. Do you understand?”

Jonah nodded.

“Good. Since half the school knows what you did by now, there must be consequences. I already tried to reach your parents, but they're not answering their phone.”

He flinched. He had suppressed that possibility until now. Barry and Norma did not mess around when their foster children got into trouble at school.

“Normally, I would have to suspend you,” Mrs. Collins continued. “For reasons I cannot understand, Ms. Megan is insisting on a milder punishment. Also, your academic performance is excellent. Simple detention is therefore out of the question. I've thought of something else. Something that could be good for both of you.”

Now it was Ms. Megan who looked up in surprise. Before she could say anything, Mrs. Collins announced her decision.

“Here is what we'll do. I have a friend who runs exercise and yoga classes for pregnant women. You, Jonah, will help out there after school until further notice.

We'll make it official as part of a 'Help and Health' course. I hope you learn to treat pregnant women with respect. And you, Megan," she turned to the young teacher, "you will keep an eye on his progress. Because I have signed you up there as well. That way, Jonah can make amends to you directly."

"Do you really think that's a good idea?" asked Ms. Megan. "I don't want to make things harder for Jonah than necessary."

"Yes, I think this is for the best," replied Mrs. Collins. "The alternative is suspension. Would you prefer that?" She looked at Jonah sternly.

He shook his head. "No, Mrs. Collins."

"Good. I expect you two to get along. You, young man, pull yourself together! And you, Megan, perhaps you can try to find out what exactly caused his reaction. A talk like that could be very insightful for both of you. You start this afternoon, and I don't want to hear any more complaints. Understood, Jonah?"

After class, Jonah slipped out the back entrance of the school. The other students had avoided him all day, but he feared their reaction to his behavior from yesterday might be even worse after school. He couldn't wait to leave the building and didn't want to run into any of them.

The clinic where the classes were held was a few blocks away. He was just wondering whether to walk or take the bus when a car pulled up beside him at the curb.

Ms. Megan waved at him through the open window.

"Hey Jonah," she called, "want a ride?"

Her kindness made him feel deeply ashamed. Still, he would be spending a lot of time with her over the next few weeks. A few more minutes wouldn't make a difference. So, he got in.

Sitting alone in the car with her brought out a lot of her 'M's. But the 'B's were still impossible to ignore. To avoid getting into more trouble, he kept his gaze directed outside or at the road ahead.

Ms. Megan was less worried. She chatted away cheerfully. As if it were completely normal for him to be accompanying her to this class.

“I’m sorry it turned out this way," she said. "But at least now we can finally get to know each other better. I've had the feeling for a while that things aren't going so great for you at home. Is something making you sad or angry? Do you want to talk about it?”

He shook his head and managed to get one word out. He realized what a wonderful person she was, and he was even more ashamed of his behavior.

“Oh, by the way,” Ms. Megan continued. “When we’re outside of school, please drop the silly ‘Ms.’. It’s necessary at school, but in my free time, it makes me feel totally old-fashioned. You can just call me Megan. Is that okay, Jonah?”

“Mhm…” He nodded.

Slowly, panic rose inside him. The vivid memories of what it looked like when the pregnant Megan walked through the classroom told him what to expect. Exercise or yoga would only intensify everything that was occupying his mind so much. At least, that was the conclusion he had reached after thinking about it all day.

The clinic, with its striking FemCom logo, was located in a former factory. The building itself looked well-kept. They turned into a parking lot next to it, where a long annex building was attached to the clinic.

They got out. Megan headed for the flat adjoining building, and Jonah followed her. A small sign on the door indicated that entry to the gym, sauna, and classes was for women only.

“I've been here for workouts before,” Megan explained, keying a code into the door and holding it open for Jonah.

In the entrance area, a woman approached them. Jonah found her hard to read. She had a no-nonsense way about her but wasn't unfriendly. She wasn't threatening, but at the same time, she didn't give the impression that you could argue with her for long. Not that he planned to.

“Hey, I’m Gloria,” she introduced herself. “You must be Megan and Jonah. Mrs. Collins already filled me in. Though I didn't really want the details.” She looked at Jonah closely. “I just know something went wrong. I don't care about that. You have a fresh start here, and if you cooperate, everything between us will be wonderful. Deal?”

For the first time that day, Jonah was relieved. “Yes, Ms. Gloria.”

“Drop the 'Ms.' nonsense,” she replied. Then she pointed to a door. “That’s the changing room. Put on your yoga clothes, and then we’ll meet in the hall back there.”

“Got it.” Megan started to leave, but Jonah stood still.

“Um, Gloria, I don't have any gym clothes with me. Is it okay like this? I mean, I don't even really know what I'm supposed to do here.”

Gloria’s eyes traveled over him from head to toe.

“Not in street clothes, anyway. You need to be able to move. Welk, come with me.”

She went to a counter that looked like a typical reception desk. Behind it, she rummaged through compartments and shelves and then handed him two items of clothing.

“Maybe not the most modern, but freshly washed. Someone left it behind, and we use it as a spare. See if it fits.”

Jonah took the items. First, he held a pink T-shirt up to his body. It was quite large and had a faded, glittering print on the front. Gloria nodded in approval, and he didn't dare object.

The second piece was tiny. A small black piece of fabric that turned out to be very short yoga pants. Obviously way too small.

When he looked at Gloria questioningly, she just shrugged. “It’s stretch material, it’ll adapt. Otherwise, I only have maternity sizes.”

“Okay. And where is the changing room for boys?”

Gloria chuckled. “Don't have one here. If you can be respectful and you're brave enough, you can use the women’s changing room. Otherwise, there's just the broom closet.”

Megan had been waiting in the open doorway of the changing room, listening to the conversation.

“Come on, Jonah,” she called, “we’ll find a spot for you.”

He hesitated, then started moving. There was no obvious way out of this situation. Luckily, they were the only ones in the changing room, and the lockers were

arranged in several rows, so he found an alcove for himself where he was unobserved.

It took him a while to change. Jonah was used to wearing strange clothes. But what Gloria had pressed into his hands was something else. He barely dared to move. Only when he heard the door click shut behind Megan did he reluctantly put on the clothes.

They lived up to all his fears. Clearly girls' clothes. How embarrassing! The shirt hung loosely on his body, with a wide neckline that almost reached his navel. Of course, it would be filled out very differently if a woman wore it, but even for that, it seemed very revealing.

The yoga pants were the complete opposite. The stretch material clung to his body like a second skin, and the short legs ended far too high on his thighs. It was a little tight in the front. Here, too, the difference between boys and girls was the reason. Except this time, Jonah was packing more into it than the design intended. Everyone would see what he had. The thought made him shiver. There was no difference between the cold air of the room brushing his bare skin under the loose T-shirt and over the thin fabric of the pants.

He felt naked. Is this what women feel, when they wore clothes like this? Why did they do it, then? One of the many mysteries about women he couldn't explain. At least the fabric was opaque.

He entered the adjoining room through the second door of the changing room. A few exercise machines stood lonely at the wall, the kind you'd see in any gym. In the middle of the room was a large open space, and there he saw Gloria and Megan standing.

“What took you so long?” Gloria called out to him as he shyly approached.

At least they didn't comment on his outfit. Their looks and grins, however, told him they definitely had an opinion about it.

“You can start right away. That stack of mats back there needs to be spread out in the room. Three rows, five across, with some space in between.”

Laying out mats was familiar from gym class at school. Jonah was glad to have something to do and took extra care. When he had finished, he noticed that other women had joined Gloria. They had apparently been watching him for a while.

As he shyly approached, all his fears were confirmed. Except for Gloria, they were all pregnant, and their clothing hid nothing. In an instant, he was confronted with an abundance of different curves. The sight brought back that stirring feeling, and he became aware that the yoga pants were especially tight in his groin. He had to force himself not to stare at the many variations of 'B's and tried instead to look at their faces.

The women made no such effort. They sized him up from head to toe and seemed to soak in every detail about him. It led to the same grin on all their faces, just like Gloria's.

“Ladies, may I introduce Jonah,” Gloria raised her voice. “He will be assisting us in our class today.”

This announcement caused general giggling and a few calls of approval.

“Okay, we’re all here. Let’s start with a few warm-up exercises. Jonah, you stay here in the corner of the front row with me,” Gloria said.

They all took their places on the mats, and Gloria began to demonstrate exercises, which the others imitated. With every movement, Jonah’s feeling that he, as a boy, was completely out of place here grew stronger. He hoped no one would ever find out what he was doing here.

The yoga exercises were all performed slowly, and he managed to follow the instructions, more or less. At first, he looked forward at Gloria. For her, it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to move in such strange ways in front of others. She was incredibly flexible. And pretty.

Her fluid movements and the resulting sway of her curves did not fail to affect Jonah. Whenever possible, he closed his eyes and hoped no one noticed his yoga pants getting tighter and tighter. He could almost physically feel the burning gazes of the women behind him.

Then an exercise required him to turn around, and he was suddenly faced with the overwhelming, ripe femininity of a dozen pregnant women. Foremost Megan, who was on the mat directly behind him.

Luckily, all the other women had also turned around, so they couldn't watch him anymore. He, on the other hand, had a clear view of many lush bottoms in tight yoga pants, with underwear lines visible. And other things.

For the current exercise, they were on all fours. In front of him, between Megan's spread legs, he saw her hanging belly. Next to him, a similar sight presented itself, with even more hanging curves. He had no choice but to turn his gaze to the other side, away from the group.

As best he could, he concentrated on Gloria's voice, which gave gentle and steady instructions. Focusing on the breathing technique actually helped him calm down. Everywhere. Jonah sensed his body more consciously than ever. Maybe yoga wasn't so bad after all.

The feeling of safety didn't last long. After one last breathing exercise, Gloria announced the second part of the class.

“Very good, ladies. Now that we're all ready, we’ll take a very short break and then start with the partner exercises.”

The other women already had partners from previous classes, leaving only Megan and Jonah as the newcomers.

“Come on over, Jonah, I don't bite,” Megan said with a smile, waving him over.

He sat down next to her on the mat. There wasn't much relaxation left.

First, they did breathing exercises. Back to back. Completely harmless. Still, Jonah was all too aware of the physical contact with Megan. Her breathing, maybe even her heartbeat. His, at least, was speeding up. And that was just the beginning.

For the next exercises, they had to hold hands and stretch each other. They took turns squatting, bending to the side, and doing a lot of other movements. Everywhere Jonah looked, he was surrounded by swinging, fertile curves. With every second, his fascination grew, and at the same time, so did his fear of being judged for it. He was the only one in the room whose tension was steadily increasing.

Finally, this round was over, too. From all sides, the relieved sighs of the women could be heard as they settled onto their mats. Apparently, there was still another part to come.

“Sit one behind the other, like everyone else. We’ll do a few cozy exercises to finish. Everyone gets a turn, so it doesn't matter who starts,” Gloria said.

Sure enough, the other women were sitting in pairs, close together, one behind the other on the mats, looking at Gloria expectantly.

Jonah sat behind Megan. Like all the other women, he had his legs spread apart, and he had scooted close to her. As close as he dared.

It wasn't enough. As soon as Gloria began her instructions, he had to press himself even closer. From his groin to his chin, he sensed the touch of Megan’s body.

“The person in back leans forward and holds the belly,” Gloria began. “Place your chin on the front person's shoulder. Cheek to cheek. We allow the touch, we feel safely held. We relax and let go. We breathe in together... and out... in... and out. The person in back provides support. We feel the growing life and give it safety and support, too.”

It went on like this for quite a while. Jonah wanted to participate as best he could but didn't really dare, afraid of doing something wrong. Megan seemed to notice his difficulty, because she took his hands and guided him. In doing so, she pulled him even closer.

She pressed his flat hands onto her belly, and he could feel how soft it was, but also the firmness underneath. There were even movements under the skin. The baby was reacting to him!

His pulse raced. He became more and more aware of the scent of Megan's hair, her perfume, and her body. His entire body was pressed against hers. It was a fantastic feeling. Exactly what he had wanted for so long. Closeness, warmth, security.

For a short time, he managed to block out the exciting sensation that had inevitably started. In those moments, it felt pure and beautiful. He would have loved to stay in that embrace for hours. But a moment later, Gloria’s voice brought him back to reality.

“...And we breathe out and let go. Then we switch places.”

Amid the giggling remarks of the other women, he traded places with Megan. Even Gloria was smirking.

“Sorry, Megan, no other way to do it. Or would you like to switch with one of the other women?”

Jonah froze. The thought of being touched by one of the other women was both exciting and terrifying. But Megan came to his rescue.

“It's okay,” she said. “I think we can handle this. I feel very relaxed, anyway.”

“Okay, then let’s begin.”

It was the same sequence as before. Megan pressed against him from behind. Her firm curves touched his shoulders. A little lower, her full belly pressed gently but firmly against his back. Once, he even thought he felt the baby move.

Then she hugged him from behind. Her fingers locked in front of his body. It was a gentle, loving embrace. For a while, he only registered the immediate sensations. Her warmth, the places where their bodies touched, her scent, the quiet whisper telling him to relax. All of it together triggered something in him.

Instincts, needs that had never been met before, burst forth. An inner tension he had carried his whole life seemed to release all at once. He trembled, his breath came in gasps, and tears streamed down his face. Here, in front of all these women, he started to wail like a small child.

Megan began to stroke him while still holding him. She gently rocked him back and forth.

“It's going to be okay. I'm right here,” she said, over and over.

After an eternity, the words got through to him, and his thoughts became clearer. Guilt flooded his consciousness, because he had treated this wonderful person, the only one who had ever held him like this, so meanly. A new wave of tears burst out. Megan stroked his head and continued to rock him until he slowly calmed down.

When he finally looked up, he noticed the other women had gathered around them. Their expressions were a mix of concern, amusement, and confusion. Gloria was the first to compose herself.

“Okay, looks like someone had a very special experience today. Are you two okay, Jonah, Megan?”

He nodded.

“Yes, we're okay, I think,” Megan said.

“Good. Then it's best if you two stop for today. Just go sit down somewhere and calm down, okay?” Gloria said.

Megan was relieved. “Yes, thank you. ”

Jonah was still unable to say anything. If he could have spoken, he would have agreed to anything that would have led him back into Megan's arms.

The next day, the other students watched Jonah with suspicion, since he was being noticeably quiet. He barely noticed. He was too preoccupied with the question of what would happen that afternoon. He flinched every time Megan looked at him, fearing she might make a comment about his breakdown here, in front of everyone. He only relaxed a little at the end of class.

Just like the day before, Megan took him with her in the car. Even now, during the drive, she left him to his thoughts. It was probably all strange for her, too.

The clinic's annex was busier that day. Gloria was waiting for them at the reception. “Come with me, we’re going next door. The gym is only reserved for the big class once a week. Today, it’s just us.”

She led them through a door that apparently went into the main clinic building. There, they had to go down a half-flight of stairs and found themselves in a long basement hallway, where three other women were already waiting. Jonah had seen them yesterday. Of course, they were all pregnant.

Gloria unlocked a door, and after they had all entered the room, she locked it from the inside. Megan was just as puzzled by this as Jonah was.

“Don't worry, we just don't want to be surprised. Nobody wants to be gawked at while we’re relaxing, right?” said Gloria. She handed Jonah a bundle of clothes that looked familiar.

“It suits you, that's why I brought it,” she said with a grin that made it hard to tell if she was making fun of him or was just pleased.

He looked around. They were in the front entryway of a spacious basement room. The light was on only here, the back part was dark. There were a few lockers along the walls on both sides, and a table with chairs in the middle. The women had gathered on the left side and were already starting to get undressed. There was no place to hide here.

So, he picked the most out-of-the-way locker on the right side. He pressed himself into the corner, his back to the women. If he hurried, maybe the women would be busy with their own clothes and wouldn't pay any attention to him. He changed quickly, making sure to pull the T-shirt on first, as it was long enough to cover his hips. Then, the tight pants.

Behind him, he heard the women chatting casually. Gloria was explaining to Megan that this class was less about exercise and more like a family, focused on relaxing. This made the other women giggle.

What was so funny about relaxation? Jonah couldn't figure it out. When the noises told him the others were done, he slowly turned around.

“One more thing, no shoes in the back area, please,” Gloria called out. Jonah assumed she meant him and Megan. He obediently took off his shoes, and Megan did the same.

He noticed that only she was wearing normal yoga clothes. The others were wearing something that looked more like underwear. Though it was made of a shiny material and had an unusual cut. It looked a bit like Manga cosplay. In any case, there was a lot of bare skin to see.

They went into the back area of the basement. When Gloria turned on the light, Jonah could see how far the room extended. The furniture was very strange. The light-colored vinyl floor was strangely comfortable to walk on, and after a few steps, Jonah realized it was heated. A very pleasant feeling. It explained why they weren't supposed to wear shoes. The climate in the room was generally perfect for the women's sparse clothing.

All the surfaces were white. Including the huge couch that took up an entire corner. Two of the women settled onto it, looking strangely lost on it. The seating area was as deep as a bed and wide enough that all of them could have easily fit on it.

One side was taken up by shelves and cabinets. There were also two padded benches or tables, similar to what he had seen in the school nurse's office. Next to them was what looked like a kind of chair with a high back, which had strange brackets and pads attached to it. Everything made a very professional impression. Still, a strange feeling crept over Jonah at this sight. The gym they had used the day before was somehow more familiar. He knew similar rooms from school. Even the yoga had reminded him of gymnastics in P.E. class.

But this basement was different. It was as if they were in a place intended for something else entirely. He wouldn't have been surprised if a doctor had appeared at any moment to treat a patient in the strange chair.

This feeling intensified when the women called him over. They were sitting comfortably spread out on the couch and made it clear he should join them.

He shyly climbed onto the couch. He had thought the upholstery was leather, but now he realized it was more of a rubber or plastic. It creaked under his weight, but luckily, there were sheets spread over it that muffled the sounds.

He found a gap between the women. Tje moment he sat down they moved closer from all sides. Almost like a trap snapping shut.

His senses were on high alert. Packed between smooth, warm skin, he smelled the fading scent of different perfumes, covered by aromas he couldn't place. Through the sheets, he sensed the tacky plastic of the couch, which was slowly becoming flexible from their body heat.

“My dears, since we have a couple of new participants in the class today,” Gloria began, “I think it’s best if we all briefly introduce ourselves. I’ll start. I’m Gloria, 32 years old, and a physical therapist specializing in pregnant women, before and after birth. Once a week I teach a general class, and after that, I’m available for private appointments and special offerings, like this one.”

She looked around the group, and one of the other women picked up. She had dark, curly hair, and since she wasn't very tall, her full belly, along with all her other lush curves, looked downright massive.

“Hi, I’m Kiera. I’m 28, eight months pregnant with my third, and I’ve learned here with Gloria that carrying a child can be a wonderful thing.”

She smiled at the woman next to her. This one was blonde, with strikingly pale skin. Her curves were a little less pronounced than Kiera’s, but still full. Somehow, she seemed tender to Jonah. The pregnancy suited her very well, too.

“I’m Jenna,” she began. “This is my second baby. I’m 26, in my fifth month, and I also enjoy the opportunities they offer me here.”

Next, it was Megan’s turn.

“Hi, um… I’m Megan. I’m 24 years old and in my seventh month. For the first time. I just found out these classes exist, and I’m curious to see how I like it.”

The last of the other women took over: “Hey, I’m Olivia, I’m 25, and this is my first pregnancy. I’m in my fourth month and have the best part still ahead of me.”

Now they all looked at Jonah.

“Um… I’m Jonah, I’m 11 years old, and I’m here because… because, um, I’m supposed to learn how to be nicer and kinder to pregnant women.”

“How sweet!” said Jenna, and similar comments came from the others. Jonah blushed. This was so embarrassing.

“Since we’re all sitting so comfortably, let’s talk about something else,” Gloria took over the conversation again, sitting down directly in front of Jonah.

Like the others, she was also wearing revealing clothes. On her, however, it looked somehow sportier. Even though she was more than twice Jonah's age, and older than the other women, she still seemed young. He couldn't explain what it was, but something about her reminded him of crisp, ripe apples. It wasn't just her full breasts, a lot of which was visible in the neckline of her tight sports bra.

“Jonah,” she began gently, “I got the feeling in class yesterday that we overwhelmed you a bit with our closeness. Would you like to tell us a little about your family and how you grew up? Then we can take that into account.”

“There’s not much to tell,” Jonah said quietly. “When I was born, my mom couldn't keep me. So I went to a foster family. I still live there. Barry and Norma are very practical. It’s important to them that the foster kids become independent quickly. They've assigned all the chores. Everyone in the house has to help. I'm already really good at my things. You know, doing my laundry, cleaning the kitchen, keeping

my room clean, and stuff like that. There used to be a lot more kids, but Barry says since these FemCom facilities opened, there are no children left for them. The others are all gone. I'm the last one, so we divided up the chores, and now I always have to clean the car on Sundays. And in the winter I chop the wood, in the summer I mow the lawn, in the fall I rake the leaves. Norma says that's how I'll learn to be a decent man. She can't do it so well anymore. She has to rest often and drink her medicine. Barry isn't doing so well either. He's been needing it more often lately, too."

Jenna, who was sitting next to him, had put her arm around his shoulder while he was talking and now pulled him tight against her. The other women were silent. From the way they looked at him, he had somehow made them sad.

"Oh, Jonah," said Megan, moving closer from the other side. "If only I had known…"

She had tears in her eyes, and even though Jenna's arm was still on his shoulder, she hugged him and pulled him tightly to her. He was suddenly aware of her warmth on his skin, but deep inside, he felt something thaw from the gesture, even more than from the physical closeness. It was as if he had been dragging a heavy block around with him his whole life, and now it was slowly melting. A hint of a lightness like never before filled him.

Loving touches and encouraging words came from all sides.

"Jonah, this is all probably normal for you, but to us, it sounds incredibly sad," said Gloria, shaking her head. "No child should grow up like that. Aren't there at least a few things that are just fun? Did your mom ever do anything to make you happy now and then?"

Jonah shook his head. "I don't have a… I mean, Norma doesn't like it when the kids call her Mom. She wants us to just call her Norma. Barry used to joke around sometimes. When his game was on TV, we were allowed to watch. Or when his buddies were over and he was grilling. But that was a long time ago, and Norma usually has something for me to do."

Kiera came closer, and Jenna made room for her.

“Jonah, what you’re saying is just so sad.” She moved closer to him and wrapped her arms around him. “I just have to give you a hug! You’ve never had a mom just hold you like this?”

Jonah had a scratch in his throat, heat rising inside him, and tears welling up. “No, never…” he sobbed, and was unable to say any more.

Kiera held him tight, rocking him gently in her arms as his tears ran from his cheeks onto her chest.

Eventually, the stream of tears stopped, and Jonah looked around with swollen eyes. The look in all the women’s eyes around him held so much concern, compassion, and warmth that the block inside him almost completely disappeared. A tremor ran through him from head to toe. Nothing was left of the strange discomfort of the physical closeness. On the contrary, the closeness suddenly felt incredibly good.

Kiera was still holding him, and for the first time, he didn't just let it happen, he returned the gesture.

“Jonah, we’re here for you,” said Jenna, who had moved closer again and was stroking his hair.

Gloria touched his knee gently. “I know you’re actually supposed to be doing something for the women here. But maybe we can do something for you, too. All of us here,” she said, making a broad gesture that included all five women, “we know exactly how important it is for a child to feel welcome and loved. Of course, because all the women are looking forward to the babies they'll be bringing into the world soon. But that also means we know how to show that love and security to a child who is already in the world. If you want, Jonah, we can show you.”

“What do you mean?” Jonah asked in a choked voice, looking around. Kiera, Jenna, and Olivia smiled at him encouragingly. But there was something else in their eyes, too.

Megan, however, was just as lost as Jonah. “Yes, how is that supposed to work, Gloria?” she asked. “If there’s any way, I want to support you.”

“Oh, I think we’ll find a few ways,” said Gloria. “But to answer your question, you need to know what we do here in our club. We meet here and do things that help pregnant women enjoy this special time. Sometimes we do exercises like yesterday, sometimes massages, or something else that’s relaxing and fun. Without having to explain much. Because who could pleasure a pregnant woman better than women who are also pregnant. Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?”

Megan nodded. She seemed to like the idea. It sounded logical to Jonah, too.

“But we’ve also come up with something special,” Gloria continued. “For many, the thought of having a baby for the first time is exciting and a little intimidating at the same time. That’s why we have a kind of game where we practice. One of us is the baby, and the others take care of her.”

“Ah, I get it, that's why you're wearing those cosplay outfits!” Jonah exclaimed.

“Cosplay?” Gloria was confused for a second, but then she smiled at him. “Yes, you’re right, it's something like that. But you know, Jonah, in cosplay, you only pretend to be someone. Even though we call it a 'game,' everything about it is real. The women really are pregnant, the big belly is real, and so are the swollen breasts. They are having a real baby. The pain in their tense muscles is real, just as the massages really help. They really enjoy relaxing and being pampered here. Do you understand the difference?”

Jonah nodded. “Yes, I think I know what you mean.”

“But what we haven't had here so far was someone who could convincingly play a real baby. We’re all adults, after all.”

“Yeah, true.” Just the mention of the obvious bellies and breasts had sent a rush of heat through Jonah's body. The idea of one of the women playing a baby was a really crazy thought. Still, it triggered that certain tingling in him. Like the sight of Megan at the beginning of the school year.

Gloria moved closer to him and put her arm over his shoulder. “Jonah, this is where you could help us. It would be super great if you would play the baby here in our club. And we would all take care of you. The moms who already have children know how it's done, and they can show the ones who will be experiencing it for the first time soon. When we meet here in the club, every one of them would try to be the best mommy in the world for you. What do you think of that?”

Him? Play a baby? How would that work? For a moment, Jonah pictured mothers like you saw at the mall. Caring women leaning over strollers, holding toddlers, comforting them, giving them a bottle, and playing with them. That sounded really fascinating.

And the thought of having not just one mom in this game, but several, was even better!

“I think I’d like that,” he said finally.

Gloria seemed very happy about that, and the other three women also beamed at him.

“But only if… um… if Megan plays, too,” he added, feeling his face flood with heat.

“What? Me? I… um…” Megan’s face had also turned a deep color. Her eyes wandered over the massage tables and the strange chair, and also over the giant mattress-like surface disguised as a couch. Her expression changed, as if she had recognized a connection that was hidden from Jonah.

“I don't know, Gloria, that sounds kind of… well… Is this really okay for him?” Megan asked.

“Yes, of course. Nothing happens here that harms anyone. Just see where it goes,” said Gloria. “The partner exercises yesterday revealed more clearly than you think that you're into this kind of thing. I think we’re all going to have a lot of fun!”

Jonah hadn't completely understood what Gloria meant or why Megan was hesitating. That happened with adults sometimes, and usually, everything explained itself later. He just had to pay close attention. But in any case, he understood that Megan was in. That was the most important thing.

Now there was only one more thing he needed to know.

“Um, Gloria,” he asked, “what do you do in the game?”

The other women giggled at the question, and Gloria grinned at him, too.

“That all depends, Jonah,” she said. “I can be all sorts of things. For example, I can be the nurse if someone isn't feeling well, or I can be the nanny who helps the mommies take care of the baby. For most of them here, I'm kind of like an experienced big sister who shows them a few tricks.”

He thought about it for a moment. “That sounds great, then the family in the game is even bigger!”

“Exactly.” She ruffled his hair with her hand. “I already have a few ideas I'd like to try with my little brother.”

Then she got serious. “But one more thing, Jonah. The game only works if everyone plays along for as long as possible. If someone just stops in the middle, all the fun is ruined. So, even if someone has a crazy idea or it feels totally weird, just go with it,

okay? I promise you, it will always end well. That's why there’s one single, important rule: If it gets truly unbearable, you have to yell 'Exit' very loudly. Then you’re out of the game immediately and can leave. But then you can never play again. Do you understand?”

“Yes!” He nodded eagerly. The rule sounded like something from a suspenseful thriller. A secret code word that only the insiders knew. Of course, no one would be reckless enough to use that code word. The hero only got the reward if he lasted until the end.

The other women had followed the conversation in silence. Now that everything was settled, they also seemed to be looking forward to the game. Kiera, the most voluptuous of them at 8 months, moved closer to him. Jonah could almost still feel her comforting hug from before, and she put her arm around his shoulder again now.

“Jonah,” she began. “I think it's totally great that you're joining in. I already have an idea of what we can do first. Want to hear it?”

“Sure, I'm really excited!” He would have loved to just cuddle up to her. He was sure that would feel just like a real mom. Later, maybe with Megan, too. But Kiera apparently had something else in mind.

“You know, Jonah, there are a few things every child should experience. When babies are still really little and can't really do anything on their own, mommies take special care of them. How about we start with that, right at the beginning. What do you think?”

“Sounds good,” said Jonah, although he couldn't imagine what exactly she meant. But from the way Kiera spoke to him, it was something totally sweet.

“That’s wonderful. I've been looking forward to this ever since you showed up. I had a feeling from the start that you'd fit into our game perfectly.” She hugged him, and he returned the embrace. Then she let him go and gently patted his bottom.

“Alright Jonah, let's go see if we can find diapers in your size.”

Did Kiera just say diapers? He held his breath in shock. She had to be teasing him. She couldn't be serious.

“You mean, I'm supposed to wear it as a costume, right?” Jonah said. He didn't sound quite as convinced as he would have liked.

“Much better. Come with me.” Kiera heaved her heavy body off the couch and held out her hand to Jonah. “Come on, Mommy Kiera will show you something really great…”

Jonah scooted to the edge of the couch. The other women smiled at him encouragingly and whispered to each other. He stood up and took Kiera’s hand. It was a strange feeling to be led like this, even if it was only a few steps across the room.

Kiera brought him to one of the simple, flat benches. “Well then, let’s get you ready,” she said. “Take off your pants.”

“What? Do I really have to? I thought…” He didn't get any further, as she placed a finger on his lips.

“Hush, Jonah. You're the baby. Babies don't argue! Babies listen to Mommies and do what they say, because they know best. Understand?”

He started to form a reply, but her finger tapped his lips again, and he fell silent. She was clearly serious. And he didn't want to ruin the game over something small.

Slowly, he pulled off the tight yoga pants. Even though it was just a thin piece of fabric, it was like taking off a suit of armor. In the simple underpants he wore

underneath, he felt completely defenseless. At least they were covered by the oversized T-shirt.

“You did that nicely. Super,” Kiera praised him. “Normally, I’d lift you onto the bench, but you’re too heavy for that. So you can be a big boy for just a second and climb up yourself.”

She patted the padded surface of the bench. That was done quickly, and just like that, he was sitting on the edge, his legs dangling in the air, waiting with a pounding heart for what would happen next.

Gloria came from an adjoining room, pushing a cart in front of her. “I brought a few. It’s not so easy to find this size in the clinic. But something here will fit,” she said.

On the cart was a stack of disposable diapers in various colors and sizes, all neatly folded. Next to them was a row of things that looked like bathroom and cosmetic products. Jonah got the feeling that the women were taking this game very seriously.

But it was also exciting. And on the couch sat Megan, between Olivia and Jenna. She definitely wouldn't let anything bad happen to him. Although… somehow, she seemed distracted. Strange. Her head was all red, as if something embarrassing had happened to her, and Olivia was stroking her belly. Jenna even gave her a kiss on the cheek! Was that also part of the game?

“Then let’s get started,” said Kiera, pulling him from his observations. “Alright, Baby Jonah. Mommy Kiera is going to take care of you now. We’re going to practice a few things you need to know for the baby game. You just be a good boy and play along, okay? Then you'll be a fresh, sweet-smelling baby in no time.”

Jonah swallowed. It sounded like she had a lot planned for him.

Kiera came very close. Her full belly touched his legs, and when she leaned over, her full breasts brushed against him, too. Should he hug her now? Was he allowed to touch her? He began to tremble from the excitement.

“Don’t be afraid, we'll start nice and relaxed.” Kiera stroked his forehead. “The first time, just you and me and Aunt Gloria. Deal?”

Before he could answer, she had already stepped back half a step.

“Sit so that your legs hang over the narrow edge!” she ordered, pointing to the end of the bench. This time, he didn't even try to object. As soon as he was in position, the next command came.

“Lie down!”

He obeyed wordlessly. This position gave him a whole new perspective. At his head's level, Gloria stood next to the bench, smiling down at him. At his feet stood Kiera, pulling on rubber gloves like doctors and nurses use.

Next, there was the gentle touch of her hands pushing his T-shirt up as high as possible.

“Legs up!” she commanded.

Jonah pulled his knees up, unsure what she expected. Of course, he did it wrong.

“No, not like that. Straight, and as high as you can.”

He tried, and when his legs were pointing straight up, Gloria grabbed his calves and pulled them back a little further. This lifted his bottom off the bench and he was now lying only on his upper back.

He couldn't see anything past his closed legs, but Kiera’s hands were everywhere. She pushed his T-shirt up in the back as well. Suddenly, her fingers were under the waistband of his underpants, and then they were pulled off.

“Hmm, looks like you had a little accident,” he heard Kiera say as she put the underpants aside.

He wished he could sink into the bench's upholstery. He hadn't thought it could get any more embarrassing than lying naked on this table. He had, in fact, noticed that a few drops had escaped during the day's excitement. It happened sometimes, and since he usually did his own laundry, no one ever noticed.

Cool air brushed over his exposed skin, and at the same time, his face glowed with shame. Then something rustled, and Gloria slowly lowered his legs. A strange, cold material touched the skin of his bottom. Was this what a diaper felt like?

“Legs apart!” Kiera demanded next. Followed by, “Wider!” when he only reluctantly obeyed.

“Why? What are you doing…?”

Again, Kiera didn't let him finish. A firm swat hit his bottom. Not painful in any way, but the gesture was clear. And Kiera left no doubt that it was meant exactly that way.

“Hold still!” Her tone was much stricter now. Resistance was a muscle he had never trained. But there had also never been a situation like this in his entire life.

Kiera obviously noticed his tension, because she now came to the side of the bench and leaned down to him.

“Jonah, baby, don't worry. I've taken care of many children as babies, including my own boys at home. You don't have to be embarrassed about anything in front of me. On the contrary, I’ll make sure you can show your best side. Just hold on a little longer, okay?”

He nodded, just barely managing to hold back his tears.

When she was back at the foot of the bench, Jonah heard the click of a plastic lid being opened.

“Careful, this will be a little cold, don't be scared.”

She hadn't even finished the sentence when he sensed something cold and wet between his legs. The scent of wet wipes filled the air.

Thoroughly, very thoroughly, Kiera cleaned him. She really seemed to know what she was doing, because it went very quickly.

“See,” she commented on her work, “now everything is fresh. This is how we want it when you come to the club, understand?”

Jonah nodded.

“Good, now a little cream…” He was hit by the cold drops of lotion, which she immediately spread everywhere.

“You don't have to worry about this,” Kiera explained, “we’ll take care of that in the future when you come here. And now for the finale. Legs up again!”

He obeyed. This time he knew what she wanted. Something rustled again, and when Kiera allowed him to lie back down, there was something smooth and dry under his bottom.

“Legs apart,” was her next instruction. The diaper was folded up between his legs and smoothed out on the front. Then she fastened the sticky tabs on the sides that held the package in place.

“Now you can get up,” Kiera permitted. “Our baby can already walk.”

Jonah sat up and looked around. Gloria was standing behind him. She placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned down to his ear. “You did that super well. You’re playing along fantastically. This is going to be great, believe me!” she whispered.

Jonah wasn't so sure. On the other side of the room, Megan was still busy cuddling with Olivia and Jenna. She had apparently figured out how this part of the game worked, because her hands were also stroking the other women.

Something about the sight of three pregnant women forming a slowly moving tangle made him feel a tingle that caused a twitch between his legs.

They were even stroking each other between the legs. Was that allowed? Would they do that with him, too? Would they let him do that, eventually?

Gloria and Kiera answered the question for him. They took him by the hand, one on each side.

“Come on, let’s go cuddle with the others,” said Gloria, and her voice was full of anticipation. Together, they led him to the huge couch.

There was plenty of room on the couch's surface. Kiera sat all the way at the back, her back propped up at an angle. She had her legs stretched out long and waved Jonah over.

He climbed onto the couch. The sight was fascinating. Her strong thighs merged into wide hips, and above that arched her giant belly, on which her full breasts rested. With every breath, her curves rose and fell like a slow, synchronized dance.

Inside, Jonah had mixed impulses. He wanted to cuddle up to her, preferably under a cozy blanket. At the same time, he wanted to explore all the fascinating details. But that thought felt somehow forbidden, so he was careful not to touch her on his own.

“Don't be so shy,” said Kiera, noticing his hesitation. She gently pulled him closer. That answered the question of how much closeness was allowed.

“Come to Mommy,” she whispered, guiding his head so that it lay with one ear on her belly. He could hear her heartbeat. A sound that somehow calmed him. At the same time, his excitement grew, because right in front of his face was her tightly filled bra, and a large nipple was clearly visible under the fabric.

“What an exciting day for Baby Jonah, right? You must be hungry!”

With one hand, she fumbled with her bra between her breasts and opened the clasp. The cups fell to the sides, and her breast swung toward him.

Ever since he had first noticed that women had breasts, he had wondered what they looked like up close. The immediate impression was overwhelming. The skin was not nearly as even and smooth as he had imagined. The dark area around the nipple was huge and covered with irregular bumps. Dark veins were visible under the skin around it.

He couldn't study it any further, however, because Kiera pulled his head to her breast, and her hard nipple pressed against his lips. He reflexively began to suck on it.

The first impression was the taste of her skin, but right after that, something else mixed with it. Warm, rich, and a little sweet, her milk flowed into his mouth.

This wasn't a game anymore. This was real. She was really breastfeeding him! When Gloria and Kiera had prepared him for this game, the question had popped up in the back of his mind whether this would be part of it. At most, he had expected them to hand him a typical baby bottle.

“That's right, my baby. Mommy has enough for you!” Kiera encouraged him. He didn't even have to suck. As he swallowed one portion, the next was already flowing.

It didn't stop at swallowing. He began to lick and suck, his tongue exploring the contours of the nipple. Kiera seemed to like that, because she sighed in relief. When he got too energetic, however, she flinched and pushed his head back.

“Ouch,” she said. Right in front of his eyes, she massaged the nipple until the pain subsided. “You’re my baby, Jonah,” she explained. “Babies don't have teeth. So I don't want to feel your teeth, either, or this is over immediately. Understand?”

“Yes,” he said.

“Yes, Mommy,” Kiera corrected him.

“Yes, Mommy,” he repeated obediently. His gaze was fixed on the nipple in front of his face, from which one thick drop after another was dripping. What a waste!

“Then continue!”

He eagerly reached for the delicious source again, enjoying every sip. Now that he knew what to do, he relaxed and became aware of what was happening around him again. He was lying at Kiera’s right breast, and Gloria was sitting on her left side.

“You seem to have plenty,” said Gloria.

“More than enough,” Kiera replied. “This is a lot of fun for me. And since my youngest at home thinks he’s too old for it, I'm glad I can use the supply elsewhere. Soon I'll have the natural demand again, of course. Although, with the way I'm trained, there's always enough left over for moments like this.”

It sounded like one of those conversations mothers have when they meet, talking and just assuming their children don't understand a word. Jonah, however, understood very well. What they said only stimulated his imagination more.

“Besides, pumping has its charms, too,” Kiera continued. “Have you ever tried the PeriCup system? I mean, nothing beats real lips. But those pumps, that’s nipple play in a whole different league.”

“Well, there's nothing for me to pump.” Gloria sounded resigned. “But the way you say it, it still sounds like fun. I heard they have a few of them at the clinic. Maybe I'll try it.”

“Definitely. You'll like it, honestly. It even got my production going again when I thought I was empty.”

“Do you think there'd be any left for me to try?” Gloria asked thoughtfully.

Jonah sensed someone wiggle the other breast, and Kiera laughed briefly. A jolt that briefly threw Jonah off his rhythm.

“Sure. Sometimes I feel like two of these triple-Ds are for feeding. Help yourself. I don't think he'll get through more than one side.”

From his position, he couldn't see anything, and he had his eyes closed most of the time anyway. But the movement on Kiera's other side told him that Gloria was getting into position.

“Mmm. That’s delicious!” he heard Gloria say, right next to him. Then came slurping and smacking sounds, which turned into a steady swallowing. Jonah heard her drinking clearly. Immediately after, Kiera breathed even more deeply and relaxed.

“Well, you two are having fun!” Jenna’s voice rang out a little later. “Mind if we join in?”

“Not at all,” Kiera encouraged the others.

Jonah was still busy drinking. When he curiously tried to see what was going on, Kiera gently held him in place. “Hey, my baby, you're not finished. Everything else comes later for you.”

So he stayed where he was, simply swallowing every portion of milk that collected in his mouth as if by itself.

Still, he was aware of the activity on the couch. Bodies pressing against him, hands stroking Kiera's belly and then wandering to him. Several hands, even. One slid under his T-shirt and stroked his chest and belly. Another wandered between his legs. First on his calves, then over his knees to his thighs. And even higher.

Megan’s voice sounded far away: “Isn't that going a little too far?” followed by giggling from the others.

“You didn't ask that earlier when we did the same thing to you,” Olivia said. “But if you’re not in the mood for this, maybe you'd rather trade with Gloria?”

“What? No, I don't want to push in…”

“Oh, stop it,” said Gloria with her mouth full from the other side. “I think there’s enough for everyone here. If Kiera doesn't mind…”

“Of course not. Come here, sweetheart!” Kiera called out.

Even more movement on the other side. But Jonah only caught half of it. Searching hands touching his body everywhere claimed most of his attention. Were those fingers fumbling under the edge of the diaper? And what was that sucking feeling on his thigh?

“Everything okay, Jonah?” he suddenly heard Megan's voice whisper, right next to his head.

Kiera still wouldn't let him detach from her breast. He managed a nod.

Megan’s panting breath died in a smack and then turned into swallowing sounds, similar to Gloria's before.

Jonah got goosebumps. He was lying here, eyes closed, knowing Megan was there. Barely clothed and, like him, drinking from the same woman's breast. Right next to him, yet unreachable. None of Norma’s novels could have prepared him for this. He felt like he was in a thriller, rather than a romance novel.

The hands roaming over his body must belong to Olivia and Jenna. One of them was playing with the hem of the diaper at his groin. The other was braver, sliding under the waistband from his belly. He sensed the tickle of fingertips slowly advancing.

And then she grabbed him. Instincts awoke and took control of his core. His body betrayed him, thrusting into the grip. A finger teased the tip.

He gasped and was close to choking on the delicious milk filling his throat.

Something similar must have happened to Megan, because he heard gasping and hasty swallowing from her side, too. In between, a whimper that turned into a sharp cry. Laughter and encouraging calls from the other women followed.

“Gloria, what… oh my… No… Aaaah!”

Now he could feel Megan’s hot breath on his forehead as she twitched violently, making everything attached to Kiera shake as well. He joined in the unrestrained ecstasy. Until the very end, he had fought desperately against the pressure inside him. A feeling like he had to pee. Of course, he couldn't do that now, not when a hand was still busy with him inside his diaper. It was slippery, probably from the lotion Kiera had generously applied earlier.

But in the end, control was weaker than instinct, and as a tremor seized his whole body, something shot out of him. Luckily, it was only a few drops.

Suddenly, a feeling of deep exhaustion washed over him, which he could resist just as little as the involuntary thrusts of his hips.

The world around him sank into a dark vortex. He dreamed of naked women with full bellies, leaning over him, trying to wake him up in a wicked way. He experienced again being cleaned with wet wipes, and cuddling on a giant couch with warm, soft women who all wanted to be his mommy.

He woke up when Gloria gently shook his shoulder.

“Hey, wake up, little one,” she said, her voice completely free of the baby game. “Time to go home!”

He looked around sleepily. The light was dimmed, and at the other end of the room, he saw Kiera, Jenna, and Olivia leaving. Fully dressed.

“Megan is almost ready, too. We just had to get her fresh clothes,” Gloria said with a smirk, then she turned serious. “Jonah, do you want to play again tomorrow?”

So it wasn't a dream? He nodded sleepily. “Yes… am I allowed?”

“Of course,” said Gloria. “But then take this with you.” She handed him a pack of wet wipes. “Kiera was serious. We want a clean baby for our game, okay?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“Good. Very good. And Jonah. If a few drops miss, it's no problem. But we don't want to see 'number two' in here, understand? That ruins the whole game.”

“Yeah, okay.” He was embarrassed to even have to talk about it. From now on, he would do everything to be perfectly prepared for this exciting game.

A door opened, and Megan came into the room. She was also wearing her street clothes again, and Jonah was surprised to realize that he, too, was dressed. Had the women put him in his clothes?

“Sorry it took a moment,” Megan said. “We can go now. Are you coming, Jonah?”

He stood up, still a little wobbly, and followed her. He naturally reached for the hand she held out to him. He held it until they got to the car.

“Did you… was it okay for you, that game?” Megan asked when they were in the car. There was worry in her eyes. But also something else. It almost seemed as if she was afraid of his answer.

“Yeah, it was great. Kinda crazy, but great. Just imagine, this morning I didn't have a mom. And now I have lots of them.”

“But Jonah, you know it's a game, right? They’re just pretending. They aren't really your mommies.”

“I don't care,” said Jonah. “They're doing everything a mom would do with me. And it's real. You know, with the big belly and the milk and everything. I think it’s more than just a game.”

“Yes… you're right.” Megan took a deep breath and stroked his forehead lovingly. “It’s more than just a game.”

The next day, B was back. B like breast milk. Breastfeeding a baby boy. Bare boobs and butts in all sizes and shapes.

Jonah had to pull himself together to avoid getting caught making tell-tale doodles during class. He limited himself to the letter B. With very pronounced curves. Even during the time when he was supposed to be doing his assignments.

He flinched in fright when Megan suddenly stood behind him and gently tapped his shoulder. With a brief gesture, she pointed to the doodles and, with a short shake of her head, let him know he had better stop.

So he tried to concentrate on the lesson again. But he found it difficult.

At the end of class, Megan asked him to help her carry teaching materials. Under the grinning looks of a few classmates, he followed her, loaded down with books and papers.

After he had placed the materials in the storage room, he wanted to go back. But Megan blocked his path. She kept an eye on the hallway, and when no one else was around, she curtly told him to follow her.

She went in a completely different direction, and at two junctions, he caught the musty smell of dampness. This wing of the building was old and had a leaky roof. The rooms hadn't been used for a long time.

Megan didn't let that stop her. She headed purposefully for a door, which she opened with a key. Then she waved Jonah inside. He looked around. It must have been the old school nurse's station. A dusty bench on wheels, similar to the ones at the club, stood in the middle of the room. There were cabinets on the wall with their doors hanging open. Drawers had been torn out, their contents scattered on the floor in front of them.

Megan closed the door behind him and leaned against it so they couldn't be surprised by any sudden intruders. Then she showed him a place to set the books down.

“Sorry for the secrecy, I just had to talk to you without being disturbed. Is everything okay, Jonah?” she asked him.

Since she was blocking his way, he had to look at her and answer her question. He found it difficult. His gaze kept drifting to her curves beneath her clothes.

“Yeah, everything's okay,” he said.

“That’s good. I barely slept last night because I kept thinking about what happened at the… club,” Megan said. “I was worried you wouldn't be able to cope with it.”

“No, really, Megan, you don't need to worry,” said Jonah.

“Alright. But remember, at school, I’m Ms. Megan. No one can suspect that we… well, what we've gotten ourselves into. Understand? We would get into incredible trouble if this got out.”

“Yeah, I understand.” He was still standing motionlessly in the room, not knowing what to do.

Megan squatted down in front of him and held out her hand to him. “Jonah,” she said, as he responded to the gesture, “be honest. Do you really want to come again today? If not, that's okay. I can talk to Principal Collins, I'm sure we can find another solution. And I know you didn't mean any harm…”

“It's okay, I'll come,” Jonah cut in. “I… I want to know.”

Megan swallowed. It seemed to be a bigger problem for her than it was for him. “What do you want to know, Jonah?”

“Everything. What it's like to have a mom. Or several.” He hadn't slept much last night either, but his thoughts had gone in a completely different direction. “Just imagine everything I've missed. Yesterday was just one afternoon, and it felt incredible. I know a little bit now what it's like when a mom loves me. I want more of that. Just like all the other kids.”

Megan had listened to him closely, placing her hands on his hips as he spoke. He could clearly feel their warmth on his skin. Her face flushed.

“Jonah, it's not… that's not what kids and mommies normally do. Really…”

“I don't care!” he said forcefully. “Maybe Gloria was right, and it feels a little weird. But it's better than anything I've experienced at home. I don't want anyone to take that away from me! Or do you want to have all the fun there for yourself? Because you had fun, I know it!” He was surprised himself at how loud he had gotten.

“Shh, yes, it's okay, Jonah.” Megan pulled him close, into a tight hug. “You're right, I did have fun. And I want you to have fun, too. I just thought, you're such a sweet boy, I like you… and I don't want you to regret it later. You know?”

Jonah swallowed, his heart pounding in his throat. “You… like me, Megan? Really?”

“Yes, sweetie, since the first day of school when you looked at me with your big eyes. I knew then you were special. And ever since I found out you live in a foster family, I noticed that you were so longingly searching for something. Oh Jonah, I really want you to be happy!”

He returned the hug tightly. “Thanks, Megan. Then it's a good thing we're going to the club together.”

Megan let him go. It almost seemed as if she had no strength left.

“Yes, maybe it is.” She stood up and ruffled his hair briefly.

“Alright then, I'll see you after class. It's best if you come right to the teacher's parking lot behind the school. Then it won't be so obvious that you're getting in my car again.”

For Jonah, the game was becoming more and more exciting, even outside the club. Now there was a room where he could secretly meet with Megan. They had discreetly arranged to meet for the ride.

Then there was the inconspicuous side entrance to the clinic, which Megan headed for in the afternoon.

“Gloria showed me how we can get straight to the basement,” she explained to Jonah, showing him the code to open the door.

In the hallway, they were greeted by Olivia. “Hey, you two. Gloria, Kiera, and Jenna are coming a little later, but we can go on in and get ready.”

Jonah stood in front of his locker, at a loss. What should he wear? If it went like yesterday, he wouldn't be keeping his clothes on for long. He couldn't go wrong with the long T-shirt, so he pulled it on. Other than that, he just wore a fresh pair of underpants. And everything was spotless, he had checked in the school bathroom after class just to be sure.

“Hey, handsome,” said Olivia, putting her hand on his shoulder. He hadn't even noticed her approaching. “Looks like we're ready to start, are we?”

Jonah turned to her, studying her closely for the first time. She looked like an athlete, and her baby bump was visible, but nowhere near as big as Megan's or Kiera's. Also, she wasn't wearing a bra, but something that looked like a cut-off T-shirt, under which you could see her breasts from below. Jonah could even see the edge of her dark nipples. From the way she looked down at him and smiled, that might have been intentional.

“Then let's see if we can turn you back into a sweet baby,” Olivia said, offering him her hand.

Megan came up on his other side and took his other hand. He let the two women lead him into the back room. With every step, his excitement and expectation grew.

Olivia hadn't turned on all the lights. It made the room feel cozier, but also more mysterious. They headed straight for one of the tables, next to which the cart with the supplies was parked.

“Hop up, little man,” Olivia commanded, patting the padded surface. As he sat on the narrow side of the table with his legs dangling, Olivia looked at him thoughtfully.

“You know what? It's best if we take off the T-shirt. It's just in the way.” She boldly grabbed the hem and pulled it over his head.

“Now let’s see if you learned anything from Kiera yesterday. Lie down!”

As he stretched out on the table, the tingling in his belly grew stronger. This wasn't Kiera, who had already seen and touched him, but Olivia and Megan. With Kiera, it had been like a mommy from the start and she looked like one, too.

But with Olivia, and especially with Megan, the excitement didn't come from the mommy-feeling first, but from something else. Even though the baby bump was unmissable on both of them. And he had already found Megan exciting before this whole baby thing was even a topic. Olivia was interesting in a similar way.

But he didn't get another chance to think about it, because Olivia told him to lift his legs. He did, just as Kiera had taught him.

“See, then you press here on the calves, and the bottom lifts up automatically,” she explained her technique to Megan.

“Then the pad goes under here. In case there’s an accident.” He heard a rustle and the pad was roughly pushed under his back. But Olivia didn't let go yet. “Then you hold him with one hand and pull his pants off.”

Much less gently than the day before, his underpants were pulled down. Olivia finally released him on the cold plastic of the changing pad.

“Come on, legs apart!” she demanded.

This was the moment he had been pushing away since the game began. Now Megan would see him completely naked! How embarrassing! He slowly spread his legs. At least today everything was normal and flaccid down there. Maybe because Olivia scared him a little. He tried to see her reaction through the gap between his legs, but he only saw Olivia, who was focused on the area between his legs.

“Aw, too bad. I was hoping for more. It had felt more promising yesterday. Oh well, we'll just have to help things along. Hand me the lotion, Megan.”

The women bustled about for a moment outside his field of vision, and then lotion was spread between his legs. A lot of lotion.

“I’ve been looking forward to this,” Olivia chatted on, as she let it slide through her fingers again and again. She gripped so tightly that it hurt. He squirmed under the grip, but immediately got a swat on the side of his bottom.

“Don't fidget! Mommy says when it's over!” she admonished him.

Then she continued, speaking to Megan. “You know, I've never had a boy like this. In our game, one of the women has always played the baby. Oh, look, something's finally happening.”

Jonah had a good idea of what was happening. Under Olivia's firm grip and steady stroking, he was slowly getting hard. Just like yesterday during the game, his instinct made him push up against her, even though her rough treatment was still uncomfortable.

“Hey, you can't just… him like that,” Megan finally spoke up. Luckily, she didn't comment on his nudity. Not directly, anyway.

“Sure I can, you see!” Olivia giggled. “If it were up to me, he'd get this every day!”

Pressure was building up inside him. Suddenly, he had the feeling that he urgently needed to go to the bathroom again. Really, really urgently!

“I have to pee!” He was aware that he was breaking character with that sentence, but it couldn't be helped. If he couldn't get up right now, something terrible was about to happen.

Olivia giggled again. “Hush, babies don't talk. You. Do. Not. Have. To. Pee!” Each word was accompanied by a thrust of her hand, which still held him.

Jonah trembled and couldn't hold it anymore. But instead of the huge gush his body had announced, only a few drops escaped again, accompanied by a pulling sensation deep inside him.

“What a pretty little orgasm. Well, that's not dry, but it's not the full program either. The size promised more than the function could deliver.”

“Seriously, Olivia, I think that's enough. Really!” Megan sounded outraged, and suddenly there was a lot of movement at his feet.

“Alright, legs up nicely again,” he heard Megan say. He obeyed, and much more gently than before, he was lifted, and something soft was placed under his bottom.

“And back down and apart. You’re doing that super well.”

With her, it was somehow easier to follow the commands. “You already know how it's done,” Olivia said from the side, as Megan skillfully fastened the diaper.

“Of course. What did you think? I'm in my seventh month. Do you really think I haven't looked into what’s coming?”

When she was finished with him, she stroked his belly gently. “There, Jonah-baby, now let's get you dressed nicely. Sit up.”

She pulled the T-shirt over his head and then hugged him, as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

“Mommy Megan will look after you, Jonah, no matter what the others have planned,” she whispered in his ear.

As if to confirm it, the door opened at that moment. Gloria, Kiera, and Jenna came into the room, laughing and giggling.

The women had brought something. Gloria was carrying a device the size of a toaster in one hand, but it seemed much heavier. In the other, she held a few coiled tubes with a kind of cup on the ends.

“New toy!” she called out cheerfully. “What is that?” Olivia asked. “It’s called a PeriCup,” Gloria explained as she approached. “It’s apparently a kind of milking machine. It's supposed to be super stimulating. I'm curious!”

“That thing is really amazing, I have one at home,” Kiera said. “Honestly, you guys will love it.” Her gaze fell on Jonah. “Oh, have you already diapered our baby?”

“Yeah. You’re too late for that show,” Olivia said, smacking her lips as she licked her fingers. “The ammunition is spent, and reloading will definitely take a while.”

No one returned her grin.

“Dammit, Olivia,” Gloria said, after taking a deep breath, struggling for control. “Why can’t you stick to the agreement? If he complains to anyone, that's it. The game is called 'Baby and Mama', not 'Take What You Want'.”

“Are you sure there’s a difference?” When no one responded to this remark, she shook her head in resignation. “You guys are such spoilsports, honestly. But fine, I’ll hold back. Do what you want with him. So, how does that thing work?”

No one else was in the mood for a confrontation either. Like a caring mother who had found a way to resolve a tricky situation through distraction, Kiera presented the device. The activity shifted to the couch. It came with four tubes, and no matter how they divided the ends, someone was always left out. Especially since Olivia didn't look like she would be satisfied with just one.

Jonah had watched the scene from the edge of the table, and now Jenna approached him. He was also noticing her properly for the first time.

Jenna was far from Olivia's athletic hardness, but also from Kiera's pure, lush motherliness. Her aura was most similar to Megan's, although physically she was a completely different type. Where Megan just looked cute and somehow firm and bulging, Jenna seemed fuller and softer. Jonah couldn't say exactly what created this impression. Her friendly look from her roundish face with wavy blonde hair was definitely much more likable to him than Olivia.

“Don’t you want to try that thing?” Megan asked her as she joined them. “Oh, I don’t know,” Jenna looked thoughtful. “It doesn’t really appeal to me. Too much machine. I’m more the nature-loving type.”

Megan studied her attentively for a moment. “Let me guess. By nature-loving, you also mean, no Greens?”

Jenna smiled. “Right. Is it that obvious? At least not yet. Maybe later. Right now, I feel fine the way I am. I try to take as few medications as possible. Even before I got pregnant.” She shrugged. “Actually, that’s the reason I got pregnant. The Greens don’t just make for firm tissue, they also work as a contraceptive. And then it just happened.”

Megan stroked her arm. “You’re doing the right thing. It suits you!”

“Thanks. But you’re really blossoming right now, too. Do you want to try that thing over there?” She gestured to the couch, where the other women were enthusiastically attaching the cups of the milking machine. “I’ll take care of our baby here in the meantime. I haven’t even had the chance yet.”

“That sounds like a super idea. Have fun, you two.” As she left, she stroked Jonah’s knee and went over to the couch.

“So, now it’s just the two of us. What do we do now?” The question wasn't directed at Jonah, as Jenna was looking around searchingly. “If the couch is busy, we’ll have to improvise. Stay sitting, I’ll be right back for you!”

She took a few of the large back cushions from the couch and got several blankets out of one of the wall cabinets. She used them to build a cozy nest on the other side of the room. When she was satisfied with her creation, she came back to Jonah.

“There, my little one, I made us a cuddle corner. Come on!” She held out her hand, and he slid off the table and took it.

The improvised nest was truly cozy and snug. Jenna sat on the floor, leaned back, relaxed, placed a pillow in her lap, and guided Jonah so his head was resting on it. His head leaned sideways against her baby belly, and he looked up past the curve of her breast into her face.

Jenna had begun to stroke him gently all over, which gave him goosebumps. “This looks good. Relax, we’re going to have a really nice time together.”

It really was nice. Comfortable. Safe. And although Jonah knew he wasn't supposed to say anything, he couldn't hold back any longer. “Jenna, I have to go.”

“Oh. So our baby is big enough to let us know when he needs to go. That’s wonderful!” She made no move to release him from her gentle embrace. On the contrary, when he stirred, she held him back gently but firmly.

“I really have to go,” Jonah said desperately.

“I know, you just said that.” Jenna leaned forward a little and hugged him even more tightly. “But luckily, Baby Jonah is wearing a diaper.”

“What? I can’t …” Jenna had placed her hand over his mouth, smothering his word. “Shhht, you can, believe me. Just let go. I want to feel it happen.”

In fact, her strokes had moved closer and closer to the diaper, and now her hand was lying right on the package. Right where it would happen.

Jonah trembled. The pressure was unbearable. He had only dared to say anything when he was only barely able to hold it back.

“Come on, Jonah,” she whispered in his ear. “Let it happen. It’s completely natural. All babies do it. Do it for Mommy. If you can, you’ll get a reward, too.”

In her embrace, she had come so close that her breasts were touching him, and she brushed them against his head.

He was like going to burst. Even if she had allowed him to get up, he wouldn't have made it to the toilet in time. But when he surrendered to the situation and tried to let go, nothing happened. Something was painfully blocking the natural path. Maybe it was the stroking and Jenna's hand, which laid heavy on his diaper. Or maybe it was because he had spent his whole life learning not to do exactly that.

“It hurts. I can’t,” he whispered desperately.

“I’ll help you. Close your eyes!” Jenna said. “Now, imagine you’re on the toilet. You’re alone in the stall, you have all the time in the world, and you’re enjoying it, you can finally relax…”

Her mental image seemed to be working. Jonah concentrated on it with his eyes closed, and a first spurt released. Not much, but enough to take the worst of the pressure away. So, it was possible. He tried to block out everything around him and focus even more on the toilet. Another gush.

From a distance, he heard Jenna’s voice: “…Very good, again… Keep going…”

The stream became stronger. Warmth spread between his legs. All his senses were braced for a catastrophe, but the diaper held. It was okay. He could finally relax. It felt like he emptied himself into the diaper for an eternity. It had to be full by now! The warmth in his groin crept backward and up over his belly. But only in the areas he was packaged.

He relaxed more and more. He had never experienced peeing so consciously. When his awareness finally had room for his surroundings again, he noticed Jenna’s hand kneading his heavy diaper. She smiled down at him with a look of sparkling enthusiasm.

“You did that super well. Mommy is proud of you. Now you definitely have room for more!”

She slipped the straps of her bra off her shoulders and pulled it down, making her breasts fall out. Literally. Unlike the other women, who had more firm orbs, Jenna's were shaped like large, soft bells. The sight was fascinating and beautiful.

"Come on, Mommy has enough for you, even if it's not as much as Kiera's."

She pulled his head on the pillow closer to her so he could comfortably reach her rosy nipple. After that, instincts, reflexes, and the training from the day before took over. Jenna's taste was a little different from Kiera's, but still delicious.

It was strange that this was only the second time in his life he was doing this and yet it was already completely familiar.

From the other end of the room, giggles and sounds of enthusiasm could be heard, which eventually turned into moans. Jonah would have liked to know what was happening, but Jenna held his head in position.

"That's none of our business today, my little one. Today, there's only Baby Jonah and Mama Jenna."

After the first breast was empty, she gave him the other. The whole process was relaxing and made Jonah sleepy. Eventually, Jenna had nothing left for him and stroked his forehead gently.

Then she pushed him off her and onto the floor, leaning over him. "Alright, my little one. We're going to pretend we're in the park and Mommy is changing you on the picnic blanket. Let's hope no one comes and looks!"

She fetched the changing supplies and took care of him quickly and efficiently. Then she lay down next to him in the nest and cuddled up to him. The aroma of her milk hung in the air, along with the scent of the lotion and the fresh diaper. Together with Jenna's warmth and softness, it gave Jonah an incredibly comfortable feeling. He lay

there motionless, hoping this moment would never end. He drifted off like that until it was time to go home.

The weekend had dragged on endlessly. At least he was kept busy. While the washing machine ran with his clothes, he vacuumed every room in the house on Saturday. If he finished too quickly, Norma would accuse him of sloppy work. If it took too long, she accused him of dawdling.

Still, the monotonous work gave him time to get lost in his thoughts. What would it be like if the tone in his home were friendlier? He tried with all his might to imagine what it would be like if Kiera lived here. Or Jenna. And for a brief moment, even Megan. But then he heard Norma snapping at Barry somewhere in the house, and the daydream collapsed.

He spent Sunday in the yard. It was time to mow the lawn, for the first time this year. Leftover leaves from last fall got tangled with the wet grass, so he constantly had to clean the machine. It gave him plenty of opportunity to observe his surroundings.

His view of the people around him had changed. Especially when it came to women. All over the neighborhood, the typical weekend activities were underway. The athletic couple down the street went for a run together. The family across the street was heading to the mall. Did these women have their 'clubs' too?

Norma destroyed that thought, too, ordering him back to work. The gloom of the weekend finally ended on a Monday morning when he was in a great hurry to get to school.

Over the past week, his classmates had gotten used to his newfound restraint in class. The periods Megan taught were, as always, the highlight of the school day. He remained quiet here, too. Her friendly, sometimes intense, glances told him she was pleased with it. Maybe it also promised a reward in the afternoon.

As they were walking to Megan's car after school, they ran into Principal Collins.

“Ah, you two, good to see you,” she said. “I haven't had a chance to speak with Gloria yet. How are things going at the clinic? Is he behaving?” The question was directed at Megan.

“Yes, everything is great,” Megan said. “The class is a lot of fun, and all the women are glad he's there. We’re making good use of him.”

“That sounds wonderful. Then we'll keep doing it this way for now.” Mrs. Collins seemed very satisfied. Then, something seemed to occur to her. “Oh, and if there's a problem with the times, I can write a note for Jonah stating that he's currently involved in the 'Help and Health' course. They should be fine with that.”

“Yes, that might be sensible,” said Megan. “It would be a shame if he suddenly wasn't available anymore.”

She had casually placed her hand on Jonah’s shoulder and squeezed it at this remark. As if she wanted to tell him that she needed him.

On the drive to the club, he gathered all his courage to bring up something that had been on his mind all weekend.

“Megan, can I ask something?”

“Yes, sure, anything you want.” She glanced over at him encouragingly while driving.

“Megan, what is an orgasm?”

“A… what? How… what makes you ask that?”

Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to ask. Megan seemed quite upset.

“Sorry, it’s not important,” he said quickly.

“No, Jonah, it’s okay. The question just caught me completely off guard. You really don't know? Where did you hear that term?”

“Olivia said it. Last week, when she was… touching me so roughly. I think she said I wasn't doing it right.”

Megan was silent for a moment.

“Jonah, I don't think Olivia knows anything about boys. Don't pay any attention to what she says, okay? Look, Kiera and Jenna and I are still at the club, and Gloria is very nice, too. What Olivia says doesn't matter at all.”

“Hmm.” Jonah thought about it. “Maybe you're right. I just won't listen anymore when she says something mean.”

“Yes, exactly. And I'll try to be extra nice. I'm sure Jenna and Kiera will join in.”

“But what is this orgasm thing Olivia said? I think I saw the word in Norma's books sometimes, too.”

“Jonah, has no one ever talked to you about sex?” Megan asked.

“Sex?” Jonah was startled.

That was one of the forbidden topics. At least Jonah knew it could make women pregnant. Megan was pregnant. So she must know about it. Still, he didn't understand the connection.

“No, why would anyone talk about it? Does orgasm have something to do with it?”

Megan took a deep breath. “Phew… how do I explain this. Well… it's actually something really nice. I mean, not 'actually,' it's definitely nice. It starts with a tingling feeling, when you're with someone. Or thinking about someone. And this tingling gets stronger. That's called 'arousal.' And when that builds up, because you're being very sweet to each other or, well, sweet to yourself… you know? … then the arousal gets stronger and stronger. And then, all at once, it's really intense, and for a moment, you're just happy. Something like that, anyway.”

“Okay. Thanks for explaining.” Jonah was silent for the rest of the drive.

Gloria was waiting for them in the basement hallway, along with Kiera and Jenna.

“Hey, you two,” she greeted Jonah and Megan. “I just told the others. Olivia is out. I had the feeling she didn't really fit the mood of our club. Besides, I have to teach classes today and tomorrow, so you’ll have to get by without me. Have a nice evening and pamper yourselves!”

The thought of not seeing Olivia again anytime soon was a relief. Added to that was the idea of spending the afternoon with the three nicer women. It caused an exciting feeling in his belly. Was this the arousal Megan had been talking about?

Jonah had stored his street clothes in the locker and, as usual, was wearing only his underpants and T-shirt. He had specifically picked out some over the weekend that were actually too big for him but were perfect for the club. He had found them in the attic, in the boxes with old girls' things. Norma would have gone nuts had if she had caught him digging through the girls' clothes. But she hadn't been up here in years. Jonah had had to store all the boxes, so he knew where to look.

Somehow, it was thrilling to wear T-shirts cut to make room for breasts. Besides, he was starting to think the swirly designs with glitter didn't look so bad on him. With a little lipstick and longer hair, he could pass for a girl.

On the other side of the room, the women had also stripped down to their underwear. The sight of them immediately reminded Jonah of what it was like to cuddle with them. He wondered what awaited him today.

The three of them were up to something. They were whispering to each other. Megan was telling them something, and the other two kept glancing in his direction. Then they were finished with their preparations and waved Jonah over.

“Don't worry,” Kiera said to Megan, “I just had this conversation with my oldest, even though he's much younger. I’ve got this.”

“Come on, let's get comfortable. ” Jenna, took his hand and lead him to the big couch.

The smooth upholstery was again covered with fresh sheets. Jonah recognized the typical creases that form when you're careless while ironing. Everything fresh and clean. At home, the blanket on the sofa was rarely changed. After all, it was usually Barry or Norma sitting on it.

Jenna and Megan sat Jonah between them. They leaned back on the couch, relaxed, close enough for him to feel their touch. So far, none of the women had made a move to get the changing supplies.

Kiera had taken a seat in front of him. She stroked his legs gently, and again he the tingling excitement gave him goosebumps.

“Jonah,” she began, “today we want to be mommies for you in a different way. There are things you should know, things your parents should have explained to you a long time ago. Whether your biological parents or your foster parents.”

A strange feeling crept over him. “Is it something bad? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, Jonah, not at all. I just discussed these same things with my oldest son at home, even though he's a few years younger than you. If you want, we can do it the same way here. So you can ask anything and be curious. Like a little kid who's old enough to talk. Deal?”

He nodded, and Jenna, who had her arm around his shoulder, gave him an encouraging squeeze.

“Don't worry. It only feels weird the first time you talk about it,” she said.

“Yes, exactly… so, Jonah,” Kiera continued, “what do you know about the differences between boys and girls?”

“Um, well…”

His hands were clenched on his legs, and he kept his eyes lowered. Even though he had one of the most obvious features right at eye level, all around him. He was even being touched by it on his right side.

Kiera tried to ease his discomfort. “It's okay, Jonah. Just say whatever comes to mind.”

“Girls… women have… breasts,” he said shyly.

“Exactly, Jonah. We have breasts. It's perfectly fine to say that. Babies think breasts are great because they get milk from them and it feels like Mommy. And adults think breasts are great, too, especially men. You've probably noticed that women always keep their breasts covered. There are only two exceptions. One is when they're feeding babies. We've already played that here, and you liked it. The other exception is when women are with someone they like very much and want to share something special with. It can be just as exciting for women to show their breasts as it is for

others to see or touch them. The important thing is that it's something nice for everyone. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, I think so.” Jonah had listened closely. “But what if women are only almost undressed? Like when their… breasts are just a tiny bit covered?”

“Good question, Jonah!” Kiera ruffled his hair. “Some women want to draw attention to themselves. Some want to make others feel excited. Often, it's just a hint. Like a kind of preview of what someone else might get from them later.”

This explanation made a lot of sense to Jonah. Out of the corner of his eye, he was all too aware of Jenna's and Megan's curves. Kiera's were impossible to miss. Maybe the women's clothing was just a preview of what was in store for him today.

Kiera pulled him from his thoughts.

“Jonah, what feature do you know of that boys have, that's different from girls?” she asked.

“Boys have a… cock. That's what Barry calls it. But Norma always gets mad when he says that.”

“Norma is actually a little bit right, Jonah,” Kiera explained. “Look, it's like with breasts. You only want to talk about that with someone you really like. And especially, you only show it in very special moments. But here, too, there are exceptions, because someone has to show boys how to keep themselves clean there. Right? Has anyone ever explained that to you?”

“Not really. When I was little, Barry made sure I soaped myself everywhere in the shower. Since then, no one has cared.”

Normally, conversations about cleanliness were annoying and not at all exciting. But the way the women were smiling at him encouragingly as Kiera asked her question made even this topic thrilling.

“Hmm…” Kiera seemed to be thinking. “It seems to me you've missed out on some things during cuddling that are completely normal for other children. Should we catch up on some of that? We could go to the shower next door together. We'll get undressed, and we'll explain what else there is to know about breasts, and about your own parts, too. We can soap each other and teach you the right terms, and then you'll know all about it and how to stay fresh and clean. Because that’s the most important thing for making those special moments truly nice. What do you think of that?”

Jonah hadn't even noticed the plain door in the wall until now. He only recognized the room behind it as a bathroom on second glance. A luxurious, high-end bathroom. Not like the shabby one at his house.

On the left side was an open area with a floor drain, with a showerhead above it that took up almost the entire ceiling. Next to it was a large hot tub with clear water. On the other side of the room, a toilet was visible through an open door, with another basin next to it that looked like a very low sink. There was also another one of the smooth, padded tables against the wall.

“Alright, clothes off,” said Jenna. The women took off their bras, and Jonah also got completely undressed.

“Do you know the Japanese bathing style?” Kiera asked him.

He shook his head.

“It's very simple,” she explained. “First, you use the shower and get completely clean, and then you can enjoy a hot bath together without it being gross. How does that sound?”

“Seems logical,” said Jonah.

“Then, under the shower!”

She gave him a playful swat on his bare bottom. Jenna was already fiddling with the controls, and then water sprinkled down from the large rain shower.

“Don't be so shy,” he heard Megan's voice behind him.

She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him into the 'rain', where Kiera and Jenna were already enjoying the shower.

Jonah kept his gaze shyly on the floor. A quick glance at the naked women had been enough to make him feel that tingling arousal again, just like before. He held his hands in front of his body to keep the women from noticing what was happening. The thought that Kiera would soon continue her explanation was extremely uncomfortable.

But the women made no move in that direction. They stood close together under the hot rain, and suddenly he was surrounded by curves. Butt cheeks hips, bellies. Everywhere around him was damp, shining skin, touching him.

Someone changed the water setting, so instead of the hot rain, only a fine mist sprayed out. Then he heard someone squeal, maybe Megan, followed by giggles.

Suddenly, he was hit by something cold on his shoulder, and he flinched. It ran slowly down his chest, and a floral scent filled the air. Shower gel. He heard the smacking sound of hands soaping up bodies.

“Need help?” Jenna asked teasingly, casually spreading the shower gel on his chest with her hand.

He frantically began to soap himself. As thoroughly as possible, just as he had learned. They let him be for a while, until Kiera's giant belly was suddenly right in front of his eyes.

She took his hand and slowly squatted down in front of him. Now he was looking down at her face. Her hair hung down, wet and dark. Foam had collected on her shoulders and breasts, dripping from her nipples onto her gleaming belly.

Before he could think any more about the sight, Kiera became serious. At least, a little. There was a sparkle in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth twitched as if she had to struggle to stay serious.

“Alright Jonah, let's finish these explanations. First, the foam has to go.”

Jenna handed her a hose with a perfectly smooth, rounded attachment on the end. Kiera pressed a button, and water sprayed out, and she rinsed him off with it. The hose looked a bit like his cock when he peed. But that was probably the wrong word for it, so he said nothing.

“That looks much better,” said Kiera. “Let's find out what everything is called. Show me what you meant by 'cock' earlier.”

Jonah pointed to his private part, which had fortunately shrunk a bit while soaping and showering. But not completely. Kiera didn't seem to notice. By now, Jenna and Megan had also squatted down to her right and left, observing him with great interest.

Kiera nodded. “Good, Jonah, that's correct so far. However, 'cock' is more of a slang term. Some people even think it's a dirty word. You generally don't just talk about it. The proper textbook term is 'penis.' You've probably heard that before, right?”

“Mhm.” He nodded shyly. “Good. And I see something else a little lower. What is that called?”

“Balls?” he asked, unsure.

“Yes, you can say that, too. But just like 'cock,' that's more of the slang term. A doctor would say 'testicles'. But for us here, 'cock' and 'balls' are perfectly fine. Right?”

The other women nodded. Jonah was glad he knew something right.

“Now there's just one more thing, Jonah, something important you really need to remember,” Kiera continued.

He listened intently. Somehow, it actually felt good to be able to talk about this stuff normally.

“At the front, at the tip of your penis, this part is called the 'glans.' And it hides under a piece of skin. That's called the 'foreskin.' You can pull it back to keep everything nice and clean. Have you ever done that?”

“A little.” This was an embarrassing topic. “When foam got inside the skin during a shower, I rinsed it out. But it feels weird.”

“I understand that. But it's important to keep everything clean there. Let's see if it goes back any further. Try to retract the skin.”

He tried, and under the watchful gaze of the three women, he exposed his glans.

“That's what I thought,” was Kiera's comment. “If you don't stay on top of boys, they forget this quickly. Hold it just like that, Jonah!”

She took the hose and rinsed him generously.

“Shower gel!” she called, and Jenna dripped a large amount onto his glans.

“Spread it up well, Jonah, even if it's uncomfortable.”

He did as she asked. Under his fingers, mucus and other things came loose. Kiera repeated the process three times. After the thorough cleaning, his glans felt totally irritated and had taken on a dark red color.

“Jonah, you will do this at home from now on,” Kiera said. “Every day! Shower gel only when necessary, warm water is usually enough. Understand?”

Her serious tone made it clear this was no joke. “Yes, Mama Kiera,” he said obediently.

“Very good. We don't want any bad smells or tastes here.”

Jonah perked up, confused. “Tastes? What do you mean?”

“Simple,” said Kiera, “we love to give our fresh, sweet-smelling babies a kiss. Everywhere.”

“Really? Even down there, where I pee?” His eyes widened in horror. For a moment. Then he realized that he also found the thought exciting, somehow.

“Yes, even there,” said Kiera. “Look, Jonah, it's a bit like last week when we fed you. We were going to talk about breasts anyway.”

She cupped hers with both hands and jiggled them.

“You see, there are places on the bodies of men andwomen that serve multiple purposes at once. You pee with your cock. We can feed babies with our breasts. At the same time, these are places where our bodies are very sensitive to touch. When you're with someone you like, it can be something really wonderful.”

“Oh.” Jonah grew thoughtful. “Your… I mean, the tip of the breasts… is it just as sensitive as my glans?” he asked.

“Something like that. By the way, the tip is called the 'nipple,' and the dark area around it is the 'areola.' Together with the round shape, they're called 'breasts.'”

“Nipple and areola,” Jonah repeated the words.

The women nodded at him in approval.

“Exactly,” Kiera said. “And if we need to talk about any of this in the future, we'll know exactly how to name things properly. That's great, isn't it?”

“Mhm,” Jonah agreed.

It wasn't entirely clear to him why they would need to talk about it again.

“Well, if we're all ready, let's rinse off the foam and then enjoy the hot bath for a bit. What do you think?”

The women stood up. Suddenly, Jonah had their bellies and breasts clearly in view again. They slowly turned in front of him so he could check that they had no soap left, and then they checked him, and finally, they got into the hot tub together, which even had massage jets under the water.

It was fantastic. Everyone leaned back, relaxed, with their eyes closed. Jenna sat next to him and tilted her head toward his ear.

“Well, this is a very different kind of lesson than at school with Megan, isn't it?”

Jonah just nodded, noticing that he was blushing. He wondered why. When Kiera had explained it, it didn't sound weird at all. His gaze wandered over the hot tub.

Next to him, Jenna's pale curves floated under the surface. Across from him, Kiera's massive curves bobbed up and down. And to his right, Megan lay in the water. The only one whose features he hadn't gotten close to yet. And whose taste he didn't know.

And something else occurred to him: There, where the round baby belly ended on all three women, there was another area he knew nothing about. Would they explain that to him, too?

Looking forward to something can be just as distracting as being afraid of something. Jonah realized this the next day when he had trouble following the lesson. In his mind, he was already at the club.

“Ready for the next adventure?” Megan asked him as he got into her car. She seemed excited, too. So far, he had experienced something new and learned a lot on every visit. What would it be today?

Jenna and Kiera were already waiting in the changing area.

“We were thinking that after all the excitement of the last few times, we’d like something relaxing,” Kiera said. “How about you?”

“Yes, that sounds great. Do you have an idea of what we’ll do?” Megan replied.

“We were thinking about massage. Come on.”

They went into the back room, and Kiera headed for the two padded benches.

“Have you two done this before?” Jenna asked.

“Yes, but I wasn't pregnant then. Not like this,” Megan said, placing her hands demonstratively on her belly.

“Me neither,” Jonah added.

“Then I suggest you two lie down on the benches first, and we’ll work on you. After that, Kiera and I will get a massage from you. Deal?”

Kiera brought the cart with the care products that Jonah already knew from the diaper games.

“You should probably get completely undressed,” she said, “otherwise the clothes will soak up all the oil. We don't want to miss any spots, do we?”

So they took off their underwear as well. It was a little less embarrassing for Jonah to stand naked in front of the women than it had been. Still, he instinctively held his hands in front of his body. Jenna smiled but didn't say anything. She had spread large towels on the massage benches.

“Hop up, Jonah,” she encouraged him.

On the other bench, Megan stretched out, and Jonah started to do the same. But Jenna stopped him.

“Lie on your belly. Then I can work on your back,” she said.

That was fine with him. At least his private area wasn't so directly exposed. When Jenna then placed a towel over his buttocks and legs, he felt even more relaxed. Still, there was this tense curiosity, not knowing what would happen next.

She dripped some oil on his back and spread it generously with both hands. Gently at first, then firmer. Warm, strong hands, a little rough. Her fingertips pressed into the muscles under his skin or met resistance against bone. Bit by bit, she explored him, and in the process, he discovered details about his own body he hadn't known existed.

“Is this okay for you?” Jenna asked gently.

“Yeees…” Jonah was surprised himself that his answer turned into a contented sigh.

His shoulders and neck felt looser than ever before. As Jenna worked on his arms, it was as if they were getting longer and longer.

From the bench next to him, he heard Kiera murmur something. She must have asked Megan the same question, because Megan also sighed contentedly.

Jenna worked systematically. After his head and shoulders, she moved down his back to his hips. When she reached the edge of the towel, she pulled it up to cover his back and buttocks, leaving his legs exposed. Now she spread massage oil on his thighs and began to massage his calves.

Jonah felt like he was sinking into the bench's padding. A heaviness and drowsiness had overcome him, growing stronger with every stroke of Jenna’s hand.

The room was silent. Jenna and Kiera knew what they were doing, there was no need to ask questions. He could clearly hear his own breathing, and even Megan's, and in between, the slick sound of hands gliding over oily bodies. Kiera was

apparently using a different massage technique, as the sounds from the other bench were more rhythmic, and Megan sighed loudly a few times.

As Jenna worked her way up his legs, his attention focused on his body again. She wasn't just working on the back of his legs, but also his inner thighs. That was strange. He wasn't used to being touched there.

Her fingers moved higher and higher, and when she reached the towel from this side, she slid her hands up to his buttocks. Now it was Jonah who sighed audibly. He got goosebumps all over his body, and a familiar tingling spread in his belly.

Jenna finally pushed the towel aside and actually massaged his ass. Just like in all the other places, she was extremely thorough. She even added more oil, and her hot, strong hands cupped his cheeks, gently pushing them apart. Her thumbs traveled down between them, into places no other person had ever touched.

When she was about to hit his butthole, he tensed up involuntarily. She immediately pulled back.

“Relax,” she whispered in his ear, “you'll like it.”

Jonah tried. Her hands cupped his buttocks again, moved bit by bit between them, and finally downward, just past the hole, until her fingertips were circling his balls. He tried with all his might to stay loose while Jenna's hands repeatedly glided over his bottom and thighs, only to disappear between his legs again a moment later.

“Okay, now turn over,” she said finally.

That wasn't so easy, as the massage made his arms and legs feel strangely heavy and uncontrolled. But he managed. Jenna tossed the towel loosely over his groin and began again, working her way down from his head and shoulders.

At last, Jonah could see what was going on around him. From the corner of his eye, he saw the other bench, where Megan's belly rose like a mountain, transitioning into the hills of her breasts near her head. Just like Jenna, Kiera had also reached the area between her legs with her massage. Megan seemed to like that, because her belly rose and fell with heavy breaths, accompanied by moans and sighs.

Jenna progressed much faster with the massage on his front. Suddenly, her hands slipped under the towel between his legs. She tossed it aside, put more oil on her hands, and then turned to the area she had skipped until now.

Jonah knew exactly what was happening there. Like his last visits to the club, his penis had become hard and large. He still had a clear memory of how Olivia had touched him. Her grip had been painful, and when she had grabbed his balls, he had experienced a stabbing pain. He expected the same thing to happen again at any moment.

Jenna did touch him, but it was completely different. As if she were playing with him. She held him in her hand, but it seemed to be part of the massage, as her oily hand glided gently up and down. Sometimes firmer, pulling his foreskin back over the glans, then a little looser, feeling oily and slick.

With Olivia, it had felt as if she were taking something from him by force. Now, he had the impression Jenna was giving him a gift. This realization released a blockage in his mind he hadn't even been aware of. There was nothing threatening here. Jenna truly wanted him to like what she was doing.

Only now could he truly relax. At the same time, a rush of arousal washed over him. For the first time, he watched openly what had previously only happened hidden by a diaper. Or maybe at home, under the covers.

What he had always considered dirty and indecent seemed to be normal for Jenna. Maybe even something she wanted to bring about? He slowly gave up his resistance and allowed his instinct to push up against her hand.

Jenna rewarded him with a radiant smile and leaned down to him.

“You're doing great,” she whispered in his ear. “Are you sure everything is fresh and clean today?”

The question surprised him, but after yesterday's instruction, he knew exactly what she meant.

“Yes, washed everything thoroughly,” he whispered back.

“Very good!” She winked at him and returned her attention to his middle.

A thrilling rush shot from head to toe, signaling the building arousal. Jenna seemed to sense it. While holding his cock in one hand, she stroked his chest with the other, watching his face closely. As the tingling grew stronger and he had to blink, she suddenly leaned forward and gave his exposed glans a kiss. No, not just a kiss. She took him into her mouth, massaging him with her lips and circling her tongue around his tip.

It all happened very quickly. He barely had time to register how hot and wet it felt before she had already straightened up again. The after-effect was all the more intense. The wave that shook his body was stronger than ever before. Jonah lost control of his body. He trembled, moaned, and, like the times before, there was the urge to pee, even though it was something else.

Jenna continued to stroke his chest until he had calmed down. She never took her eyes off him. Her gaze held so much kindness, but at the same time, there was something lurking, a kind of hunger. Jonah wasn't sure what to make of it.

“Did I promise too much? Was it nice?” she asked him, grinning from ear to ear.

“That was great,” was all he could manage.

“Good. Let me clean up this little mess. Then I'll package you up, and we'll switch, deal?”

Without waiting for his answer, she brought the supply cart over, took a few wipes, and cleaned his groin. Then she took one of the diaper packages and unfolded it.

“Bottom up,” she commanded, sliding the diaper under him.

“Did something happen?” he heard Kiera ask from the next bench.

“Everything's fine,” Jenna replied, “just a little side effect. And just in case something like this happens again today, we're making sure he's securely packaged.”

Massaging is hard work. Jonah had figured that out after just a few minutes later. But he didn't mind. He was used to effort and strict demands from home.

“With feeling. Yes, right there. You can use pressure here. Very good. Lean forward, use your own weight. That feels fantastic!” Jenna lay on the bench, watching him and giving instructions.

Jonah was torn. On one hand, it was fascinating to touch, to feel, a beautiful, naked woman with all her exciting curves. On the other hand, he also found the principle of massage exciting, especially since he had just experienced how good it felt. He definitely wanted to give her an equally relaxing experience.

The way Jenna guided him through the massage was so pleasant that he didn't even notice how much strength it took. His entire perception shrank to the area under his hands. He sensed the hard resistance of her shoulder blades, then the muscles next to them, which grew softer and softer under his fingers. Working his way down her arm to her hands, he soon got a feel for where muscles ran under the skin, when he hit bone, or where it just was wonderfully tender.

Massaging her hips and thighs belonged to the latter. There was hardly any hardness from bones here. It was fascinating to feel how warm and soft she yielded under his touch. He stroked over the area again and again with his flat hand and little pressure. The touch awoke the desire to feel Jenna's body with more than just his hands. He would have loved to just cuddle up close to her.

Finally, Jenna guided his hands to her breasts. Touching with his hands what he had already tasted with his lips made his heart beat faster. Her smooth, oily curves glided under his fingers.

“Push up gently,” Jenna whispered, her eyes half-closed. “They hang all day. It feels incredible to have the weight taken off.”

Obediently, he cupped her breasts from below, pushed them gently upward, and let them slowly glide back under his fingers. He changed the angle slightly with each repetition, but every time, it formed an incredibly attractive landscape.

Her nipples had hardened. A sight that awoke the instinct to lean down and suck on them. It took a lot of strength not to give in to that impulse. There was still the baby game to play, where he hoped he would soon have plenty of opportunity for that.

After a while and many contented sighs, Jenna pushed his hands lower, to her full belly. That was a completely different feeling. Under the surface, he sensed something firm. Not a muscle, not a bone, but something else, unknown.

Suddenly, there was a movement under his fingers and he pulled his hand back in surprise.

Jenna giggled. “Say hello to the baby. It seems to like what you're doing to me. Just keep going.”

So his hands continued to circle over her belly, occasionally making a bold excursion up to her breasts. He noticed that white drops were forming on her nipples. The

aroma of her milk mixed with the scent of the massage oil, which increased his appetite for the baby play even more. He moved his hands downward again, over her sides to her thighs. He just didn't dare approach the mysterious area in her center.

The immediate proximity of Jenna's fertile sensuality was not without consequences, of course. Maybe she had suspected something like that when she put the diaper on him. Jonah noticed again and again that something was stirring inside the padding, and more than once, he was losing a few drops. It wasn't the violent reaction he had experienced before, but he came close a few times.

He was so absorbed in his work that he barely noticed what the others were doing. Suddenly, Megan and Kiera were standing on the other side of the table, watching him.

“What, finished already?” Jenna asked them.

“The baby doesn't like it when I lie down for so long,” said Kiera. “You're okay with it?”

“Yeah, I'm doing great,” Jenna replied, “and besides, I'm being excellently cared for.”

“I can see that. Jonah seems to have a lot of hidden talents.”

He blushed slightly. He couldn't quite tell if there was a double meaning.

“Did he really take care of everything?” Kiera asked.

“Not quite. He hasn't dared to do the best part yet. Maybe you should explain a few details to him.”

“With you as the model?” Kiera asked, raising her eyebrows.

“Yeah, sure. Why not…” said Jenna. “What do you say, Jonah, do you want to explore the last secrets of the differences between boys and girls?”

Of course, he wanted to! But was it okay to admit that? Kiera looked at him expectantly. Megan seemed more worried. Jenna was grinning from ear to ear. And to be honest, he had been thinking about what it would be like to touch her there during the entire massage.

“I think I would like to know,” he said shyly.

“See?” said Jenna, sounding almost triumphant. “But we should go over there for that. He can see much better, and it'll be easier to explain.”

She pointed to the strange chair with the high back and the unusual holders.

“If you say so…” Kiera shook her head, but Jonah thought he saw a grin on her face.

Jenna got off the massage bench. Her carefully massaged and loosened curves sagged a little again, but to Jonah, they looked simply perfect. The seat of the chair was quite short. Just deep enough that she didn't slide off when she sat down and leaned back. Jonah wondered what was supposed to be so much better about it. Then she lifted one leg and placed it in the padded holder on one of the bars, and then the other. Only now did the strange construction make sense to Jonah. The chair was specially made for looking between someone's legs!

Kiera pulled a rolling stool out from under the chair and pushed it so it was between Jenna's feet. Then she turned to Jonah. “Come here, you get the front-row seat!” Jonah hesitated. He glanced at Megan, who looked a little disturbed but finally gave him an encouraging nod.

It must have been a strange sight: him, wearing only a diaper, taking a seat on the stool, and Kiera grabbing his shoulders and pushing him down to knee-level between Jenna's spread legs.

“What we're about to show you, Jonah, few men ever get to see this way,” Kiera began her explanation. “What do you know about this part of a woman?”

Jonah swallowed. “Not much… nothing, really. It… makes girls girls, because they don't have anything there.”

The women smiled.

“You said that sweetly, Jonah, but that's the explanation for very little kids. We want you to know better, just like you now know about your own parts. Do you at least know what it's called?”

“Well, maybe. I mean, I think it's like with penis and cock… there are words that aren't nice. I don't know if I know the right, nice words. I think some people say 'pussy.' Is that right?”

Kiera gave his shoulder a loving squeeze. “Very good, Jonah. I think it's really great that you're thinking about whether it's a nice word. 'Pussy' is similar to 'cock.' Most people know what you mean, but a doctor would call it something else. Go a little closer.”

Jonah rolled a bit closer. He could feel Jenna's warmth and smell the sweet, tart scent coming from her. From the damp, shining fold of skin, right in front of his eyes.

“Do you see the mound, that looks a bit like a hill?” Jonah nodded.

Kiera had squatted down next to him and continued in a calm tone.

“This mound on a woman's pelvis is called the vulva. It refers to everything together. Just like with boys, this whole area is very sensitive for women. Especially to touch. You must never touch a woman there without her permission. So, if you want to know what it feels like, Jenna would have to ask you, or you would have to ask her.”

Jonah sought Jenna's gaze. She was smiling at him with sparkling eyes. But she said nothing, just waited. Finally, Jonah worked up the courage.

“Um, Jenna, am I allowed to touch you?”

“Yes, you may. I've been waiting for you to ask,” Jenna said with a wink.

“Okay, Jonah, now that you have permission, place your hand on it carefully and tell me what it feels like,” said Kiera.

“It's soft and hot. And a little prickly,” Jonah commented.

“Oh, right. I need to shave again,” said Jenna, and the women giggled.

“Good observation. But that's just the outside. What's hidden underneath is much more exciting.”

Kiera stretched out her arm, and Jonah watched with bated breath as she placed her fingers on the center of the vulva, where the skin formed a fold.

“This area is called the labia. Just like the lips on your mouth, these parts close the entrance to a woman's inner area. That's why people also call them 'pussylips.' But you can't open them like a mouth, only spread them apart.”

That's exactly what Kiera did now. She pressed her fingertips into the fold between these lips and gently pushed them apart. Underneath, glistening, light-pink skin was revealed.

“These are the inner pussylips. Like a second door, they protect the entrance. And do you see the bud above them? That's the clitoris, or just 'clit.' Like the tip of your penis, it's extremely sensitive. If a woman gives you the chance to touch her there, you must be especially gentle. Understand?”

Jonah's head was bright red. He was sure of it, he could feel the heat. He didn't know why, but the sight and the explanations caused a massive tingle. Not just arousal, but also excitement.

“Repeat what we've discovered so far,” Kiera instructed him.

“The medical or the simple words?” he asked.

“Simple is enough, I think.”

“Okay, we have everything together on the outside as 'pussy,' and the individual parts are 'pussylips' on the outside and inside, and 'clit.' Right?”

“Yes, very good!” Kiera praised him.

“Is that… um… is that where the baby comes out?” Jonah asked.

“Very, very good!” Kiera sounded thrilled. “You do know a little bit! You're right, when a baby comes into the world, it takes this path.”

“Isn't it, well, too small?”

“At first glance, yes. But Jenna, and I too, we have both given birth to children. When the time comes, a woman's body prepares for it, and everything becomes extremely stretchy. You can see a bit of that on the next part. Look!”

Kiera slid her fingers a little deeper between the pussylips and spread them slightly. A tunnel opened up behind them.

“This tunnel is called the vagina. It's a long, hollow muscle.”

Jonah leaned forward a little. His gaze traveled from Jenna's round baby belly down to her groin.

“Can you see the baby in there?” he asked.

This made the three women laugh and him blush again.

“Sorry, Jonah,” Kiera said finally, “that was just too sweet. But how would you know? No, you can't see the baby in there. It's much further inside.”

“Show him,” said Jenna.

“What do you mean?” Kiera asked, straightening up.

“Show him the last barrier, where the baby is.”

“Do you really think he's old enough for that sight?” Megan chimed in, having held back until now.

“Yeah, sure. We promised him the secrets of a woman, so he should see them. This opportunity won't come again soon. We've met enough guys who either had no clue about female anatomy or no respect. So if Jonah knows everything, he'll be nice to women his whole life. Right, Jonah?”

He didn't really know what Jenna meant, but she was right about one thing.

“Yes, now that I know what's especially sensitive, I'll be careful, of course,” he said.

“There you have it. There should be a speculum in one of the drawers. Can you get it, please?”

Megan went to the shelves and drawers and searched for the thing Jenna had just named.

“This gets you hot, doesn't it?” Kiera whispered.

“Yes.” Jenna shrugged. “I admit it. But why not combine the useful with the pleasant?”

“As you wish. I'll just play the teacher again!”

Megan returned with a long tool made of clear plastic and handed it to Kiera.

“Ready?” Kiera asked, and when Jenna agreed, she pushed it into her pussy.

Jonah was horrified at how far the thing was inserted. Then Kiera squeezed the handle, and Jenna's pussy was pushed apart. Or rather, her vagina. That's what Kiera had called it.

She pulled him closer. “Don't be afraid. Look.”

Megan had also brought a flashlight, and Kiera shone it into the spread-open opening.

He looked into the tunnel, which was like a mouth opened in a silent scream. But as his eyes adjusted to the light, he recognized the world beyond.

Not a smooth tunnel, but a cave of glistening, pink walls, rippling in soft folds. It reminded him a bit of looking at his own open mouth in the mirror. Like the tongue and throat, which are never really still, there seemed to be a constant, slight movement in this mysterious cave, too.

Kiera continued her explanations. “Jonah, what looks like rough walls is actually a muscle that was contracted. When necessary, it can stretch very wide. Now look all the way to the back, into the depths. What do you see there?”

Jonah had to move his head a little so that enough light fell into the opening. Then he saw the end of the tunnel.

“Looks like part of a ball, with a small hole in the middle,” he said. “It’s the same color as the vagina.”

“Congratulations, Jonah,” said Kiera, “that is the last secret of a woman that you can see with the naked eye. It's called the cervix, and it's the entrance to the uterus. That's where the baby grows inside the woman.”

Kiera slowly pulled the damp, glistening tool out of Jenna, and Jonah could see the tunnel close up behind it.

Jenna lifted her legs from the holders and sat up in the chair. Then she pulled Jonah into a warm hug. “I hope you liked it,” she said.

Jonah nodded. It felt weird to be hugged by the woman he had just looked deep inside.

“I'm glad I could be the woman who showed you all that,” she said. “Now you know what everything is called and where it is, but not yet what you can do with it all. We'll save that for next time. Deal?”

The new knowledge had consequences. Muddled dreams. Jonah saw himself surrounded by a pink cave, pressed between walls that alternately massaged him or sucked him deeper and deeper inside. As soon as he opened his mouth to scream, he had the taste of fresh milk on his tongue. Relief only came when he gave in to the urge to pee. He expected the ecstatic release the women had called an orgasm. But it was far too gentle and lasted too long. Warm moisture spread between his legs, and he woke up.

What a mess. He had wet the bed in his sleep.

The realization set his mind racing. Norma and Barry could not find out. He jumped out of bed and tore the blanket off the mattress, then the sheet. All of that was washable, he could work with that. The mattress itself had only a tiny, dark spot. Once it dried, it would barely be noticeable among the others, whose origins he didn't know.

For the first time, he felt something like gratitude that he had to take care of his own laundry. Given Norma's mood lately, there was no risk of her going near the washing machine. Jonah gathered the soiled laundry, hid it under the pile of other dirty laundry, and put on fresh clothes.

He barely slept the rest of the night. He kept seeing the images of the naked women. Full breasts, round bellies, and damp, shining thighs. Warm hands reaching for him. Smiling lips approaching him and then opening into a dark tunnel. With a strange ball at the end. The excitement kept him awake. He couldn't tell whether he longed for it or saw it as a threat.

Exhausted, he made his way to school in the morning. This time, it wasn't anticipation for the afternoon that robbed him of his ability to concentrate. Rather, it was the realization that similar secrets were hidden under every woman's clothes, waiting to be explored. In class with Megan, he didn't need much imagination. He had already seen most of hers.

But he couldn't stop his thoughts. Not for the math teacher, who was even older than old Mrs. Collins, nor for the girls in the upper grades, who were just beginning to develop into women. He even looked at completely strange women on the street with different eyes.

Megan must have sensed that something was wrong.

“Is everything okay with you?” she asked on the drive to the club.

“Mhm.”

His toneless silence made Megan keep glancing over at him, worried. In the parking lot behind the clinic, she squatted down in front of him and looked intently into his face.

“Jonah, what's wrong? Something isn't right. Would you rather go home?”

He shook his head energetically.

“No! No way.” This was the place he wanted to be now. Especially the basement room. With the locked door and no windows. The place full of exciting experiences, where he could leave everything behind.

“Okay, as you wish!” Megan pushed herself up and took his hand. They walked toward the building together when Jonah suddenly stopped.

“Promise you won't be mad?” he asked. The tearful tone in his voice was not intentional, but he couldn't help it.

“Of course, Jonah. Now tell me, what happened?”

“Last night. There was an accident, I…” He stretched up toward her, and Megan leaned down to him. “I peed the bed. In my dream,” he whispered in her ear.

“Hey, that's not a big deal!” Megan pulled him into a comforting hug, holding him tight and stroking his head. “Come on, let's go inside. Your mommies will find a solution together.”

Gloria was also back today. After they had changed and were thinking about what kind of game they were in the mood for, Megan spoke up.

“I think Jonah just wants to be our baby today.”

The other women looked at her questioningly.

“Trust me, he needs this. I'll explain later. For now, let's get him packaged up first.”

That wasn't exactly what Jonah had in mind when he told Megan about his accident. On the other hand, the idea was actually tempting.

This time, it was Megan who put the diaper on him with gentle touches.

“Does Baby Jonah want to sleep, or is he hungry?” she asked him teasingly.

Out of reflex, he reached for her breast.

“Oh, yes, then we'll have to see who has something for you today.” She looked around searchingly at Kiera and Jenna.

“You offered, now you have to deliver,” Jenna said, grinning.

“I'm in the mood for something different today.”

“Well, but I don't have anything yet!” Megan replied.

“Are you sure? As full as your boobs are, they're just waiting to be milked. How was it with the machine the other day?”

Megan blushed. “It was just a few drops.”

“Still,” Kiera said. “It's a start, and the rest will follow if you keep at it. It's totally normal in the seventh month. Maybe the stimulation has already done something. That kind of thing gets production going. It would be a shame to withhold it from him.”

“I don't know…” Megan looked at Jonah. “Do you want to try, even if there might not be much?”

Jonah nodded. He didn't need to say another word. Could he really suckle at Megan's breast? Boobs, the first B, which had been the first step on this adventure so long ago! This was more than he had dreamed of during the past months.

They sat on the large couch. Megan took a nursing pillow, guided Jonah's head onto her lap, and then, suddenly, her nipple was at his lips. Her areolas were darker, but not as big as Jenna's and Kiera's. Her nipple was also a bit smaller. But Jenna was right. Everything looked full, or at least filled.

“Okay, go on,” Megan said, pulling his head closer.

Jonah opened his lips and enclosed her warm, firm nipple. He began to suckle gently. Without teeth, as Kiera had taught him. It was strangely easy, as if his body knew exactly what to do.

Megan sucked in her breath sharply a few times. Jonah was afraid he was hurting her and was about to stop when something rich and sweet spread in his mouth.

“It's flowing! I actually have milk!” Megan exclaimed, astonished.

“Super. Believe me, these can be very special moments. It'll be even better when your little one is here. But you can enjoy it now, too,” Kiera said. “I would just recommend you keep at it, meaning feed or pump regularly. Then your body can adjust better. Have you already looked into the best diet for it?”

Megan nodded. “Yes, right at the beginning of the pregnancy.”

“You two look really sweet,”Jenna said, sitting down close beside Megan on the couch.

She had something in her hand that Jonah couldn't see. He was far too busy with Megan's breast. It was true, she had milk, but it flowed quite slowly compared to Kiera and Jenna. All the more reason for him to explore its texture with his tongue and lips.

Where Kiera had offered him heavy fullness and Jenna her delicate softness, Megan was taut and firm in a way. Jonah took in every detail of her. Meanwhile, the women continued to talk.

“Tell me…” he heard Jenna, who had cuddled so close to Megan that he could feel her body too. “Who's waiting for you at home, anyway?”

“What do you mean?” Megan asked. “Well, for example, the one who... well... got you pregnant.”

Megan took a deep breath. “No, he's… how should I put it… no longer present.”

“But you know who it was?” Jenna asked.

“At least I know which of the three it could be.”

“Three! That sounds exciting. Tell me all the dirty details!” Jenna moved even closer.

“Oh, it was nothing special. We were celebrating. College had been really stressful... I was just busy studying. We had finally graduated, and I was the first one with a contract. We wanted to celebrate that. We met up in the evening during my first week at the school. The others wanted to see where I worked. The guys had almost no chance of getting a job at a FemCom school. They wanted to see it all from the inside. And I had a key, so we went into the school. At night, we had been drinking, and it was an exciting atmosphere. Then we found the abandoned part of the building, with the old nurse's station… and suddenly we were all... busy with each other. And that's when it happened.”

Jonah’s ears perked up. Was Megan talking about the same room she had shown him? Jenna was still focused on the juiciest detail.

“Three! I wouldn't have thought you had it in you. Were there at least a few other girls there?”

“Three girls and four guys. But the fourth... had worn himself out on the others. There was nothing left in him for more than a blowjob.”

“Wow, you little wild beast!” Jenna sounded impressed. “And do you plan to find the father?”

“No,” Megan replied. “It's fine as it is. FemCom offers plenty of support, so I really don't have to worry. I wasn't planning on starting a family right away, anyway. Not yet. How about you? Do you have someone?”

“No.” Jenna took a deep breath. “It's similar to you. I enjoy the support FemCom offers and am designing my family the way I want. I don't need a man telling me what to do. My little one is already in childcare when we meet here. However, I didn't leave it to chance, I chose a few promising donors.”

“You mean sperm donors? From a catalog and with artificial insemination?” Megan asked.

“No, all natural. The guys had to work for it. But I chose them carefully. And after it was all... accomplished, I let them go.”

“Looks like I'm the only one in a traditional relationship,” Kiera chimed in. The couch wobbled. Apparently, she was moving closer to the group.

“A nice husband is waiting for me at home, one who supports me in everything. Or rather, I'm waiting for him, because he travels a lot. But I make sure there's always something to please him when he comes home. You can see the result.”

“And what brings you here?” Megan asked.

“Oh, how should I put it… When I'm pregnant, I have needs that he can't keep up with.”

Jonah didn't understand what was so funny, but the women giggled and laughed.

“Then I'll take care of your needs,” said Gloria, who was somewhere behind Kiera. The couch began to rock, and Kiera moaned occasionally.

Megan put Jonah to her other breast. In that brief moment, he noticed the other women cuddling closely. But then he was busy with Megan's nipple again.

When this breast gave no more and he couldn't prolong the game with his lips and tongue, Megan gently pushed him back. But not too far. He caught a glimpse of her flushed face.

“Let's just cuddle a bit,” she said, holding him with one arm.

At least he had a clearer view now. Her other hand was busy around the area where Jenna was cuddled up to her. Jenna, in turn, was doing something under the pillow in her own lap.

At his feet was Kiera. She was braced on all fours on the couch cushion, her breasts hanging almost to the cushion, as did her heavy belly. Everything on her swayed rhythmically back and forth. Gloria set the rhythm. She stood on the floor behind Kiera, thrusting with her hips again and again, accompanied by slapping sounds.

“What's happening…?” Jonah asked.

“Nothing. We're… cuddling. Close your eyes!” Megan said with strained control.

Her breathing was heavier. A shudder ran through her body.

So Jonah closed his eyes and listened all the more attentively to the sounds around him. Jenna stood up. Cool air hit the spot where she had been lying next to them. There was movement on the other side, where Kiera and Gloria were. Jonah opened his eyes a tiny crack.

He saw Jenna, who had lain down on the couch in front of Kiera. Her legs were bent and spread, and Kiera leaned down between them with a greedy expression that reminded him of hunger. Jenna moaned, and in addition to the slapping on Kiera's bottom, there was a slurping sound coming from Kiera between Jenna's legs.

Whatever they were doing, it must have been strenuous, because the women moaned loudly again and again and even let out short, strained cries. The rhythmic rocking, along with the fresh milk he had drunk, made Jonah sleepy. He began to dream. Of Jenna on her knees before Gloria. Something dark was hanging between her legs, which Gloria kept thrusting into Jenna's mouth with a movement of her hips.

Then he slid from Megan's lap, or was pushed aside. Kiera's gentle hands caressed him, kneading the diaper package between his legs before she turned to Megan, who had also spread her legs. Kiera leaned down between them, and again, smacking sounds were heard, making Megan moan and whimper.

It went on like this for a while, with the women repeatedly swapping places. Smells hung in the air that he had barely noticed before: strong, spicy, sweet, arousing.

Eventually, it grew quieter, and they actually did cuddle. All together on the couch, with him in the middle. Hands wandered over his body. Fingers explored and stroked him. Again and again, over his belly and thighs, finally in between them as well.

For a moment, Jonah felt the shame of last night's accident and was afraid it might happen again. But the excitement, the tension, was stronger. He didn't fight it. On the contrary. His hips sought the rhythm of an unknown dance, which found its finale in uncontrolled twitching and a tiny release, accompanied by the women's giggling.

The dream-like world in the nest of warm, soft bodies eventually gave way to clear reality. It was announced by the cool air on his skin as the women got up from the couch one by one. Even the diaper was taken from him. Exposed, he lay on the cold cover, and someone handed him his clothes.

“Get dressed, Jonah,” Gloria told him. The other women also got dressed, getting ready to go home. “Just in case there's a risk of further accidents…” Gloria said, pressing a few fresh disposable diapers into his hand.

Ashamed, Jonah took them. That was totally embarrassing!

“Why did you tell the others about my accident?” he asked Megan on the drive home.

“Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you,” said Megan. “I just thought maybe the others had a tip on how we could help you. Did Gloria give you something?”

“Yes. It was totally embarrassing.”

“Don't worry about it. She just meant well!”

Maybe she was right. Jonah was silent for a moment, until he found the courage to bring up what was bothering him much more after that afternoon.

“Megan… what was that, what you were doing today?”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“When I… when you… were feeding me. When I wasn't supposed to look. What were you doing?”

“Oh! That…” Megan seemed to be searching for an explanation.

“It doesn't have to be a baby explanation. I'm only playing that part. You can tell me,” Jonah tried to encourage her.

“Hmm, maybe you're right…” Megan took a deep breath.

“You asked a few days ago what an orgasm is. And eventually, we figured out the difference between girls and boys. But… now that you mention it, I realize we didn't talk about what that means in the end. Oh damn, why am I the one who has to explain this to you!”

Megan pulled the car over to the side of the road and turned off the engine. She took a deep breath and turned to Jonah.

“Um… how do I best explain this…” she began. “So Jonah, you've already experienced yourself how exciting it feels when you touch yourself, right?”

He nodded.

“It's just as exciting for women. And it's even nicer when you do it with someone else. That's called sex.”

Jonah gasped. Sex! There it was again, that mysterious word he only knew from Norma's books. A word that always made adults embarrassed in front of children. So that's what it was about!

Megan didn't seem to notice his reaction. She kept her gaze fixed forward, concentrating on her explanation.

“It's like with the things we showed you. There's a completely natural function. For example, that a man and a woman can make a baby together, which then grows inside the woman. But besides that function, it can also just be fun. And that also works when it's just women. It can even be nicer. Well… and that's what we were doing today. We were having fun with each other. Sex.”

“Can I… can I watch next time?” Jonah asked shyly.

“What?!” Megan cried out, horrified. “Why? What gives you that idea?”

“It sounded interesting. Exciting,” said Jonah. “Didn't you say at the beginning that I should be close to you? That it's all completely natural? You've seen everything from me, too.”

“Yes, true… but I don't think that's what was meant. Although, the others probably wouldn't have a problem with it at all.” She sighed.

“Jonah, you're way too young for this. Normally, you shouldn't be seeing any of that.”

“But I was already there a few times. I heard everything. What's so bad about seeing it, too?”

“You're right… it's already gone too far. I… I need to talk to the others about this, Jonah.”

Megan started the car and drove quickly the last stretch, until Jonah got out at the street corner of his block.

“See you tomorrow, Jonah.” The goodbye was remarkably brief.

Jonah snuck into the house. He had barely closed the door when he heard Norma call from the living room.

“Jonah! Is that you? Where have you been? Get over here, now!”

He stood in the doorway with trembling knees.

“What's wrong?” he asked as innocently as possible.

“I got this letter.” Norma waved a piece of paper. “From that principal, Collins. It says you've been in an extra course since last week. 'Help and Health.' Something about your potential and development. Why didn't you tell me? Do you think you're something better, you ungrateful brat?”

“No… I thought it wasn't important…”

“Not important? Who do you think you are! I still decide what's important in this house!”

Norma was upset, but not enough to get off the couch. She pointed a threatening finger.

“I'm warning you, Jonah! Don't think you can be lazy around here just because you act like a bookworm. I expect you to do your chores. Do you understand me?”

Jonah nodded. “Yes, Norma. Understood.”

“Good. Then do your homework. And try hard in your course! I don't want any complaints. Is that clear!”

She turned back to the show on TV, and Jonah went to his room. The shock was still in his bones. He could never have explained to Norma what happened in the club.

Apparently, Principal Collins had actually written the letter she mentioned. But for today, he had had enough excitement. He got ready for bed earlier than usual.

He couldn't lock his room. His foster parents didn't allow it. Although it was unlikely they would just come in, he put a chair in front of the door just in case. Then he crawled under the covers, where he had hidden one of the disposable diapers.

In the dark under the blanket, he unfolded it and put it on. He listened for every suspicious sound. His senses were on high alert, but there was nothing to hear.

As he slowly relaxed and began to drift off to sleep, he imagined the pillow at his back was Megan. And that it was Jenna's hand, wandering further and further down. His thumb was almost the size of Kiera's nipple, and he suckled on it. And then they were there, all three of them, snuggled close, accompanying him into his dreams.

From his locker, he watched the women on the other side of the room. Their discussion was lively, but so quiet he couldn't hear their words. Still, Jonah knew exactly what it was about. Would they let him watch today when they did 'adult stuff'? The thought had been on his mind all day. On one hand, he felt his wish was well within the possibilities of this special club. On the other hand, Megan had seemed less than pleased about it.

The women kept glancing in his direction. Megan shook her head several times and looked at him with concern. Jenna and Gloria, however, were grinning from ear to ear, and even Kiera gave him a strange smile.

When they finally reached an agreement, his heart was pounding in his throat. Gloria came over to him. Like the days before, her clothing revealed more than it concealed. The fact that she was the only woman in the club who wasn't pregnant made her strangely exotic. Jonah's focus, therefore, went directly to the other features of her femininity. Her energetic demeanor had a sway to it that sparked a desire in him to touch her. Not that he would have dared.

“So, you want to watch, Megan told us.” As she bent down to him, he got quite a view.

Jonah nodded. He couldn't get any words out.

“Fine by me, Jonah,” Gloria said, “but then we want to see something from you, too! It would be unfair if it was one-sided. So, we will all wear no clothes at all. Deal?”

Since he was still unable to speak, Gloria patted him encouragingly on the shoulder and then took off her bra.

He had gotten to know the soft curves of the other women during the baby game. Gloria's appearance, in contrast, had nothing motherly about it. Everything about her looked athletic and powerful. The play of her muscles was visible under her skin everywhere. Even her breasts stayed firmly in position and shape when she took off her bra. With another fluid movement, she slipped off her panties and turned around.

“Come on,” she ordered, walking into the back area of the basement. The other women had also taken their clothes off and were heading toward the large couch. Jonah hesitated a moment, then followed them.

“There's a spot free over here,” Jenna said, patting the the couch.

That was a definite exaggeration. The gap between her and Megan was barely big enough for him. It seemed intentional, because as soon as he had squeezed in between them, Megan put her arm around his shoulder and Jenna placed her hand on his knee.

“Are you sure you want this, Jonah?” Megan asked.

He nodded. So far, he didn't even know what the women had planned. But it would definitely be something exciting. Maybe like their explanation of the differences between boys and girls.

Megan and Jenna sat with their legs closed, pressed tightly against him. Jonah's gaze traveled up the line between their thighs. This way, there wasn't much to see. Yet this was the exact area that had been occupying his imagination the whole time.

His memory of the deep look into Jenna's open groin was still very vivid. Even now, he could see the edge of the short blonde hair that formed a triangle between her legs. What did it look like on Megan? Would she show him just as much someday? Or maybe Kiera?

When they were in the hot tub together last week, he had only dared a few secret glances. There wasn't much to see under the water's surface. But he had noticed there were differences. Not all of them had hair there. He knew for a fact that Jenna's inner labia peeked out from between the outer ones. From a distance, it looked similar on Kiera. Megan had been smoother at first glance. Maybe he would find out more today.

Now, however, Gloria demanded his full attention. She had positioned herself directly in front of the couch and was looking at him defiantly.

Kiera came over from the cabinets, having taken something from a drawer that Jonah couldn't see. Was it another tool, like that speculum?

“We've already talked about how nice it can be to touch each other. Remember?” Kiera asked, sinking onto the edge of the couch next to them.

Jonah nodded wordlessly. He wasn't entirely clear on what was coming.

“Okay. But that's not all. There's something that gives us women even more pleasure. The most sensitive areas are hidden between our legs, and to reach them, we have to get in there. Like this, for example.”

She reached out her hand, touched Gloria between the legs, and then actually pushed a finger deep into her pussy. Gloria sighed, and Jonah thought it must be hurting her. But the opposite was true. She smiled dreamily.

Kiera pulled her finger back out and continued her explanation.

“Now imagine, Jonah, you were an adult. As big as Gloria, and you were standing in front of her just as naked. What would be the obvious way to give her that kind of pleasure?”

Jonah thought about it. What could she mean? He found it hard to concentrate, because he was all too aware that his cock was already getting big and hard again. Did the women not notice at all? Then he suddenly understood what Kiera might be getting at. But the thought was absurd!

“You mean my cock?” he asked, his eyes wide.

He looked from his groin to Gloria's and back again. How was that supposed to fit?

“Yes, exactly. That's one of the functions of your penis and, at the same time, something that can be a lot of fun.” Kiera patted his knee in approval.

“But isn't that disgusting? I mean, that's where pee comes out and stuff. Do women really like that?”

Jonah was still mostly horrified, but in a corner of his mind, a previously unknown excitement and curiosity stirred.

“Don't worry, you don't have to do that if you don't want to. We really just wanted to play the baby game. No one expects you to enjoy that right now. You're probably still too small for it. But you wanted to know what we do with each other. You'll only understand that if you know the connection. And someday, you'll meet a woman you can enjoy this with. Even if you can't imagine it now. We just wanted to explain the principle so you understand what's coming next,” Kiera tried to reassure him.

At this cue, Gloria held out her hand, and Kiera gave her the strange object she had gotten from the cabinets. It was made of a black material, shaped like a V. One end

was a bit longer and shaped like a banana. The other was shorter and had a much thicker end.

“You know, Jonah, so that we women can have fun without men, there are different toys. This one is called a plug-dildo,” Kiera continued. “With a little practice, a woman can take on the function of a man with this. Like this, for example.” She pointed to Gloria.

Jonah watched as Gloria spread her legs, bent her knees a little, and then inserted the thick end of the plug-dildo into her pussy. It didn't seem to be that easy, she had to push hard and grimaced. Then there was a jolt, and the part disappeared completely inside her. The only thing sticking out of her groin now was the other part. The resemblance to a banana had been a mistake, Jonah now realized. The thing clearly looked like a large penis.

“The special thing about this custom design is that it lets us women feel on the inside what is happening on the outside,” Kiera continued, waving Gloria closer. “So when I stroke her here,” she ran her fingers over the protruding artificial penis, “Gloria feels it inside, in her most sensitive spot.”

Gloria had closed her eyes and was biting her lower lip. As if she were experiencing something very intense. Then she opened her eyes and looked directly at Jonah.

“Want to try?” she asked him.

He hadn't expected that. He looked around for help. The other women smiled at him encouragingly. Jenna gave him a push from behind, and Megan seemed to find it exciting, too. Her face had turned a rosy color, and her eyes were wide. Of course, Jonah didn't want to look like a coward in front of her.

“I can try.”

Gloria turned to him, and he hesitantly reached out his hand. What exactly was he supposed to do? He remembered Jenna, how she had massaged him. Maybe that would work! So he grasped the artificial cock and massaged it carefully up and down.

Gloria's eyes flew open in amazement. “Wow! Have you done that before?”

“No!” Jonah replied, pulling his hand back quickly.

“Keep going, that was exactly right!” Gloria pushed her hips toward him, and Jonah continued the massage. “That's fantastic! Great!” Gloria praised him again and again.

Stroking this plastic part really wasn't much of a challenge. Although the transfer of sensation apparently worked very well, because Gloria had gotten goosebumps several times.

“That's enough,” Gloria said finally. “We promised to show you a few things. Hop to the back of the couch and let the others have a turn!”

Jonah obeyed. From his spot at the very back, he could now observe that the hand massage was, in fact, the simplest version of this new game. Kiera had also inserted a plug-dildo, which Megan was taking care of.

Jenna was busy with Gloria, and a moment later, she fell onto her back. Her legs were bent, her feet resting far apart on the edge of the couch. Gloria kneeled in front of her, and then Jonah could see for the first time how the plug-dildos fulfilled their actual purpose.

Kiera's explanations made sense. A grown man Gloria's size couldn't have done it better. The sight was shocking and exciting at the same time. Jenna lay on her back, her breasts and belly rocking back and forth, while Gloria, between her legs, thrusted the dildo into her pussy again and again.

Megan had braced herself on all fours at the edge of the couch, presenting Kiera with her backside. So it worked that way, too. There wasn't much to see here, however. Most of it was hidden by their full bellies. But he was aware that he was surrounded by hot bodies, pressing against and into each other. By swinging curves and slapping sounds, accompanied by sighs, moans, and a wild mix of smells.

Jonah was fascinated to the highest degree and eagerly took in every detail. As if by itself, his hand found his cock. As if trying to understand what he was seeing, he massaged it. Up and down, just as the dildos sank into the pussies.

The soundscape was becoming more and more like the previous days. Finally, what he had heard made sense. Jonah wasn't sure if he should find what he saw repulsive or arousing. His body, however, had a clear opinion on the matter. His cock was harder than ever before. Suddenly, the thought of doing the same thing with it that the women were doing with the plug-dildos was no longer so alien. Finally, he himself joined in the moaning and sighing with his own delicate, loud sounds.

Like a mother reacting to her child's slightest sound, Jenna noticed him. One look was all it took for her to realize that Jonah no longer just wanted to watch. Completely out of breath from moaning and, she waved him over. She made her intention clear with a few gestures, and soon he was lying at her breast, swallowing her delicious milk.

Embedded between warm bodies, touched by sensual curves, and pampered by searching hands. It was like a journey through a crazy dream. The best dream of his life. And for its ending, there was no better word than 'climax'.

The 'watching sex' thing had been special. It wouldn't happen again anytime soon. Jonah realized that the next day when the women matter-of-factly 'packaged' him up in the baby role. What had happened the day before wasn't mentioned by a single word.

He was fine with that. As exciting as it all was, he didn't really know how he was supposed to participate anyway. In his role as the baby, however, he knew exactly

what to do. That day, Jenna and Kiera took turns breastfeeding him. He enjoyed every drop. Toward the end of the game, Jenna kept checking his diaper with a skillful pat. But he managed to stay dry. She seemed disappointed.

“Can you do me a favor, Jonah?” she asked, as she said goodbye in the parking lot.

It looked like she had waited specifically to catch him alone.

“Yeah, sure. What is it?” he asked.

“When we see each other after the weekend, please give me a real reason to change your diaper, right at the beginning. Can you do that?” Jenna looked at him intently. She was serious about her request.

Jonah hesitated. “I don't know. Isn't that... kind of gross? Why should I do that?”

Jenna glanced around to see if anyone was within earshot.

“It’s just, Jonah, the game would seem much more real to me then. It’s more natural. All babies do it. And I promise, I'll take very good care of you. Okay?”

“I don't know. Can I think about it?”

Before Jenna could reply, Megan called for Jonah, and he hurried to her car.

“Everything okay with you?” she asked during the drive.

“Yeah. Jenna just wanted to ask me something. It’s not important.”

“Oh yeah, Jenna is really nice, isn't she? I think she really likes you.” Megan winked at him. Then she got serious. “How are things at home? Are you managing okay on the weekend?”

What a strange question. Everything at home was the same as always! If anything was overwhelming him, it was the weekday afternoons at the club.

“Yeah, I think so.” Jonah tried to sound cool and calm. “Norma will probably have enough for me to do so I don't get bored.”

“Right! You have to do your chores. How unfair! You probably don't have a chance to sneak away for a while?” Megan gave him a quick, questioning glance.

“I don't think so. If they catch me, I'll get in real trouble. Why do you ask?”

“Oh, you know, I was thinking, the club is closed on the weekend. But maybe we could still meet up. Just have a little fun. It was just an idea…”

“That would be great!” Jonah was thrilled. “But sneaking away won't work. The best thing would be something like the letter from Mrs. Collins. Like a fake document in a thriller. Something we can use to trick Norma and Barry.”

“Great idea, Jonah. Wait, I need to check something.”

Megan pulled over to the side of the road and rummaged in her bag.

“I knew I had it!” She held up a notepad bearing the school's official logo. “Let me think... Our course is called 'Help and Health,' right? Let's see, I didn't take creative writing for nothing…”

Jonah watched silently as Megan wrote the letter. She tore the first two drafts off the pad and threw them onto the back seat. The third one seemed to be a hit. She folded it and gave it to Jonah.

“Here, give this to your foster parents. I'll pick you up tomorrow at 11. If they don't allow it, they'll have to call me. The number is in there too. But I think they'll let you go.”

A moment later, they reached the street where Jonah lived. As usual, Megan stopped a short distance from his house, and he got out. With Megan's note in his hand, he entered the house. He wasn't lucky this time. Norma appeared in the hallway instantly.

“You're late. Don't think you can get out of your chores by dawdling! What is that?” She had spotted the paper in his hand.

“A note from school. About my course…”

Norma snatched the letter from his hand and held it close to her eyes.

“Barry!” she suddenly yelled. “Barry, where are you! Come here, you have to see this!”

Barry came puffing down the stairs. “What is it?” he asked.

“You won't believe this. This boy…” she pointed at Jonah with an outstretched arm. “This boy is showing 'exemplary performance' in his course. Listen to this…”

She held the letter up again and read aloud.

“…Jonah is showing outstanding talent, and his dedication is highly valued by everyone. His performance in domestic tasks, in particular, deserves high praise. His social skills are also remarkable. Therefore, we request that Jonah be allowed to support the course on occasional Saturdays. We have an acute need this coming Saturday. If there are no objections, he will be picked up by a teacher at 11 AM…”

Barry nodded his head in approval. It almost looked like he was smiling at Jonah.

“You know exactly where that comes from, boy,” Norma hissed in Jonah's direction. “We taught you all that. Don't you forget it! Without us, you'd be nothing. Nobody wanted you. So remember to always mention that we taught you everything, understand? And you'll do your house chores in addition. Now go and… and… and do what you always do.”

Norma shuffled back into the living room, where the commercial break of her TV show was ending loudly. Barry hesitated on the landing. Then he clapped Jonah on the shoulder, nodded at him wordlessly one more time, and followed his wife.

Jonah hurried to his room. That went better than planned! It was just a shame he had forgotten to take a look at Megan's letter himself. What Norma had read sounded very creative!

He was wide awake early the next morning. After a quick breakfast, where he moved the dishes as quietly as possible, he took care of his usual chores in the house. At least the time passed a little faster that way. Shortly before he left, Norma appeared in the hallway. She looked around grumpily but found nothing to criticize. Without a word, she retreated to the living room.

Jonah packed a few things into his backpack that he thought might be useful that day. Then he kept watch from an upstairs window until he spotted Megan's car.

“See you later!” he called into the hallway and dashed out the door. It was like an escape to freedom.

Megan was grinning from ear to ear as he got into the car. “What are you in the mood for, Jonah?” she asked, starting the engine.

The question made him slump in his seat. He didn't know what to say. No one had ever asked him that before. “I don't know. Something fun, maybe?”

“Okay, then let me surprise you. Buckle up, we're going for a drive.”

Soon the car left the familiar neighborhood. Houses and streets he had never seen passed by. They even drove on the highway for a bit. It was totally exciting. Jonah imagined he was being kidnapped. The longer he thought about it, the more he liked the idea.

When they took an exit, the town name seemed familiar. They weren't that far from home. But it was still farther than he had ever been on his own. Megan seemed to know exactly where she was going. They made a few turns and suddenly found themselves in the parking lot of a huge shopping mall.

“It's no amusement park, but nobody knows us here, and I know which stores are fun. Are you ready?”

Jonah was ready for anything. They got out, and only now did he notice how different Megan looked. Her clothes were tighter than at school. She had managed to show off every one of her curves, and Jonah had most of it right at eye level. Suddenly, he felt shabby in his old-fashioned outfit.

“How about the arcade?” Megan asked him.

Jonah didn't know what that was, so he just nodded. Megan led him into a hall with countless arcade machines. The popular games were crowded with cool kids. They found an area that was less busy, and a moment later he was sitting in a simulator, racing against Megan.

When other kids walked by, they gave him dirty looks or made mocking comments. Jonah didn't care. He had, of course, seen the sign that marked these games for children far younger than him. But he knew nothing about the modern games. He would have just embarrassed himself. This, at least, was simple enough to understand on the first try. And besides, they played games at the club where he was acting much younger, and those were much more fun. So he didn't care about the other kids.

When they had both won a few times, they visited more stores. Most of it was new to Jonah. In some, Megan just wanted to look. In others, there were things to try out, and she even bought a few small items.

All this made them both hungry. Megan headed for a diner, and a short time later, Jonah had a delicious burger in front of him, followed by a large portion of ice cream.

After that, they headed back toward the parking lot.

“I absolutely have to go in here,” Megan said suddenly, pulling Jonah into a store. At first glance, it looked like just another clothing store. But then he noticed it mostly had baby things, and the mannequins all had huge bellies.

“I'll probably need the next size up,” she said apologetically and began to browse the clothing racks.

Just like in the other stores, Jonah was given everything to carry that Megan wanted to try on later in the fitting room. When they stood in front of the shelves with underwear, it was a little embarrassing for him. Especially when a few of those items also landed on the pile he was carrying.

“What a nice boy, great that you're helping your sister shop!” one of the saleswomen remarked, then turned to Megan. “Do you need help? Looking for anything specific?”

“Thanks, I think I have enough for now,” Megan said.

She gestured to Jonah, who could barely see over the pile of clothes. “Where can I try these on?”

The saleswoman showed them the way to the cabins. Megan headed for the last one in the row.

Jonah waited in the empty cabin opposite, staring at the curtain Megan was changing behind. Through the gap under the curtain, he saw her feet. Based on the movements, he tried to guess which item of clothing she was trying on. The thought was somehow exciting.

Suddenly, the curtain was pulled open a bit, and Megan peeked out.

“Is anyone nearby?” she asked.

Jonah looked down the hallway between the cabins. “No, no one's here,” he replied.

“Good. How do I look?” Megan opened the curtain completely and presented herself in the new clothes. She spun in a circle so he could admire her from all sides.

“Looks great. Beautiful.” Jonah hoped he had said the right thing.

“Thanks. I think I'll take all of it.” She closed the curtain and began to change back.

Jonah sat in the corner of the empty cabin and waited. He noticed that Megan hadn't closed the curtain completely. He eagerly watched the mirror through the gap, where Megan's reflection kept appearing. With clothes, with less, then bare skin. It was at least as exciting as in the club, where he had seen her completely naked. He just hoped no one would come and see her like that.

Finally, only clothes were visible in the reflection. With a sharp tug, Megan pushed the curtain aside and came out smiling, holding the pile of clothes.

“Finished. Thanks for waiting!” she said.

They went to the register, and Megan paid. Afterward, Jonah carried her full bags to the car.

“I hope you liked our little trip,” Megan said, as they reached the familiar neighborhood again on the drive home.

“Yeah, it was great.” The prospect of returning to Norma and Barry dampened his enthusiasm a little.

Megan seemed to notice. “We can do this again sometime. If you want,” she said.

“That would be fantastic.”

When she stopped near his house, Jonah couldn't hold back a few tears. Megan leaned over to him, and once more he was allowed to breathe in her scent up close and enjoy a warm hug. He was also granted another deep look at her shapely neckline. These images stayed with him all evening. Even Norma’s constant nagging couldn't change that.

The next morning, Norma tried to find out exactly what Jonah had done the day before by asking endless questions.

“We were at a shopping mall. My job was to help a woman who can't carry things very well. I had to carry her bags the whole time. There just kept being more of them,” he explained evasively.

He didn't let her get any more details out of him, and eventually, he was sent outside to take care of the front yard. He tried not to show anything, but inwardly he enjoyed

the triumph. For the first time, he had a part of his life that was not controlled by Norma.

That day, it was the rose bushes' turn. He scooted around under them on his knees, pulling out all the weeds. He was absorbed in his task, and the time flew by. It was already late morning when a shadow suddenly fell over him.

“You're doing a very thorough job. That looks great,” a pleasant voice suddenly said above him.

Jonah flinched and crawled out from under the bush. A pretty woman in stylish clothes was standing on the sidewalk. Her gaze moved over the two bushes he had already finished, and she nodded in approval.

“That looks like a lot of work,” she said, looking in his direction. She even leaned forward a little.

With the new knowledge he had gained over the past weeks, Jonah immediately noticed her well-filled blouse. He also noticed the hem of her skirt, which ended right above her knee.

“Do you live here?” the woman asked, speaking to him for the third time.

“Yes…” He couldn't say more, because at that moment, Norma came out of the house.

“Who are you talking to?” she called from a distance. “Who are you? What do you want from the boy?” She hurried closer.

The woman straightened up, smoothed her skirt, and put on a professional smile.

“Hi. My name is Rachel. I’m here on behalf of a client who is interested in the living conditions in this area. I thought the best way to find out would be to talk with the locals. Have you lived here long?”

“For decades. But that's none of your business. What kind of client?”

“Someone who wants to know if this is a family-friendly neighborhood. Your grandson seems to be happy here. He’s even helping you in the garden.”

“The boy is not my grandson!” Norma snapped. “He's a useless foster child. And he’s not 'helping,' he’s doing his chores! Did you hear me, Jonah? There are more bushes behind the house. So stop talking to strange women. It's not proper. Get going! Make sure you finish!”

Jonah obeyed and gathered his tools. He gave the woman an apologetic look. He felt bad that barked at her, because she seemed very nice.

“Bye,” he said politely, moving out of Norma's reach. But he still overheard the rest of the conversation between the two women.

“Go ask somewhere else!” Norma growled at her. “We have nothing to say to you.”

“Oh, you know, I think I've seen enough,” the woman replied politely, but with an icy undertone.

He was busy behind the house for the rest of the day. Only in the evening did he return to the front yard to clean up the last bits. He noticed a large car parked a little way down the street on the other side. Something about it caught his eye, and as he kept looking in that direction, he noticed someone was sitting inside.

It was Rachel. He hadn't seen her at first because she was hidden by something that looked like a camera. Jonah threw the last weed into his bucket and stood up. A

quick glance at the house assured him he wasn't being watched. He waved in her direction. Rachel returned the gesture and lifted the camera to her face one more time. Then she started the car and drove away.

Jonah turned around and looked at his home. It was one of the older, shabbier houses on the street. What was there to take a picture of?

As soon as the school bell rang for the last time, the students streamed out of the classroom door. Even the teacher was in a hurry. They all had their elective courses, which were usually much more fun than regular classes. In the past few days, Jonah had gotten into the habit of packing his things very slowly. As usual, he was the last to leave.

Ever since his outburst at Ms. Megan, he was simply ignored by the others. No one missed him, everyone was glad he wasn't around. That was fine by him. It also meant no one noticed that his course didn't take place at the school at all.

But instead of heading for the back exit toward the teachers' parking lot, he went to the restrooms first. He waited a moment until the hallway was empty. Then he slipped through the door of the accessible restroom. There were currently no students with such needs, so no one used it. In the private stall, he didn't have to worry about any idiots spying over the partition.

He made sure the door was truly locked, then unpacked the contents of his school bag. At the very bottom lay the flat pad of a disposable diaper. He hesitated. Should he really do this? In the end, curiosity and excitement won. He unfolded the diaper, placed it on the closed toilet lid, pulled down his pants, sat on the pad, and carefully fastened the tabs on both sides. He took a few hesitant steps to check the fit. It was important that it was snug and secure. When he was satisfied, he pulled his clothes back on and carefully opened the door. The hallway was empty, and he slipped out.

The walk to the parking lot was an adventure in itself. With every step, he sensed the thick padding pressed against his body under his clothes. He checked for any sign that he was ready to use the diaper. But there was nothing.

Megan was already waiting for him. She noticed at first glance that something was wrong.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“I can’t… I don’t think I can fulfill Jenna’s wish,” he said.

“Jenna’s wish? What did she wish for?” Megan looked at him, confused.

“That I, well, give her a reason to change my diaper right when we get to the club. But I can’t. It’s just not working.”

He looked at the ground, ashamed. It took Megan a moment to understand.

“Don’t tell me, you’re already wearing…” She looked around, but no one was in earshot. She bent down to him anyway. With both hands on his shoulders she looked at him seriously. “You have a diaper on? Right now?” she asked quietly.

He nodded. “Yes. Because Jenna specifically asked. I didn’t want to disappoint her. She’s always so sweet to me.”

Megan shook her head. “That silly woman.” Then she paused and looked deep into Jonah’s eyes. “You really want to do this for her?”

“I wanted to, yes, but I can’t. Nothing is happening. Not a single drop.”

“Jonah, maybe I can help you…” Megan suddenly had a glint in her eyes that Jonah had never seen before.

“Really? But how?”

Megan looked around to see if they were being watched, but they were the only ones in the parking lot.

“We can’t do it here…” she said thoughtfully. Then she seemed to have an idea.

“Let’s go back. We’ll meet in the abandoned nurse’s station. We’ll each take a different entrance so we’re not seen together, okay?”

Jonah nodded. This sounded like an adventure! He took a detour, reached the dark hallway, and felt his way forward. Megan’s shadow was silhouetted in the open doorway. She pulled him into the room and locked the door behind her.

“This way!” She directed him through the unlit room into an equally dark back room. She closed that door, too, and only then did she flip the light switch. For whatever reason, the walls and floor of this room were tiled. But Megan didn't give him time for any further observations.

“Take your clothes off so nothing gets dirty,” she ordered. “What are you going to do?” Jonah asked, starting to undress.

“I’m giving you what you’re missing. Unlike you, I have to pee all the time because of this.” She pulled her T-shirt up, tucked it under her bra, and stroked her bare, full belly. “Sometimes I can barely hold it until class is over.”

She took off her shoes, socks and pants ond tossed them in a corner. “Hurry up, I’m about to burst!” she urged him

He undressed completely and stood shivering in the cool room, wearing only the diaper.

“Come here!” Megan waved him to the middle of the room. “Sit on the floor and open the diaper up.”

Jonah still had no idea what Megan was planning. He did as she asked and looked up at her expectantly.

“Okay Jonah, let’s make this quick. I’m going to pee in your diaper, okay? Jenna doesn’t have to know it’s not yours. Are you ready?”

“What? Yes… No! … I mean… is that okay? Are we allowed to do that?”

Jonah watched, wide-eyed, as Megan quickly slipped off her panties. She stood directly over him. He could see all the way up to the shaved area between her legs. Her belly arched above it, hiding everything else.

“It’s all perfectly natural, as Jenna would say,” Megan replied in a strained voice. “Lean back, prop yourself up on your elbows!” She lowered herself slowly until she was squatting over him. Now he could see her face again. Her expression was still strange. Maybe because she had to go so badly.

“This is for you, Jonah. Because I really like you and I love our games!” Megan sighed, and then a hot, hissing stream hit him.

The smell of her piss immediately filled the room. At first, it was kind of gross. But then Megan pulled his head to her belly and stroked his head and back. It felt like she was giving him a very special gift. Gush after gush emptied on his crotch. Jonah sensed the hot wetness spread over his belly and thighs, finally pooling between his legs. It was more than he had ever produced.

“Aaah!” Megan sighed in relief and stood up.

Jonah was fascinated by the sight of her gaping shaved pussy, where a few glittering drops were still visible. She took a step to the side and looked down at Jonah.

“Well, you seem to be really enjoying that!”

At first, Jonah didn't know what she meant. Then he noticed his cock, which had grown hard and large. It had all happened so fast that he hadn't even registered it.

“Is that bad?” he asked.

“No.” Megan squatted next to him and stroked his head gently. “It just tells me you’re one of the few who enjoy games like this. I'll keep that in mind. Although, our plan doesn't seem to have worked out perfectly. What a mess!”

Jonah realized he was sitting in a large puddle of hot piss. The diaper was completely soaked.

“Do you have a spare with you?” Megan asked.

“Yes, in my bag.”

“Then maybe we can salvage this. Stay put.”

Megan stood up, dug the spare diaper out of his backpack, and unfolded it.

“Stand up,” she told Jonah. She used the fresh diaper to dry him off. When she was done, she gave the material a critical look. “Hmm, let’s hope it’s enough to fulfill Jenna’s wish. Get dressed.”

Megan got dressed first and took care of cleaning up the room. She stuffed the used diaper into a plastic bag. Then she grabbed a bucket, filled it with water, and rinsed the fresh traces toward the drain in the floor.

On the way to the car, Jonah realized that Megan knew her way around this part of the school surprisingly well. He didn't dare ask her about it, though. By the time they reached the club, it didn't matter anymore.

Jenna took care of Jonah’s not-so-fresh diaper with great enthusiasm. As promised, she had saved up a plentiful feeding for him as a reward. Kiera also demanded that he relieve her breasts.

Soon, he was in the relaxed, blissful mood he now associated with visiting the club. He was surrounded by kind women, touching their soft curves, the taste of their milk on his tongue and the feel of their nipples on his lips. Loving caresses came from all sides. There was still so much motherly love and care he needed to catch up on.

It was amazing how quickly the games in the club began to feel normal. Jonah proved to be a grateful baby, and the three pregnant women each cared for him intensively and lovingly in their own way.

They took care of each other with the same enthusiasm. Jonah didn't hide his curiosity, and sometimes he got the impression they were performing their 'adult games' right in front of him on purpose. His role was limited to watching. He also noticed that they usually tried to delay that part as long as possible.

There were other things he could closely observe. Plug-dildos in various shapes and sizes, which were thrust into pussies or stimulated with fingers, lips, and tongues. These devices were a mystery to him, but they seemed to bring the women extraordinary pleasure.

As he lay at Jenna's breast that day, watching the activities around him, he noticed something disturbing. Kiera was lying on her back on the couch next to him. She had her head pillowed in Megan's lap, who gently stroked her forehead and shoulders.

Even more interesting was the view of Gloria, who was diving into Kiera's pussy with her tongue and fingers. But she didn't stop there! Again and again, Gloria slipped a bit lower and did the same thing to Kiera's butthole! She did this for quite a while. Everything was already wet and glistening. Then she straightened up and put her plug-dildo to use. This, too, didn't happen in Kiera's pussy as usual, but in her butt.

Jonah froze. Jenna noticed his uncertainty.

"Hey, is everything okay with my baby?" she asked. But Jonah couldn't manage to stay in the baby role.

"She... " He swallowed. "She put it in... in her butt!" he whispered, horrified.

"What are you talking about?" Jenna whispered back.

"Gloria and Kiera!"

Jenna followed his gaze and watched the two women for a moment.

Kiera lay on her back with her eyes closed, a completely relaxed expression on her face, and bright red cheeks. Her heavy breasts and massive belly swung back and forth to the rhythm of Gloria's thrusts. Gloria looked completely focused, as if every movement cost her a lot of strength.

"She's fucking her in the ass. So what? Let them have their fun," Jenna commented on the scene and pushed her other breast in front of Jonah's face. "Come on, you're not finished here."

He didn't need to be told twice. He actually liked Jenna's feeding the best. It wasn't as much as Kiera's and not as exciting as with Megan. But she had a special taste, and when he lay at her breast, she always found new ways to stroke and touch him

here and there. He loved cuddling with her, even when her breasts no longer gave milk.

But his observation wouldn't leave him alone. He was unfocused, and the cozy baby-feeling just wouldn't set in.

From the past few days, he knew that moaning, sighing, whimpering, and sometimes screaming were part of it when the women had an orgasm. But the sounds Kiera was now making, at shorter and shorter intervals, he had never heard before. It began with a deep, rumbling moan that turned into a hoarse scream.

He didn't want to jeopardize his cozy position in Jenna's arms, but at the same time, he was dying to know what was going on. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Gloria thrusting powerfully again and again, making Kiera's curves swing. Another thrust. Kiera arched her back and began to tremble all over. Gloria leaned over her, breathing heavily, and stroked her tenderly all over her body. They both looked exhausted and happy. Jonah felt like he was witnessing a very special game.

The scene was not without its effect on him. His cock had grown hard in his diaper. Jenna's nimble fingers had noticed that long ago. Under her expert hands, it wasn't long before he, too, began to tremble all over. She held him in her arms until he had calmed down again.

After a while, Jenna was the first to move. Jonah was sure another diaper-changing session was coming. Probably with Megan, since he had already had plenty of fun with Jenna today. He was surprised when Jenna handed him over to Gloria instead.

"Hey Gloria, Baby Jonah was pretty thrilled by your last performance. Maybe you should fill him in on the details." She said this with a grin and an undertone Jonah didn't understand.

Gloria, however, seemed to know exactly what Jenna meant. She cast a thoughtful look at Jonah, licked her lips, and came closer.

"Sounds like a super idea. Come on then, little one. If you dare."

She gave him a challenging look. Gloria had stayed out of everything related to the baby and diaper stuff so far, always focusing on the women. So this was about something other than the game! What did she have planned for him? A rush of excitement ran though his body, and also a little fear, as he followed Gloria toward the shower room.

But her destination was the restroom behind it.

Gloria closed the door. "That was faster than I thought. But since you're so interested in this stuff, you should be in the know. Like I said on our first day. If you cooperate, we'll get along just fine. Now, take that diaper off."

She herself spread her legs and bent her knees a bit. With a strained face, she pushed the plug part of her plug-dildo out of her pussy. Jonah was amazed at how big it was. It actually seemed to hurt her. She winced briefly until the object slid out of her with a wet, smacking sound. Gloria set it aside. Then she grabbed a pair of medical gloves from a box and pulled them on.

"Ready?" she asked Jonah, who had taken off the diaper and was now standing completely naked in front of her.

"Yes. No. I mean, I don't know. Ready for what?"

"Nothing bad, little one," said Gloria, squatting in front of him. He was so tense he couldn't even appreciate the features of her athletic figure.

"So," Gloria began. "You've already experienced how nice it can be when you touch each other sweetly." She ran her gloved hand over Jonah's torso. It gave him goosebumps.

"And as Kiera explained so nicely," she continued, "that also applies to the parts that usually have a very different function. Here, for example." Her fingers had found his cock, and she gripped it firmly once.

"But that's not nearly all. It can be really great here, too."

Her hand forced its way between his legs. With one finger, she traced the crack between his butt cheeks. He clearly felt her fingertip brush his butthole, and he flinched.

"Isn't that against the rules?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"What do you mean?" Gloria asked. "You said nothing was allowed to happen that had to do with... with, um... with number two."

"You're right," she said. "Good listening. That's why I'm wearing gloves. But we can make sure it's a clean game for everyone, and then we can skip them. The trick is to prepare and stay clean. See this basin?"

She pointed to the thing that looked like a mix between a toilet and a sink.

"You set the temperature here, and the water stream here." She demonstrated the two knobs. "You hold your butt over this, and it rinses it thoroughly."

She pointed to the rounded nozzle that stuck up in the middle, a thin stream of water coming from its tip. The part looked familiar to Jonah. The one in the shower next door looked just like it.

Gloria grabbed it and pulled the nozzle out. It was attached to a hose, just like in the shower.

"You can take it out like this," she explained. "So you can reach all the spots. And afterward, you can use it to rinse the basin clean. Everything clear so far?"

Jonah nodded. Was that all? A shower for the ass, so what? Why all the excitement about it?

"The best part, however, is that you can get everything clean with it. And I mean everything, even inside. Squat down, with your butt over the basin, and lean forward a bit."

As soon as he was in position, Gloria ran the water over his butt crack. It was lukewarm and a very strange feeling. But it made sense that it would get him clean. Then, without warning, she held the end firmly against his butthole. Water spread inside him! His body rebelled against this treatment, and he instinctively pushed her hand away.

As soon as the way was clear, the water shot out of him. Embarrassing smells filled the room.

"I think you understand how it works," Gloria commented. "Do it again. This time, you take the hose!"

He had to repeat the procedure four times in total before Gloria was satisfied. If there was anything more embarrassing than the first diaper change, this was it.

"That's enough," Gloria said finally. "When it runs clear, you're done. Dry yourself with toilet paper, and then let me see."

She inspected his backside very thoroughly. He had to bend forward, and she pushed his butt cheeks apart with both hands. He could even feel her breath as she sniffed in between.

"Looks good," she said. Suddenly, Something hot and wet circling his butthole.

"Taste is okay, too," Gloria remarked, letting him go.

She took a bottle from a shelf that looked like a large soap dispenser.

"Take this. It's lotion. Your tender little asshole can't handle that much water. Apply it generously, inside too. So you're slippery and smelling nice. Then put your diaper on and come outside. As a reward, we'll show you what all that effort was for. But remember to wash your hands!"

Jonah needed a lot more toilet paper until water stopped running out of his butt. The lotion smelled like flowers and was cool. On his damp skin, it became very slick. A few drops landed on his cock. As he tried to wipe them away, he just spread it more. It felt good. Almost as good as when Jenna pampered him with lotion.

But this was still different. After the truly thorough cleaning, inside and out, Jonah was as clean as never before in his life. No part of his body was dirty. Everything was fresh,ready for any kind of touch and exploration. Even the thought that Gloria had just licked his butthole with her tongue was no longer gross. He himself would never know what that was like. No person could twist themselves far enough to reach their own ass. But maybe the women would use this 'ass shower' too. Then maybe he would find out.

Just the thought of it was exciting and caused his cock to quickly get hard. Jonah grasped it with his slick fingers. Fragrant and slippery, just as Gloria had wanted. It felt good, and if the women grabbed him like this, it would surely be even better. He hastily put on the diaper and headed next door. They surely had a few more ideas he would never think of on his own.

He was not disappointed.

Following the lesson the next morning was not a problem. The material was easy to understand, and Megan kept giving him a knowing smile that only he understood. Maybe there was also a little worry in her eyes.

She had been the only one who hadn't thrown herself at his freshly prepared backside with enthusiasm the day before. The other women never got tired of touching and kissing Jonah. They made no distinction between his front and back. He could still feel the touch of warm hands, hot lips, and wet tongues. The craziest part was the feeling when someone had put their fingertip in his butt a few times!

He didn't know who it was. The women enjoyed breastfeeding him during the whole treatment. First Kiera, but mostly Megan. He had sensed her heat, the flush of her skin. All proof of how exciting she found it. Still, something held her back from actively joining in this new game.

The question that distracted him from class this morning was related to the club. Which game should he prepare for? The baby with a diaper? Fresh or wet? Or should he get thoroughly clean for the play between his legs? Both were tempting. At least he could put off the decision until he got to the club, as he had no diapers left to prepare at school.

"Ready?" Megan asked him when he met her in the parking lot.

He could tell from the sparkle in her eyes that she meant more than just leaving. It was the look she had given him in the abandoned nurse's station a few days ago. Right before she had wet him. The thought caused a stirring in his pants.

At the club, Jonah wasn't even asked. He was sent straight to the 'special shower' first.

"Leave the diaper, I'll take care of that," Kiera called after him.

When he reappeared in the main room shortly after, Gloria and Megan headed off together.

Kiera was already waiting for him at the bench. With a clear gesture, she told him to take a seat on it. The 'care' that followed was intensive. Again and again, she grabbed his cock and let it slide through her fingers. In addition to the slippery lotion from the shower, she added plenty of other cream, which she spread between his legs and in his butt crack. Just like the day before, the play of her fingertip on his butthole caused a new kind of arousal that made his cock hard and large in seconds.

But it didn't stop there. Suddenly, Jonah felt much more than just her fingertip. Her finger pushed into him again and again. She turned it, feeling in all directions. It was a new, extreme feeling, being impaled on her finger. Part of his body recognized it as wrong and wanted to expel the foreign object immediately. Another part was astonished that such a thing was even possible. And a tiny part welcomed it.

The fearful part won. Jonah tensed up instinctively, first squeezing his butt cheeks together, followed by convulsive waves in his ass meant to push Kiera's finger out.

She gave him a firm slap with her free hand.

"Stay loose!" she called out strictly. "We're not finished yet."

"You're really going for it today," Jenna commented on the scene.

"Yeah. Somehow I'm in the mood for something intense. I think it won't be long for me now. Maybe that's why. Once the baby is here, I can forget about the club for a while. The due date isn't for a few days, but the way it feels..."

She pulled her hands away from Jonah and, her face twisted in pain, she sucked in her breath sharply and held her belly.

"Are you having contractions?" Jenna asked, concerned.

"No, the little monster is just kicking relentlessly."

With her eyes closed, Kiera concentrated on her breathing. The pain seemed to fade, because she was smiling when she opened her eyes. "But we can check, just in case."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenna.

"That would be something for our curious student," Kiera said. "He certainly won't want to miss the opportunity, right?"

With a few quick movements, she fastened the diaper.

"Get up and come with me!" she ordered Jonah.

They walked over to the examination chair.

"You have to do the explaining this time, Jenna," Kiera said, pulling off her panties. She carefully took a seat and placed her legs on the padded holders.

"Sure, we can handle that. Ready for another show?" Jenna asked Jonah.

He had followed the conversation's development with a growing mix of horror and curiosity.

"You mean, like with you the other day? I get to look inside?" he asked.

"Yes, exactly. Who knows when you'll get the chance again. So, sit on the stool."

Jenna walked toward the shelves to get something. Should he really do this? Jonah looked around. Megan and Gloria still weren't back. It was just Kiera, Jenna, and him. Curiosity finally won, and Jonah sat on the stool between Kiera's legs.

Her massive belly pressed heavily into her groin, where dark hair bordered her pussy. The outer pussylips were swollen, the inner ones were exposed because of her spread legs.

"Give her clit a kiss!" Jenna ordered him.

She had the clear instrument from last time in her hand. Carefully, Jonah moved closer and touched Kiera's lower belly with his cheek. It was still difficult to reach her pussy. Her belly was simply too big. He finally managed. When he touched the bud with his lips, Kiera sighed with pleasure. He wanted to pull his head back, but Jenna held him firmly.

"Lick her cleft!"

Jonah's breath reflected off Kiera's groin, seasoned with her aroma. Carefully, he stuck out his tongue and touched her inner fold. The taste intensified, and Kiera shuddered.

"Yes, that's good. Keep going," he heard her moan.

So he let the tip of his tongue wander downward, to the end of her pussy. He paused there. Had Kiera used the ass shower? So far, he had only tasted the strong flavor of her pussy. He slowly moved further down. Now the tip of his nose followed the contour of Kiera's pussy. His tongue moved over a piece of smooth skin, and then he reached the edge. The taste was still okay, so he went over the edge and into the dip, which twitched under his touch.

Kiera moaned. Not like before, from the pain. It was that special moan when the women found something particularly nice. She really seemed to like what he was doing. And Jonah had to admit, it was exciting for him, too. He was slowly beginning to understand the women's enthusiasm for these games. He again ran his tongue over the edge of her pussy and her butthole. As if on its own, he moved further and further into the center. He carefully noted the differences.

Her pussy welcomed his tongue, slick and ready. The lips parted willingly at the slightest touch. Further down, there was more resistance. But here, too, he made progress, bit by bit. He just had to press the tip of his tongue a little harder into the round indentation, and it would twitch and open hesitantly. Bravely, he pushed further. The flowery taste became spicier, but not unpleasant. The tip of his tongue explored the ring of her muscle before it closed again.

Kiera's hands reached around her belly. They just barely reached his head, and she pulled him a little higher. The command was clear. Like a puppy at a water bowl, his tongue lapped at her cleft.

Jenna had gotten the clear plastic tool. When Jonah lifted his head to breathe, she placed it in his hand.

"I think Kiera is wet enough now," she said.

Sure enough, her juices were dripping from her cleft. Jenna placed her fingers on Kiera's pussy and pulled it open slightly.

"Insert it. But very carefully!" she instructed him.

Jonah placed the rounded end of the tool at the opening and pushed. It went in without much resistance. Kiera moaned again.

"Go slow. Squeeze the handle a little, then you can see how far you are."

Jonah followed the instructions. He needed light. In the dimness, he could just barely make out the structure of her inner walls. It actually looked just like Jenna's. He pushed the thing further and further until the view at the end of the dark tunnel changed.

Strange. That looked different. Instead of the half-round mound with the dot in the middle, he now saw an oval ring with a slit in the center, which was being pushed apart by something behind it.

"That looks different. Is it supposed to be like that?" he asked, looking worriedly at Jenna.

"What do you mean? Let me see." She pushed him aside and peered into Kiera's tunnel.

"Oh!" she cried out, surprised. "Looks like those weren't kicks after all, Kiera. Your cervix is completely open. I can see the head!"

"Nonsense! My water hasn't even broken. That can't be. I would have..." Kiera's protest died.

She moaned, and her body tensed. Jonah was still holding the tool and could feel her muscles tighten around it. Deep at the end of the dark tunnel, something was happening. He moved closer, right next to Jenna's head, who was also staring intently into Kiera's groin.

"Today's your lucky day, little one. You're about to witness a miracle." Jenna stroked his head gently. "And in my opinion, one of the hottest things in the world. Pull that thing out."

Jonah carefully pulled the plastic tool out. He regretted it a little, because these mysterious processes inside the women were really fascinating.

Jenna stood up and looked around. Then she shrugged. "The couch will do."

"We should go over there," she said to Kiera.

Kiera nodded and got up heavily from the chair. She grimaced again.

"Oof. I really wasn't expecting this. No wonder I'm in such a weird mood," she said, letting herself fall onto the couch. Jenna arranged a few pillows so she could lean back comfortably.

"Come here, Jonah. Your place is here!" Jenna pointed between Kiera's legs.

"Pick up where you left off," she said, as he crawled across the couch to the spot. "Help her relax. Get her really hot. Lick her and keep an eye on her pussy. Let me know if anything comes out."

He flinched. "Really, it just... comes out like that?"

"No, that was a joke," Kiera said. "Believe me, when it's time, you'll all know. But Jenna is right about one thing. Continue what you were doing."

Kiera shuddered again, and her moan was full of pain. Of course, Jonah wanted to do something nice for her. Lying on the couch as she was, her butt was out of reach. So he began to work on her pussy with his lips and tongue.

"You perma-horny slut," he heard Kiera say. He lifted his head briefly and saw Jenna generously stroking Kiera's breasts and belly. "Maybe I should go upstairs, to the clinic!"

"Hey, you know how this goes. It's your third, after all. But it's your decision," Jenna said. "Upstairs and clinically sterile, or down here for a special private home birth. What do you prefer?"

Her hand wandered down the side of Kiera's belly and into her groin. Jonah saw at least three fingers disappear into Kiera's pussy, and her thumb kneading her clit.

Kiera moaned again. It was impossible to tell if it was from pain or pleasure.

"Keep going," she sighed.

Jenna leaned down to Jonah. "You heard her. Use your fingers. Massage her from the inside. Spread her open like the tool. Enjoy the view." She gave him a swat on the butt and then returned to Kiera's upper body.

Jonah got to work, focused, and forgot everything around him. His fingers penetrated Kiera's pussy without resistance. They were too short to stretch it to the end. There was nothing to see but the pink tunnel. But she reacted to his every touch. Her vagina twitched, clenched, and released, over and over.

"What's going on here?" he suddenly heard Gloria's voice behind him.

He turned his head and saw her approaching. A large plug-dildo protruded menacingly from her groin. Megan walked behind her. She had rosy cheeks and seemed out of breath.

"Don't stop!" Kiera's cry turned into a moan, and her body tensed again. He really had to help her relax! So he kept going, only half-listening to the conversation.

"Someone has decided to come into the world today. We're preparing everything to make it a grand climax," said Jenna.

Excited exclamations from Gloria and Megan.

"Wouldn't it be better to go up to the clinic?" Megan asked.

"No!" Kiera sounded determined. "I won't have a chance at an orgasmic birth up there. Help me!"

Megan and Jenna pampered Kiera from the left and right. Smacking and moaning from all sides told Jonah they were treating each other to kisses and licks. He himself lay on his belly between her legs, trying to reach her deepest corners with his tongue and fingers.

Suddenly, someone pushed his legs apart and started messing with his diaper. Gloria! She unfastened the tabs and folded it back. Cool air brushed over his butt, followed by her warm hands. She stroked him gently, giving him goosebumps all over. The strokes became firmer. She gripped him tightly, pushing his butt cheeks apart. Her fingers wandered between his legs, felt for the remnants of the lotion, and spread it in his butt crack. Something big pushed between his butt cheeks and moved along the crack. To his butthole! He sensed pressure, against his entrance. His reaction was instinctive. Everything clenched and fought against the foreign object.

Gloria leaned forward, right over him. Her breasts stroked his back, and her hot breath brushed his ear.

"Relax, Jonah," she whispered. "This is fun, honestly. You'll like it. You still remember the word if you don't want to play anymore, right?"

Jonah nodded. "See? You can stop at any time. Do you want to stop the game now? Then say it!"

He shook his head. "Well then. Relax. Stay loose. I'll be very gentle!"

Gloria straightened up again. Her weight rested on his legs, her hands held his butt. He couldn't move. Jonah's mind raced. He couldn't tell if the other women noticed what Gloria was doing to him. If they approved. Or if they were just too busy.

Exit. If he said the word, he was out. Forever. Of course, he didn't want to stop this game. But what Gloria did was weird. More wrong than strange. Even though he had cleaned himself more thoroughly than ever before, he felt dirty.

Hands kneaded his butt in a firm grip. Fingers approached his butthole. And then one pushed inside him. Slowly, but unstoppably. And deep! Kiera had done that earlier, too, but it had been better with her. Gloria pulled her finger out. But not all the way. Just before the end, she pushed it back in. Deeper. Faster. Then again. And again and again.

Jonah trembled. As if he no longer had control over his body. As if he had no control over anything at all. His eyes grew moist. Tears ran down his face and mixed with the juice from Kiera's pussy, which he was still working on.

Something was happening there! It distracted him from what Gloria was doing to his butt. He spread her pussy with his fingers. This time, he sensed a resistance. Smooth and firm. He pushed the lips apart and saw something dark, that pushed toward him a tiny bit at that very moment. Was that the baby? Why wasn't Kiera saying anything?

The next moment, several things happened at once. A sharp pain shot through him as Gloria now used two fingers. At least. Or more. Or something else. Hold on, he told himself. Everything else about the game was too good to give up over this!

His whimper was drowned out by a scream of pain from Kiera, who tensed up completely. Her pussylips split open on their own. For a moment, a piece of the dark, glistening head pushed forward. Then Kiera lost her tension. The head slid back. Moisture ran from her pussy. First a few drops, then a trickle. More and more. A powerful gush hit him in the face. Warm. Pungent. Dark. Reddish. Metallic. Blood!

Jonah froze.

"Oh shit!" Gloria's voice behind him.

Frantic movement. Something was ripped from his butt. A short, burning pain that made him shudder.

"Out of the way!"

Someone pushed him aside. He sat motionless on the edge, unable to look away. The dark puddle between Kiera's legs grew larger. Naked bodies, female curves, suddenly devoid of all sensuality, rushed around him. Someone brought towels. Or were they the sheets from the couch?

Gloria was on the phone, her voice grim. Quiet, pleading, urgent, then louder. She hung up and threw something onto the couch next to him. The phone? No, the plug-dildo.

A knock from the entrance. Gloria hurried over and opened it. A woman in medical clothes approached quickly.

"What's going on here!" She tossed the towels from Kiera's groin, and began to feel and examine her.

"Alright, all clear. It was just the water breaking a bit late. Looks like an uncomplicated birth otherwise."

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hi, Carol!" the women greeted the doctor one by one. The woman named Carol looked around.

"What the hell is going on here?" she asked, her gaze sweeping the room. Horror spread across her face.

"Are you completely insane? I let you use this room for physical therapy, Gloria! For a little fun! Not for some sick orgies!"

Then she noticed Jonah. "What is that boy doing here? Why is he naked? Why is he wearing a diaper? What..." She spotted the dildo lying next to him. "Oh no. No! Tell me it's not what it looks like!"

She lunged at him and ripped the diaper away, which was still wedged between his legs. She glanced at it, then looked at Jonah.

"Turn around. Bend over," she commanded. Jonah obeyed, waiting to be touched again. Even though he was not at all in the mood for it. But Carol had apparently seen everything she needed to know with one look.

"Gloria! You sick bitch!" she yelled. "Why does the kid have a sore ass? Are you insane?"

She took a deep breath. "Out of here! I'm calling nurses for help in five minutes. By then, none of you except Gloria should be here."

Jenna and Megan took Jonah by the hand and led him to the lockers. They changed at top speed, urging him to hurry. Half-dressed, they left the club. They had just reached the back exit when the hurried steps of the nurses echoed from the other end of the basement hallway.

Jenna looked back one last time in the open doorway.

"Well, I guess that's it for the club. Shame."

The door clicked shut behind her. She studied Jonah and Megan.

"Hmm, Jonah can't go home like this. And neither can you. How about ice cream in the park? Then we'll talk about what happens next."

We messed up.

That was the first clear thought Jonah had as soon as he woke up that morning. We got caught. Even adults are scared when they get caught. This realization was new and, somehow, comforting.

Jonah knew from the beginning that the things at the club were their secret. He had only understood last night just how badly forbidden it was.

Jenna had bought ice cream as promised, and they had gone for a walk in the park. The women on his left and right, with him in the middle. Like two mommies worried about their boy. They had talked about what Jonah had liked about the club and what he hadn't.

He could only think of things he liked. The other stuff… he had almost forgotten. It barely hurt anymore. He had looked around shyly. Was it okay to talk about it? Here, outside the club?

Jenna had lovingly ruffled his hair and encouraged him. There was no one around who could overhear them.

So he had listed what he liked. Cuddling, hugging, seeing the women naked. Touching them and being stroked himself. The feeling of the diaper being put on, when he was completely helpless and they took such sweet care of him. Wearing the diaper, which felt like a hug he could take with him. Learning what everything was called, what it looked like, even inside. And of course, the taste. Of their milk, their nipples, their pussies.

They let him talk and didn't interrupt. When he was finished gushing, Jenna had squatted down in front of him and looked at him seriously.

"Jonah, I'm glad you like it so much," she said. "And it doesn't have to be the end, even if we don't have the club anymore. If you want, I'll think of something. But the condition is that no one finds out. Can you keep it all to yourself? Even if someone asks?"

Of course. Jonah had nodded eagerly. The sudden prospect that it wasn't all over took away much of the shock. He was much more relaxed when Megan finally dropped him off at home. It was a silent drive. Every now and then, she had given him a worried look. She hadn't said anything.

Today, the morning after, much of yesterday seemed unreal. But Megan's looks in class were the same as on the drive. The things at the club had really happened.

When the students had left the room after class, he and Megan stayed behind.

"Have you heard from Kiera? Is she okay?" he asked.

Megan cast a shy glance in all directions. "It's a boy. Everyone is healthy. We... we'll talk later. Promise!"

She packed her things and hurried off. Jonah was left behind, confused.

What was he supposed to do this afternoon? If he came home too early, there would definitely be trouble. At least, uncomfortable questions.

He took the back exit of the school, as usual. He didn't want to be noticed here, either. He set off for home on foot.

When he finally turned onto his street after a while, he had thought about many things. Something was bothering Megan. Should he be worried, too? But what occupied him most was the question of how Jenna would find him. He didn't have a phone, and Megan seemed very uncomfortable with everything related to the club right now.

He was so lost in thought that he hadn't even noticed the car parked on the side of the road. Only when he was standing right next to it did he recognize it. It was the car belonging to the woman he had spoken with last weekend. Rachel was her name. He looked around, but she was nowhere to be seen.

When he finally reached his house, he looked back one more time. That's when he noticed her, just leaving the house diagonally opposite. Jonah knew the people who lived there by sight. But he had never spoken to them. Maybe they could give Rachel the information she was looking for. She looked in his direction, and they waved each other. Just like last time.

A strange tension had hung over the past week. The normal school routine, with no prospect of special club activities, was just plain boring.

Class with Megan, of course, didn't allow for any closeness, but it made Jonah all the more aware of what he was missing. On one occasion, she chose him to carry the teaching materials for her. But in the storage room, nothing more happened than a mutual reassurance that they were both okay. Megan said something about waiting and keeping a low profile. She seemed to be afraid.

Mrs. Collins had also run into him at the end of the week. She spoke favorably of his participation in the course. Gloria had praised him highly. However, there had been some changes at the clinic, so his participation was now officially over. He was told to think about which alternative courses at the school he would like to take. Jonah looked at the options, but nothing interested him. Instead, he continued to wander the streets after school, just to avoid showing up at home too early.

Now it was Saturday again. Jonah listlessly took care of his chores. It was late morning. He had finished all the rooms upstairs, only the hallway was left. Jonah was about to turn on the vacuum cleaner when the doorbell rang.

He glanced out the window at the street. There was no delivery van in sight. Whoever was at the door would have to deal with Norma's bad mood. He carefully crept to the stair landing, which allowed a view of the door, and listened.

Norma shuffled grumpily to the door.

"You! What do you want?" she snapped at a person outside and out of Jonah's view.

A woman's voice, which sounded familiar, answered in a calm, business-like tone. Too quiet to understand.

Norma's reaction, however, was all the louder.

"Child protective services? A wellness check? What nonsense! Absolutely not!"

There was a scuffle at the door. The visitor was not alone. From his position, Jonah first saw the legs of the people entering the house. Uniforms. Police!

Jonah went ice cold. Was that about the club? Were they going to arrest him? Was this the moment Jenna had talked about? He would not reveal anything, no matter what! But he couldn't stop his whole body from shaking.

Norma was pushed back by two women in uniform. She shrieked and threw a lot of nasty words at them, but the officers didn't let that stop them. Barry came hobbling out of the living room. He was told to stay put. As with every bossy announcement he received from a woman, he followed the instruction immediately.

Another person entered the house. When she was close enough for Jonah to see her face, he recognized her immediately. Rachel!

She looked around attentively. Finally, her gaze also traveled upward, in his direction. Had she spotted him? Jonah made himself as small as possible behind the narrow staircase railing. If she had seen him, she didn't let on. She began to read an official document aloud.

Now Jonah could hear what she was saying, but he didn't understand the complicated terms. Words like "child welfare," "appropriate environment," "social environment," "age-appropriate activities." Whatever it meant, it silenced Norma, and Barry let his shoulders slump in resignation.

When she got a chance to speak, Norma tried to argue. Quieter than usual. But Rachel didn't engage.

When was the last time Jonah had friends his age over? When had he visited other children? Norma couldn't answer those questions and mumbled excuses.

"Where is the boy now?" Rachel finally asked.

"Upstairs, probably. Doing his work," Norma answered.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. Jonah flinched. He had been listening in the corner for too long. There was no escape now. The steps came closer. Then Rachel appeared, looking at him with a friendly smile.

"Hello Jonah, I'm Rachel. We already met. Don't worry, I'm here to help you. To make sure you're okay. You haven't done anything wrong. I work for child protective services. We've received reports that you are not living here in a way that is right for a boy your age. That's why I'm here. Would you mind showing me your room?"

Relief washed over Jonah. She hadn't said a word about the club. Did she even know about it? She wanted to see his room? Why? There was nothing special about it.

He stood up and led the way down the hall. Rachel followed, making a voice note as she went. 'Child found in pajamas on a Saturday afternoon. Adequately nourished. Forced to do heavy housework.'

Jonah felt like he was being studied. Is this how other people saw him? His classmates, too?

They entered his room, and Rachel looked around in silence. Then she stroked his head gently and made more notes. 'Pile of dirty clothes in the room. Absolutely no toys. Inadequate furnishings. Furniture damaged, risk of injury. No access to media.'

She turned to him.

"Jonah, this is probably surprising, and you might not understand it, but we're taking you to live somewhere else. Do you have a backpack? A large bag where you can pack all your things that are important to you? Clothes aren't important. We'll go shopping later, and you'll get everything you need. Just personal things. And please put on some clothes you can go out in."

"Yeah, okay..." This was exciting. Like that day, when he had imagined Megan kidnapping him. Since then, he had wondered again and again what he would miss about his home. It wasn't much.

All his school things fit in his backpack, and the rest fit in a small bag. Luckily, he didn't have any diapers left in the house. That would have been embarrassing!

Rachel waited in the hallway and clapped him encouragingly on the shoulder when he finally came out of the room. Then she accompanied him down the stairs. Norma and Barry were waiting at the bottom, still held in check by the police officers.

"You can't just take him. That's my boy, he belongs to me!" Norma made one last attempt. Rachel stopped, put a protective hand on Jonah's shoulder, and looked at Norma.

"You'll be hearing from us. The evidence of neglect is extensive, the forced heavy labor borders on abuse. You should think very carefully about whether you want to fight this decision in court. Just accept that you will never be allowed to foster a child again."

Without waiting for Norma's reply, she led Jonah outside. Her car was at the curb, and she opened the door for him. As Jonah got in, she said goodbye to the two police officers, who then drove off in their patrol car.

Jonah looked outside. All over the neighborhood, people were standing in their doorways and at windows, watching. He sank into the seat and wondered what would happen next.

They drove a short distance, but after just a few blocks, Rachel pulled over.

"Jonah, we normally place children in orphanages first, until we know exactly what the next steps are," she began.

His ears perked up. Normally? What was different about him?

"In your case, however, there's already someone who would like to take you in. On a trial basis at first. It doesn't have to be permanent. If you don't like it there, you can call me anytime, and I'll come get you. But maybe you want to give her a chance. I know her, and she says you know her too and that you would get along well. Are you ready to meet her?"

Jonah nodded. This sounded mysterious and exciting. What Rachel said made sense. He could say no at any time. He definitely wanted to know who this mysterious person was.

Rachel got out and told him to follow her. They walked to the car parked in front of them. There was a sticker on the back indicating a baby on board. The back windows were dark, he couldn't see inside.

When he reached the passenger side, he saw a car seat with a peacefully sleeping toddler in it. The driver's door opened, and he first saw the familiar blonde hair. The woman hurried around the car and hugged him.

"Hello Jonah," said Jenna. "Do you think we'll get along?"

He nodded. He wasn't capable of words. He had a lump in his throat and felt tears welling up in his eyes. The only thing he could do was return her hug. Warmly. Intensely. His head pressed against her breasts, her full pregnant belly against his body.

"Well, that looks promising," Rachel commented on the situation. "Where did I get to know you two so well?"

"It was a school project of Jonah's," Jenna explained. "He stood out to me on the first day. Because he was so helpful and friendly."

"Is it okay with you, Jonah, to stay with Jenna for now?" Rachel asked him.

"Yes, I'd like that." His voice sounded thick.

"Okay, very good." Rachel sounded pleased. "Jenna, please sign here, and we'll do the rest of the documents on Monday at the office. Then I'll finally have a reason to stop by your place again."

Jenna gave her the signature. Rachel brought Jonah's bags over, and then she drove away.

"Sorry for the surprise, but I had no way to reach you beforehand," said Jenna.

"It's okay. It's a nice surprise," Jonah replied. "You know Rachel?"

"Yes, we work for the same agency. I'm in administration, and she's in fieldwork. That's why I was able to ask her to take a closer look at your situation."

Now it all made sense to Jonah. The new situation was exciting, but he liked it. There was only one question left. "Who is that?" He pointed to the car seat.

"That's Savannah. Savy. My daughter. If you want, she's your new little sister. You'll get to know her when we get home and she wakes up. She usually sleeps in the car. And if she sleeps long enough, we can make sure you get something to eat first. Because I'm about to burst."

She pulled her shoulders back, making her breasts stand out clearly under her T-shirt. They were full and huge. Jonah understood the gesture immediately. He instantly felt hunger and thirst, and a craving that went far beyond just appetite.

Jenna winked at him and opened the back door of the car. "Ready? Then hop in!"

Can you think about being in a dream while inside a dream? Probably not, right? The fact that I asked myself these questions was proof that I was awake.

So why was I surrounded by darkness? And silence! Why didn't I care about all this? Shouldn't I be panicking?

The only sound was my own breathing. It reflected off walls, close to my head. I was stuck inside something! At least my head was, because there was a wall below my chin too. Cool air brushed over my face and gave me goosebumps all over my body. Fresh air! This meant I would not suffocate. Also, I still had a body. Good.

Next question. Where am I? What happened?

The storage room! Director Collins had asked us to help set up the exhibition. I had climbed into the container with the materials. Suddenly, the door slammed shut. Darkness and a strange, sweet smell were the last things I could remember...

A draft played around my bare knees. I could not move, but at least I still had feeling in my arms and legs! The 'something' holding me shook slightly. A crackle sounded next to my ear, followed by static from a speaker.

"... I am still booting the others, then I will come to the control center," a woman's voice said.

A screen came to life right in front of my face. It was so close that my eyes could hardly focus. Four by four gray tiles. Like in a video conference. Text was scrolling down the right side of the screen. Something like code. I could turn my head a little bit. Just enough to read it from the corner of my eye. Line after line of bright text on a dark background. Tech-babble. Occasionally, a yellow line interrupted it. It seemed to always be the same message.

'Attention: ...' I read. Then the text moved up and out of my view.

'... audio output ...' I could recognize during the next pass.

Then the last part. '... malfunction!'

I heard the woman's voice again. "I am finished here. Do you have the biosignals?"

"Yes. Looks good. Come up, we will handle the rest from here," said another female voice.

I remembered them. Both belonged to the team accompanying the exhibition. What did this mean?

The speaker crackled.

"Starting the bodycams," said the first woman.

The second and fourth rows of tiles turned on. This sight distracted me from my own situation for a moment.

Each tile showed a human body. They were standing upright, attached to a delicate frame that followed their arms and legs. Like those wooden figures for art class. Above the shoulders, everyone was stuck inside a large, dark cube.

"Testing zoom."

The camera zoomed in on the bodies and back out again. This made the fastenings visible. Transparent straps held the upper body under the arms. Also, arms and legs were fixed to the frame in several places.

So these were the models for the exhibition. At least the male ones. They were very realistic, as the zoom on the middle of the body had shown. The size of the models was also life-size, compared to the ladder and a few rolling containers that I recognized in the background.

'Gender-segregated Sex Education And Behavior Recommendations' was the title of the traveling exhibition that made a stop in our school this week.

Nobody had heard of it before. No one at school could imagine what it meant. Separate for boys and girls. The school administration had used that to calm the parents. Nothing else was known about it.

I sincerely hoped there was another part of the exhibition. Looking at naked guys was really not my thing. However, if the female models were just as realistic, this would be great fun. Despite my strange situation, I could not help grinning.

"Switching on facecam," the first woman said again.

Faces appeared above the body tiles. Sleeping, closed eyes. Filmed from very close range. I looked at them one by one and could not believe what I was seeing. My mind slowly put the pieces together into an unbelievable picture, and my horror grew with every heartbeat. That could not be! I knew every single one of them. My buddies. My friends. Full of panic, I ripped my eyes open. The face on tile seven did the same. My face. With all my strength, I tried to move. But my hands and feet were fixed. I screamed. I started to tremble. I wanted to kick, but it did not work. I could only move my hips a little bit. Then I saw how the video of body number seven thrust his hips back and forth in a perverse way.

"... oops, Number Seven is awake. How could that happen ...?"

A sweet smell flowed into my nose, and I fell into deep darkness.

"... something is wrong with Seven!"

"Maybe I put him to sleep too roughly. Should I give an antidote?"

"No, never mind, I think he is just waking up ..."

Until the end, I hoped that I would finally wake up from this bizarre nightmare. Please, let it just be voices in my head!

But it was only the speaker right next to my ear. Hesitantly, I opened my eyes. My eyes got used to the bright light of the screen directly in front of me. Then I looked into eight faces. They all showed different stages of panic, confusion, and horror. Number 7 was still mine.

Every attempt to move failed. This was not because I was tied down. Simply none of my muscles showed any reaction. I could not even turn my head. Moving my eyes worked. The warning message still appeared regularly on the edge of the screen. I could open my mouth. Scream. At least two of the others tried to do the same at that moment. It did not help, not a single sound could be heard.

"... oh shit, Seven has an error message regarding the audio wiring. I completely missed that. Should I fix it?"

"No. Too late. The first group will be here soon. What is the problem? Does he hear nothing?"

"On the contrary. He hears everything!"

"I see." Giggling. "Hey little one." The voice was now much closer to the microphone. "Hey, um ..." Rustling of paper. "... Connor, I know that you can hear us. Have fun! And think about what you did to deserve this."

Again the giggling, which drifted away. "I can also just switch off the mic ..." A crackle, and the voice was gone.

Only the silent scream of the horrified faces of my friends on the screen remained.

What did we do to deserve this?

I was still racking my brain about what the woman meant when something happened on the screens. Movement appeared at the edge of the picture. Someone was there. Out of reflex, I wanted to call for help. However, my body did not obey me. Only a wheezing sound came out.

The cameras were pointed at the eight bodies. Even though the background was only partially visible, I could see that more and more people were entering the room. Small people. Children!

One person towered over everyone else. When one of the cameras finally caught her closer, I recognized her. That was the new teacher at the middle school next door! What was her name again?

She must have come straight from college at the beginning of the year. Totally cute and hot! We all stared when we noticed her for the first time. What a waste on middle school students! This woman knew exactly how to show off her hot figure. During breaks, the guys and I stood in inconspicuous spots in the yard for days. We hoped to get a good look at her. For example, when she bent down to one of the kids in her tight T-shirt.

On the video tiles, groups of girls approached the bodies. At the same time, I heard their voices getting louder. Apparently, there were microphones on each of the boxes that transmitted everything nearby. But only on the outside, because nothing could be heard of the excited shouts from the boys on the screen.

"... They are all naked, Miss Megan!" a high-pitched voice shouted.

Right! Miss Megan! That was the teacher's name. Our interest in her had dropped sharply when it became obvious that she was pregnant. But even now, with her big belly exposed in tight clothes, I had to admit that she just looked hot. She still wore the tight clothes. As she approached the girl, the camera caught her deep neckline. Full view of her heavy breasts!

"Can we touch them?" the girl asked.

Instantly, I was wide awake. Hopefully not! These are middle school students! First year, if I was not mistaken.

The girl who had asked stood directly in front of the boy on video tile 2. With his crotch at eye level.

Number 2 was Tom. He opened his eyes wide in shock. So he had heard the question too. The look of the other guys remained apathetic and indifferent. This meant the others only heard what happened right in front of their box. Why did I hear it then? Was it a result of this audio malfunction?

The girl had already reached out her hand, but Miss Megan put a hand on her shoulder and held her back.

"Just looking, girls!" she called loudly into the room. "You should simply know what boys look like down there. That way, you do not have to look at them secretly out of curiosity. Touching comes later. But not while you are in middle school. Did you understand that?"

"Yes!" it sounded from all directions.

It was loud enough that all the other microphones picked up something too. The boys woke up and checked their surroundings. Shock, horror, panic. The facial expression was similar for everyone.

Except for Eric. Number 4. A grin appeared on his face and he licked his lips. A bunch of girls surrounded him and he seemed to enjoy it. The bodycam captured a first physical reaction. Including his attempts to thrust his hips.

Look at that. Our midfielder likes little girls. The others had noticed it too. It was amazing what nonverbal communication via facial expressions could do. The guys looked grimly into the corner of the screen with tile number 4. Eric noticed and blushed. If we ever get out of here, he had a lot of explaining to do.

"He has no hair at all!" a loud voice suddenly shouted.

A single girl stood directly in front of me and pointed her outstretched arm at my crotch.

Damn. Ever since I realized that I was standing naked in this room, I had feared this moment. More than the overall embarrassment.

"That happens," Ms. Megan called out as she approached. "Some boys shave down there."

Yeah, right. I would be more than happy if I finally had something to shave. But so far, there was no trace of it. Not a single hair. Ms. Megan looked closely at the middle of my body and apparently came to the same conclusion.

"Um, this seems to be a younger model, though. Hair only grows when they are old enough. Just like with girls."

Hot anger rose in me. At least the idea of it. The sedation did not allow for more.

I am old enough! Fifteen! I just have this fucking Pasqualini syndrome. A stupid genetic defect that delays my development and messes up puberty! And that is nobody's business! Especially not a horde of little girls!

"Five minutes!" Ms. Megan shouted. "Take a good look at everything, girls, and then we will meet outside the door."

She stood so close to me that I felt her hot breath on my thighs.

Gradually, the girls disappeared from the screen. Only Ms. Megan remained standing next to me. She glanced in all directions, then she turned around to me. The camera captured her expression. A greedy grin.

Actually, she reached out her hand towards me. I could not believe what I was seeing! But my physical sensation confirmed that she had grabbed my cock with a firm grip.

The boys on the screen followed the events spellbound. In contrast, I felt exposed and wanted to sink into the ground with shame. Accordingly, my physical reaction was restrained.

Ms. Megan quickly noticed that her handiwork had little effect.

"Too bad..." I heard her say with regret. She let go of me and was already half a step away when she turned around again. A quick look left and right, then she leaned forward and gave me a kiss on the tip of my cock.

A deep kiss. Hardly had she leaned forward, she pulled her head back again and licked her lips with a grin.

Did that really just happen? Even though my perception was reduced, the feeling of moist warmth and the tickling of her tongue on my tip was the hottest thing I had ever experienced.

Finally, my body decided to react. Too late for her, because she disappeared from the camera's view.

But not too late for the women in the control room.

"... what is going on here?" I heard Woman Two suddenly on the speaker. "You just go for a coffee, and the perverted guys get all horny. That is not okay. Not now, in the lower grades..."

Her scolding was accompanied by a short hissing sound. The familiar sweet scent flowed around my nose, and I looked into the wide-open eyes of my friends. A few were grinning, while the rest looked astonished. Everyone was looking in the direction where my tile could be seen on the screen.

Determined, I stared back. The last thing I noticed was that Woman Two was right. Just by watching, the bodycams showed the same reaction in the others that Ms. Megan had triggered in me.

When I woke up the next time, I felt deeply touched. Literally. At least three or four hands stroked my thighs and approached my crotch.

It took a second until I was clear enough to orient myself on the screen. Indeed, there were lots of girls scattered around the room. This time older students, and obviously they had permission to touch. All the guys were fondled like me.

The others were already awake. Various stages of discomfort were visible in their faces. Except for Eric. He seemed to continue sleeping.

"How does it look? Should I go in and dose manually?" The sudden voice of Woman One was shockingly loud, and I blinked in fright. My body was not capable of flinching.

"No, he is awake now too. I just had to help a little. The boy has an interesting metabolism. Number Four had too much fun with the little ones earlier. I think we will let him sleep until the finale," answered the voice of Woman Two.

"Alright, then I will continue with the checks."

A crackle in the speaker, followed by silence.

What do they mean by the finale? I did not get to think about it because another voice demanded my attention.

"Alright, girls. Now you know what guys look like and how they feel. Anything else you want to know?"

I knew that voice. Old Mrs. Collins! The principal of the entire school complex. So she was involved too. I guess that exhausted my options to complain about this event. If this ever ends.

"They seem so real!" shouted one of the girls.

She stood over by Number 3. Mason, our top player in the defense. I knew the girl by sight. First year of high school. One of those who practically threw themselves at the sports team. In the past, she would have quickly ended up with the cheerleaders, but old Collins had dissolved the team when FemCom took over the school a few years ago. Now there was only the Dance Crew, under whose costumes you could see absolutely nothing.

"Is that so?" Mrs. Collins replied. "Would you like to tell us how you know that?"

Giggling in the whole room. The student herself did not say another word.

"That is exactly what this is about, girls! No secrets," Mrs. Collins continued. "The models are really lifelike. Someday we might have some that even react to the audience. But for now, at least you know what a naked guy looks like, how he feels. It is nothing special. Look around. Without cool lines, there is hardly anything to them. So do not let the boys and their posing impress you unnecessarily. You decide if and when you want to encounter a naked guy the next time. Even if the boys sometimes see that differently. So, last chance for your own impressions, and then we will see you outside."

The girls moved through the room in small groups. I was glad that the athletic figures of the active sports team distracted them from me. My defect also ensured that my physical growth and muscle building were delayed. At least I had never had a pimple on my face in my entire life. But that was small comfort.

Three of the girls headed towards me after all. They looked at me for a while. Then the one in the middle looked around briefly.

"Do not tell anyone, but this looks like my little brother."

The other two looked at her in surprise.

"Really? He is only twelve, right? How do you know what he looks like naked?" asked the one on the right.

Middle shrugged her shoulders. "It just happened. It is no big deal. It does not make him less annoying just because I saw him naked once. Besides, I can tease him wonderfully now if he gets too bitchy with me. I just need to remind him of his little dick, then I have him quiet."

"This one here is not that small, though. I actually find him quite cute. Especially because he keeps his mouth shut," Left said.

"True." Middle took a step forward and stretched out her arm. I expected an experience like with Ms. Megan earlier. Instead, she grabbed my balls. Very hard.

"Hey, do not tell me you are thinking about your brother while doing that!" Right said, shocked.

"Do not worry, he is the last person I am thinking of. I just wanted to know what the grip feels like. You know, if I ever have to put someone in their place. Too bad the

models do not react. I would have liked to see a guy go to the ground under my grip and beg for mercy."

I would have loved to do her that favor, because her firm grip sent wave after wave of sharp pain through my body and tears to my eyes. Nevertheless, I hung in the frame as if glued and could not move.

"Let me try too!" Left said and reached out her hand.

Just great! The other two helped themselves, but luckily they were more gentle. Then they lost interest in me and strolled away.

It took a while until my face had a healthy pale color again and the pain subsided. I could only hope that nothing had broken down there just now.

Two more rounds with school classes followed. Each time the next higher grade. The girls from my classes and the hallways

The first round received a small lecture from Mrs. Collins. Boys in general didn’t come out looking good. The second group, the second to last year of our high school, got an even shorter briefing.

"You are old enough. Probably things like this are more familiar to you all than they should be. Or you educated yourselves on the internet."

Mrs. Collins waited until the general giggling had died down. Then she continued.

"Our models are lifelike and correspondingly sensitive. Go wild, but do not break them. And I’m not cleaning up any messes. My tip: Take a ruler and measure. The next time a guy wants to impress you with his alleged seven inches, you know what to expect."

I did not believe my ears! Was that Mrs. Collins, who otherwise always insisted on decency and politeness? Who handed out detention for swearing and curse words?

She left the room and the girls started to look around.

Naked, without supervision, in a room with girls encouraging each other to do all kinds of indecent things. That sounds tempting only in a dream, as my friends and I realized very quickly.

Having a group of girls stand in front of me, giggling while measuring my cock, was incredibly embarrassing. Although I was quite satisfied with the number they mentioned. Compared to the others, whose numbers I also heard, I was middle average. This was the only moment in hours that I felt a hint of a smile.

I still did not get in the mood. Neither did the others. After a short time, the same thing could be seen on all bodycams. Flaccid cocks that got jerked like crazy and still reacted only minimally.

The girls turned it into a kind of competition. None of them wanted to accept that she was too clumsy to make a guy hard. While the first touches were hesitant and shy, they soon grabbed harder. In the end, it was even really rough. And all that dry, without lube.

My cock was not made for this. My balls felt swollen and the tip hurt. The burning increased with every pumping stroke when rough hands pulled my foreskin over the dry head. Sandpaper must feel like this. Although I hoped never to find out in my life if the comparison was accurate.

The faces on the video tiles showed the same pain I felt.

To distract myself, I scanned the girls. Most of them I knew by sight. But no matter how hard I looked, none of the girls who usually crowded around the sports team were there. Around the team, to make it clear, not around me.

Getting into this group happened only by chance. The idea that I actively participated in sports with peers of my age was ridiculous. My physical condition consistently prevented that. Nevertheless, I felt welcome among the guys.

Actually, I only ended up there as Jerry's tag-along. He was from my grade and wore number 8 in this bizarre game. Unlike me, his hope of playing on the main squad someday was justified. Currently, he was still trying to find out during training which position suited him best.

My role, however, was clear: the gofer. Go for this, go for that. The helper, servant, lackey. That was not unpleasant. On the contrary, I felt accepted because everyone treated me kindly. Okay, sometimes maybe more like a mascot or a pet. But at least I belonged somewhere. That is quite an achievement when you are in the second to last year of high school but look like you just came from middle school.

So while I was asking myself where the girls were who usually surrounded the team, a voice cut through the low static noise of the speaker.

"How are they doing?" I heard Mrs. Collins ask. She was apparently in the control room.

"You have a lively group there. The girls know what they want. Unfortunately, the boys cannot deliver because of how we sedated them," said Woman Two.

"That was the plan." Mrs. Collins sounded satisfied.

"We have not had this variation yet," said Woman One. "Usually, this is the point where the boys are revealed and act, well, tame. What did they do to get such a lesson?"

"A lot. If everything goes as planned, you will find out later. Make sure they are fully functional. They should learn that their macho behavior is meaningless once the girls get started."

The grim undertone in Mrs. Collins' voice was clearly audible. What the hell was she talking about?

"Kind of a shame that they cannot see us," I suddenly heard one of the girls in the room say.

Hastily, I looked around. Which one was it?

Number 5 looked quite shocked. Chris, the captain of the team. His bodycam showed a group of girls who had stopped their efforts without result.

"What do you mean by see?" asked one of them. "These are just models. There is a box full of technology at their tops."

"You do not really believe that, do you? The talk about models is just a trick. Those boxes are just some kind of helmet, I suppose. Believe me, I have messed around with a few naked guys. The boys here are real. Real losers. If they could see us, I would know how to get them really horny. Show them tits or a clean shaved pussy and I guarantee you, they are ready for anything in no time. But this?"

She slapped Chris's limp cock with the flat of her hand. "This is no fun. Come on, let's go."

The girls moved away from Chris, and I could no longer hear what they said. The other girls also headed for the exit. Relief spread across the boys' faces. For Chris, there was also anger. It had probably been a long time since someone called him a loser. I would not have dared to do that.

For the first time, I found the cool air of the room pleasant. Especially around my crotch. However, I knew exactly that the relief was deceptive. Deep inside me, the fear of the finale that Mrs. Collins had announced was growing. But for the moment, the feeling of relief was incredibly soothing.

Suddenly, a new sound rang out. A whirring inside the box, close to my head. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed something approaching my face. A thin tube stopped directly in front of my lips.

Text overlaid the video tiles on the screen.

"DRINK!" was the command in bold letters.

Only when I sucked the first drops through the tube did I realize how thirsty I actually was. The other boys copied me. Except for Number 6. Tyler, our top playmaker and Chris's constant shadow. He shook his head as far as his mobility allowed.

Only then did the thought occur to me that the water might not just be water. I paused briefly. It tasted like water and my thirst was stronger. Besides, we were left no choice.

The green text changed its color to a warning orange.

"DRINK! OR RECTAL INFUSION! YOUR CHOICE"

Tyler's eyes widened with horror and he began to suck hastily.

It was tedious to drink through the thin tube and we were busy with it for some time.

Something happened in the speaker. Voices were getting closer. It sounded like laughter and casual conversation.

"... and what exactly is in the water?" asked old Mrs. Collins.

"Nothing." Woman Two had a pleasant laugh. "It is just water. The sedation is done through the breathing air."

Suddenly, I became aware of the cool breeze brushing over my face inside the box.

"However, we are only giving the antidote now," continued Woman Two. "Everything that comes after is the person's natural, individual reaction. I find this is the most exciting part of these projects. You get quite a few surprises there."

"That sounds really interesting," replied Mrs. Collins. "Then I will go get the last group. Are five minutes enough to complete the preparations?"

"Sure, we are ready."

This time, the speaker was not deactivated. I heard the clatter of a keyboard and a door falling shut in the background. The drinking tube moved away from my face. I thought I heard a hissing sound and that the air suddenly smelled a bit different. There was no point in trying to hold my breath. So I concentrated on whether something in my perception was changing.

Indeed, I had the feeling that ... I had feeling! Much more, in my arms and legs. It was as if a cloud had disappeared from my head and I was regaining control over my body. I tried to move. My body obeyed me much better, but the restraints were mercilessly efficient. The other boys seemed not to have noticed anything yet.

Then the first girls appeared in the image sections. I recognized every one of them at first glance. The whole clique. Mainly senior year, but also a few from my grade. The girls we had spent every day with for the last few years. We got along great and had a lot of fun with them.

Until the party a few weeks ago. Since then, everything had been different, but nobody said a word about it.

Shit! Was this the reason for this torture exhibition? My legs, which I had just regained control over, gave way beneath me. I was held up only by the restraints.

Two of the girls caught my eye in particular. One was Jennifer. No one had seen her since the party. There were absurd rumors that something had gone terribly wrong back then. Jennifer stepped slowly into the room. She was accompanied by girls on the left and right who seemed to support her. The way she walked gave me the bad feeling that there might be more to the rumors than I wanted to believe.

Another girl demanded my attention even more. Chloe. My personal fiasco at the party. The reason why I had not noticed much of anything else. She had treated me with cold contempt since that evening, and I avoided her out of fear of the hot anger in her eyes.

What the hell is going on here?

"Alright Ladies, welcome to our little special exhibition," Mrs. Collins' voice rang through the room. She spoke loudly and drowned out the whispering of the girls who were looking around attentively.

Ladies. That was new. I feared what other new things were yet to come.

"This group was put together with care," old Collins continued. "Most of you have found yourselves in situations involving a loss of control before. Something like that can be traumatic. This exhibition..." She made a sweeping gesture into the room, "... is meant to help you regain the feeling of control. You decide what happens. How long, how intense. Of course, none of you will be forced to do anything. If anyone feels uncomfortable, they can leave the exhibition. However, I would like to point out that we selected the models very thoroughly. It would be a shame if the effort was in vain."

The girls stepped closer to the boys and looked at them even more attentively. With horror, I realized that Chloe and her friends were moving in my direction.

Mrs. Collins had a few final remarks.

"Please note that the models not only look lifelike but are also just as robust or sensitive. Their mobility corresponds to natural limits. You can do whatever you want with them, but please avoid anything that leads to permanent damage. Oh, and in the box back there you will find some accessories."

The way she emphasized 'models' and 'mobility' made the girls even more curious.

Me too. What did she mean by mobility? While I was thinking about this question, the principal had already left the room. Then one of the girls let out a surprised exclamation.

"He looks like Chris!"

She stood directly in front of Number 5, and the others came to her.

On the screen, Chris's discomfort was clearly visible. So far, no one from the audience had touched him.

"He does not just look like him, that is Chris!" shouted another voice. Of course, I recognized her. Melisa could always be found where the team was having fun.

Did I hear a contemptuous undertone? One could see that Chris found the discovery highly unpleasant.

"How do you know that?" asked the first girl.

"The tattoo!"

The guys from the core team had all gotten a tattoo. A tiny symbol of bonding. I had always envied them for it. It was the last step to officially belong to the team. Unfortunately, my parents did not allow it.

Melissa flicked her finger against the spot on his groin. On the screen, Chris opened his eyes wide.

"I had to look at that ridiculous tiger from up close often enough," said Melissa. "Our nice captain likes to ram his cock down pretty girls' throats. He does not care if they like it or not."

Suddenly, she punched him in the crotch with her fist. Chris's face turned a shade darker, he tore his mouth open for a scream that still no one could hear.

"Asshole!" Melissa commented on the blow.

One by one, the girls identified the boys.

Only Jennifer and one of her friends kept their distance. I could see them on the edge of the image section. They seemed to be arguing, Jennifer looked like she wanted to leave.

"Hey, look what I found here!" Hailey's distinctive voice. She sounded triumphant and pushed the open rolling container into the middle of the room.

"I think this will be great fun! Hey Jen," she shouted, "How about this?" Hailey threw a thin, arm-length object to her.

Jennifer came closer and picked the part up. Was that a riding crop? She weighed the crop in her hand and looked around. Cheering calls came from all sides. They rose to enthusiastic hooting when she let the whip hiss through the air.

"Here are even more," shouted another voice.

Suddenly, the girls swarmed around with riding crops and multi-tailed whips in their hands. Naked fear lay in the boys' faces. Mine included. For a moment, I prayed they would not use them.

A false hope.

Whistling and clapping sounds rang out next to my ear. On the bodycams, more and more girls were busy hitting the guys of the team. Starting from Kyle, number 1, to Jerry, number 8. Everyone, except me.

"Look here, what I found!" someone shouted. The activities came to a halt. The boys showed relief and I could see tears flowing from at least three of them.

The general attention was directed at the caller, who was tampering with the base of Number 3. Mason opened his eyes wide in horror. The bodycam showed how his posture changed. He shook his head and seemed to fight desperately against it. It did not help. From a standing position, his posture shifted into a squat.

"Cool, does that work with the others too?" I heard another voice. The girls spread out and shortly after, the boys all took on various poses. Positions that practically called for the use of whips.

I closed my eyes to avoid having to look at the pain-distorted faces of my friends any longer.

"What about him? Who is that? He has no tattoo," a voice asked suddenly.

"He looks like a damn middle-schooler. Was he even at the party?" added a second voice.

Based on the volume, I knew the people had to be standing right next to me. I felt a tickling on my thighs and opened my eyes. One of the girls with the riding crops stood in front of me and stroked my legs with it.

"That is Connor, he's mine!" Someone pushed between the two and me.

Chloe! I had not noticed her. Apparently, she had been standing next to me for quite a while. Luckily with empty hands. Her voice made my heart race. I did not know if I was relieved or having a panic attack.

The thing with Chloe had been going on for a while. We had been very good friends for years and could talk about everything. For hours. Like me, Chloe stayed rather in the background among the girls. She was rather petite, with an athletic figure and medium-length brunette hair. Unlike the flashy girls, she hardly used makeup. Her clothes were not as revealing as many others but rather inconspicuous. Almost tomboy style. But only almost, because they fit perfectly. If you paid attention, you clearly noticed her perfectly tight butt. I paid that attention a lot lately.

Up top, it was the same. Under her loose tops, there were enough hints of movement to stimulate my imagination. At that stupid party, I had even been able to see for myself directly.

Above all, she had these big, alert eyes. When her gaze swept over the crowd, she found me. Always. Not just registering, but really perceiving. I felt the same way about her. It was a great feeling, a special connection. And now everything had become so complicated.

"Is he the reason why you have been pissed off since the party?" The question from the girl with the crop interrupted my thoughts.

Chloe nodded. "Yes."

One syllable, and so much anger.

"Oh, well then have fun with him. We still have a score to settle with the others. They had so much fun taking advantage of helpless victims. Let's see how they like it when it is their turn!"

The girls turned and left me behind with Chloe and Jazmin.

Jazz was Chloe's female best friend. She was okay. We tolerated each other as long as each of us received a fair share of Chloe's attention. I could not really understand why Chloe was friends with her. I was sure that Jazmin thought the same about me.

Visually, she was also a contrast. Not only because of her dark skin, she was also taller than Chloe and me. Her curves looked more like 18 than 16, and she knew how to show them off.

Of course, I could not ignore that. I am a boy and fifteen. Naturally, my eyes wander to tits and asses when they are presented to me like that. Sometimes, Jazmin had noticed my glances. Then she looked at me in a way that made it clear I did not stand a chance with her even in a dream. I did not even want to. Or did I?

"Jazmin, what is going on here?" I heard Chloe whisper. She suddenly did not sound as confident as the moment before.

"This is your chance, Chloe! Now you can take revenge on that bastard!" Jazmin sounded wildly determined.

"Revenge? For what?"

"For what happened at the party, of course," Jazmin said. "You are just as angry as the others. That is why I reported Connor when Mrs. Collins asked around who was there."

"Jazmin! How could you! You have no idea! Nothing happened! Absolutely nothing. That is the reason why I am mad at Connor."

"I do not understand ..." Jazmin sounded confused. "What do you mean by 'nothing'? Why are you mad at him then? I thought he drugged you just like the other guys did to the girls."

"Nonsense. That is Connor, Jazmin! He is my ..., he would never do something like that."

I was so glad that Chloe did not mention any further details.

But Jazmin did not let up. "I do not understand that. If nothing happened, why have you been treating him like that for weeks? You used to be best friends!"

"More than that ..." Chloe said.

"What do you mean by more?"

No! Please! Do not tell her!

Chloe sighed. "I had noticed for a while that he likes me. That he wanted more. But I just needed some time. I mean, I find him totally cute too. He might be a bit shy, but always nice. I never heard a dirty comment from him, even though I noticed exactly how his gaze stuck to my ass. The other guys are completely different. That is so

annoying! Well, and then I thought, at the party the others are really going wild, why shouldn't I have fun too? So I wanted to do it with him that evening."

"Yeah and? Where is the problem?" Jazmin asked.

Please Chloe! Do not tell her!

"He could not get it up. That pretty little hairless dick just wouldn’t get hard! I was so disappointed!"

Shit! If Jazmin knew, the whole school would know soon. Damn!

The two stood wordlessly in front of me for a moment and stared at that very smooth, hairless, and limp cock. Chloe looked as sweet as always.

"I really tried everything. I massaged and rubbed like crazy. In the videos, it always works immediately! It moved a little bit, but it was not enough. I wanted so much for it to be an awesome first time," Chloe continued.

Wait! First time? She had not told me anything about that. So we both probably messed up our first time.

Of course, my failure bothered me during the days that followed. At first, I thought it was the alcohol. I had had a little to drink that evening. Chloe too, which was unusual. Maybe it was also the strange environment, the noise of the party, and the fear that someone could burst into the room.

But in the end, I found out that it was probably due to this shitty Pasqualini syndrome. You look like twelve when you are fifteen. You have youthfully soft skin and never get pimples. Thanks a lot for that! But above all, it takes a lot to get me going. Until that day, I had never thought about it. For me, it was normal that I had to plan a lot of time for my private moments of pleasure.

"I am sorry, Chloe," Jazmin said. "But don't be sad. So far, we have had enough fun together even without boys!"

Instantly, my entire attention was focused on the two of them. Did Jazmin really mean what I imagined? The tile of my bodycam showed how the two hugged each other warmly and then turned back to me.

"You are right." Chloe sounded resigned. "I like it when we make out. It just would have been nice to finally have a real guy for once and not just fingers and toys."

They meant exactly what I imagined! Probably even more than that. The idea of Chloe and Jazmin having fun with each other hit me so unexpectedly that I flinched. Since the restraints in the frame allowed only little movement, this meant that my hips thrust forward. A small, short movement.

Chloe had noticed it.

"Hey, wait a minute, did you see that?" She came closer.

"What do you mean?" Jazmin asked and followed her.

"Connor moved. Twitched. Just now. When... hmm, when I said how hot it is with you. I think he was eavesdropping on us!"

She stepped even closer. I could feel her breath on my stomach.

"Can you hear us, Connor?"

What should I do now? I had no choice. It was the first opportunity in hours to communicate with someone. Embarrassed, I thrust my hips forward again.

"Does that mean yes?" Chloe asked.

Another thrust into the air.

"Okay, and what does no mean?"

I thought about it. There were not many options. The hip area was still the only movable part of my body. I tried to swing right and left, but only managed to wiggle my butt.

"Okay. Just to be sure. Yes, No, Yes, Yes!" Chloe challenged me. She sounded amused.

I danced the answer as best as I could. On the video of my bodycam, it looked obscene and ridiculous at the same time. But it worked. Now I just needed a way to say something like 'Get me out of here' using 'Yes' and 'No'.

"Looks like he enjoys that," I heard Jazmin say.

Indeed, I felt a familiar stirring between my legs. Of course, there is absolutely nothing hot about watching the pain-distorted close-ups of my buddies' faces on the screen while they are being whipped in the full-body shot next to it. So I kept my eyes closed most of the time. However, the image of Chloe and Jazmin in my head changed my sensations drastically.

Added to that was the rough treatment of my cock in the previous rounds, along with the fact that I had been stared at by young girls all day.

My primitive pubescent nervous system simply ignored the unpleasant impressions and used the stimuli for a simple but clear reaction. Slowly but surely, I was heading towards a massive erection.

The fact that this was happening at the eye level of the girl I liked more than I dared to admit prevented any restraint. Also, her busty, curvy friend with the hot ass stood right next to her. I was not sure whose breath it was that I felt on my thighs. It was as if my mind only worked in one direction anymore.

"You can do it after all, Connor!" Chloe said. Her voice sounded strange. Was she pleased? Disappointed?

A warm hand grasped my cock and began to knead me tenderly. Curiously, she felt her way back and forth. Then a second hand followed.

Yes, even though this stupid syndrome delayed many things, it couldn't prevent me from reaching a considerable size for a fifteen-year-old, at least in this area. Big enough to keep two hands busy. Well, let's say one and a half.

I opened my eyes and looked carefully at the screen. It was actually Chloe who was exploring me just then. The sight caused a pleasant shiver that made my hips thrust forward.

I heard her giggle. A dirty giggle.

"I will take that as a yes," she whispered under her breath

Then Jazmin also reached out her hand, and I felt her hands wander up and down the inside of my thighs. I was well on my way to a new size record.

"Wow, looks like you have everything under control," a new voice suddenly said.

I ripped my eyes open in fright. Ariana, the leader of the Dance Crew, was now standing in front of me too. I had little to do with her so far. She had largely stayed out of the hype surrounding the sports team. I had seen her often enough observing the mating rituals from afar and shaking her head at it.

"Yes, it is nice to have control for a change," Chloe replied.

"I do not know who he is, but show him!" Ariana cheered them on and turned to leave. "Oh, and if it gets too gross for you, there are rubber gloves and a few other things in the box back there!"

"I will take a look at that," said Jazmin and left me alone with Chloe.

"I am sorry Connor," Chloe said as soon as Jazmin was out of earshot. "I did not want this. I will make it up to you as soon as this is over, I promise! But now you have to play along. If I leave now, the others will pounce on you and do who knows what to you. Okay?"

As if for confirmation, I thrust into her firm grip. Not that I had a choice. My body performed the movement all by itself, in reaction to her massaging fingers. And maybe also out of agreement.

I took a look at the screen. Something new was happening with the others now. Less whipping. Something that required much more closeness. Judging by their faces, it was at least just as torturous. For obvious reasons, I had ignored the snippets of conversation in the last few minutes.

Horror was written all over Eric's face in particular. A larger group had gathered there and seemed to be cheering each other on.

"... relax, I know you like that ..."

"... yes, exactly, shove it really deep inside, he thinks that is hot ..."

"... hey, a second dildo will surely fit in there. After all, he likes it as tight and young as possible ..."

Eric's face distorted in agony and pain. But the girls showed no mercy. I was glad that I could not hear his screaming.

Tyler's face was also an exception. Whatever was happening to him right now, he seemed to like it.

"Look what I found!" Jazmin was back and had her hands full.

"Are you serious? What am I supposed to do with the dildos?" asked Chloe.

"What do you think? Use them, of course. I believe that is what this game is about. To show the boys how it feels when all kinds of things are greedily stuck into them."

I felt ice cold. Slowly I understood what this was about. The boys had become strangely quiet lately when I came near. They sent each other pictures and videos that they hid from me. Even Jerry excluded me from that. But from their hints and half-sentences, I had gathered that they were bragging to each other about their triumphs. Who had laid which girl and how. I had thought it was just the usual showing off and paid no further attention to it. After all, I was just the gofer who looks three years younger. I did not really belong. But apparently, they had done a few things for which they were now getting retribution.

"Jazz, he did not do anything to deserve this! I cannot do that to him!" There was a hint of panic in Chloe's voice.

"Yes, I know." Jazmin whispered now. "You really like him, that is obvious. And you are right, he is really cute if you are into that type of guy. That is why I brought this here."

"What is that?" Chloe asked.

"A butt plug. With a ponytail. I found it kind of cute. Besides, it was the smallest plug in the box. We have to do something. Otherwise, they will notice that you are only giving him a loving handjob."

"Okay." Chloe exhaled resignedly. "Sorry Connor."

"Here, take gloves. You know, things like this can get gross quickly. And put this over him," Jazmin said.

"A condom? What for?"

"Girl, you really have not had a guy yet, huh? Believe me, when he shoots, you do not want to have that on your clothes or in your hair. No one likes to get messy with cum. That is just a fantasy of immature boys. And it does not taste good either."

I tried to block out what the two were planning for me and concentrated on the screen again.

Again, snippets of speech reached me.

"Hey, look, Tyler is totally into butt fucking!"

"Wow, it is huge and hard!"

"Tyler is a fag, who would have thought."

"Is that why he hangs out with Chris all the time?"

"Do you think they fuck each other?"

"We could make them fuck each other."

"Yes, come on, let's line them up!"

"Go, make the other boys hard too!"

On the image, Tyler began to shake his deep red head. The conversation had taken place right next to him. The other boys did not know what was coming towards them. They looked confused when the girls started moving the platforms with their frames.

The mechanism forced Chris to bend down low. When Tyler was pushed up to him from behind, he began to guess what the girls were planning. Even without training in lip reading, it was clear that he was screaming 'No' loudly. His face was distorted with rage.

As far as I could tell, Tyler's erect penis was actually huge. The girls put some lube on it. Then they adjusted his posture so that he bent closely over Chris. When they were satisfied, one of them directed his cock and then the others pushed his platform close to Chris. Or rather, Tyler inside him.

Chris's eyes widened. Tyler, on the other hand, looked alternately embarrassed and delighted into the camera. On his lips was a 'Sorry', interrupted by an embarrassed smile. He was really having fun! Damn, the girls were right. Tyler is a fag! The other boys seemed to realize that just now too. They were not thrilled.

Had he ever touched me? Luckily I did not have to shower with the boys!

Chris raged, and the other boys watched in horror. Then the girls started lining up Mason behind Tyler, followed by the other boys.

"What about him? He's that Gofer Boy, isn't he?" Ariana asked suddenly clearly audible and appeared next to Chloe and Jazmin.

Shit! She is coming to get me! Now it is my turn!

"He stays here," Chloe said with a firmly.

A short impulse of relief made me twitch and my cock swung like a flagpole in the wind. Ariana noticed it of course.

"Sure? He is in exactly the right mood for our parade."

"Come on Ariana. He has not done anything to any of the girls. He only... This is personal between him and me. I will take care of it."

"He belongs to the pack, Chloe!" Ariana sounded angry. "Make sure he learns his lesson!" She walked over to the main event and left me to Chloe and Jazmin.

With closed eyes, I endured how they messed with my cock. I had tried a condom once. Just like that, to know what it is like. It was not that easy to put on. The way it felt, Chloe had no practice either. I hope it was Chloe.

"Do you want to, or should I give him the thing?" Jazmin asked.

I got scared now. Really, honestly scared. This was a nightmare. So intense that I noticed how the pressure in my cock subsided. How could anyone have fun with that idea?

"I will do it," Chloe said. "Connor, I am sorry, this has to be, otherwise we will get caught. I will be very careful. Do not fight it. Then it can be something nice."

How the hell would she know it could feel nice? Again I had a picture of her and Jazmin in my mind, in which that became more than clear. At the same time, my mind could not grasp why anyone would mess around at the wrong end when pussies were available.

Then my thinking stopped. I just perceived what was happening to me. My buttocks were gently pushed apart and I felt something cold, wet on my butthole. Pressure, against which I instinctively fought.

"Stay loose, Connor, please. Otherwise it will hurt," I heard Chloe say. Jazmin giggled.

I tried to relax and then something actually penetrated me. It was ... different than expected.

No pain. Not the giant, violent filling I had expected. A little pressure and something short and smooth was stuck inside me. The fake ponytail tickled my thighs more than I felt the plug itself. Okay. I can handle this. Chloe was right! This can actually be nice! Immediately, I felt ashamed of this thought. Shit, did that make me gay now?

While my asshole got used to the intruder, I took a look at the screen. The boys' bodycams all showed the same scene from different perspectives.

The team's parade. Chris at the beginning, bent far forward. Behind him Tyler, stretching over him. Then the others, each a little more upright. At the end Jerry. At

least he did not have a real cock in his ass. Instead, something else, because the girls were busy there too.

The boys' faces were cramped. They reflected a lot of emotions. Horror, disgust, anger, rage. With Tyler, also enjoyment. Apparently, he had no reason to hide his true feelings anymore.

I had the impression that they tried to move as little as possible. As soon as one of them twitched, you could tell from the face in front and behind that the others felt it very precisely. As bad as the situation was, none of them wanted to actively fuck the others.

My video tile was the exception. I do not want to describe my face at this point. In any case, it differed clearly from the others.

On my bodycam, one could see how Jazmin cuddled up to me from behind. Her hands wandered over my chest and stomach into my crotch and back again.

Chloe stood in front of me, meanwhile braver. With both hands, she grasped my cock and occasionally my balls.

Eventually, the boys noticed what was going on with me. Everyone's gaze was directed at the same spot on the screen. Bottom right. Tile 7. I could read from their faces that my special treatment would have consequences.

I did not care about that at the moment. Chloe was curious enough by now to explore my tip with her tongue and lips.

I took only a few seconds, which belonged to the most beautiful of my life, and then everything that had built up in the last hours discharged. Semen, tears, tense muscles.

For a brief moment, my senses faded. Then my perception returned mercilessly. Cool air on my heated skin. Hands stroking me. A full condom hanging heavily on my limping, burning cock. I felt empty. Not because I had come. But really empty, completely. Like a shell, a used doll. At least the tender touches of Chloe and even Jazmin gave me the impression that I meant at least a little something to them.

I heard cheering calls from the speaker. With the other boys too, the action seemed to be approaching a climax. Most of them had their eyes closed. Tyler looked almost happy, tears running down his face. Chris looked like he was about to puke. Did Tyler just shoot inside him?

A crackle sounded. A voice. Mrs. Collins. I heard her directly in my speaker, then the echo from the room. An announcement to everyone.

"Okay Ladies, you had your fun. The monitors show that you have worn out the models quite a bit. That must be enough, we want to avoid further damage. Please leave everything as it is and come to the exit. The staff will take care of everything else."

Disappointed voices rang out, but the girls all headed towards the exit. In the following silence, I looked at the screen again. Now everyone was awake. Again, their angry gazes were directed at my tile. Shit. I think I had a problem.

A soft hiss. That sweet smell again. Then nothing.

Dream or awake? …Shit, not that question again! Then I realized my eyes were already open, staring into a warm, muffled red haze, flecked with tiny glints of light.

Where the hell was I this time?

My head was no longer stuck in a box. That was good! Also, my surroundings were warmer. Cozier. Cuddly. As if I were inside a soft, padded bag. I inhaled carefully.

The scent of fresh laundry. A detergent that seemed familiar. But not ours. Where did I know this scent from?

The outlines slowly made sense. No bag. A blanket, pulled up over my face. That explained the scent! I pushed it down a little. The red darkness turned out to be drawn curtains, along with pink painted walls. The glittering was ... sparkly horse stickers!. It looked familiar. Chloe's room looked like that. I had been to her place a few times. Because of school projects and such. Or just to chat. When I asked her about the stickers, she had actually blushed a little. She said it reminded her of earlier times, when she was younger. Back then, she was totally into horses and all that stuff...

My cautious movement came to a halt. Obstacle. Warm. Soft. A movement, accompanied by a tired groan. Something, someone touched me, climbed onto me from behind, pulled the blanket off my face.

Two big eyes sparkled at me with amusement. "Hey sleepyhead. Finally awake?"

Chloe's hair fell messily into her face and she grinned broadly. Also, she was naked down to her shoulders. At least. I could not see more.

It must be a dream. How else did I end up in her bed?

"You know you are staring, right?"

Chloe's mocking tone snapped me out of my trance. She was right. For several seconds, I had been staring at the edge of the blanket she had gathered over her chest. My mind had tried to analyze in slow motion whether she was wearing anything underneath or not.

"Sorry, that, um, I didn't mean, I, um ..." Hastily, I sat up and moved a bit away from her.

Now I was definitely awake. No dream. Chloe's room! Her bed!

"What .. When ... How did I get here? What time is it? What date is it?" How embarrassing, that sounded like a cheap spy movie.

"Calm down, Connor, everything is fine. It is Saturday morning ..."

"Saturday? Oh, no, I have to call my parents, they must have been looking for me since last night!"

Chloe moved closer and put her hand on my arm. "Hey, relax, everything is okay! They know you are here."

"What? They know that I am here in ... in your ... How? What did you tell them?"

"I called your parents. Your Mom picked up. I told her that you helped with a school project and then came along to a small party. And that you fell asleep from exhaustion. I asked if it is okay if you stay over here. After all, we have a guest room. She laughed and said it was about time and wished us fun. I promised to take care of you and drop you off at home sometime today. She said that was very sweet of me."

I needed a moment to process this story.

"Um, this is not the guest room, though!"

Damn it! Could I not come up with something better?

"Would you really prefer that?" she asked.

Of course not. It was just all a bit much at once. So Mom thought it was funny that I was spending the night here. For weeks, she had been making remarks and hints. She seemed convinced that I had a crush on Chloe. She was right. However she had noticed that. But after all, I had ruined everything at the big party a few weeks ago. So why was I lying here in Chloe's bed?

Another question shot through my head.

"What about your Mom? What if she finds me here?"

"Do not worry, she knows that you are staying overnight. And by here, I mean here in my room, in my bed. We have a deal. Everyone can do what they want in their bedroom. As long as a few rules are followed."

"Okay. That ... that sounds quite ... hmm, grown-up?"

It fit Chloe's Mom. I found her totally cool, relaxed, and laid-back. She always had this smile when I visited Chloe. Also, she looked pretty hot. I mean, as the mom of the girl I found even hotter, of course. She did something with wood and tools. Plus a lot of gardening.

That is why our mothers knew each other. From the Mini Farmer Cooperative in the neighborhood. Since my Mom knew about my syndrome, I was only supplied with food that she had personally watched growing.

"Yes. With things like that, Mom is totally into open communication. For my taste sometimes a bit too open, but whatever. By the way, she thinks you are cute."

Okay. I felt the heat rising to my face. What do I do with this information? Something told me that I was walking on very thin ice if I admitted to Chloe how attractive her mom was.

"Um. Thanks." Time to change the subject. "And is it not weird for you to talk to your mom about things like that?"

"Not at all! I think it is great to know that I can ask her anything." Chloe had this intense look in her sparkling eyes. She always got that when she was enthusiastic about a topic.

"I mean, when we started with Sex Ed at school, I already knew about everything," she continued. "When she noticed that I was interested in boys, Mom even accompanied me to the doctor to get the pill. 'Do not get pregnant' is one of her rules."

"I see." Another piece of information I did not know what to do with. However, there was a catch.

"... and how long have you been interested in boys?" I asked carefully.

The question was surely justified. After all, Chloe is only sixteen! Also, I was interested to know how much competition I had.

"You idiot!" Chloe punched me in the leg. In the process, the duvet slipped down a bit.

"You are the only one I am interested in!"

Wow. Hearing that felt great. A pleasant tingling spread through my whole body. However, it could also be because the edge of Chloe's blanket had slipped far enough to reveal a view of her firm and not-so-small breasts. On one, I even saw the dark areola. The scientific part of my pubescent mind began to discuss the question whether it was more brown or a dark pink.

"Do you like what you see?" Chloe asked and pulled the duvet down to her hips.

I swallowed hard. Speechless, I stared at her with my mouth open.

"You can touch too. After all, I have had a certain head start in looking and touching since yesterday. You are welcome to catch up!"

No matter how cool she tried to sound, I did not miss the delicate blush spreading across her face and even her chest.

She sat up a little straighter and stretched her wonderful curves towards me. I saw my hand move towards her without me doing anything, and then I cupped her breast. Soft, warm, simultaneously firm and with noticeable weight. Her nipple hardened under my touch, and Chloe's breathing became heavier.

She moved closer, and I realized we were well on our way to repeating my fiasco from the party!

"You are beautiful," I heard myself say. A banal sentence, simple and trite, yet perfect for this moment.

Chloe understood it exactly as it was meant.

"Thanks," she said shyly, and her blush deepened a shade.

That was the hint I needed. For her, this was at least just as exciting! From now on, complete openness.

"Chloe, I ... I am afraid of doing something wrong. That I will not function as you expect and you will get mad ..."

She jumped at me. Or rather, she threw her arms around my neck.

"Oh, Connor, I am sorry! Really, I am infinitely sorry! I did not want to be mad at you. I like you way too much for that!"

Did I hear her sobbing? She clung to my neck. I felt the warmth of her breasts against my chest and wondered what I should do now. Gently, I stroked her back.

"It is okay." My voice sounded hoarse. "Being here with you now was worth everything else."

I actually meant that. Including yesterday afternoon, which I did not really want to think about. Only now did I realize how much I had longed to be this close to Chloe.

With this realization, a first tender physical reaction also set in.

"Thanks!" She took a relieved, deep breath and clung even tighter to me.

When she let go and moved a bit away from me, I felt the sudden coolness on my skin where her literally hot body had just touched me. Chloe looked down, and I saw her bite her lower lip. I knew this quirk of hers too. From the rare moments when she did not know what to do.

"Can I ask you something, Connor?"

Was she trembling?

"Yes, of course. Anything you want," I said.

"I want to do everything right," she began. "At the party, that ... that did not go so well. I also know that it is my fault. I talked to my Mom about it and she said that it all went way too fast. She said the party was the completely wrong place for it and that you are a sensitive boy. It is better to take time for it. I just have to let her know and then I woud have the house to myself and ..."

"Wait, you told your Mom?" I was shocked. How embarrassing was that! Had I not seen this mocking smile on Chloe's Mom's face lately? As if she had seen through me ... Although, I had not actually run into her since the party.

"Connor, I am sorry. I just had to talk to someone about it. It really messed me up, and I did not want to tell Jazmin about it."

"Thanks!"

"So, what I wanted to ask," Chloe started again. "What was different yesterday? It worked completely then. Do you need ... special conditions?"

I had not expected a question like that. "What do you mean by special?"

"I do not know. For example, I still have these handcuffs. They are made of plush, but if that is what you need, maybe it is enough. I also have a toy riding crop somewhere. I know some people are into that. For you, I would go along with it ..."

"Stop! STOP!" I had become unintentionally loud. "Chloe! It's me, Connor!" I shouted. "Do you really think I am like that?"

"No. I just thought there must be some reason ..."

She was so damn cute when she was so shy and embarrassed! My reaction increased noticeably but was still hidden by the blanket.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax. This open talking was pretty exciting.

"Chloe, I have been thinking too. The whole time since the party. I know that it works. I have often enough ... um well. Anyway, maybe your Mom is right. I was not relaxed at the party and everything went so fast. Maybe we should just take it a bit slower ..."

Chloe nodded. "Sounds good."

She leaned forward and came closer. On all fours. At that sight, my heartbeat accelerated spontaneously. Her blanket had slipped down completely now and revealed her tight bubble butt. Her plain panties were the hottest piece of clothing in the world to me at that moment.

With both hands, Chloe grabbed my shoulders and pushed me onto my back on the bed. Her face came closer, her lips found mine and then we kissed. Somehow we had skipped that so far.

Kissing is a fantastic way to start things more calmly. Until the moment her tongue pushed between my lips.I never would’ve dared. I made room, allowed the tip of her tongue to find mine and explore my lips from the inside. Finally, I did the same to her. Her breathing became heavier, hotter, and she cupped my face with both hands and pulled me tight against her.

Taking it slow was out of the question from then on.

Somehow, she had managed to push my duvet aside with her feet. Without breaking our kiss, she slid one leg over me and finally lay on top of me. That was the moment her eyes widened with recognition.

Her mouth twisted into a grin that made further kissing impossible. She sat up, straddling my thighs, and looked down at me. By 'me', I mean my cock. By now, it had reached the usual size for lonely solo sessions.

Had I mentioned that I was wearing an oversized long shirt with a glittering horse girl motif? Did Chloe wear something like that as pajamas when she was not waking up half-naked next to boys? It had ridden up over my hips. Chloe grabbed it and pulled it off me.

With her body upright, she slid up until she was kneeling right next to my chest. She took my hands and guided them to the edge of her panties. Slowly, I pulled the waistband down. A wet spot had formed in the middle. I knew the reasons theoretically, but now I was experiencing them in reality for the first time. I pulled it down further and stroked her butt extensively in the process. However, my attention was completely focused on the mysterious spot between her legs.

From an angle below, I looked at the first real pussy in my life! The slight curve, with a slit from which tender folds of skin peeked out. Everything was completely hairless. Of course, not like with me. She seemed to shave thoroughly, though. That thought ensured that I reached a clearly above-average size. At least it felt like that.

Chloe performed an acrobatic masterpiece right in front of my face. In the end, she had stripped off her panties without ramming her knees or feet into my face. Besides the fascinating visual details, I got the opportunity to taste the scent of her arousal from up close. She sat down with her pussy on my cock and began to move her pelvis slowly back and forth.

She clearly set the pace. That was fine by me. I was just glad that, by now two levels above average size, I had the best chances of giving us a successful first time. My hands wandered up her thighs to her hips and back down. Chloe accompanied these caresses with pleasant sighs, so I continued.

I wanted to cup her bouncing breasts. Why not, actually? I reached out my hands. Hardly had I touched them when Chloe leaned forward a bit so that I held her whole glory in my hands.

Level three above normal, if there was such a thing. Yesterday afternoon at the 'exhibition' had not been without consequences, as I just became painfully aware. Everything on me was irritated and sore. I felt every single tiny movement. At least

Chloe's wetness ensured a reasonably pleasant gliding sensation. Nevertheless, she seemed to sense that something was wrong.

"Everything okay?" She paused in the middle of the movement, which felt even more intense.

"Yes, all good. I ... I ... want it, now?"

How do you tell that it is the right time for the next step?

Maybe by the fact that the girl riding you straightens up briefly, grabs your cock, aligns it, and then slides down onto you with wide-open eyes. Or you slide into her.

It was ... It was hot. Wet. Tight. Chloe moaned. I did not know if it was from pain or pleasure. Right after her soft entrance, I literally hit resistance. A firm tunnel that only hesitantly opened up. My body developed a life of its own. Again and again, my crotch bucked towards her and drove my cock deeper inside her. Chloe gasped and leaned heavily with her hands on my chest.

Then she sat on me. That is something you miss when you jerk off. How heavy a real person is. Her full weight rested on that one spot in the middle of my body. I felt ... connected to her. Sure, physically, cock in pussy and so on. But it was more, and Chloe felt it too. I saw it in her eyes. Were those tears in the corners of her eyes?

Again, she moved slowly back and forth. With my cock deep inside her, that was a completely different thing. I searched for her rhythm, found it, and joined in.

My hips danced again, and this time they said 'stay with me, do not leave me. Fly with me.'

And so we flew.

Until exhaustion. It did not take long to arrive.

Not bad for a first time, I thought, when I was able to think again.

My ability to think only returned after we had lain in bed, cuddled closely together, for what felt like an eternity. It was that twilight state where bodies demand sleep after a climax, but curious fingers prevent exactly that. It was wonderful.

"That was nice. Thank you!" Chloe said and breathed a kiss onto my cheek.

"I thought so, too."

Her intimate closeness held the promise of a sequel. At the same time, there was an understanding that it would not happen immediately.

"How did I actually end up here?" I asked after a while.

Chloe giggled. "Do not you remember?"

"No, not the slightest memory."

"Mrs. Collins spoke to me when we were out of the room. She asked if I wanted to take you home. Apparently, she had been watching us the whole time. I said yes. When the two women from the exhibition brought you out, you were totally groggy and could hardly walk. Jazz helped me. We brought you here. When she was gone, I took your clothes off and that was it. Hopefully, you can remember everything else!"

And how!

"What about the others?" Suddenly, I had the hateful looks of the boys before my eyes again.

"They stayed there. I think they were dumped in the changing rooms to wake up. Mrs. Collins said they would never hurt anyone here again. So you do not need to be afraid! Besides, I do not want you thinking about other boys when you are here with me!"

This request initiated another round of kissing and cuddling. I could not get enough of it.

###

We had Chloe's house completely to ourselves. No sign of her Mom. With so much support, I hardly minded anymore that she knew about my embarrassing first attempt with Chloe.

Around noon, I headed home. A twenty-minute walk. The fresh air helped me clear my head. Also, it would be mega embarrassing if my Mom picked me up from my girlfriend after the first night together. Chloe was my official girlfriend now, right?

When I arrived home, I immediately noticed that something was different. There was no sign of my mother's overbearing care. Instead, she greeted me with a cheerful smile.

"Hey Connor, did you have a nice party? It was really sweet of Chloe that you could stay in her guest room. You did not have to come home so early, why didn't you make a nice day of it?"

Because I did not know that was an option.

"Yes, yesterday afternoon was more exhausting than I estimated. And Chloe was really sweet for letting me crash there… and her mom too, I guess."

My Mom hugged me briefly. Strange, she did not ask at all what exactly happened yesterday. Unlike the open communication of Chloe's family, touchy subjects were usually consistently skirted or ignored in our house. Instead, Mom was all the more interested in all the unimportant and embarrassing details of my life. But not today. She pushed me gently but firmly down the hallway. Something is not right here.

"Connor, your father is already here too. I think he wanted to talk to you. In his study."

She said the last sentence loud enough that Dad definitely heard it. As if for confirmation, I heard a rumble from the direction of his study. Whatever it was about, it was better if I got it over with immediately.

Dad traveled a lot for work during the week. On weekends, it felt like he was visiting. So there was no basis for regular deep conversations.

When I entered his study, he flinched and hectically sorted documents on his desk.

"Dad, is everything okay? What is up?"

Compared to my parents, I was deeply relaxed. What a morning together with a pretty girl can do.

"Yes, Connor, um, come in, sit down. There is something we need to talk about. We should have done this a long time ago ..."

Oh no. This is not going to be The Talk, is it? I am almost sixteen, that was all done in school a long time ago.

I sat down and just waited to see what would happen.

"Connor, there is something in our family that you should know about ..."

"Are you getting divorced?" I guessed to save him the agonizing conversation.

"What? No! Why? How do you come up with that?" Dad was completely taken by surprise and I regretted my question immediately.

"No, it is about something else. My family, your ancestors on your father's side. We hardly have contact with them. You might have noticed that. One reason is the curse. Well, not a real curse, we just call it that ..."

He paused and took a deep breath before continuing.

"So I mean this diagnosis. The Pasqualini syndrome. It used to be called 'Fertile Eunuch Syndrome', but that is a terrible name. That is why we simply called it the curse. This disease, or the gene for it, is passed on by men in our family to their sons. So you got it from me. I am to blame that you do not ... that you are the way you are. I mean, you are a wonderful son and a great person, even if others might not see that. You do not have to compare yourself with others either, Connor, you are valuable just as you are ..."

That was slowly becoming so embarrassing that it hurt. I interrupted Dad and said the only right thing.

"Dad, I have a girlfriend. With everything that goes with it. If that is what you are worried about."

Finally, he looked me in the face.

"You mean the nice little one, Chloe, right?" Then something changed in his face. "With ... with everything? You have ... so you can ..."

"Yes. And yes." For a moment, I felt incredibly mature and grown-up. I enjoyed it. "Do you need to know anything else, Dad?" I asked with a cool tone.

"No, that is enough." He almost seemed like he wanted to hug me. Do all parents react like this when they find out their children are finally having sex?

"Oh Connor, I am happy for you. Chloe is a real cutie. You surely have a lot of ..."

"Dad!"

"Yes right, that is none of my business. I, um, am glad that you ..., all that ... If you have questions, you can come to me anytime. Or to your Mom."

Yeah, right. Definitely not! I would rather go to Chloe's Mom.

"You just should know, Connor, if you ever have children, a son. Well, not that you two should start with that now, I do not mean that. But someday, maybe. Your son will inherit the curse from you. This gene. Even if it does not break out, like with me. You can do nothing about it. A cousin of mine studied medicine years ago just because of this and has been researching it since then. But I have not heard from him in ages. Well, I just wanted you to know."

"Thanks, Dad." I stood up and patted him on the shoulder. He returned the gesture by putting his hand on mine. For a few seconds, we stood side by side without words.

Then I retreated to my room and tried to separate the weird from the useful information of the conversation.

###

I had successfully repressed the fact that a Monday morning follows the weekend. The thought of Chloe made it easy. However, now I had to face reality.

When I entered the school grounds, I looked into many attentive faces. Usually, I was more of the inconspicuous type. But on this day, many looked at me as if they recognized me and connected me with something.

On the way to my locker and the classroom, I met no one from the team. I was glad about that. I still could not tell how they would behave towards me. Guaranteed not pleasantly.

"Have you heard already?" Chloe asked me when I reached my seat.

"No, what?" I asked.

"The sports team has been disbanded. A number of players spontaneously changed schools. For private reasons."

The corner of her mouth twitched. I did not feel like laughing, but a weight fell off my shoulders. Relieved, I breathed a sigh.

"Then I do not have to expect them to pay me back for your ... special treatment."

Chloe turned red and looked frantically in all directions.

"Shh. Do not talk about it. You are the only one whose identity nobody talks about. Keep it that way!. Jazz had to swear to me not to tell anyone. If you do not screw it up, it remains your secret!"

Even more relief. I had feared the attentive faces of the students today referred to my appearance during the exhibition.

"What will happen to the rest of the team?" I asked.

"No idea. Maybe they will rebuild the team from the lower grades someday. But for the moment, our school has none."

This development was less exciting than it sounds. By the end of the week, everyone had gotten used to it. Since I was no longer pursuing my usual activities, I had time to gather new impressions. I noticed things I had completely overlooked before.

Chloe's Dance Crew always had practice at the same time as the sports team. Finally, I got to watch her. I had not expected much from it. The performances took place masked and in loose costumes that hardly allowed conclusions about the person inside. The training, however, took place in comfortable, light sportswear. Skimpy, figure-hugging sportswear. Since the crew had emerged from the former cheerleaders, it consisted almost exclusively of girls.

Of course, my eyes were glued to Chloe, but that did not mean I ignored the surroundings. Watching the Dance Crew was not bad at all. Since I was sitting on the sidelines so unoccupied, it did not take long until Chloe asked me to get her something to drink. The next time, one of the other girls asked me too. Fresh towels were needed and other things. As it looked, the Dance Crew needed a gofer. I knew my way around that.

Jerry also crossed my path during this time. He ignored me on purpose. Only once, when we met in a secluded hallway, he came very close to me.

"Not a word, Connor! Ever!" he said with an angry face. "Don't you dare tell anyone what happened. And stay the fuck away from me. Understood?"

I nodded. Mrs. Collins must have initiated something because, apart from the threatening words, Jerry did not get carried away to do anything else for now. I did not want to provoke him further and simply checked off the encounter and my 'friendship' with Jerry. The Dance Crew was much nicer anyway.

Two weeks later, there was another encounter that brought the matter with the exhibition up again.

A new student seemed to be at the school. I had never seen him before. I would have noticed because his style of clothing and his overall appearance apparently outed him as gay. He had his locker a bit away from me and kept looking over at me. Then he actually came up to me.

Did my syndrome make me interesting for boys now too?

"Hey Connor," he said.

How did he know my name? He was tall, had dyed hair, and heavy applied eyeliner. Wait! Only on one side. The other eye was blue for other reasons.

"Tyler. It is you. I did not recognize you at all."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I thought it was time for a change of image. After I had recovered."

"Recovered? What happened?" I asked.

Tyler sighed and grimaced.

"The others caught me. In the locker room, right after ... you know. Before old Collins could intervene, they had already beaten me up badly. Be glad you were not there, they would have finished you off just the same. But then the old bat came and stopped everything else. She has videos, Connor. Recorded everything. And if anyone steps out of line, she would publish them. That is why the others went away. You know. Private schools and such. Those catch basins for everyone who has a problem with FemCom-run schools."

"And what about you?"

"What do you think? I needed a break until the bruises were no longer so visible. During that time, I thought a lot. I am staying. As the new Tyler. Imagine, as long as I am no male threat, I am in good hands here. And you?"

I noticed that this was the first real conversation with Tyler since I had known him.

"I am fine. Nobody knows that I was the one in the exhibition. I hang out with the Dance Crew now. The girls are nice. Guess I just got away with it."

Chloe came around the corner and waved me over.

"I have to go, Tyler. See you."

He followed my gaze and his eyes went wide with surprise.

"Oh, Connor ... have fun." He actually grinned at me.

I surely would have fun. Chloe wanted to show me this afternoon why she had plush handcuffs in her room.

Mom. The most beautiful word in the world. M-O-M. It even looks the same backwards! With a little imagination, the O was exactly as round as Jenna’s big pregnant belly and the Ms were like her arms stretching out to hug him.

The note with the scribbles was safe in his pocket. No one had noticed it. And no one noticed that Jonah was heading to the parking area with the other children for the third day in a row. He walked past the school bus stop to the back where parents collected their children. With his head held high, he looked out. Then he saw the van. A bit further ahead. He sped up his pace and ran the last stretch.

Jenna saw him coming and waved to him.

"Had a good day, Jonah?" she called to him through the open window.

"Sure!" After a short hesitation, he added: "... Mom."

He had said it! It was such a great feeling!

Jonah threw his backpack into the trunk and hopped onto his seat in the back. The seat next to it was occupied by a huge child seat where Savannah was strapped in. She looked at him with the big, astonished eyes with which she had been watching him since the weekend.

"Hello Savy!" Jonah greeted his new little sister.

"Ooh-Nah," she shouted and reached her hand out towards him.

It was so cute how she struggled with his name. He even had the feeling that she said it more clearly today than the days before.

Jenna had explained to him that Savannah was in that phase where she learned all kinds of words. She repeated them and pointed to them as soon as she saw the thing again.

The drive home did not take long. Maybe fifteen minutes. But it was a completely different direction, a whole new world. Jenna's house was in an area with old brick houses. From the outside, they all looked similar, but Jenna had renovated hers according to her ideas. It was totally modern. And huge, in Jonah's opinion.

It had a ground floor with a kitchen that merged without clear boundaries into a dining area and then into a living room. Also, there was a large office for Jenna.

Their rooms were on the first floor. Jenna's bedroom was right by the stairs, Jonah's was to the left of it. At the other end of the hallway were the rooms for Savannah and her future sibling.

The special thing were the bathrooms located on both sides of Jenna's room, connecting to the adjacent ones. They were accessible from both directions. The one towards Savannah was completely set up for taking care of toddlers.

The bathroom on Jonah's side was clearly for adults. It even had this second toilet bowl. With a butt shower.

Before Jonah could go to his room, there was something to eat first. It was delicious. Jenna had such nice dishes and always put the food on the plate so that it looked like a restaurant. It was wonderful!

After the meal, Savannah demanded his attention. She had scattered some toys in the living room. Jonah saw much of it for the first time. He explored the things together with his new little sister. She was clever and enjoyed handing Jonah every single building block and every doll and all the other things. She named them in her own toddler language. He even understood some of it. Savannah watched his reaction as he looked at everything very closely and then gave it back to her.

Simply, he started building stacks of blocks and let dolls and plush toys walk up and down in front of her. Savannah watched this with big eyes. At first confused, but then came the moment when she squealed enthusiastically and smiled brightly.

This felt strange to Jonah. He would have felt more comfortable doing the dishes or cleaning something in the house. But Jenna had insisted that he spend time with Savannah. Actually, it was fun. When she laughed and babbled happily, it made him somehow happy too.

The little one could develop considerable endurance. But when she got tired, it was impossible to miss. Helplessly, Jonah watched as she became restless and weepy. Everything that had made her laugh just a moment ago was ineffective.

Jenna had noticed the change in noise, of course, and joined them shortly after. Jonah and the toys were suddenly uninteresting. Savannah stretched her little arms out to her mom and wanted to be picked up.

"Well you two, did you play something nice?" Jenna asked as she bent down to her.

"Yes, but I think she is tired, right?" Jonah said.

"Right. Time for bed. Are you coming?"

Jonah followed mother and daughter upstairs to the children's bathroom.

"Is it okay with you if you learn how to take care of her?" Jenna asked him while she freed Savannah from her clothes amidst her protests. "When the baby is here, it would be a big help if you took care of her now and then."

"Yes, of course," Jonah said. "But I have never done that before."

"That is why I am showing you, and we will practice it in the next few weeks."

Savannah was showered and dried. Then Jenna put a diaper on her for the night and put her in her pajamas. The routine was familiar to the child and calmed her down. When she was put in her bed, her eyes were already closing.

"Would you like to read her a story?" Jenna asked.

"Yes, I can do that."

"Good, thanks. If anything comes up, I am next door. Just in case."

It was a simple, almost silly story from a picture book with talking animals. Jonah read extra slowly so he would not finish too quickly. In the middle of the story, Savannah had already fallen asleep. He put it aside, left the room quietly, and closed the door.

Jenna was already waiting for him.

"You did that very nicely. I listened to you over the baby monitor. I think it is great how you handle her. You are a big help to me!"

She hugged him warmly and tightly.

Jonah blushed at all the praise and the sudden physical closeness. "Thanks. I really like doing it!"

"There’s just one thing we really need to be clear about, Jonah." Jenna suddenly sounded very serious.

"What is it?" 'He leaned back and looked at her attentively.

"Jonah, Savy is a toddler, almost still a baby. When you take care of her, it is really only about keeping her clean. That is different from games at the club. Those were mixed with adult things. Do you understand that?"

At the mention of the club, he turned even redder. "Yes. I think so."

"Good. So if you are curious and have any questions about girls and women, come to me. You know that I am happy to explain and show you everything. But Savy has nothing to do with that. Understood?"

"Yes, of course! She is way too little!" Jonah was confused about where the conversation was heading.

"Exactly." Jenna pulled him close to her again. "I am glad we talked about it. Do you have homework?"

"Maybe a little. I will check."

Jonah went to his room. He had no homework. Instead, he opened every drawer and compartment at his desk and looked at the contents. He had never had a workspace like this. Neither did any of the other children in his former home.

He even had a TV in his room. Smaller than the big one in the living room, but he could watch what he wanted. In the past days, he had done that extensively. By now, the enthusiasm had evaporated. It was exhausting, loud, hectic, unfamiliar. He turned the device down first, then off. In the subsequent silence, he simply sat there, looked out the window, and listened to the sounds of his new home.

Outside there was wind, but inside you heard nothing of it. Jenna went down the stairs to her office. Then she did something in the kitchen, a cup clattered. Footsteps moving away. Silence.

It was getting dark. Jenna came up the stairs and knocked on his door. The sound tore Jonah from his apathetic daydreaming.

"It is getting late. Will you please get ready for bed, Jonah?" she asked.

"Yes... Mom!"

Again he felt that pleasant warmth when he called her that.

The routine in the bathroom was done quickly. He hopped into his bed and waited.

Jenna knocked on the ajar door, which swung open.

"Ready?" she asked and stepped in.

"Yes." Jonah swallowed. He felt a big lump in his throat. Even though he had firmly planned not to show anything today.

Jenna came closer and sat down next to him on the edge of his bed.

"I love you, Jonah!" she said, leaned forward, and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"I love you too, Mom," he whispered. His voice trembled. His hands too. His vision blurred, and a first tear rolled hot down his cheek. A sob escaped his throat and he gasped for air.

Jenna moved closer and stroked his back.

"Hey Jonah. Everything will be fine. You are safe."

"I ... I know ..." he sniffled. "It ... it is just sometimes everything is so strange and new and I think I will wake up any moment and be in my old room ..."

"That will not happen, Jonah!" Jenna pressed him tightly against her and he felt her soft warmth.

She already had her sleepwear on too.

"Do you want proof that this is real?" Jenna asked him gently.

He nodded.

"Alright. One more time, as an exception. But we cannot do this forever!"

She sat up straight. Jonah began to unbutton her top, which stretched over her full breasts and her full, pregnant belly.

"Why not?" he asked shyly as the fabric slid aside and Jenna's breast spilled out.

She stroked his head gently and put him to her large nipple, which stood up hard on the dark areola.

"Because in a few months, the baby comes first," she said with a smile.

"And until then?" Jonah asked and began to suck with smacking sounds.

Jenna's closeness, the feeling of her nipple between his lips, and the taste of her skin on his tongue made her feel real and very close. Then the first sip of her milk filled his mouth and he was finally home.

"Until then, Jonah, you have your Mom all to yourself!"

All the new impressions didn’t stop Jonah from thinking about the other big M in his life. Megan. Or rather, Miss Megan. Because at the moment, there seemed to be no opportunity to meet her outside of class. Only then did he have permission to call her by her first name.

Since the incident about a month ago, which had ultimately led him to the club of pregnant women, he behaved as quiet as possible in class. That was hard because he liked Megan far more than was appropriate for a student. And Megan liked him in the same way. Even now, after the club had to hastily stop its activities.

When she looked at him, her gaze always lingered on him for a fraction of a second longer. That is why he felt this tingling. He could not look away from her either. At almost eight months pregnant, her belly was by now even bigger than Jenna's. Although otherwise she looked more like a student fresh from college. This created a confusing, tempting mix of youthfulness with massive yet firm curves.

Jonah knew how every single one of them felt. He knew her scent, remembered her taste, and longed to experience it all again.

Now she even stopped behind him. Jonah tried to concentrate on his task but was all too aware of Ms. Megan's presence. He could almost feel her warmth. Her shadow fell on him, she leaned over his shoulder and tapped on the spot in his work where he had probably made a mistake. If he leaned back now, his head would rest against her breast. The thought caused his vision to blur for a moment. Furthermore, he felt a distinct stirring in his crotch. That was extremely inconvenient because the lesson was about to end.

Ms. Megan said nothing, just tapped on the spot in his notebook, and then pulled her hand back. When Jonah's vision cleared again, he noticed the scrap of paper that had not been there before.

As inconspicuously as possible, he took it and unfolded it.

'Free Change' was written on it in Ms. Megan's elegant handwriting.

What did that mean? He looked up. Ms. Megan had taken a seat at her desk and was already packing her things. While doing so, she repeatedly threw him an inconspicuous glance. So it was a message for him. But about what?

He thought feverishly. The bell could ring any moment. He only had a few seconds to solve the riddle. Ms. Megan looked in his direction again and seemed visibly tense. 'Free Change.' It must have something to do with school!

'Free'? Maybe the free period a bit later in the morning? And what does 'Change' stand for? There was a sparkle in Ms. Megan's eyes that Jonah knew from the club. What could he change in school? Or had he changed something?

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. No way!

He looked at Ms. Megan, then he lowered his head slowly, looked into his lap, and then back to her. She nodded. In slow motion. So it was true!

Jonah noticed a hot blush shooting into his face at the memory. Ms. Megan noticed it too, and the corners of her mouth twitched into a grin.

Then the bell rang.

Jonah barely followed the lessons up to the free period. Luckily, the teachers' motivation was not very high either. So, no one noticed that his thoughts were somewhere else entirely.

Then finally, the redeeming bell rang. The students gradually left the room. Not fast enough, in Jonah's opinion. Most had individual courses, but there was a gap in his schedule now that lasted until the lunch break.

When he was finally alone, he packed his things and set off carefully. In the hallway, he merged into the stream of other students and let himself drift towards the old wing of the building. There were fewer and fewer people there. Next to the corridor with the barrier tape, Jonah stopped and rummaged in his backpack. While doing so, he kept an eye on the hallway. The bell rang, and the remaining students were suddenly in a hurry to get to their classrooms.

Unobserved, Jonah slipped into the unlit corridor. A few meters further, it went around a corner. The atmosphere was spooky, and his heart was beating in his throat. He almost turned back. However, the prospect of meeting Megan gave him the necessary courage. A few more steps, and then he stood in front of the door where the sign of the old infirmary hung crookedly.

Carefully, he turned the knob. The door opened! He slipped inside and closed it as quietly as possible. When he turned around, a hand was placed over his mouth. He got the fright of his life, but it was Megan who bent down to him and pointed her finger at her lips.

He nodded, and she took her hand away. Just as he wanted to whisper something, she shook her head and pointed to the back.

Right! The back room! The place where the 'Change' had happened once before.

Was that really what she was planning? He followed her through the dark, abandoned infirmary into the back room, and Megan closed the door behind them. Then she exhaled with audible relief.

"Jonah, I am so glad you understood the message!"

She squatted down in front of him and pulled him into a warm hug, which he was only too happy to return.

"Megan! I ... I missed you."

"That is so sweet of you! I missed you too!" Her hug became even tighter.

By now, Jonah could feel her breasts and her belly very clearly against his body. Did she feel him too? The hard part below the belt buckle?

"I brought you something for lunch," Megan said with a promising smile. She stood up and switched on a small lamp that illuminated the room a little.

Unlike the rest of the room, the lamp looked new. Megan must have brought it. Not that there was much to see here. Floor and walls were tiled. To the side was a work table, underneath it a cupboard with crooked doors. In the middle of the room, just like during his last visit, stood a bench on wheels. Like they are used in infirmaries. And in the club. Jonah got goosebumps at the sight.

However, there was no food to be seen.

"What do you mean by lunch?" Jonah asked.

"You will see in a moment. First, we have to make it a bit cozy. I cannot stand for so long," Megan replied. "Help me with the bench. I have already loosened the screws, we should be able to remove the topping."

Jonah helped. First it stuck a little, but together they managed to lift the padded topping and put it on the floor in front of the free wall. Megan pushed the frame into a corner. Then she got a blanket out of the cupboard under the table and spread it over the makeshift bed.

With a sigh, she sat down and waved Jonah over. He sat down next to her. It was actually comfortable. Even a little cozy, but that was also because he could lean against Megan now. She breathed heavily, the action must have been exhausting for her.

"How do you like our nest?" she asked.

"It is nice." He did not care about the room, he enjoyed the closeness to Megan and pressed himself closer to her.

Megan had put a hand over his shoulder, with the other she began to unbutton her blouse.

"Jonah, you started something in me at the club for which I need your help," she said.

Carefully, he turned his head. The open blouse had slipped to the side and revealed Megan's full breasts resting in a pretty bra. She was working on that too. Apparently, it had a clasp in the front middle. She opened it and folded the halves to the side.

Her breasts stood out firmly. As if they were under tension or pressure. The skin looked tight, and he could see dark veins underneath. The areolas were huge and white drops formed at the tip of the erect nipples.

"This is all for you, Jonah," whispered Megan. "I have not pumped anything, even though it really hurts by now and messes up my clothes. I hope you have an appetite."

"Mhmm," he hummed approvingly. He did not know what else to say.

"Come here!" Megan demanded and pulled him closer.

Willingly, he let himself be guided. With his head on her tight belly, his lips were exactly at the right height. He licked off the drop at the tip with his tongue and Megan responded to the touch with another sigh. Then he enclosed the warm nipple with his lips and sucked carefully. That was all it took, and her delicious, sweet milk streamed warm into his throat.

He enjoyed every single sip. It was more than in the weeks before, Megan had actually saved up quite a bit. Under the touch of his lips, he could feel how the tension in her breast subsided. Again and again, he heard Megan sigh with pleasure.

She gently stroked his head for a while, but then her hand wandered lower. Jonah only noticed it when she grabbed him in the crotch.

"Open your pants, Jonah!" Megan murmured.

He stopped drinking and looked up in surprise with her nipple in his mouth. Megan smiled at him.

"Something is about to happen there and that should not go into your pants, right? I will take care of it there and you continue nicely here, agreed?"

He swallowed, only partly because of the milk that had already collected in his mouth again. Skillfully, he opened the button and zipper of his pants.

"Pull them down a bit," Megan asked him.

Then she had free access and fished his hard cock out of his briefs.

"Wow! Did you grow?" she asked with a smile and began to massage him slowly but firmly.

Jonah felt a wave of arousal spreading from the middle of his body in all directions. It tingled right down to his fingertips. The fingers, that found their way to Megan's breasts as if by themselves. He began to fondle them. In the same rhythm as she kneaded his cock.

Megan's first breast was empty when he was close to the edge. Switching to the other side provided enough interruption for him to calm down a little bit. He focused on the amount and taste in his mouth to delay his climax as long as he could.

However, it did not help. The sensations were simply too intense. It was a milk spreading nipple he had in his mouth and the curve of the breast before his eyes. His head rested on her bulging belly. His body leaned against her soft, warm side. Her fingers were merciless.

He twitched and got goosebumps all over his body. Then his crotch bucked. Megan tightened her grip. It was painful, and he felt like he was about to burst. His full mouth stifled his whimpering.

"Almost there, Jonah, it will be over soon. But first, finish drinking!" she whispered.

So he drank. He sucked harder. A few times, his teeth even grazed her nipple. Megan shuddered, and he immediately became more careful. But she pressed his head even harder against her breast with her free hand. It covered his whole face. So he increased his efforts.

Megan shuddered a few times. Finally, she was satisfied with his performance and gently pushed his head back.

"You did a good job, Jonah!" she said with a hoarse voice.

"Can you let go of me now?" he asked.

Her hand still gripped him tightly. By now, another pressure was building up in addition to the pain.

"In a moment. Stand up!"

What was she planning?

It was not easy at all to stand up with her clamp-like grip around his cock. When he finally stood, she pulled him towards her, his feet between her spread legs.

Megan cast a hungry glance at him.

"Now it is my turn," she said. Her focus was on the dark red glans peeking out of her grip.

She bowed forward and took him into her mouth. Only then did she loosen the merciless grip. Finger by finger. For a moment, the pinching pain increased. When she released the last finger, the pent-up load shot out of him.

It was not much. Jonah knew that by now. But Megan was right, he did not want that mess in his pants. This time it was a lot.

Once again, he realized how much the discharge felt like peeing. It had to be over soon, right?

He looked down. Megan's eyes were wide open with a greedy hunger, and she swallowed and swallowed. Without sucking or licking, as she had done at the club. As if it ... by itself ... Oh no! That cannot be!

Jonah panicked and wanted to jump away from her. However, Megan's hand clamped his butt like a vice. Slap! The sharp crack echoed in the tiny room, followed instantly by a burning sting across his cheek. The sudden jolt shoved him deeper into her mouth. Megan pinned him against her face, eyes locked on his, and kept swallowing.

Was she really drinking his piss?

Her fierce glare when he tried to pull back prevented any further action. By now, he was sure that it was actually pee flowing out of him. Why did Megan continue? Had she not noticed? He clenched everything, desperate to stop, but he did not succeed.

Suddenly, it was over. The pressure subsided. He felt a pulling sensation inside. Finally, the feeling set in that he was closed up and nothing was leaking anymore.

In return, Megan became more active. She sucked and licked his now limp cock, smacking audibly while doing so. When she had enough, she let him slide out of her mouth one last time between her pressed lips.

Jonah stood motionless. He was still shocked at how exciting and at the same time gross the experience had been. He did not know what to expect now.

"You little pisser!" Megan said.

Despite the rough words, she grinned at him strangely. Like a lurking cat.

"You are full of surprises, Jonah. Who would have thought that such a sweet boy is into peeing in mouths."

"No! It was not like that!" he objected fiercely.

"No? And what kind of warm broth did I just swallow then, you messy little piggy?"

"That ... that was ... an accident! I could not help it, it just happened!"

Tears shot into his eyes because of the unfair accusations. Also, he had surely ruined everything. This time, no shared yoga class would save him. Megan was pissed off. Literally!

Nevertheless, she giggled. She looked at him, laughing happily!

"Hey Jonah, I know that was not planned."

She hugged him tightly. Just as he stood before her, still with his pants down.

He could hardly believe it.

"You ... you are not mad?" he whispered next to her ear.

"No. It was an accident." She stroked his back until her hand lay hot on his naked butt. "And I have always wanted to try something like that. Do not worry, pregnant women sometimes have an appetite for the craziest things. It is like cum. If you do not smell it, but only swallow, it is quite nice."

"You do not find it ... me, gross?" Jonah asked.

"Not at all. Besides, I had to react quickly when you started peeing. Imagine if that had landed on my clothes. Swallowing was the easiest solution."

"I did not know you could do something like that," Jonah said thoughtfully.

Megan giggled. "Most people feel that way. But now you know!"

She gave him a slap on the butt and straightened up.

"Get dressed, Jonah. The break is almost over and we have to sneak out of here unnoticed."

He obeyed and adjusted his clothes. However, Megan squatted down in front of him one more time and grabbed his shoulders.

"By the way, Jonah, you do realize that you owe me the same thing now?" she said with a serious expression.

"What do you mean?" An odd suspicion crept over him.

"Sometime I will serve you a load just like that. And then you will open your mouth nicely and swallow. Understood?"

The words echoed in his head for the rest of the day.

It felt like an eternity later when Jenna picked him up. His smile, the joy of seeing her, was, for the very first time, a little dimmer. But luckily, she did not notice it.

The evening went like the days before. Delicious food, playing with Savannah, all that distracted him. Until he put the nighttime diaper on the little one under Jenna's guidance.

From then on, his thoughts circled around pee again. His, which Megan had swallowed. How it had felt inside her mouth. How gross it would be if she made good on her threat. How exciting.

When he went to bed himself, the images were still in his head. They ensured that he got so hard that it hurt. Please, not the whole night like this! Again and again, he felt with his hands under the blanket, but he remained hard. No sign of relaxation.

"I just wanted to say good night, Jonah," Jenna said suddenly.

He flinched. How long had she been standing in the doorway? What had she seen? Did she know what he had under the blanket?

She came closer, in her thin nightgown. It was semi-transparent. He could clearly see the dark areolas of her heavy breasts. Her navel on her tight belly. The dark triangle below her belly.

She sat down on the edge of the bed, like on the days before.

"Everything okay? Is there anything you want to talk about?"

"No. All good," he said quickly and as casually as possible.

"And what do you have under the duvet?"

"Nothing!"

"Then let me see your hands." Jenna's tone tolerated no contradiction.

"It is nothing, Mom, really not."

Slowly, he pulled his hands out. The fold of the duvet looked quite harmless after all.

Until Jenna stepped up to the bed, smoothed the blanket, and bumped against his tent pole.

"So that is nothing?" she asked.

Jonah froze and pressed his lips together. He felt caught, betrayed by his body.

"It just happened like that. I cannot help it."

The lump in his throat told him that he was about to burst into tears.

"I know, that happens to boys sometimes." His voice was already trembling.

Jenna gave him a kiss on the forehead, sat down on the edge of the bed next to him, and stroked his shoulder. As if she wanted to calm him down. She did not seem to be angry. But her closeness pushed the hope for relaxation even further away.

"Mostly it happens when boys think of someone pretty. Who were you thinking of?" she asked.

"I do not know..."

"Of me?"

"What? No, of ..." The name almost slipped out.

"Oh, so there is someone you are thinking of? Now I am a little jealous! Won't you tell me?"

Jenna moved closer and her other hand was now resting on his thigh. Jonah remained silent. His face must have had the color of a tomato by now. At least it felt like that.

"Could it be that she is a pretty young lady? From school?"

He shook his head. "The girls in my class are way too young..."

"Oh, I did not mean them either. I was thinking more of a certain teacher. Dark hair, big baby belly, hot full tits, tight ass? Does anyone come to mind?"

She had seen through him! How did she know that?

"Maybe ..." murmured Jonah.

"That is okay, Jonah. We were all at the club together. I know that you like Megan. She is nice and pretty. I am happy for you if you have fun. But ..."

He took the bait. "But what?"

"But she is not here now. And so far, it does not seem to go away on its own." She stroked the duvet again, close around the firm bulge.

"But you are lucky, Jonah. If you want, I will help you. Would you like that?"

He nodded.

"Good. But Jonah, we have to talk openly about this in the future, do you understand? To be honest, I am a little sad that you did not tell me right away. Look, I just want you to be okay. Or have you forgotten how I comforted you the past few evenings when you were sad?"

"No, Mom," he said sheepishly.

"You see, and now I catch you sitting here dreaming of another woman. So much that you get all hard. As if you forgot me. Yet I wished so much that we would have many nice hours together. I actually think of you very often."

"I ... I do too, Mom. I think of you very often, really!"

"I don't know, maybe you did that the other days too when I was away ..."

"No Mom! Definitely not! Today is really the first time it happened since I am here!" Jonah shouted.

"Alright, I want to believe you. But then you have experienced this before. Did it go away on its own then?"

"No." He shook his head.

"Did you have to do something?"

"Hmm." He nodded.

Jenna sighed and put both hands on his shoulders so that he dared to look at her.

"I would like to help you, Jonah, but you started it alone, so it is only fair if you finish it alone too. But not here in bed and in clothes! Such messes really do not have to be. We have enough options that are easier to keep clean. And I want to see how you do it."

"What?" Jonah was startled. "You want to see how I ...?"

"Yes, little man. If you feel big enough to jerk off, you should be able to wank in front of me too! Come on! Off to the bathroom!"

Jenna stood up and pointed to the door.

Jonah pushed the duvet aside. The hard tip was clearly visible in his pajama pants. He did not even try to hide it. With clenched fists and his head pulled in, he crept into the bathroom under Jenna's watchful gaze. She followed him.

"So, Jonah, how do you like doing it best? Standing up? Sitting down?"

He swallowed. "In ... in the dark. Under the blanket. I .. I have never watched while doing it."

"That is sweet. Then it is about time. After all, you know what women look like inside and out, so it would be a shame if you did not know about yourself. So out of the pants! Best take off all clothes!"

He obeyed. Jenna took every single piece of clothing and put it on a shelf next to the door.

Even though this was all totally embarrassing, Jonah also felt a familiar arousal. As if the bathroom was suddenly something like the secret room at school where he and Megan ... The thought of Megan ensured that his hard cock twitched. Jenna noticed it, of course.

"How nice, you seem to like this, Jonah. Well then, go ahead."

"Where should I, if ..." He looked around searchingly.

"Stand under the shower, it does not matter there," said Jenna.

The shower was located in the corner of the room and was additionally separated on one side by semi-transparent glass blocks. Only the fourth side was open. Jonah went into the cubicle. Maybe it would protect him a little from Jenna's gaze ... But no, she followed him.

"Turn around so I can see you," she demanded.

He stood before her, his hard cock in his hand, and began to massage it up and down. It felt totally weird. Wrong. Unpleasant. He could not imagine that this would lead to the desired goal.

Jenna watched him for a while, then she turned around and came back with a bottle in her hand.

"Hold still, attention, cold drop!"

She squeezed a generous splash of lotion onto his tip.

"This will surely make it better. Go on."

She was right, now it glided smoothly. Was it okay that it felt good when he touched himself?

Slowly he got warm. Was that what you called it? Anyway, something was happening. He could feel himself getting harder and bigger under the rhythmic movements and how pressure slowly built up.

His breathing became heavier. Again and again, he looked at Jenna, who smiled at him encouragingly.

Suddenly, she unbuttoned her nightgown. The thin fabric slid down her shoulders, over the heavy curve of her breasts, caught for a heartbeat on her belly, then fell silently to the floor. She took a step towards him. Suddenly, he had all her curves completely naked in front of him. At eye level were the top of her belly and the underside of her breasts. The sight fueled everything that was currently in progress.

Slowly, Jenna went down on her knees. Did she want to suck him off too?

But she only smiled and grabbed her breasts with both hands. She lifted them and pressed them against his cock on the right and left. She played with the nipples, and suddenly splashes of her milk spread over him. It mixed with the lotion and other things on his hand and smeared everything slippery and shiny between Jenna's warm breasts. Softly, she enclosed him. The inside of his hand felt his pulsating cock, the back felt the warm, soft curves of his fantastic Mom.

It was awesome! Crazy! Gigantic!

A shiver seized him and then he came. He poured himself onto her breasts, a small splash even hit her chin. Luckily, it was really nothing else but his cum. He had already been worried if he was somehow broken and would leak every time now.

Jenna smiled at him with shining eyes the whole time. Until he stood before her finished and exhausted, trembling and with a pounding heart. Then she let go of her breasts and stood up. Strange smells lay in the room, and a mixture of lotion, breast milk, and cum dripped from her nipples and stained him.

Wordlessly, Jenna pulled him close and smeared the whole thing on his face too. He let it happen, too groggy from the massive climax he had just experienced.

Jenna did something behind him and then the soft jet of the shower hit him. Cold at first, so he flinched. But immediately after, the water became pleasantly warm. They stood under the gentle rain for a while and waited until the grossest traces of their lust were washed away. Then Jenna handed him the shower gel. From his experiences at the club, he knew what she expected of him. Thoroughly, he soaped her up. Every curve, fold, and crevice, and she did the same to him.

After the shower, they rubbed each other dry with huge soft towels. Only then did Jenna speak to him again.

"Did you like it?" she asked gently.

Jonah sat wrapped in his towel close to her on the bench in the bathroom.

"Yes," he whispered, tired and happy at the same time.

"That is nice. That is how I wanted it," said Jenna. "I actually wanted to give you time to get used to things better. But as I see, you have clear needs that I am happy to take care of. I want you to be the happiest boy in the world. And you can help me be the happiest Mom. Would you like that?"

"Yes," he breathed and pressed himself even closer to her.

"What do you think about coming to bed with me for a while? Then we can cuddle a bit more."

"Oh yes, that would be wonderful."

"Well then, come!"

She stood up and simply let the towel fall. Jonah got up too and wanted to head towards his room.

"What are you doing? This way!" Jenna had taken his hand and pulled him gently with her.

"But my pajamas ..."

"We will skip those for once, what do you think?"

"Sounds .. good. Mom."

So far, Jonah had been more occupied with his room, so he had not noticed how big Jenna's bed was. And soft. And it rocked strangely when you climbed onto it, and under the sheet, he felt a smooth, tough cushion. Similar to the couch at the club.

Jenna pulled him into the middle of the bed. He lay on his side, her close behind him. He felt her breasts and her belly against his back, her hand resting on his hip and stroking him from time to time. It was a wonderful feeling- Safe. Secure. Loved.

His eyes closed. He began to dream. A beautiful dream, of Jenna pressing against him and enclosing him gently with her hand in front. Her hot breath brushing over his neck in bursts. The bed rocked for quite a while longer until finally, peace returned and he actually fell asleep.

He was awake. Lying in a bed. It rocked gently.

Jenna's bed. Mom!

She lay warm and soft next to him, her arm on his shoulder. Even with his eyes closed, he could tell it was bright outside. Later than usual.

Right, today was Saturday, no school, sleeping in ...

He felt the pressure in his bladder even while dreaming.

Soon the alarm would ring, then get up, get ready for school ... Until then, cuddling with Mom.

After getting up, immediately to the bathroom! Urgent! Finally let go... The thought of standing at the toilet was so soothing ... relieving ...

Horrified, Jonah opened his eyes wide. He freed himself from Jenna's arm, which was weighing heavily on him. Panicked, he jumped out of bed and dashed into the bathroom. Just in time. He had not only dreamed that he was peeing.

Luckily, naked cuddling had really been the exception. At least regarding the naked part. They had cuddled this night too. With pajamas. The first drops had already leaked into his pants.

He just barely made it to the toilet and let it flow with relief.

"Everything okay, Jonah?" Jenna called sleepily.

"Yes, Mom. Everything's okay!" he shouted back.

Damn! He had not even closed the door to the bathroom. The splashing was way too loud! Now she hears everything!

"Sounds like someone really had to go!" Jenna said, suddenly much closer.

He looked over his shoulder and saw her watching him, leaning against the doorframe.

It was too late to hide anything. Why did this have to happen on his second night in her bed, of all nights!

"I ... I almost had an accident, Mom. I just barely made it. Sometimes, when you dream of peeing, it just starts on its own."

"And you are sure that it was not an accident?" Jenna asked and came closer. Her gaze fell on the pants dangling below his knees.

"No. None. Maybe a tiny one, but only the pants. Not in bed." He felt himself blushing under her gaze.

"It is okay, Jonah," Jenna said and stroked his hair. "Take off the pants, wash your hands, and then get ready. After breakfast, we will take care of the laundry, agreed?"

"Okay."

He was relieved and at the same time ashamed. What huge luck that Jenna was such a great Mom. She had never scolded him. A few times she had explained something very seriously to him, but that was all. No screaming. No spanking, no punishment chores. It was fantastic!

When he turned on the water at the sink, he heard a splashing sound behind him. Startled, he turned around.

Jenna was sitting on the toilet. Her panties hung loosely below her knees. She had gathered the thin nightgown with one hand up to under her chest. Her naked bulging belly rested on her thighs, and her face was dreamy and relaxed. Then she noticed Jonah's gaze.

"What is it?"

He swallowed. "You ... You are just going to pee even though I am still here!"

"Yeah, so? You left the door open," Jenna replied. "I thought that meant that we have no secrets from each other in the bathroom either."

She tore a sheet of paper from the roll. In one fluid movement, she stood up, wiped herself, pulled up her panties, and let the nightgown fall back over her curves.

Jonah was impressed by her elegance, even with something like that. Jenna just grinned at him and stepped next to him at the sink.

"Looking is okay, Jonah. But staring too long is rude," she teased.

"What? Oh, yeah." Hastily, he lowered his gaze and concentrated on washing his hands.

Jenna was faster at that too. After drying her hands, she gave him a slap on the butt.

"Do not worry, my little one, go ahead and look. As much as you want. I cannot get enough of your sweet butt either. And when you are finished here and have clean clothes on, how about breakfast in bed? A little milk maybe?"

With that, she left him alone. To his relief, because something had caused a clearly visible tip to appear at the front of his pants.

He fished a fresh pair of briefs out of his dresser. Jenna had bought them for him the weekend he had moved in with her so suddenly. Along with all the other new clothes he now owned. It felt like an eternity to him, yet it was only a week ago.

The shopping trip had been exciting, but tipped into embarrassing when they were in the underwear department. Jenna had suggested a few things and he had agreed as soon as it was clear that it was his size. Actually, it was totally boring underwear. She had completely ignored the pieces with comic motifs. Solid gray and without legs.

Now he was glad about the model. The tight fit ensured that his growing arousal wasn't too obvious. And if it became more, the high waistband and the tight material ensured that his cock lay against his body. Overall much more inconspicuous than the loose pajama pants.

When he had changed, he went through the bathroom into Jenna's room. Even from a distance, he heard Savannah giggling. During the week, she got up later than him. But now, at this time, she was awake. He entered the room and Jenna cast a regretful look at him.

"Too late Jonah, we will probably have to postpone that until your sister settles down."

Savannah squatted next to her in bed and was telling stories in her childlike language and with many gestures.

The sight was so sweet. Jonah could not help but like it, and his disappointment moved far into the background. Savy needed her Mom too, of course. Differently than him, but they had to share her, and once the baby was there ... But his time with Jenna would be something special. She had promised that!

He climbed into bed with them and leaned against Jenna on the other side. For a moment, he enjoyed her soft warmth and the view of her scantily clad curves. Without thinking much about it, he stroked her arm, her belly, and then his fingers wandered between the buttons of her nightgown.

Jenna grabbed his hand, lovingly yet firmly.

"No Jonah. Not when Savy is here. She is too small to understand when it is okay and when not. Eventually, that would give us away, and our family life is nobody's business. Do you understand that?"

He pulled his hand back. "Yes Mom, I think so."

Now there was quite a bit of disappointment in his voice after all.

"Jonah, you will not miss out on anything, promised. We will make up for everything. Now go and make breakfast already. Savy and I will get dressed and then we will follow."

The prospect of hot chocolate and delicious food was comforting. And he could finally do something that was familiar to him. So he hopped off the bed and went into the kitchen.

After breakfast and a few chores around the house, Jenna decided that they would go to a mall. To Jonah's surprise, it was the same one he'd visited with Megan not long ago.

He was amazed at how much stuff a toddler like Savannah needed. Jenna had her own long shopping list too. Jonah himself was pretty happy with what he already owned.

"Come on Jonah," Jenna urged him. "Imagine you are accompanying me on a special day. A celebration or something really important. What would you wear?"

It sounded odd, but it was a clear task. Jonah wandered through the kids' section until he found the formal wear area. Jenna had explained the sizing to him earlier and was waiting with Savannah in the play corner near the changing rooms.

First, he grabbed a white dress shirt with long sleeves, and a sharp collar. The buttons and buttonholes even had a subtle sparkle.

Jenna raised an eyebrow when he showed it to her, but she let him try it on. He thought it looked awesome. The sleeves were snug, showing off his arms when he flexed. When he pulled back the curtain, Jenna nodded approvingly.

Next the pants. There were some sparkly ones too, but that maybe would have been too much. He chose simple black slacks. The fabric was soft and thin, nothing like jeans. Almost like pajamas, but much more classy.

Paired with the shirt, he looked sharp. Like a classy pirate prince. While changing, he kept wondering what this was for. Jenna hadn't said a word. Maybe her birthday? Or a party for the new baby? Did people even do that?

Either way, shopping for clothes was fun this time. No rush like last week.

Still, it was exhausting for all of them. After a quick lunch, they headed home. Savannah grew fussier by the minute in the car, and by the time they pulled in, she desperately needed her nap.

While Jenna settled her down, Jonah put away the groceries. Then he headed upstairs and found Jenna sitting wearily on the edge of her bed.

"Everything okay Mom?" he asked.

"Yes, honey. I am just pretty exhausted. Savy was pretty stubborn again and the baby has been kicking all morning. I just need to get out of these clothes."

She took off her loose T-shirt, and her full breasts bounced as they fought the stretched fabric. Quite a bit of movement happened there. A sight that Jonah found somehow exciting.

When she had managed it, she sat there, only in her bra and her tight white jeans. They were actually not that tight, but Jenna filled them out completely. She fumbled with the button under her belly, finally popping it along with the zipper.

"Help me out?" she asked, falling back onto the bed and lifting her legs toward him.

"Of course!"

He grabbed the cuffs. Although he pulled hard, they only moved a little bit.

"This is not working, my fat ugly ass is blocking everything. Let go."

"Your ass isn't ugly at all, it's perfect," Jonah replied, releasing the fabric.

Jenna laughed, pulled her knees up, braced her feet against the edge of the bed, and lifted her hips.

"Please, try now," she said.

He came closer and tried to pull the pants down over her butt. It wasn't easy. He had to find the right spot to grab and then slide over the sweeping curve. It looked a bit like the diaper games at the club. Only now it was Jenna lifting her butt.

Finally, he had managed it. The waistband of the pants hung at her thighs. Jenna let herself fall back and stretched her legs out again. This time, he peeled the jeans off her thighs easily.

Jenna sighed with relief when the tight jeans were finally gone. Now she lay there, arms stretched to the side, in just simple white panties and the strained bra. Her huge belly rose up like a smooth, round hill. The skin looked taut, and Jonah noticed the pattern of dark stripes on the sides for the first time.

Jenna had not presented herself to him so openly for a long time. Not in her house. Cuddling in bed always involved a blanket. And that one time in the shower, they were so busy that he had not had the chance to look at her in peace.

She was so beautiful! So much Mommyness. Everything about her triggered the desire in him to cuddle closely with her. He wanted to hug the tight belly, bury himself in her arms, snuggle against her soft thighs and press his head into her lap. He wanted to play with her breasts, taste her delicious milk, and sink softly between them. Like the other day when she'd massaged him with them.

"Come here, honey," murmured Jenna and patted the bed next to her. "I need some pampering. Will you help?"

He nodded and climbed next to her.

Jenna rolled onto her side.

"First the bra. It is pinching."

Jonah fumbled with the clasp until it snapped open. Jenna let herself fall back onto her back again and he slid the thing off her. Her heavy breasts spilled out and fell softly to the side. Her areolas were as big as his palm, and he could see her nipples hardening in the air.

Jenna noticed his hungry look. "Later, honey. When we are done, you get your dessert. Now help me with the panties first and then bring the big bottle of massage oil that we bought today."

"Okay."

He slid to her hip, hooked his fingers in the waistband of the panties at the side, and tried to pull them down.They slid down a bit but twisted, stopping halfway. He'd exposed the start of her golden curls, but her closed thighs blocked the rest.

"Mom, you need to spread your legs," Jonah said.

She giggled, sending ripples through all her soft curves. A mesmerizing sight.

"Jonah," she said laughing, "Do you have any idea how dirty that sounds?"

He blushed. "Sorry Mom,I didn't mean it like that."

"It's fine. I think it's cute. I like it when you tell me what you want. So here you go."

She parted her legs and Jonah succeeded in pulling down the panties. Now he had a clear view of the golden curls between her legs, right above her glistening slit. He hurried to take the panties off completely and then dashed to the bathroom to get the oil.

"Jonah?" Jenna called him.

"Yes, Mom?"

"Better take your clothes off too. We don't want oil everywhere."

"Got it."

He stripped in seconds, tossing his clothes into his room, then climbed back onto the bed with the bottle.

"Use plenty," Jenna said. "And rub it in nice and deep."

Then she closed her eyes and surrendered completely to his hands.

Where should he start? He trickled some oil over her belly and chest. After putting the bottle aside, his hands found their way to her lush bust as if by themselves. The corners of Jenna's mouth twitched.

"Everything else first," she murmured, guiding his hands to her belly.

He poured some more oil and began to rub it in gently.

"You can do it a bit harder," Jenna said.

So he pressed firmer. The sensation was strange and amazing at the same time. He glided over the round dome. Under his fingers, he felt her tight skin and different structures beneath it. A movement! Startled, he yanked his hand back.

"Do not worry, the baby likes that," Jenna said. "It just said 'Hello' to you."

Jonah continued. He'd never explored her belly like this. The longer he massaged, the more fascinating it became. This was Mom's core. The safe place where the baby grew. The center of her love and care.

For a moment, he envied the unborn baby for its closeness. On the other hand, Jenna allowed him as much closeness as possible. Like this massage. Other kids surely didn't have this opportunity.

The surface area was impressively huge. He added more oil so it would glide better. Too much, as he noticed. It ran down the sides. He hurriedly spread it, leaning over her, his chest brushing the curve of her belly as he caught the drips just before they reached the sheet.

Then he noticed that oil had flowed in the other direction, towards the place between her thighs. He tried to spread that too. He rubbed it over her lower belly, deeper and deeper, down to her hairline, which felt wet. It was really too much oil! Hastily, he spread as much as he could onto her thighs now too.

Jenna moaned. "Not so wild, little prince. Take your time!"

"Sorry, Mom, I ... it was just a bit too much oil."

"That does not matter, the sheet will be washed later anyway. Just be gentle there, what you are doing feels great."

Encouraged by this, he dedicated himself to her upper body again. Shoulders, arms, hands, and back again. Just as he had learned at the club. But this time, no one was watching or commenting. This time he was alone and Mom entrusted herself to him. He wanted to make it perfect for her.

When he reached her feet, Jenna moaned again. It sounded like pleasure and bliss.

"Harder, Jonah, that it …ahh."

Of course, he tried even harder now. Although for him personally, feet were kind of boring. But Mom seemed to enjoy it. Soles, toes, ankles. Everything glided under his fingers. That was surely exhausting. But Jenna's sighs were reward enough for him.

"You are doing a super job, Jonah," she said. Her eyes were open, she seemed clearly more awake.

"Come, let us try something new." She beckoned him up to her.

He crawled up and knelt beside her.

"You are already all oily too," she said, running a hand over his chest.

She was right. The massage had left traces on his body as well.

"I have an idea," said Jenna and pushed her outstretched legs apart. "Sit on my leg!" She pointed to her right thigh.

Jonah did as she asked.

"Hand me the oil!"

With a playful twinkle in her eyes, she squirted a stream over his chest. It ran coolly down his belly, between his legs, pooling on her thigh.

"Now glide. Back and forth, use your hips!"

That was crazy. Was she serious? Jonah slid forward a bit, spreading the oil in his crotch over her thigh. His butt and balls rubbed against her slick skin. It felt incredible.

Of course, the whole massage thing had an effect. Since he had spread the first drop of oil, his cock had been in various stages of hardness. Honestly even before that, from the moment he saw Jenna sitting on the edge of the bed. Massaging less interesting parts of her body, like her feet for example, had calmed him down a bit. However, the oily ride on her thigh had a definite effect. He had felt that special tingling the whole time. Now the pressure was slowly added, of which he knew it would only discharge in one way.

"Okay, switch legs," Jenna said.

If she had noticed his arousal, she ignored it. Jonah swung himself onto the other leg.

"The other way around, I want to see your butt!" Jenna said.

He obeyed, and then he heard her open the oil bottle and pour plenty of oil over his shoulders right away. It ran down his back over his butt and collected under his crack on her thigh. An oily puddle that he spread again.

That his gaze was not directed at her belly and breasts now helped him with his hard cock. It did not get less, but not more either.

Also, everything was so slippery now that he had to concentrate not to slide off her leg.

"Thanks, honey, that is enough. Now the back," Jenna said finally.

How was that supposed to work? She could not lie on her belly, could she?

He slid off her and Jenna lay on her side, bottom leg straight, top leg bent, arm propped in front.

That gave him plenty of area to work on. It was exhausting. Skin, muscles, and everything needed attention. Jonah tried to proceed as systematically as possible. He started at her shoulder and then worked his way slowly, down to her butt.

Big and soft, quite different from the muscular back.

Jenna sighed. "So you think I have a great butt? Then show me how much you like it!" she murmured.

The oil under his hands was wearing off. Instead of reaching for the bottle, he leaned forward, pressing his oily chest against her cheeks to spread what he had.

"What are you doing there?" Jenna asked.

"Massage, Mom," he said, a little out of breath.

"Okay." She giggled, which made her soft curves tremble. "Then keep going!"

Fascinated, Jonah realized that even both hands, side by side and with fingers spread, were not enough to completely encompass one of her butt cheeks. With wide movements, he stroked from the firm back over the soft curves down to the thighs.

He really meant it. Jenna had a great figure. Even if she was not as thin as women on billboards. They were boring anyway. She was perfect, even, or because she was pregnant! Everything fits together perfectly. Thighs and arms, butt and breasts, all in perfect harmony with the baby belly. And even if he imagined the belly away, she was just wonderful the way she was. Everything about her lured him close to her and awakened the desire for endless hugging.

The intensive work on Jenna's backside was exactly that: Work. While Jonah enjoyed every touch, he was really focused on increasing Jenna's pleasure with the right pressure and at the right spots. Which cooled his own arousal a bit. Not soft, but not throbbing either. More like in the middle.

He made this observation as he leaned back a little after finishing his work and admired her shiny figure of a fertile goddess.

Jenna's hips rose and fell evenly with her breathing. She still lay in the original position, on her side, bottom leg stretched, upper one bent forward. Jonah's gaze got stuck on a spot he had not worked yet.

At the lower end of her butt, between her thighs, her pussy glistened wetly. The outer labia, as he had learned at the club. The most mysterious spot of a woman. So far, he had only approached this area under the guidance and supervision of other women. Would she agree if he massaged her there too?

He placed his hands on her butt again. With circular movements, he approached the spot, bit by bit. He stroked carefully over the edge. The labia looked somehow swollen, but under his touch, they were tender and soft.

Jenna moaned and pulled her upper leg even further up. With big eyes, Jonah noticed that the slit between the labia gaped open a little. He ran along the edge of the cleft with a finger. Jenna's breathing suddenly became heavier. But she said nothing, so he continued.

Again he began with broad movements and approached her pussy in the process. This time, he did not only stroke over her back, but also over her inner thighs. His hands went up along the inside of the outstretched leg, then he stroked over her pussy with his palm.

Jenna twitched. She moved, turned, and reached back with a hand for his arm. She guided him, pushed his hand into her crotch between her legs. On the back of his hand, he felt the scratching of her golden curls. Jenna pressed his wrist against her slit and rubbed back and forth with it.

Like when he'd ridden her thighs. That had felt great for him too. Jonah understood what she wanted and took over the movement under his own power. She seemed to like that, let go of him and sighed with pleasure.

The sighing became heavier and turned into a guttural moan. Jenna reached for him again and pulled his hand away. He froze. Had he done something wrong? Heavily, she turned around. She pushed herself up on all fours and looked at him with a hunger in her gaze that he could not place.

"Lie down!" she growled hoarsely.

Obediently, he lay on his back and looked up at her. She loomed over him, sitting on bent legs. Her belly rested on her thighs and her full breasts rose and fell with her heavy breath. She hesitated as if she was considering what she should do.

Then she leaned forward, grabbed his arm, and pulled it to the side. She supported herself on it, pinned him in his position like that, and then she swung a leg over him. She straddled his thighs, just like he had on one of hers before. Her belly touched his cock and her breasts swung back and forth in front of his eyes.

She bent further down and began to glide back and forth. The hair in her crotch scratched over his thighs. Her belly lay heavy on his cock now and her breasts stroked his upper body and his face as she rocked. It was beautiful, intense.

Jenna knew what she wanted. Grinding her belly back and forth, side to side, she fished for his cock and squeezed herself mercilessly against it. Until it slipped away to the side. Then she began from the start. His arousal was fully back after two or three swings.

This was accompanied by her increasingly heavy breath, which brushed hot over his face, except when he was buried in her oily, milky breasts. By now, the aroma of her milk was also in the air, dripping from her nipples. But he had no chance to reach this delicacy. Jenna still held him firmly on his wrists and sat heavy on his thighs, preventing any independent movement.

He could do nothing. Neither against it nor for it. Powerlessly, he let it happen to him. The crazy thing was, the more he surrendered, the hotter it got.. The inner conflict shifted from the unconscious fight against it to the instinctive desire for more.

Forced to sharpened perception by his forced inactivity, he noticed how he steadily strove towards the climax. The tingling all over his body, the increasing pressure in his crotch.

When she leaned forward again, pinning his cock under her heavy belly and smothering his face in her breasts, he lost it. His eyelids fluttered, his body tensed in the attempt to tremble, and then he poured himself out. A hot gush between their bodies, which Jenna smeared as she kept moving. Her tight belly squeezed even the last drop out of him.

Jenna sped up. Her arms trembled. Her whole body shook. She collapsed sideways, legs still clamping his thighs. Now even tighter. She grabbed his hip and pressed her crotch even more vigorously against him. Hot and wet, her pussy grinded sideways over his leg, and then the shudder seized her whole body. She moaned and her hips bucked a few times.

Then she held still. Only the slight rocking of the bed betrayed the just stopped action.

They both panted. Jonah had held his breath through her climax.

It took a while until she moved. He stayed trapped between her legs. When she relaxed, he slid out of the embrace. Timidly, he stroked over her thigh and Jenna grabbed his hand and squeezed it.

He could have just lain there with her for hours. But Jenna sighed and sat up.

"We don't have much time left. Savy can wake up any moment."

She grabbed the bed sheet and wiped over her breasts and her belly and also over the rest of her body.

"I'll hop in the shower quick. Clean up a bit, toss the sheets in the wash, then come join me."

She heaved herself off the bed and Jonah watched the swing of her hips. Then he got to work.

When the washing machine was running and he came into the bathroom, Jenna was already done. She sat wrapped in a fluffy towel on the small bench.

"Hurry up, then I have something special for you," she said and pulled the towel down far enough that her large nipples flashed out.

At high speed, Jonah finished his cleaning, and then he hurried to her. Also wrapped in a towel, but fresh and clean, he finally lay at her chest.

For the whole afternoon, he felt this special mix of satisfaction and exhaustion. Savannah picked up on the good mood, and it was a really harmonious, nice evening. Jonah practiced getting her ready for bed again, and Jenna did not have to correct him at any point.

When the little one was finally in bed and had fallen asleep during his bedtime story, he quietly closed the door to her room behind him.

Jenna was already waiting for him in the baby bathroom.

"Now it is your turn," she said and patted the changing table. "Pants down and hop up!"

"What? Why?" Jonah was confused.

"Because a certain young man leaked this morning? And because he squirted quite a bit earlier?"

"But .. I thought ... I made it to the toilet after all. And earlier, I thought that was okay ..."

He was already slowly pulling down his pants because Jenna's look left no room for argument.

"Do not worry, Jonah, you did nothing wrong. It's not meant as punishment, you can view it as a reward, if you wish. But be an obedient boy!" She patted the changing mat again.

"Okay Mom." He climbed onto the table, which was surprisingly big and comfortable.

Jonah did not know what to make of it.

His body apparently did, because when Jenna pushed the diaper under his bare butt and spread a little lotion, his smooth, hairless cock was already standing straight up.

In the past week, things became normal. After the excitement of the first few days, it was a relief. At home, a very pleasant routine developed. When Jonah got up, Savannah was still in bed. That gave Jenna the opportunity to sweeten his morning with a sip of fresh milk.

Her style of dress made it easy. Sometimes she wore tight clothes, sometimes loose ones, but rarely much. The way to the breast was quick to find for Jonah's hungry lips. An advantage he also knew how to use after school. Although during the day it had more the character of a snack. The best time of the day was in the evening when Savannah was in bed and Jenna took time for him. Then the cheeky snacking turned into an extensive feeding, accompanied by kisses and caresses.

Before that, Jenna consistently put the diaper on him for the night. She did not tolerate any objection. Either directly while nursing, or at the latest afterwards, when he lay in bed and dreamed, the packaging ensured that he did not soil the bed. Also, it felt quite nice too. So much so that Jonah missed the padding at school during the day.

Also because of Megan, whose sight excited him more from day to day. To everyone else she was just nice and friendly, but Jonah knew very well that in his case it was always a promise of more.

Twice they had met in the abandoned infirmary. Like Jenna, Megan suddenly showed some restraint too. She pressed him to her half-bared breast, brought him to a climax with her hand, and he was allowed to push his hand deep into her hot, wet panties. More was not possible in the short free periods. He missed the club where they could do what they wanted without watching the time. Nevertheless, it was enough that he looked forward to it.

Wednesday he had a free period. And Mondays. Today.

It was an exciting day. Jenna had explained to him that the past two weeks were an exception. She could not drive him to school every day. On some days during the week, she had to go to the office. There was care for small children like Savannah there. He had to take the bus on these days.

That is why Jonah was now sitting in his seat on the school bus. He was the only one attentively watching the passing houses. The bus drove a different route than Jenna, and he felt lost. At least he had the cell phone. Jenna had gotten it on the weekend. It was a simple model. Calls and text messages were possible, everything else was blocked.

But the thought of being able to reach her at any time was reassuring. In the text chat, she was the only entry.

[Mom ♡]

There were more symbols in the chat. Hug 🤗. Feeding 🧒🍼

Jonah could not help it. Again and again, he switched on the device and looked at the symbols in the chat with their secret message.

Would Megan give him her number too? What emojis would she send him then? He definitely wanted to ask her when he met her in the free period today.

Expectantly, he sat at his seat at the beginning of the lesson. Megan was late. That was unusual, she normally always arrived a few minutes too early.

The other students seemed worried too.

Finally, the door opened. But it was not Megan who came in, but Mrs. Collins, the principal.

"Good morning," she greeted the surprised silence in the room. The children returned the greeting.

"I have news for you," said the principal. "Ms. Megan will not be with us anymore starting today."

Jonah got a huge fright. Had someone found out what happened at the club? Or at their secret meeting point?

He found it hard to concentrate on Mrs. Collins.

"... it won't be long until her baby is born. That is why she is on leave effective immediately, so she can take it easy in the last few weeks. It was her wish not to say goodbye in person so there would not be so many tears. Looking at you, she was right about that."

Mrs. Collins waited until the loudest sobs and sniffles had died down. Jonah was one of them.

"So children, starting today I am taking over Ms. Megan's classes, and some other teachers will support me. There is only one month left until the summer break. Together we will make the best of it. What topic did you last discuss with Ms. Megan ...?"

Megan was gone! Without a word! He had no way to contact her anymore. Jonah felt numb. He could hardly follow the lesson. Maybe Megan had left him a clue in the old infirmary!

The thought brought back a little optimism. And impatience. He could hardly wait until the lesson was over. As soon as Mrs. Collins had left the room, he dashed off. There was little activity in the old wing of the school. Surely he stood out. But it did not matter. He had to know. A quick look right and left, then he slipped under the barrier and disappeared into the dark corridor.

The old infirmary lay cold and spookily deserted before him. The door was not locked, he could simply enter. He felt his way forward to the side room, to their secret nest.

It was too dark to recognize anything and he pressed the light switch next to the door. A bright fluorescent tube on the ceiling woke up buzzing, and he looked around. Everything was gone. The cushion was mounted on the gurney again, the blankets vanished, the small lamp with the cozy light was also gone.

Someone had cleaned up here. No trace of Megan. Neither a note nor anything else. Also, the cupboard under the work table was empty. The scribbles on the wall were ancient.

"Hello? Is anyone here?" he heard a voice call.

Jonah turned around and saw the janitor standing in the door.

"What are you doing here, kid? You have no business here! These rooms are closed."

Jonah sobbed, and in a fit of courage, he pushed past the man and hurried away. He ran. Simply kept going. Without a destination. Only outside, on the schoolyard, did he realize where he was.

It felt as if he had swallowed a huge stone. He had a stomach ache and at the same time the need to burst into tears. He crept back into the building. The next lesson began, but he hid in a stall in the restrooms and cried silently.

He took the cell phone out of his trouser pocket. Was this an emergency? Should he text Jenna? Would she understand?

Jonah decided not to write anything. Not to say anything. When the tears had dried up, he pulled himself together and went back to the classroom. The teacher nodded to him with pity and understanding. Jonah was not the only one in the class with red eyes.

The depressing mood lasted until the end of the school day and also on the ride home on the bus.

Jonah trudged the last few steps to his new home. Jenna's car was in the driveway. So she was already home. The thought comforted him, but only a little. For the first time in days, he thought of Barry and Norma and his old house. For the first time, the bleakness of his previous life caught up with him. What if Jenna did not want him anymore at some point either?

The tears returned the moment he opened the front door. His mood did not match the cheerful laughter that met him at all. Voices telling each other something while giggling.

Did Jenna have a visitor? So far, Jonah had never met anyone from her life. Maybe colleagues from work?

Jenna looked into the hallway.

"Hey Jonah, welcome home. We have a visitor. Look who is here!"

Who could it be?

"Is it him?" called a voice from the living room. "Wow, this is exhausting! I just cannot get up! Help me!"

A hot wave went through Jonah's limbs. That voice! How could that be?

Jenna had come closer and taken his bag.

"Well, go on. Say hello to our guest," she said with a mysterious smile.

Jonah crept down the hallway and looked shyly around the corner into the living room.

He had heard correctly! In the deep, soft armchair sat a pregnant woman struggling desperately to stand up. When she saw him, she gave up her attempts and stretched her arms out to him invitingly.

Jonah flew into her hug. Until the very end, he thought he was dreaming. But her touch, her warmth, her scent were real. It was Megan.

"Hey, you are stormy! Watch out that you do not crush me." Megan's complaint was accompanied by a smile that made her exaggeration clear.

"I am sorry!" Jonah took a step back and struggled for composure.

"Do not worry, I am glad to see you too," said Megan and grabbed his hand. "What is wrong? Are you crying? I thought you are glad to see me!"

"Yes, I am ..." Now that Megan had said it, Jonah could no longer hold back the tears. "It is just ... we missed you. At school. Everyone was sad," he sniffled. "I thought ... I thought you were gone. Forever!"

"Aaaw, that is so cute! Come here!" Megan pulled him into a hug again. This time she determined the intensity. She pulled him close and stroked his back gently.

"Hey, I would never just disappear without saying goodbye," she whispered with hot breath into his ear. "I just couldn't bear all the crying at school. You are special, Jonah. I will certainly not forget you!"

"Thanks!" Jonah pressed his face against her cheek.

When he let go of her, he remembered that Jenna was still there too. Carefully, he looked around for her. Was she angry because he had greeted Megan so stormily?

She was already standing behind him. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she pulled him to her. However, she did not comment on his behavior.

"After so much excitement we need something sweet. What do you think of ice cream?" Jenna asked.

Shortly after, they sat on the couch. The portions corresponded to the respective body size. Jonah's was small and he finished it quickly. Jenna and Megan each had a large bowl and talked more than they ate. Savannah had also received a small portion, which she had mostly distributed over her face.

Since Jonah was already finished, Jenna asked him to take care of his little sister. He took her to the bathroom and despite her protests, he cleaned her face. In return, she demanded his attention in her play corner opposite the couch. From there, he kept Megan and Jenna in view and listened with half an ear to what they were talking about.

Megan had pulled up her legs, leaned back, and shook her head.

"I still cannot quite believe that you took Jonah in. I mean, I saw that something changed. New clothes, and somehow different behavior too. But I thought that had more to do with the end of the club. I didn't expect to find you at his new address."

Jenna shrugged. "It happened quite suddenly. I had given a tip to a colleague from social services. She thought he needed to get away from there urgently. So I spontaneously offered myself as accommodation, and now he is here and we all feel comfortable with it."

"He is sweet, if I did not have something on the way, I would have thought about taking him in too," Megan said. "But he seems to feel comfortable and gets along well with the little girl."

"Oh yes, she is totally thrilled with her new big brother. When exactly are you due?"

"Just under four weeks. Theoretically ..."

The conversation now revolved around details of pregnancy that Jonah could not follow. Instead, he was all the more aware of the heat in the tips of his ears. He was not used to someone saying so many nice things about him. And that Jenna and Megan agreed on it too! For a moment, he had imagined what it would be like if he lived with Megan. A second later, he had discarded the thought. It reminded him too much of his daydreams at the beginning of the school year. When he had no idea about women and pregnancy and everything else. Things were different now.

The ringing of the doorbell tore him from his thoughts. The two women too.

"Who can that be?" asked Jenna in surprise and heaved herself off the couch.

Jonah pricked up his ears when she was at the door. A woman's voice. Friendly, and Jenna seemed to know her and asked her in.

The voices came closer. Just as they turned the corner, Jonah remembered where he knew the voice from. The sight confirmed his reflection. It was Rachel, the woman from social services.

"Hi, uh, sorry for the disturbance. Hello Jonah!" She waved in his direction. He stood up and walked towards her.

"I ... um, I hope it is not too inconvenient." Her gaze wandered back and forth to Megan and Jenna. "I will keep it short, it is just a formality."

She fished a tablet out of her bag and pulled up a document on it.

"No problem. Take a seat. My friend Megan is just visiting, but if there is something to clarify, I am happy to take time for it," said Jenna.

"Oh, clarifying things up would be an exaggeration."

Rachel had shaken Jonah's hand in greeting by now and looked back at her tablet. In between, her gaze darted back and forth between Jenna and Megan. Especially their bellies. Something about it seemed to irritate her.

"It is just about the accommodation. I know that I do not have to worry about you, but the procedure requires a check after a few days and actually also a documentation of the living conditions ..."

"So you want to see his room? Why didn't you say so right away. Is that okay with you, Jonah, if we show Rachel your room?"

He nodded. Sure. What should be a problem with that?

"Good, then let's do the tour of the house. I wanted to show it to Megan anyway. Come here, Savy, we are going upstairs!"

She stretched her arms out to her and Savannah ran towards her instinctively and let herself be picked up.

The open living and kitchen area was explained quickly. Then they headed upstairs.

Jonah went ahead and Rachel followed him, looking around attentively. They entered his room. Rachel looked into all corners, took a photo with her tablet, and began to type a few things into it.

"Very nice. As I thought, everything is in order. Now the bathroom and then we have everything."

"Okay." Jonah opened the connecting door to the bathroom next door.

"Oh, a private bathroom, that is very nice!" Rachel exclaimed. She looked through the door and looked around.

"Great. Really! Magnificent! I rarely get to see something like that. Very nice!" She made a few entries. Then her gaze fell on the second door of the bathroom.

"Where does this door lead?"

"My bedroom, it is right next to it," said Jenna.

Rachel looked at her confusedly. "Oh, that is unusual ..."

"Do not worry, he can use this one whenever he wants. I have another bathroom on this floor."

Jonah pricked up his ears. Jenna had not lied, but he had not experienced the changing room being used for anything else either. Maybe it was better if he said nothing about it.

"Alright, then that is clarified too," said Rachel. "So Jonah, last question for you. Do you like it here? Are you satisfied?"

He nodded and caught Jenna's watchful gaze standing behind Rachel.

"Yes, it is perfect. I think it is great here. Really!"

Rachel nodded. "Yes, I believe you. I would move in here too ..."

Then her gaze fell on Jenna's and Megan's bellies again.

"So, then I guess I have to go again."

"Everything okay?" asked Jenna. "You seem like you are uncomfortable!"

"No, do not worry, everything is good. It is just ... I love working with kids, but… all this pregnancy around me, it’s a bit much for me. I'm sorry, you cannot help it. Long story. I just have to go now and not see a baby belly for a while. Sorry."

She had already turned to leave when she hesitated and turned around. Out of her bag, she fished a document and handed it to Jenna.

"With this, you please have to visit a FemCom clinic. For a health check, since Jonah is new in our care system now," explained Rachel. "It is just a formality."

She hurried down the stairs and left the house hastily. After the door had clicked shut, the three looked at each other shaking their heads.

"What was that?" asked Megan.

"No idea. I have never seen her like that." Jenna raised her hands helplessly.

Now that Rachel was gone, the mood relaxed significantly. Megan looked around the room and sat down on Jonah's bed with a sigh. She stroked the sheet with her hands and looked at him.

"So you sleep here?"

"Yes." He nodded.

The sight of Jenna by his bed aroused conflicting feelings. Usually, Jenna sat there and gave him a goodnight kiss. But he could just as well imagine Megan doing it.

"And what’s the story with the connecting bathroom?" Megan turned to Jenna.

She smiled.

"Oh, that just happened. Until recently, I accommodated my, well, 'potent guests' in this room."

Jenna ran her hand over her belly with a dreamy gesture. "I think Jonah does not mind that we share it, right? It has a few advantages too."

He shook his head quickly. In doing so, he could not prevent his ears from becoming hot and red again.

"Ah, I understand," said Megan. "Of course, it's all 'natural', I remember. Knowing Jonah, he is quite thrilled about it. And your bedroom is right next door?"

"Yes," said Jenna. "Come, I will show you."

They went through the bathroom. Of course, Megan noticed the butt shower in the bathroom. However, except for a questioning look with wide eyes, she did not let on anything. Jenna shook her head briefly.

"Wow. Is that as good as they always say?" asked Megan as she leaned on the waterbed in Jenna's room and made it swing.

Jenna giggled. "Better, I would say. Would you like to try it?"

"What?" Megan froze and Jonah pricked up his ears too. "What do you mean by try it?"

"You can stay here overnight. In this bed. As long as you do not mind that I lie in it too ... It is big enough."

Megan made a thoughtful face. She seemed to seriously consider the suggestion. Jonah forced himself not to imagine it too much. The thought that Jenna and Megan slept right in the room next door. In skimpy clothes. They would put him to bed together or wake him up in the morning and maybe he was allowed to join them on the big bed. They would rock and dream and ...

"Why not actually," said Megan. "Would that really be okay for you guys?"

"Oh, I think Jonah would be very happy about it, right?" Jenna stepped next to him and ruffled his hair. "I think he is already really looking forward to it."

She was right. Jonah resisted the temptation to look down. But the tension in his crotch told him that his anticipation was visible.

Luckily, Jenna did not go into it further.

"I would say we put the little sunshine to bed and then I will show you the rest of the house. Maybe you feel like staying longer."

Savannah had dozed off in her arms during the tour of the house.

"Will you be so nice and get her ready?" Jenna asked Jonah.

"Yes, sure!" He went ahead into the next room.

With interest, Megan followed how Jonah prepared his little sister for the night and then put her into her little bed.

"Very caring," said Megan when he returned to the changing room. She stroked the changing table with her hand. "Surely he deserves that someone takes care of him just as lovingly, right?"

"Definitely. But do not worry, he is certainly not lacking in care!" replied Jenna. "Come. Let's go downstairs."

She led the way. Down the stairs to the first floor and then straight to the basement door. Jonah realized he had never entered the basement before. Everything he

needed was stored in the other rooms of the house. And he hadn't had a reason for curious exploration yet.

When he followed Jenna and Megan into the basement, he had the feeling of exploring something mysterious.

At the foot of the stairs, there were two doors. One had technical signs about the boiler. Jenna opened the other one. Megan and Jonah followed her into a room that did not look like a basement at all.

The only clue was the fact that there were no windows. Instead, the walls were clad in light wood and indirectly lit all around the ceiling. On the free surfaces of the walls, illuminated pictures showing lush vegetation were embedded. The entrance was in a corner. To the left was a huge hot tub, and in the opposite corner a large built-in open shower. On the free areas stood a shelf with towels and cosmetics and a wooden bench.

All together, it gave the impression of an elegant, private, yet cozy spa area. Only the leather armchair in the corner opposite the entrance did not quite fit. Jonah thought it looked like a mix of Norma's TV chair and the examination chair at the club.

Megan was thrilled. Especially by the hot tub.

"Wow! That is certainly a reason to stay here for a few days. Is that thing heated?"

Jenna nodded. "Yes. Heated, with massage jets. And big enough for a private home birth."

"What?" Megan was confused.

"Home birth. Savannah was born here, and I plan the same for the next one."

"Really? But surely not all alone, right?"

Jenna smiled. "Of course not. It took a while, most FemCom midwives prefer the clinics. But finally, I found one who could understand my preferences and she will support me again this time. If you want, I can ask her if she will accompany you here too."

"You mean I could give birth to my baby here? I do not know ... The idea is weird, I have to think about that first."

Megan looked around the room further and stopped in front of the chair. "At least that explains this piece."

"Yes, it's just more comfortable for examinations than in bed. The thing is fully adjustable. And if it does not work in the tub, I can use the chair for the birth too."

Jonah's eyes went wide. He had not been mistaken, that really was such a medical examination chair like in the club.

On the wall between the chair and shower was a door handle that Megan discovered now.

"And what is hiding here?" she asked.

"Take a look." Jenna made an encouraging gesture.

Megan opened the door and they entered the room behind it.

Jonah could not imagine what such a cave was needed for. Walls, floor ceiling, everything was rounded, there were no corners. The walls were covered irregularly up to the ceiling with something like long, bulgy cushions that continued on the floor. It reminded him a bit of inflatable children's pools for the garden. At the deepest point of the room, there was even a drain like in a shower. But that was surely no pool. The water would run out through the door. Also, it had a different color than children's toys. Here everything was kept in pale pink and orange tones. It looked a bit like skin.

Megan had gasped in surprise upon entering. Now she finally found words.

"What ... I can't believe it! What kind of perverted shit is this?" She laughed nervously.

"This is my 'pleasure chamber'. Here you can have fun in all kinds of ways. Soundproof and easy to keep clean."

"And why does it look like a huge vagina?"

When Megan had said the word, Jonah also recognized the similarity of the room to what the women in the club had shown him. Was that really intentional?

"If it makes that impression on you, I do not want to contradict," said Jenna. "But actually they are just cushions in light colors."

"Is that so, simply cushions ... Hm, and what is that on the ceiling?" Megan looked up and Jonah also noticed the truss hanging from the ceiling on a winch.

"You can attach accessories to this. A swing for example, or something else. It depends entirely on what you feel like."

Jenna pressed a switch and on the only spot of the wall not covered by cushions, a roller shutter went up. Behind it was a large shelf with various things that Jonah did not recognize. One of them could actually be parts of a swing. In the compartments next to it, he saw a few other things that looked familiar to him. Like those dildos the women in the club had used!

A strange mood hung in the room. It was even weirder than at the club. Jonah did not know if it should scare him or if he should find it exciting. Megan seemed to feel similarly.

"Normally I do not show this to my guests on their first visit. So come, let us go back upstairs. Our pleasure chamber is not going anywhere. After all, you know now what I have to offer, and if you feel like it, we can try out a little something. How about it, should I pre-heat the hot tub?"

Of all the promising possibilities that had been hinted at yesterday, Jonah had to face the health check first of all things.

Megan had gone back to her own home the evening before after all. His preparation for the night by Jenna had been short and brief. Mainly the impressions and snatched scraps of conversation of the evening had accompanied him to sleep. It was a lot, and the images before his eyes became increasingly bizarre.

He was correspondingly tired the next morning. Jenna changed her plans as well. She took him to school and Savannah to daycare. She also wanted to take care of preparations for Megan's stay. Later in the morning, Jonah received a text message from her. She had gotten an appointment for the health check on short notice and would pick him up from school as early as possible.

Now he sat in the car and wondered what was coming his way. He still had vivid memories of the FemCom clinic.

With astonishment, he realized that they were taking a completely different direction.

"Are we not driving to the clinic?" he asked.

"We are driving to another branch. I wanted to avoid the clinic with the club for now. The doctor there was not so thrilled to find you during our games. I am glad that there were no further questions, so I did not want to remind her. The clinic we are going to is a bit out of the way, but I know the doctor and midwives there. They already supported me during my pregnancy with Savannah and accompanied the birth at home."

Jonah watched out the window as they left the city further and further behind and the area became more rural. Eventually, Jenna followed a sign to a town whose name meant nothing to Jonah. She turned a few times and finally stopped in front of an inconspicuous flat building with the distinctive FemCom logo.

Jenna went ahead and he followed her. Clinic was perhaps the wrong term, it was more of a doctor's office. At the reception sat a pretty young woman who greeted them kindly. She seemed to know Jenna. They talked briefly.

Jonah looked around. The interior was kept in bright colors and nicely decorated. It did not look like a hospital and doctors at all. An older woman sat in the waiting area and was just being picked up by a nurse. Otherwise, everything was empty.

They had received a few questionnaires which Jenna went through with him in the waiting area. Which diseases he had had in the past, which vaccinations, and things like that. Jonah had no answers to many questions. He could not remember a single doctor's visit in his life with Barry and Norma.

"That is no problem!" Jenna said. "The examination here is very thorough, we will get all the answers we need. But you will not be able to avoid a blood test."

Jonah did not know if that was a problem. He had never experienced anything like that.

The pretty nurse came over and collected the forms. On the name tag on her blouse it said 'Avery'.

"Your doctor has time for you right away, Jenna," she said. "Should we wait until you are done, or would Jonah like to accompany me alone to the preliminary tests?"

Jenna looked at him. "How about it, are you brave enough? Or should I hold your hand?"

"What do I have to do?" Jonah asked.

"Oh, nothing wild." Avery waved it off. "We will measure your height and weight. You have to pee in a cup, then do a few tests on how well you can see and hear. It is all very simple. There is a small prick for the blood sample, but that should not be a problem for a big boy like you. If you like, I will take you with me right away."

Being called a big boy by Avery felt great. He lifted his head and straightened his shoulders.

"I think I can manage that alone!"

Jenna smiled at him and patted his shoulder.

"Very good. Be good and listen to Avery!"

This gesture undid a lot of the big-boy feeling.

But Avery continued to smile at him with her sparkling brown eyes. She held the folder with the documents pressed against her chest. Jonah noticed how well she filled out her white uniform.

"Come, we will start with the samples."

He followed her through the reception area. Her appearance reminded him a bit of Megan when she was new at school. Back when he did not know yet how exciting he found the full curves of pregnancy. Avery had such great curves too. Completely without pregnancy.

Avery opened a door, behind which was a toilet. Cups with lids stood on a shelf. She took one of them and held it out to Jonah.

"So, first a little bit in the toilet, then the cup half full, and the rest into the toilet as well. Then put the lid on and place it back on the shelf. Also, it would be nice if the cup stays clean on the outside. Can you manage that?"

Jonah nodded.

"Okay, I will wait here," she said and stepped aside.

Jonah entered the cubicle and closed the door behind him. It was not easy at all, but he managed to fill the cup as requested without making a mess.

When he was finished, Avery led him into a large examination room. Inside stood a desk, a few chairs, an examination table, and a few devices whose function Jonah did not know.

"We will start with height and weight," Avery said. "For that, you have to take off your shoes. It is best to take off everything except your underwear right away. The doctor will look at you closely anyway. Put your clothes on the chair there."

While Jonah shyly undressed, Avery operated the scale on the floor. Jonah stepped onto it and she noted his weight. Beside it, a ruler was attached to the wall. He had to stand with his back close to the wall and Avery read his height.

Next, he was given headphones connected to a device with many buttons and displays. He had to give a signal as soon as he heard something. There were several beeps. The first one was very low, the next ones got higher and higher. When that was done, he had to read numbers written on a board on the other side of the room. The top row was large, the rows below became smaller and smaller. He did not manage the last one, but Avery explained to him that the test is designed so that you cannot read everything. Unless you have superpowers.

She talked every step to him, and Jonah found all the tests very interesting. And Avery as well. When she prepared something and moved around him, his first impression was confirmed. She had everything that made women interesting to him. He wondered how her butt would feel.

Of course, he knew that he was not allowed to just touch her. That was a bit unfair because she directed him during the measurements by touching him gently on the shoulders or taking his hand. Also, during the height measurement, she pressed his hip against the wall.

With all the movement, Jonah also noticed the swaying inside her blouse. The top two buttons were open, so he could see the top of her breasts. But no bra. Furthermore, she smelled of fresh laundry and a flowery perfume. The result was that his briefs fit tighter and tighter. It would not take much more for him to reach his full size.

His salvation was the doctor, who entered the room shortly after with a few documents in her hand. At first glance, she could have been a relative of Mrs. Collins. Maybe not quite as old.

"Hello young man ..." She looked at the papers and shook his hand in greeting. "Jonah, right?"

"Yes." Politely, he returned the gesture.

"I am Doctor Norris. You have already met Avery."

She glanced at the nurse and stopped short. "Avery, what is this! We talked about open buttons!" She looked Jonah up and down, shook her head, and sighed. "Really, look what you've done. that is not okay."

Then she pulled herself together and squatted down in front of Jonah.

"So, Jonah, we are doing a particularly thorough check with you today. The documents say that you have lived in a private foster family so far. Is that correct?"

He nodded. "Yes, with Barry and Norma."

"Okay. Your new foster mom is part of a large association. It is called FemCom. You surely find the details boring, but it is about many people connecting together so that women and children have a good life."

"Like at our school? It has belonged to FemCom for a few years too."

"Yes, right, schools can be a part of it too. To make sure you are doing well, we are doing a few examinations to find out if you were sick before and that you are healthy now. To me, you look like a healthy young man, but we still want to be thorough, agreed?"

"Okay."

"Good. Then please sit on the chair over there."

Jonah took a seat and Doctor Norris looked into his mouth, his ears, listened to his heart and his breathing, and asked all kinds of questions.

Then came the embarrassing part.

"Jonah, I have to look at your private parts now. I know that is uncomfortable, but we have to be sure that everything is in order there too, okay?"

Dr. Norris was already reaching for a pair of gloves and put them on.

Jonah swallowed. The whole medicine stuff had ensured that things were a bit more relaxed in his underwear, but he was far from reduced to minimum size. Also, he did not know what would happen if the doctor made him completely naked now.

At least there was no immediate reaction when he stood up.. Dr. Norris pulled his briefs down and looked at him briefly. Then she carefully grabbed his penis and stretched it.

"Hmm. Stretched penis size corresponds to beginning puberty. Everything else looks like delayed puberty." Then she looked at Jonah. "I have to palpate your testicles. This feels uncomfortable, but it should not be painful. Ready?"

He nodded.

The pressure of her fingers was actually uncomfortable.

"Present on both sides, tendency underdeveloped," Dr. Norris dictated. "Now please turn around once, Jonah, and bend forward."

He followed the instruction. His experiences at the club ensured that the situation was not completely new to him. Nevertheless, it was super embarrassing.

Dr. Norris spread his butt cheeks.

"Everything is fine here, no signs of manipulation. Good, you can get dressed again."

Relieved, he pulled up his briefs. Just in time to hide the reaction of his cock. His body apparently interpreted the examination as one of the club games.

"Um, Doc? I am getting a strange message here?" Avery said who was entering the results into the computer.

"Let me see." Dr. Norris went to the other side of the desk and looked over her shoulder.

"Hmm. I saw that some time ago. I did not think that concerned us."

Jonah sat tensely on his chair and waited while the women studied the screen.

"Here, I think it is because of the birthplace. We rarely have anyone from that area here," Avery said.

"Oh yes, right. His mother is with us because of our midwives. Hmm. The values alone are harmless, but all together it seems to fit the pattern we are looking for ..." Dr. Norris' gaze was still fixed on the screen.

"Yes, I was thinking that too," Avery agreed. "Weight and height are not that noticeable. But if you consider the age. He does not look like he is almost twelve."

Jonah was sure that the two were talking about him. Indeed, they cast a serious glance at him.

"Is something wrong?" he asked worriedly.

Dr. Norris came back to him.

"Everything is okay, Jonah. With the examination so far, everything is fine with you. Some children grow faster, for others it takes longer. Our computer has pointed out that we should take a particularly thorough look at you. For that, we have to take a little bit more during the blood test, but that is harmless. We will get the results in a few days, and then we will contact your Mom and you."

Dr. Norris had stripped off her gloves and threw them into a trash can.

"Good, then we are done so far. Avery, will you please take care of the blood draw." She turned to Jonah.

"Jonah, it was a pleasure to meet you. I will speak with your Mom outside and then we will see each other sometime for a checkup. Stay healthy!"

She said goodbye with a handshake and was just about to leave when Avery stopped her.

"Dr. Norris, I am getting another ... um ... request here ..."

"Yes? What is it?" Dr. Norris looked at the screen again. "Oh! Spermiogram? That is unusual!"

She eyed Jonah again. When her gaze caught the middle of his body, the corner of her mouth twitched into a grin.

"I guess technically it is possible. Maybe he needs some help with it. I will leave that to you, Avery."

"What? How am I supposed to ..."

"Oh Avery, do not act so innocent. Simply finish what you started. You have my permission to open a few more buttons. But pull the curtain shut behind you!"

With these words, the doctor left the room.

Jonah had not understood half of the conversation. But he noticed that Avery's face had turned quite red.

"Okay, Jonah, let's do the blood draw first. Please lie down on the table over there. I will prepare everything."

Of course, she could not know, but when Jonah climbed onto the table, this also vividly reminded him of the games at the club. Only that instead of being with Jenna, Megan, and Kiera, he was alone with Avery now. His cock did not care, it showed all signs of rising anticipation.

Avery closed the curtain that separated the table from the rest of the room and rolled over on a stool. In a tray, she had several syringes and a cup, similar to the one from the pee sample.

She wrapped a band tightly around his upper arm and then he had to make a fist. Meanwhile, she prepared the syringe with the needle. It looked huge. The swab with which she rubbed his arm left a cold feeling. However, the goosebumps Jonah felt were only partly caused by that. With every second, he became more excited. It was a bit of fear, but also excitement. Despite Dr. Norris' comments, Avery's outfit was unchanged. Two buttons open, a clear view of her pretty breasts.

"Jonah, this will pinch now. It is best not to look at the needle, but somewhere else. If you get dizzy, let me know, okay?"

"Hmmm," he nodded.

Then he felt the prick. Not like a mosquito, but also not as painful as he had expected. Instead, he felt the needle boring deeper and deeper into his arm. A queasy feeling spread in his stomach. A tingling sensation seized him, quite different from anything he had experienced so far. As if his body was reacting to an invisible danger.

"You are doing very well, Jonah. You are really brave," Avery said and handled the syringe.

She took off the filled tube and put on another one, which slowly filled with his blood. At the sight, he actually got a little dizzy.

"Look at the ceiling, Jonah, that helps sometimes!"

He directed his gaze upwards and concentrated on the fleeting view of her cleavage, which he had clearly before his eyes. That helped a little.

"So, one more, then we are done."

Again Avery changed the attachment and he felt the slight shaking of the needle in his arm. This time he kept his gaze fixed on the ceiling. Would she fill the big cup too?

"Done, that's it."

Avery's words were a relief. Skillfully, she pulled the needle out and pressed a swab firmly onto his arm.

"Please press down really hard here," she said.

Jonah was glad that he could do something and pressed on the swab with his free hand. Avery put the syringes away and suddenly had a band-aid in her hand.

"When I say so, please let go. Now!"

He pulled his hand away and with a quick movement, she placed the band-aid on the puncture site.

Relieved, he breathed a sigh of relief, Avery too. The whole thing must have been exciting for her too because her face was even redder now.

"Everything okay, Jonah? Or do you feel a bit shaky?"

"I am fine." He wanted to sit up, but just lifting his head quickly caused everything around him to spin.

"Slowly!" exclaimed Avery. She leaned over him and pressed his shoulders onto the table. "That is completely normal. We have time, you can stay lying down for a moment."

Without intending to, Jonah's gaze fell into Avery's cleavage. The way she bent over him, he could look deep enough to recognize the edge of her areolas.

"Um, Jonah, there is something else."

He tore himself away from the sight, and tried to look him in the eyes.

"There is an examination that is done when boys get older ... when they are a bit grown up. As I see, you are well on your way there."

She stroked his thigh with one hand. Jonah looked down at himself and indeed, the fully erected cock stood out under his briefs.

"We examine your sperm to see if everything is in order there too."

"What is sperm? Do you need more syringes for that?"

"Syringe? No! You do not know what sperm is? Um, well, some also call it cum."

Avery's face became even darker and Jonah suddenly got hot ears too.

"Oh," he said. "Yes, I know that."

"Good!" Avery seemed relieved and handed him the cup. "That has to go in there. Like with the sample earlier. Can you manage that alone? Or should I help you?"

"I don't know. Maybe ..."

"Maybe like 'you can maybe manage it alone' or 'maybe I will help you'?"

"Help?" Indeed, Jonah was overwhelmed.

"Okay. Sit down first. Or are you still dizzy?"

"I think it is okay." Carefully, Jonah sat up and scooted to the edge of the table.

Avery stood directly in front of him. Very close. His knees touched her hips.

"Unfortunately, I am not allowed to touch you there, you have to rub yourself," she said. "But I think you know how it works, right?"

He nodded.

"Okay. Go ahead!"

Jonah stripped down the waistband of his briefs and his fully erected cock sprang out. He grasped his cock and began to jerk off tentatively.

Avery followed his efforts with interest.

"You know, I am not allowed to touch you, but I can show you something pretty." She began to unbutton her blouse.

He had observed correctly, she wore no bra underneath.

"Also, you have my permission to touch them if you can manage with one hand," she said with a hoarse voice and leaned forward a little.

Jonah reached out carefully. Firm and perky, it lay in his hand. The touch made him shiver, but he was not at the goal yet.

"Do not fall off the table," said Avery suddenly. "Maybe I should hold you ..." She grabbed his hip and stroked on both sides over his waist down to his thighs and back again.

Jonah would have preferred to grab with both hands, but he was still busy jerking off. So he switched from one breast to the other and grazed her hard nipples with his palm.

"Wow, you know how it works. Is not your first time, is it?" asked Avery.

Jonah shook his head. He could not get words past his lips right now. Wave after wave shook his body and his breathing became heavier. He did not need much more. Suddenly it happened. Avery had seen it coming because she was already holding the cup out to him.

With all his strength, Jonah forced the tip of his cock to the opening of the cup and then he shot into it. Two, three gushes, then it was over. Avery made sure that not a drop missed.

He felt dizzy again. But this time not from the needle. Avery noticed it and held him steady with a hug. Now that he had both hands free, he used them and cupped her breasts.

Avery sighed and stretched towards him. "You know that we are done here, right?"

Startled, he pulled his hands back.

She giggled and took a step back. From a side table, she handed him a box with tissues.

"Clean yourself up, and then get dressed. If we take too long, someone might come to check."

Jonah found it hard to turn his gaze away from the swinging breasts in her open blouse. What would the taste be like if he licked the dark nipples?

Avery buttoned her blouse and Jonah noted with regret that he would probably never find out the answer to this question.

But he had just learned one thing. There were many beautiful women. Pregnant or not, they could all be exciting. And some of them would like to be close to him.

With a last stroke over his shoulder, Avery then handed him over to Jenna in the reception area, who was in conversation with Dr. Norris there. Would he meet Avery again sometime? In a place where she was allowed to touch him too?

He thought about that while they drove home.

"So, Jonah, now that this is done, we can concentrate on starting our happy family life," said Jenna as they approached their town. "And until the birth of her baby, Megan will be a part of it. She is probably already there waiting for us. What do you think of that?"

Either it was the quiet gurgling of the water or the whispering voices. One of the two was the reason Jonah slowly woke up.

At first, he thought it was a dream. A gentle rocking, surrounded by warmth, and the gurgling of water under his ear. Then he remembered that he lay in Jenna's big bed with the water mattress. The warmth he felt was her soft body pressing against him from behind. Her thighs lay close to his. Directly in front of him lay Megan. Also warm and soft. Her tight belly pressed against his, and he could even feel the movement of the baby inside.

Sleeping with them together in one bed was exciting and at the same time unfamiliar. He had not slept particularly well, and even now he was still very tired and dreaming more than he was awake.

The women talked in whispers, and Jonah forced himself to keep his eyes closed and to breathe evenly. It was simply too nice to listen to them. He did not want to destroy the moment. Instead, he listened to their voices. They sounded relaxed, somehow amused. Apparently, they also liked cuddling like this.

"... would not have thought that he makes me so horny. How do you manage to keep your fingers off him?" whispered Megan.

"I really have to force myself. A few days ago, I almost really fucked him. It was so hard to leave it at a massage. Afterwards, I used up a whole set of fresh batteries in my vibrator and it was still not enough," replied Jenna.

"Wait, you have not fucked him yet? Really? Why not?"

"I want it to be something special, something he remembers his whole life. Imagine what it does to him if he compares every woman he desires with his Mommy. And no one will give it to him like I will."

"Wow. That sounds wicked. I like that. But that means you have not really fucked for quite a while, right?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

"I might know something ..."

"Me too, but if we move now, he will wake up."

"Oh, I think he already is. He just twitched."

He felt hands stroking him gently. Jenna let her hand wander over his hip from behind. Megan stroked the hair out of his face from the front. Sleepily, he blinked his eyes open. His mind was still busy figuring out how he fit into this conversation, but was immediately distracted by the sight that presented itself to him.

Megan wore a loose top with a wide neckline. Wide enough that one breast had slipped halfway out of the neckline. The fabric had stains. Jonah noticed the scent of her milk, and a shiny drop was visible on her nipple.

"Well, my little one. Do you have an appetite for breakfast?" said Megan. She exposed her breast completely and pushed it in front of his lips.

Instinct and desire ensured that he latched on immediately and drank.

From behind, Jenna moved even closer to him. Now he felt her belly too. Was that a kick from the baby in his back?

"Good, Jonah. Drink, make Megan happy. But save a little appetite for me, okay?"

He nodded. In the past few days, he had found out that he had significantly less appetite for cereals after the feeding by Jenna. If he was served by both now, he probably did not need a real breakfast at all. But the thought only appeared at the edge of his consciousness. He was much more focused on the taste of Megan's sweet milk, on the feeling of her nipple in his mouth when she let the milk flow on its own. He had to be careful not to choke.

Besides, there was Jenna's hand. Her fingertips groped down his belly. Down to the hem of the diaper. That had been the condition for him to be allowed to spend the night in bed with them. Jenna had found clear words. She would not constantly change her bed linen because of sticky cum. Megan had not let the opportunity pass and had prepared him lovingly and thoroughly for the night.

It had not taken long in the evening until the diaper fulfilled its purpose. And even now Jonah noticed the reaction of his body. Jenna's hand, which massaged him gently through the padding, only contributed a small part to this. His arousal had set in as soon as he realized after waking up that he was surrounded by motherly curves on all sides.

The trick was to ignore everything happening down there and focus completely on the sweet warmth in his mouth. Megan shifted slightly, letting him catch a quick breath. Then she guided his lips to her other breast, and he latched on again, drinking eagerly.

When he was almost done with it, Jenna had reached her goal too. He felt the tingling that seized his body. Like with a strong sneeze, he knew that something was coming that he would not stop. Then he bucked his hip, he gasped and lost Megan's nipple from his lips. Her milk ran out of the corner of his mouth and dripped from the nipple while he twitched violently a few times.

Megan gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"Turn around. Now it is Mommy's turn!" she whispered in his ear.

Jonah rolled over to the other side. Actually, he was hardly hungry anymore. But Jenna expected him and had freed her breasts as well. Her large rosy areolas were tempting and the nipples already had the size and firmness that promised him full enjoyment.

She directed him into a comfortable position and then he began to drink again. The taste was different, but he could not have described the difference. In any case, delicious.

From behind, Megan pressed against him. She had slid down a bit, pushed her thigh over his legs and clasped him with it. Her hand wandered purposefully over his front under the edge of the diaper and into his crotch. The fresh, sticky moisture did not

seem to bother her. She pressed her pelvis against his padded butt and began to rub against him in a slow rhythm.

The movement transferred to him and Jenna, so that he lay wedged between their full femininity. His lips enclosed her nipple, and he swallowed her love turned into milk in deep gulps. The other breast brushed over his cheek, in the rhythm that Megan set from behind.

The room was filled with a mix of moaning and panting, to which they all contributed.

Since Jenna had just made him come, Megan's fingers in his crotch had no effect. On the contrary, he felt somehow irritated and wished she would give him a little rest.

The opposite happened. Megan no longer gripped his cock, but she had grabbed him by the crotch and pressed him firmly against her. The unpleasant pressure on his balls reminded him of the examination the day before.

Megan's breath on his neck became hotter and came in bursts. She froze, stopped rubbing against him, and pressed her lap against him with all her strength. Now it really hurt between his legs! Jonah heard her whimpering quietly and felt her trembling, and then she gasped for air. Her grip loosened and Jonah relaxed too.

Jenna gave him the other breast and while he drank from it, Megan settled down behind him and stroked him gently from the thighs to the shoulders.

"That was super, Jonah. I hope that lasts through the day!" Jenna said smiling, when her other breast was empty and moved a bit away from him.

"Now get out of bed and get ready for school!"

"Yes, Mom!"

Jonah hopped off the bed and hurried into the bathroom. Should he close the door? Or leave it open, like when he was alone with Jenna? Would Megan find it gross? He pushed the door shut, but left it open a crack.

Then he freed himself from the diaper and washed away the traces. Through the open door, he heard the women. Closet doors were opened, they giggled, Megan groaned and Jenna made a surprised exclamation. What was going on there?

He crept to the door and looked through the crack.

Jenna was just crawling over the bed, on all fours and with a naked butt.

Megan came into view. She moved strangely. Slowly and carefully.

"Woah, the plug of your dildo is really massive, I can hardly take it," she said.

"You can do it, next time we will use yours. But now come and fuck me. You already had your fun."

"That was only a half portion. I need that just as much, nothing beats a well-filled pussy."

Megan got on the bed and crawled towards Jenna from behind. Now Jonah also saw the huge dildo hanging in her crotch. The women in the club had used something like that to have sex! Megan placed the tip at Jenna's pussy and then she thrust.

Spellbound, Jonah watched as the large dildo sank completely into Jenna after a few thrusts. All he saw was naked skin. Megan's big belly resting on Jenna's butt, Jenna's belly hanging down heavily. The breasts of both swinging in rhythm. Smacking noises mixing with the gurgling of the waterbed.

Groaning and moaning that became more and more intense. More intense than anything he had experienced with them. Would he be old enough for something like that someday too?

He watched for a while longer, then he remembered that he had to go to school. Jenna would get angry if he was not ready in time.

When it was time to leave, Jenna and Megan had still not appeared.

"Mom, are you driving me to school?" called Jonah from the foot of the stairs.

"Take the bus!" Jenna called back. She sounded exhausted. "But maybe I will pick you up later. I will text you."

The past few days were among the best of his life. Yet nothing special had happened. Just normal everyday life. Only that this was filled with two fantastic women. Literally.

Megan had quickly adapted to Jenna's clothing style. Whenever Jonah saw the women, they presented a lot of naked skin of their tight curves, which almost invited casual touches.

Jenna and Megan seemed to have nothing against it. Jonah could understand that well, because he also enjoyed the casual caresses he received from them throughout the day. Better said, in the morning and evening.

During the day he was at school, which dragged on endlessly. At least now it was the weekend. And in three weeks even summer break. What would Jenna and Megan get up to then?

Jenna had an office day again today, so Jonah had to take the bus. When he arrived home, the women sat at the large dining table. Megan had Savannah on her lap, who was explaining her toys to her in all seriousness.

Jenna sat across the table and had papers lying in front of her. When Jonah entered, she smiled at him.

"Hey Jonah, guess what this is!" she called to him.

He had no idea. "I do not know. Something bad?"

"Something serious. But in a good way!" Jenna replied. "This is the official confirmation that I am your new foster mother and you are my foster son!"

"Oh." He didn't know what to say. Until that second, he hadn't realized his life with Jenna had only been temporary. It could have ended any moment. A wave of relief crashed over him, warm and dizzying. He dropped his bag, rushed to Jenna, and hugged her as tight as he could.

"Now you are my real Mom!"

She returned the hug. "Yes. Now no one can just take you away from me anymore. You belong to me and we are a family!"

"Happy Family Day, Jonah," Megan called smiling from the other side of the table. "We should actually celebrate that."

Jenna released herself from Jonah's hug and looked at Megan.

"You are right, we definitely have to celebrate that! Let's go out to eat! Do you have something fancy to wear with you? Or shall we see if something of mine fits you?"

Megan thought for a moment. "I think I have to take you up on your offer. I only have a few casual clothes left that I fit into."

"Then let's take a look later. I will reserve a table at a restaurant. Where do we want to celebrate, Jonah? Italian? Steakhouse? What do you feel like?"

Jonah was taken aback. "I do not know, Mom, I …I have never been to a restaurant."

"No problem. Just say what you prefer. Pizza or burgers."

"Burgers," Jonah said immediately.

"Good, then I will take care of it. And maybe I can find a babysitter for Savy, then it will be even more relaxed. Jonah, please pick out the fancy clothes we bought recently. I think this is the perfect occasion for it."

The table was reserved quickly. So was the babysitter for Savannah. A girl named Chloe who lived in the neighborhood.

The other preparations for the evening dragged on. Jonah had put on the classy shirt with the decorated buttonholes and the black fabric trousers. Despite extensive efforts with the comb, a wave of his brown hair kept falling onto his forehead. He thought he really looked a bit like a pirate prince. Similar to the movie posters. He had never actually seen those movies.

Jenna called out to him that he should wait at the bottom of the stairs. Megan and she seemed to take an eternity to find suitable outfits. He heard them giggling and calling out. The tone ranged from rejection to neutral to excitement. Then they were finally ready. Jenna appeared first at the top of the stairs.

Jonah marveled at the sight with his mouth open as she slowly came down the steps. Her wavy blonde hair was tied back, with only a single strand framing her face on the right and left, forming a wonderful contrast to her strawberry-colored lipstick. She wore a cream-colored dress. The short sleeves and the top were made of semi-transparent lace. From the chest down it was lined, but with a very deep neckline under the lace. At the belly, the dress fit tightly and emphasized every detail of her contour. Below the belly, the dress fell in wide folds down to her knees.

As she came down the stairs, Jonah could see how the flowing fabric played around her full thighs. It was a fantastic view.

"Do you like me?" Jenna asked and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"You look great, Mom. Like a queen," he said.

"Hmm, I suppose I must, when my son is such a handsome prince."

Then Megan appeared at the top of the stairs and Jonah's breath caught. She had her dark hair pinned up in a bun. Her dress fit like a second skin. Thin spaghetti straps held the part of the dress that supported her breasts like a bra. It looked as if they were slightly lifted and appeared even fuller because of it. The thin fabric fit tightly to her body at all other spots. Under the breast and under the belly, the fabric was slightly gathered, which made it fit all the more smoothly at her chest, belly, and butt. Although the dress went down to her calf, one had the impression of seeing more of her than with Jenna.

Every step Megan took made her curves swing, and the dress hid none of it.

"Wow. That looks beautiful!"

"I am glad. You look very handsome too," said Megan. "I think we make an impressive picture together."

Chloe, the babysitter, arrived on time and Jenna gave her a few instructions for Savannah. Then they set off. The restaurant was located downtown. The logo with a burger and steak left no doubt about what it had to offer.

His first restaurant visit! Truly every detail was exciting. The parking lot was guarded by an employee in uniform. At the entrance, another waiter waited and led them to their table in the back part of the restaurant. On the way there, they passed many tables of the well-filled restaurant. Most guests paused and marveled at their little parade. At first, Jonah felt uncomfortable being stared at. Then he noticed that the glances were meant for Jenna and Megan. Justifiably so, as they both looked incredibly beautiful.

They ordered a round of soft drinks, which were served quickly. Choosing the food took longer. Jonah would not have thought that there could be so many different burgers and steaks. The selection made him nervous. Having every single one explained to him would be totally embarrassing! What should he take? He looked around the restaurant. What the other guests had in front of them all looked very tempting. Huge portions. Everything was served on fancy plates. He only knew burgers from a bag, wrapped in paper.

Jenna and Megan noticed his helplessness, of course. They helped him with the selection and in the end, his choice fell on a simple cheeseburger.

While they waited, Jonah continued to look around. The interior of the restaurant was like a noble farmhouse. There were candles on the tables. On the walls hung pictures of farmland, old tools, and signs. Jonah wondered from what time the signs originated or what purpose the tools had served.

The amount of impressions and the excitement of the evening ensured that he had to go to the toilet after a short time.

"Down the hall and then to the left. Do you see the sign?" Jenna pointed the way.

As he set off, he had a queasy feeling. He felt strange and lost. In the men's rooms, there were the usual basins on the wall and several doors. Jonah decided on a cubicle.

He had just finished peeing when he heard more people entering the restroom.

"Man, did you see those two hot chicks? You really have to be careful not to start jerking off instead of pissing," he heard a deep voice say.

The slurring tone reminded Jonah of Barry when he had spent a long evening with his buddies.

"Yeah, I would have liked to bang them too. I usually don't go for fat women, but those two are mega hot," another man replied. He also struggled to speak clearly.

"They aren't fat, they're pregnant. I would have loved to join in. Imagine that, they're looking for guys here. Maybe they need an escort on the way home. What do you think?"

"Dream on. They aren't alone, there was that little sissy boy with them. Probably sitting in the girls' room."

Hoarse laughter from both. Then the man continued: "Besides, you probably forgot that we aren't here alone. I think your girlfriend noticed you ogling the ladies."

"Shit, you really think so? Well, then I guess it will just be one last look on the way back. They have some cleavage, man, that is so hot ..."

"Stop it now, I'm already feeling the pressure."

With dirty laughter, the voices moved away. Jonah briefly heard the faucet and then the entrance door clicked shut.

Carefully, he came out of the stall, washed his hands thoroughly, and went back to the table.

"Everything okay? That took a long time," Jenna said, her eyebrows raised questioningly.

"Yes, everything is fine. I just had to wait, it was a bit crowded there."

Jonah climbed back onto his chair and looked around the restaurant again. Would he be able to recognize the men he had overheard?

That was more difficult than expected. Pretty much all the guys at the tables cast glances with shining eyes toward their table every now and then. The women also looked over frequently, but they appeared rather grim. Were they jealous because Jenna and Megan were so gorgeous?

The food was served and demanded Jonah's full attention. It had no similarity at all to what he had encountered as a cheeseburger in his life so far. Fully concentrated, he began conquering the delicious tower. Jenna and Megan were equally busy with their food. Now and then they sighed with pure enjoyment, and he followed their lead.

The women waited until Jonah was finally finished as well. After the waiter had cleared the plates, Jenna looked at him and Megan with a grin.

"Dessert at home, what do you think?" she asked.

"Gladly. I have had enough, but I wonder if our little prince can manage that too?" Megan said.

"Do not worry, what he does not finish, I will take today. And if you like, you can have some from me."

"That sounds great. Looks like a very special evening. Happy Family Day, Jonah!"

"This will be the most special evening ever." Jenna sparkled at her with wide eyes, and when Megan raised her eyebrows questioningly, she nodded briefly in confirmation.

Megan's eyes went wide. She looked at Jonah and then back to Jenna. "You mean, really special-special?"

"Yes. It is the perfect occasion, right?"

Jonah had understood the hint about dessert, especially since both women had consciously wiggled their breasts. Everything else sounded very mysterious to him. Jenna and Megan probably had something planned together that he had nothing to do with.

When they arrived home, Savannah was already asleep. Chloe took her phone away from her ear just long enough to accept the payment. She left, already deeply immersed in her conversation with her boyfriend again. The door clicked shut, and suddenly silence reigned in the house.

A suspiciously lingering silence. Jonah looked around for Megan and Jenna.

"Did you like the evening?" Jenna asked him with a strange gleam in her eyes.

"Yes, of course. It was fantastic!"

"I am glad. Would you be so kind and do Megan and me a favor then? These dresses are really tight and it is difficult to get out of them. Can you help us with that?"

On the way upstairs, they went as quietly as possible. No one wanted to wake Savannah. Jonah followed the women, already looking for clues on how he could help them out of their dresses.

Jenna opened the door to her room and signaled with a gesture that they should enter quietly. She herself went down the hallway and took a quick look into Savannah's room. Then she closed the door, came back, and made sure that both doors of the changing bathroom room were closed as well.

Then she turned to Jonah. He stood waiting at the end of her bed. Megan stood behind him and held him by the shoulders. Jenna stepped close to him. Until her belly touched him and he was pressed against Megan's behind him. Jenna raised her hand and stroked his forehead gently. She smiled down at him, an unusual sparkle shining in her eyes.

Something was different. This was not the beginning of their usual cuddling.

Jenna remained silent. Her hungry, eager gaze caused an expectant tingling in him. Finally, she spread her arms.

"Okay, Jonah, help me out of the dress."

"How?" he asked.

Jenna smiled. "Find the zipper."

It was definitely not in the area he could see. He wanted to lean to the side to look for it, but Megan held him tight.

"Use your fingers. Feel your way around!" she whispered into his ear.

Jonah let his hands glide sideways over Jenna's waist, over her hips, and then upwards over the side of her heavy breasts, which were just barely tamed by the fabric. No zipper. But a fantastic feeling. He felt her warmth in his face, and a hint of the delicious scents from the restaurant still clung to her. He would have loved to bury his head between her curves. But the dress only allowed him to press his cheek against her breast. A trace of milk mixed with her scent. Only the thin fabric separated him from the promised dessert.

He began to enjoy this game. He reached out his hands and hugged Jenna. But in the middle of her back, no closure was felt either. The game became twice as exciting. A riddle. And Mom, who enjoyed being touched by him! His fingers wandered down her back to her butt, which he could not wrap around because of the belly. No sign of a closure. So back again.

There was something. At the edge of the back, behind the shoulder. He followed the trail. The zipper was so thin that it looked like a seam. It led along the edge of the back to the waist. Jonah felt it and then found the beginning at the top end.

"Go on, release me," said Jenna and gently scratched his hair.

Jonah found the tiny slider of the zipper and pulled it down. It was difficult to move because of the tension.

Jenna was right, 'release' was the correct word. Before his eyes, the tension of the dress subsided. Immediately the neckline under the lace trim shrank and he could see through the coarse mesh how her breasts flowed out to the edge of the areolas. The fabric also relaxed over her belly. The opened zipper gaped wide apart. It was a mystery how it had held the tension until now.

Now the dress was only held by the woven lace of the short sleeves. Jonah reached out his hand and carefully slipped the coarse-mesh material off her shoulders. Jenna said nothing, smiled encouragingly with raised eyebrows, and slipped her arms out of the fabric. The floral pattern of the lace was imprinted on her skin.

Jonah wanted to strip the dress downwards, but he could not get any further than the waist. There the fabric bunched up. No chance to push it over the sweeping butt. The women giggled. Apparently, they enjoyed posing these riddles to him. How does a woman step into such a dress? Jonah thought intensely. Asking was not an option, that would have ruined the game. Then an idea occurred to him. Not stepping in, but pulling it over the head!

He bent down and reached for the bottom hem of the dress. It was not easy at all to gather up the wide skirt. A lot of fabric lay on his elbows, and he could not see what lay underneath. But he had felt a lot of naked skin with his fingers. Bare buttocks and hips. Jenna had been wearing almost nothing under the dress all evening! Only a tiny strap on the hip. One of those panties that consisted only of a thin strip of fabric. A thong.

The next challenge was to push the dress upwards over her belly. For that, he needed several attempts, but then he had the naked, tight roundness right before his eyes. Now over the breasts. That was significantly easier. Jenna met him for the last bit. Literally: she pushed her arms under the dress and bowed her head so that he could finally strip it off.

Then she stood before him. Beautiful, in full glory. Again she pressed him lovingly to her breast, and this time he felt every detail. For the first time in quite a while, she said something.

"You did that well, Jonah. Now help Megan!"

Jonah turned around slowly. He had to fight the impulse to snuggle up to Jenna and forget everything around him. Megan's expectant look ensured that he was fully focused again.

In a groping embrace, he searched for the closure of her dress as well. Pressed closely against her, his hands wandered over her back. There was nothing. He kept searching, but nowhere was there a trace of buttons, hooks, or a zipper.

Questioningly, he looked at her face. She grinned at him.

"Think of something. You just showed that you know how it is done!" said Megan.

Jonah thought about it. Then an idea came to him. He crouched down and reached for the hem of the dress at her calves and pulled carefully. Indeed, the tight-fitting material was extremely stretchy. But it could not be gathered like Jenna's dress. Instead, it rolled up into a thin roll, which was even easier. Slowly he peeled the dress from Megan's legs and also from her butt, until the thin roll stopped under her belly. This time he had not even felt a thong. Megan wore nothing at all under the dress!

Pushing the bulge of the rolled-up dress over the belly was a challenge despite the stretchiness of the fabric. The more fabric rolled up, the tighter it fit. Therefore, it was also more difficult to push it over her breasts. He had to squeeze it quite a bit, which Megan acknowledged with a less than pleased groan.

"Slowly, Jonah, nice and careful!"

He tried his best. She wasn't wearing a bra under the dress either. As he revealed her breasts, pads fell out that had just barely covered the areolas and nipples. They exuded the scent of breast milk and had dark spots on the inside. Were her breasts leaking the whole time? Or was it due to the pressure while taking off the dress? In any case, moist, glistening drops formed on her nipples.

Instinctively, Jonah reached out and licked them off.

"Hey, not so fast! That comes later!"

Megan pushed him back a bit and leaned forward at the same time, allowing him to finally pull the dress over her head. The crumpled fabric of the dress just barely filled his hands. Compared to Jenna's dress, it was nothing.

The women's clothes lay on the floor. While Jonah wondered what would happen next, he already felt Jenna's hands reaching around him from behind, busy with the buttons of his shirt. Megan cast a glance at Jenna over his shoulder. There seemed to be a kind of silent communication. She smiled, nodded briefly and knelt down in front of him. Her attention was on his pants. Both women took their time; everything seemed to happen in slow motion. His shirt was pulled off his pants, and while unbuttoning them,, Megan made sure to maintain as much body contact as possible.

Jonah willingly let it all happen to him. Like the women before, he raised his arms at the right moment so that Jenna could strip off his shirt. Then his pants already fell at his feet and he stepped out of them. Unlike the women, he was wearing normal underwear. Jenna pulled the T-shirt over his head, and Megan used the moment when his head was covered to give him a few smacking kisses on his belly.

Naked except for his briefs, he stood between the women.

"We are doing something very special for you now, Jonah," Jenna breathed into his ear.

Megan had only been waiting for a signal, because now she pulled down his briefs in one fluid motion. Naturally, the previous closeness to the women had an effect on Jonah. His cock had already reached a considerable size, but still had some of its tender softness and stood out horizontally from him. Megan grinned at the sight.

As usual, a few touches or even kisses from the women would be enough to bring him to full size.

But they did nothing of the sort. Jenna gave him a slap on the butt.

"Hop onto the bed and lie down!" she urged him. "On your belly!"

Jonah crawled onto the swaying mattress, which gave way with a gurgle beneath him. Jenna had briefly left the room. When she returned, the mattress began to rock violently. Then he heard the click of the massage oil cap, and a cold stream already hit him. She distributed a lot of it on him. The cold sensation of the oil was immediately displaced by four warm hands.

Megan and Jenna had crouched on both sides of him on the bed and were spreading the oil generously over him. From his toes to his head, they dedicated themselves very thoroughly to every part of his body. It was fantastic; Jonah felt as if he were sinking deeper and deeper into the bed.

He was close to falling asleep when he was gently shaken by the shoulder.

"Turn over, little prince!" Jenna said softly.

When he lay on his back, a fantastic sight presented itself to him. Jenna to his left, Megan to his right, he lay embedded between an abundance of femininity. The plump bellies glistened with oil and, at least in Megan's case, also with the drops of her milk. Both women smiled at him. In their gaze lay love, care, and a sparkling hunger that Jonah could not quite categorize. They distributed oil on his body again, and Megan began to spread it on his legs. Jenna dedicated herself to his upper body. Both had to lean forward for this, and Jonah enjoyed the sight of their swinging curves.

"Jonah," she said with a gentle voice, "I want this to be a very special day for you that you will never forget. On paper, you are my son now and I am your Mom. But there is something even better!"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I will tell you in a moment, but first I want to know from you how much you like Megan."

"What?" Megan froze and let her hands rest on Jonah's thighs.

Jenna signaled her to be quiet with a quick gesture.

"So, Jonah? I know you like her! But how much?"

Jonah thought about it. The whole thing was developing in a completely unexpected direction. Of course he liked Megan. Maybe even more than that. But how should he describe this feeling?

"I... I do not know what the right name for it is," he finally said. His embarrassment caused heat in his face.

"That is not a bad thing, Jonah!" Megan's massage now felt more like gentle stroking. "Could it be that you are in love with her?"

Jonah's gaze flicked to Megan, who followed the whole thing with irritation and also increasing redness in her face.

"I do not know. Maybe..." said Jonah. Megan's eyes widened.

"And you, Megan?" asked Jenna. "How much do you like my little prince?"

Megan bit her lower lip. "Of course I like him. Otherwise, I would not be here..."

"I think 'liking' is too weak here. At least a proper crush, maybe even a little bit in love?"

"Maybe... I mean, I have never met another boy his age before who has this effect on me. So yes, maybe I have a bit too much of a crush on him. Is that a problem?" She looked at Jenna questioningly.

"No, quite the opposite, I am glad. There is nothing more romantic than two people in love experiencing their first time together."

"What?" Now Megan sounded shocked. "What do you mean by that? I thought you wanted to..."

"I will do that too, do not worry. But I want to give the first time on this special day to both of you. I just want to watch my boy being fucked to a man."

Megan swallowed. "You are serious, right? Does Jonah even want that too?"

Both women looked down at him.

"What do you think, Jonah?" Jenna asked. "Do you want to fuck Megan?"

"I do not know ... What do you mean by that, Mom?"

"You know exactly what I mean, my little prince!" Jenna stroked his forehead gently. "I saw you watching the others fucking often enough at the club. Just like the other day, when you secretly watched Megan and me from the bathroom."

Jonah was startled and fascinated at the same time.

"You mean real fucking, like you do with the dildos?"

"Exactly. So, do you want Megan's pussy to be the first one you put your cute cock into?"

He looked at Megan, who had followed everything tensely. Then he nodded.

"If that is okay ... I would really like to know what it is like ..."

"Do not be so shy. Say clearly what you want."

"I ... I want to fuck Megan."

"See, that was not so hard after all. And you, Megan?"

Megan woke up from her trance. "Oh, stop blabbering. Yes, I admit it, I want to fuck Jonah! Ever since the first week of school! In class, all the boys stared at my ass and tits, but he was the first one who had a cute little boner in his pants. Since then, the thought has not let go of me. I just did not think I would ever say it out loud. And if I had known it was happening today, I would have shaved again."

"I do not think that is a problem," Jenna smiled.

She crawled a bit to the side on the bed until she was next to Jonah's head. She sat there with her legs bent.

"Slide up a bit, Jonah," she urged him. She guided him until his head rested comfortably on her soft thigh.

Megan moved as well. She heaved one leg over his knees. For a moment, Jonah caught a glimpse of her shaved pussy. Then she sat astride his thighs, and her belly rested heavily on his lap. He suddenly felt the pulsing of his cock much more intensely. Also the movement in Megan's belly. The baby was apparently excited too.

"This is really okay with you?" Megan asked, looking at Jenna.

"Yes, sure. Make him happy!"

Megan reached for the bottle of massage oil. She leaned back so that her belly rose, and then she squirted it generously underneath. Then she sat upright again and turned her body slightly from side to side. Her belly slithered over Jonah's lap and ensured that he quickly reached the greatest possible size and hardness.

Once the oil was really distributed everywhere, Megan changed the movement. Now she slid back and forth, coming a bit higher with every thrust.

Her belly moved step by step toward his chest, and then he suddenly felt the soft heat, but also the delicate stubble of her pussy rubbing over his balls. Groaning, she rose and fumbled for his cock with one hand. She grabbed him roughly, straightened him up, and swung her pelvis over him.

"Damn, I haven't seen anything down there for weeks, except in the mirror," she cursed.

"Let me help you," Jenna said.

She leaned forward, feeling under Megan's belly for Jonah's cock. For a moment, his whole world consisted of curvy femininity. Jenna's breasts swung freely over his face. Behind them, he saw only the base of Megan's breasts, her heavy belly which she had raised a bit, and her strong thighs that kept him imprisoned. Jenna found his slippery tip and moved it into position under Megan.

Jonah felt his tip gliding over Megan's skin and reaching the area of her soft, oily pussy. To him, it was all confusing and much too complicated. It had looked so effortless when the women fucked each other with dildos.

Suddenly, everything changed.

Just a moment ago, he was being guided by Jenna's firm grip. Then, in the heat of Megan's crotch, he felt something even hotter. Something moist. An entrance that had been blocked to him until now.

Jenna pulled her hand away. Megan sighed and let herself settle heavily onto him. His cock was encompassed by something else. Hot. Moist. And tight.

So this was fucking? He felt resistance. A tunnel that was too narrow. Walls he rubbed against. It did not feel great at all.

Not for Megan either. She groaned, but it was not a sound of pleasure.

"Fuck, I just am not loosening up. Not even for such a small cock. Aaah!"

She rose, and Jonah felt himself sliding out of her. He tried to see what was happening under her belly. For a moment, he saw his erect cock, the tip just barely between her pussy lips. Then she sank down on him again. And again, he was encompassed tightly and hard.

"Come on!"

He did not know if Megan's exclamation was meant for him or herself. She began to ride him. Up and down. Milk dripped from the nipples of her heavy, bulging breasts. They bounced in rhythm and, together with her buttocks, created the slapping sound that had fascinated him so often at the club. But there was nothing pleasant about the grip of her pussy. Nothing that explained why adults were so enthusiastic about fucking.

His body did not care about these reflections. It interpreted the stimulation in the most primitive way possible. With every heavy thrust from Megan, the tingling on his skin increased, and he clearly noticed the familiar pressure building up.

Not much longer. One more thrust. Then another, a third, and then he came. Just like that. A slight shiver of his body, far from the climaxes of the past days, followed by the relaxation as he ejaculated into Megan.

"No! Not like that!" Her desperation became clear in her tone and in the even more violent riding motion. Her thrusts became jerkier and rougher. She sighed and sounded frustrated. Jonah did not dare to look her in the face. Something had just not worked at all the way Megan wanted it to.

His cock was already becoming softer, and with the next thrust, it slid almost completely out of her and was folded under her weight instead of penetrating her. That was uncomfortable, and he twitched and squirmed instinctively.

Megan rose and slid down a bit. She exhaled, and he felt the tension falling away from her.

"Well, one too fast, the other too slow." Her belly rose and fell as she breathed. Jonah wanted to comfort her; he stroked it with his hand. He could feel strong movements from the baby.

Megan leaned forward and made a face.

"Sorry, Jonah. I guess that was a bust. Even the baby is dissatisfied ..." She grimaced, heaved herself off him, and crawled to the edge of the bed. "I just need a moment until the little one has calmed down."

She stood up with shaky legs and leaned against the wall.

"... and I have to finish what we started," she muttered, reaching for the bag with her clothes that stood on the floor. When she had straightened up, she held a huge dildo in her hand.

"If you're looking for me, I'm in the hot tub." With that, she disappeared through the door.

"Did I do something wrong, Mom?" Jonah asked.

Jenna had remained silent until now.

"No, Jonah, you did not. On the contrary, that was to be expected. It is quite normal for things to be over very quickly for boys on the first try. And for Megan, things probably developed too fast and too unexpectedly as well. But don't worry, you two will find a few more opportunities to do better. I just wanted your dream of Megan to come true."

"Thanks, Mom." Jonah just lay there and enjoyed the gentle caresses from Jenna. Her hands circled over his shoulders, his chest, and his belly. Down to the invisible line above his groin that she had not crossed all evening.

"Jonah," Jenna said suddenly with a warm tone in her voice. "If you like, we can try again right now."

"You mean, with you?"

"Yes. I think with a little help, you will be ready for it in no time." Her hands crossed the line, and her fingers tenderly enclosed his semi-limp cock. "I ..." A slight trembling was in her voice now. "I would love to show you how to make love."

"Making love? Is that the same as fucking?"

"It is better. It might look the same, but it means more!"

"Hmm, I think I would like to make love with you then, Mom!"

"Great. Just stay lying like that!"

Jenna slid back a bit and let Jonah's head glide from her thigh onto the bed. Then she sat on his legs, just as Megan had done before.

"Help me get into the mood," she said and reached for the massage oil. She put a few squirts on her breasts and belly and set the bottle aside. Then she leaned back. Propped up on her outstretched arms, she presented her belly to Jonah, her full breasts, and the base of the blonde curly mound between her legs.

"Distribute the oil. Show me how much you love me!" she urged him.

Jonah sat up. The oil ran over Jenna's body and was already forming a puddle in his lap, but there was still enough available to massage her. Actually, it was like the massage a few days ago. Only that she was sitting on him instead of lying in bed. For a moment he did not know which of the fascinating spots to start with, but then he began at the most obvious place.

With spread fingers, he distributed the oil over her belly. Just as Jenna was more relaxed than Megan, so was the baby inside her. Jonah felt the fascinating mixture of soft skin and firm spots deep beneath, but this time there was no reaction from inside. In return, Jenna sighed with pleasure.

After he had made several rounds over the belly, she stretched her breasts toward him and wiggled them. Jonah understood the invitation immediately. His hands wandered higher.

Since the day Megan had put on such a tight T-shirt in class for the first time, breasts had lost none of their fascination. His enthusiasm for them had rather grown. Now that he knew they contained a sweet, delicious filling. He had tasted them often enough during their feedings and felt immediately that Jenna was more than ready for a feeding. If he were to suck briefly now, her milk would flow toward him on its own.

But he was not sure if that fit with making love. Therefore, he stroked the tempting curves, enjoyed the feeling of the soft, heavy rounds that overflowed his hands when he lifted them. And then he let them glide through his fingers, while the hard nipples rubbed against the inside of his palms. Jenna reacted to this with a deep sigh, which motivated Jonah to repeat it a few times.

"There is another spot that needs your attention," Jenna said, leaning back even further.

Jonah was irritated for a moment. He had already massaged her belly! Then his gaze fell on the wet blonde hair in her crotch and in the middle of it the rosy, slightly opened slit. Carefully, his hands wandered to the mysterious region.

A lot of oil had collected between his pressed-together thighs. He took some of it with his fingers and distributed it tentatively on the soft mound. He would not have needed it. Jenna's pussy was dripping with moisture. Her continuing moaning told him that he was doing exactly the right thing. He let his hand circle over the pussy lips and more than once his fingertip slipped into her slit.

In his head, the images from the club when Jenna had opened up to him connected with the sensations of his fingers. The result was an unusually intense arousal. Jenna had noticed it. She sat up and touched him between the legs as well.

"Looks like we are both in the mood. Take a pillow and lie down comfortably," she said.

Jonah placed a pillow under his head and was curious about what would happen next. Jenna moved a bit higher and her soft pussy pressed his hard cock onto his

belly. She massaged him, sliding back and forth, and her hair tickled his stomach. It must have been very exciting for her too, because her face was flushed and she was breathing heavily.

"Look. This is my gift to you, my son!"

She rose, grabbed his cock, and forced it into an upright position. Then she placed her slit over him and let herself sink down onto him a bit. With wide eyes, Jonah watched as a part of him sank into her. At the same time, he felt the heat at his tip again. Like before with Megan. But not the tightness, no resistance. Only the most tender, moistest touch of his life.

A shiver took hold of his body. Not the climax that was looming on the horizon, but a pleasant feeling of union and connection. Jenna raised and lowered herself a few times, and each time she let him penetrate deeper. Until she finally sat heavily on him. His cock was completely taken in by her.

It felt like comming home.

Jenna just sat there and looked down at him with glowing eyes. Jonah felt his cock twitching in her again and again, bumping against her soft inner walls that directed him into the right position.

"Do you like it?" she asked him.

Jonah nodded. "Yes, Mom. I love it."

"Enjoy it. And let me know if it goes too fast, then we will stop and wait. There is no reason to hurry; the longer it takes, the more beautiful. Understood?"

"Hmm," he nodded again. He could not speak because another shiver of lust had seized him. The climax had come suspiciously close.

"Stop, Mom. That is too fast!" he whispered. It felt so strange to say that. Usually, he was the one being told what to do.

Jenna had a dreamy look, but his whisper brought her back to the moment. She stopped. Jonah concentrated on his breathing. His pelvic muscles twitched involuntarily and his cock danced in her pussy, but it was not the climax yet. It had slowed down from full speed to a snail's pace, but continued to creep toward him.

Jenna noticed his twitching. "You are quite a natural! This feels fantastic. You deserve an extra for that!"

She leaned forward a bit, reached for her breasts, and pressed the nipples between her fingers. Drops of milk formed, which immediately splashed onto him as a sweet stream. That was enough to lose his self-control. Now he was the one moving. Squeezed under the massive weight of his fantastic pregnant Mom, he moved his pelvis and thrust his cock into her. Back and forth, up and down, whatever you wanted to call the direction.

His tip rubbed against her inside and his body picked up speed again toward the climax. Jenna seemed to feel similarly.

"You have no idea how hot this is. You are a fantastic lover, Jonah!" she said in a husky voice.

She twitched and let herself fall forward heavily. Now she propped herself up on his shoulders with outstretched arms, her belly lying heavily on his chest. She began to ride him. This time it was the familiar ride. But instead of hopping on him, she arched her back, then stretched again, creating a swaying, rolling rhythm that let him glide out of her and back in.

It was a rhythm that his instinct picked up on its own, as far as her weight allowed. Together they became faster. From head to toe, Jonah felt the familiar tingling building up. Like a countdown, he knew what would happen.

Three, two, one. Ecstasy.

The rhythm no longer mattered. A hoarse cry escaped his throat, turning into a moan, and he pressed himself into her lap with all his strength, as hard as he could. As if his body wanted to discharge itself as deep as possible inside her.

Jenna rode him for a few more thrusts and then her arms trembled and she sank onto him with a whimper.

"I love you, Jonah," she moaned softly into his ear.

"I... love... you... too... Mom!"

Every word of his whispered reply was interrupted by another shiver of his body.

Two months before, he had no idea what an orgasm was. Now he had experienced the most intense, most beautiful climax of his life. A feeling he wouldn’t top in the coming months, no matter how hard they tried.

Making love changed everything. Jonah became aware of this when he was gently shaken awake the next morning.

"Hey little prince, would you like breakfast in bed?"

He lay in his bed and opened his eyes sleepily. Jenna leaned over him. The sight presented to him made it very clear what kind of breakfast she meant.

"Come on, Mom is already waiting for you!" she said, pulled the blanket aside and led him to her bed room, Ehre Megan was wajti g for them in the large bed.

Previously, the sight of full breasts would have kept him completely occupied. But now his gaze wandered down their bodies, past the belly. The mystical zone below had lost some of its secrets and gained a fascination instead. Would it perhaps become more than just breakfast in bed?

Half an hour later, he was full and felt happy and loved. At least as far as that was achievable through breastfeeding and cuddling in bed. Savannah had crawled into bed a few minutes ago as well. By then, Jenna and Megan had already fed him with everything they had to offer this morning. They had stopped the intimate caresses and now they simply lay close to each other on the swaying waterbed and enjoyed each other's proximity.

Of course, Savannah could not just lie still, and so a short while later she got up and there was the official breakfast in the kitchen.

"We need a few groceries, do you feel like a morning at the mall?" Jenna asked as she poured tea for herself and Megan and put a cup of hot chocolate in front of Jonah.

"Oof." Megan blew out air audibly and placed her hand on her belly. "The thought of pushing a shopping cart through the aisles is not tempting at all right now. Neither for me nor for the baby. If it is okay, I will stay here."

"Yes, of course, I can absolutely understand that. What about you?" Jenna turned to Jonah.

"Can I choose?" he asked.

"Sure. What do you feel like? Hanging out with Megan or shopping with me and Savy?"

Jonah looked back and forth between the two women. They apparently meant it seriously because they smiled at him encouragingly.

"If it is okay, I would stay here too." The women's grins grew wider. "If she needs anything, then I can help here," he added.

Now Jenna and Megan giggled.

"That is really sweet of you, Jonah. Megan will surely be happy about that!" Jenna ruffled his hair.

"Yes, thank you, Jonah," Megan said.

After the meal, Jonah cleared the kitchen while Jenna prepared Savannah and herself for the trip to the mall. Megan had lain down on the couch in the living room and was desperately looking for a position that was comfortable for her and the baby.

"Everything okay?" Jonah asked worriedly and hurried to her. "Can I help you?"

"It is okay. Sometimes I have the feeling that there is no room in my belly for the baby and for food at the same time."

As if to confirm it, she breathed in sharply and held her breath. The discomfort was visible on her face, yet she tried to smile.

"Thanks, that is kind of you, Jonah. Maybe a massage later when the baby has calmed down. Now I just have to lie here for a moment, then it will surely get better."

"Okay." Jonah dedicated himself to the remaining work in the kitchen again but was still worried.

Jenna noticed it immediately when she came down the stairs with Savannah. She cast a concerned look toward Megan.

"Is it really okay if I am gone for a while?" she called out to her.

"Yes, it will be fine," Megan called back.

Jenna turned to Jonah.

"Take good care of Megan. And if anything happens, call me. Understood?"

He nodded. "Yes, Mom," he said seriously.

Then Jenna set off with Savannah. Jonah sat on a chair in the kitchen and kept an eye on Megan. She groaned and moaned again and again while she changed her position. After a while, he had the impression that she could stay in one position longer.

Slowly he went to her. "Is it getting better?" he asked.

"Yes, luckily. I think it has calmed down."

It felt good to see Megan breathing relaxedly. He had really been worried.

"Is your offer still standing?" Megan asked after a while.

"What do you mean?"

"Helping me. With a massage, for example."

"Yes, gladly."

"Good." Megan took several deep breaths without there being any reaction from the baby. "You know what? How about we go downstairs for that. We can try out the padded chamber. Then there won't be oily bed linen and such. Will you please get the massage oil from upstairs?"

When he came back with the oil, the couch was already empty. He followed Megan into the basement. With every step on the stairs, more warm, cozy light enveloped him. Megan was currently struggling with the oversized T-shirt that served as her pajamas.

"Help me!" she urged him.

Jonah helped her to strip off the garment.

"You too, leave your things here at the entrance." She pointed to a small shelf next to the door.

That made sense. He did not want the oil on his clothes any more than on the bed linen.

"Everything!" Megan called out to him as he stood there hesitantly in his briefs.

At the same time, she tossed her panties onto the pile of laundry.

"Come on!" she urged him and led the way.

She opened the door to the side room. The floor and walls were clad in bulge-shaped cushions. Megan turned on the light, and Jonah was surprised that it was white and light gray.

"Wasn't it a different color last time?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes. It looks different depending on how you adjust the light," Megan explained.

She entered the room and sat down on the padded floor. From a few of the pillows lying around, she built a comfortable nest and finally lay on her side so that her belly did not weigh her down.

"Okay, Jonah, start!" she sighed.

After the activities of the past few days, Jonah considered himself an experienced masseur. He dripped oil onto her skin and then distributed it. It was really a good idea to take off the clothes, because within a short time he was also smeared with oil everywhere.

Megan sighed blissfully from time to time. Otherwise, she let him do his thing. At some point, she turned to the other side, and Jonah continued the work with concentration. His nimble hands pampered her everywhere. Only in the area of her pussy did he hesitate.

Megan noticed that, of course.

"Go ahead, don't be shy!" she encouraged him.

"I... I do not want it to be uncomfortable for you. Like yesterday," Jonah said hesitantly.

Megan gave him a long look.

"Do not worry, you are doing everything right. Yesterday, that was something else. Everything just happened much too fast then. Just keep going like this." Megan thought for a moment. "Or we could try something new. Do you feel like an experiment?"

Jonah shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, sure. Why not. What should I do?"

"For now, you do nothing at all." Megan grinned at him seductively. "Just lie down on your back, arms close to your side."

Did she want to ride him? Fucking him? A tingling sensation spread through his midsection as he lay down as requested.

Indeed, Megan swung her leg over him and straddled him. But she did not sit on his legs or on his cock, but a bit higher. Her belly almost touched his chin, and she slid toward his head with slow movements.

Her belly pushed oily over his face, further and further. He felt warm and perceived the scent of her lap.

"Everything okay down there?" Megan asked and stroked his head.

"Yes... just a bit tight."

"That cannot be avoided. Let me know if it gets uncomfortable."

She straightened up, crawled forward a bit more, and rewarded Jonah with the most exciting sight of his life.

Moist and glistening, her pussy hovered above him, framed by strong thighs, the plump belly, and the enormous butt.

"I am coming down now, Jonah," Megan said. "And I want you to lick my pussy. Like you did with Kiera at the club back then."

Then she lowered herself slowly onto him. She had aimed well, for her pussy lips touched his mouth warm and soft. Jonah let the tip of his tongue wander over her skin. First over the plump outer labia, which gave way surprisingly softly under his tongue. The stubble on her unshaved skin tickled his tongue, and he moved more toward the center, into the moist slit with its intense taste like spicy honey.

"More!" Megan cried and moved back slowly.

At the upper end, he felt the hard bud, and Megan groaned as he circled it with his tongue. Then she moved forward and pressed her pussy deeper onto his face. The bud pushed over his nose, and he explored the lower part of her slit with his tongue.

This was not just about skin folds. Her tunnel opened before his probing tongue. Or better, her vagina. That was the right word he had learned. But he had not seen hers yet. Unlike Jenna's and Kiera's. Would Megan also open up for him like that eventually?

For the moment, it had to be enough to explore her with his tongue. He would have loved to use his hands, but Megan kept him pinned down in place with her legs. She relaxed more and more and sank heavier onto his face. It was not easy at all to catch his breath, as she covered his mouth completely and sometimes also part of his nose.

Finally, she moved back again. He grasped for air and licked as well as he could. The taste became stronger, but after he had gotten used to it, he did not find it bad at all.

When she pushed upward again, she pressed down on him even more heavily. As if her pussy were becoming looser. She opened up and squeezed his lower face between her hot pussy lips. His chin was pressed into the opening of her tunnel and his mouth was enclosed by her outer labia, while his tongue stroked along the inner labia. She did move closer, and after a last breath of her spicy taste, she covered his nose.

Jonah began to wind his head. It felt as if he were digging himself even deeper into her. He squirmed and kicked his legs.

Megan rose. "What is wrong?"

"I... I cannot breathe," he gasped.

"Oh. Sorry." She lowered herself slowly onto him and pushed forward. Just far enough that he could still get air.

"Better like this?" she asked.

He nodded. A movement that transferred directly into her pussy.

Megan groaned. "Whatever you are doing there, do more!" she sighed.

Her weight rested heavily on him again and forced his face into her folds. Jonah tried as best as he could to lick all the structures and folds he could reach with the tip of his tongue. In between, he swallowed the thick liquid dripping from her pussy into his throat.

Megan found a rhythm in the back and forth that repeatedly pressed her bud against his nose and then left room to breathe again. Her movements steadily increased in intensity.

Jonah got a good feeling for what he should do. Whatever was happening right now, they were doing it together. He noticed now that it was also having an effect on him. The familiar pressure built up in his crotch, but at the same time he knew it did not matter. It was happening behind Megan's back, out of her sight and reach. Furthermore, what was happening on his face demanded his full attention again.

Directly before his eyes, her plump belly pushed over his face, and suddenly he could make out a movement inside it. Megan flinched and groaned. "Wow. That was a heavy kick!"

He noticed another kick that made Megan flinch uncomfortably.

"Ouch!" She froze. "Oh no. Crap, I have to ..."

Jonah felt her tensing up. Her thighs clamped around his body like steel. He heard her doing breathing exercises. A few times she breathed in and out sharply.

"Sorry, Jonah, but do you remember what i promised to you? Mouth open and swallow!" she called, and then she relaxed.

At the same time, the thick drip from her pussy turned into a liquid hot stream. He could not help but swallow. It was a completely different taste. Still spicy, but stronger. Dirtier.

She was peeing into his mouth!

At this realization, his swallowing reflex refused to work. Immediately she filled his mouth and the juice welled out under her pussy, running down the sides of his face and neck.

"You have to swallow, Jonah, I cannot stop it!" Megan cried. Her voice sounded husky and had a hint of panic. And of something else.

"Aaah. That feels so good."

He had no choice but to drink. Megan relaxed on top of him and rested even more heavily on him. He sank a bit further into her, and her pussy lay like a seal around his mouth..The first conscious swallow cost him immense effort. He thought of a strong, bitter tea. The only medicine he had ever endured when he had a cold.

But this was Megan. She liked him, and she had even admitted to having a bit of a crush on him. She had fed him so many times with her delicious milk. Perhaps her 'pee-tea' was an equally precious gift?

The thought helped to overcome the initial disgust. It was high time, because Megan was fueling him with quite some pressure. When he began to swallow generously, she groaned with relief. After what felt like an eternity, the flow finally subsided. Then she slide off him.

She looked around and her eyes went wide.

"You did it. You really swallowed it all, Jonah. Wow!"

"Well, not all of it." He sat up and wiped her liquid from his face.

Drops glittered all over his oily body, and he felt a trickle running down his back.

"It doesn't matter." Megan stroked his body and ran her wet hands through his hair.

"Are you okay? I hope that was not too much?" she finally asked and pulled him into a hug.

"I am okay. I did not expect that. At first it was gross. But then I imagined it was, like tea. And I thought about how you have done it before too, so it could not be that bad."

Megan smiled. "That was very clever and brave of you. I am proud of you."

The room was filled with the scent of massage oil and Megan's pee, and when she let go of him, the same mixture glistened on their bodies. Megan looked at him with a sparkle in her eyes that he had seen before. She had another crazy idea.

"What about you?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you have to go too? It would only be fair if I take care of your 'tea', right?"

"Really?" Jonah froze in shock. "I thought ... I thought that was an accident! Do you really want to do that again? On purpose?"

Megan shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not? I mean, I understand that most people want to do that. You do not have to if you do not want to. But since that accident back at school, I have thought about what it would be like to try that again. And we won't get a better opportunity than here. So, how about it? You had plenty of liquid breakfast from Mommy and me this morning and then a large cup of hot chocolate. Something must be ready by now, right?"

She playfully poked her finger on his belly, and she was right. Deep inside, Jonah felt the pressure. He definitely had to pee soon. However, there was a problem. His cock still had a considerable hardness that Megan's pussy on his face had caused. A hard cock blocks peeing, he knew that from experience. Except for that one time at school

when Megan had clamped him so tightly that the first accident had happened. But even then, he had had a climax beforehand.

"I do not know if I can do it like that," Jonah said and looked down embarrassedly.

Megan followed his gaze.

"Ahh, I see. We have to ensure relaxation first! I can help you with that. After all, you have already put me in quite the mood. It should go better today. Lie down!"

He obeyed and lay on the floor. Megan swung onto him and straddled him. First a bit lower on his thighs. She reached for his semi-firm cock and massaged it. The effect was immediate. When she thought he was hard enough, she moved higher. With a few skillful swings of her pelvis, she directed her pussy over his tip and then she sank down onto him.

It felt really different from yesterday. Still tighter than Jenna, but this time he felt no resistance. It was more like a kind of close guidance. It was as if Megan's pussy – or rather her vagina – was the perfect sheath for his cock. She was hot and moist, and he felt how she gripped and held him deep inside her.

The tsunami of lust reached him way too fast. As when fucking with Jenna, a high, hoarse cry escaped his throat at the moment of the climax. Megan joined in.

It had taken less than five minutes until they both lay next to each other on the padded floor, breathing with exhaustion. Megan grinned.

"That is so sweet when you scream. It makes me totally horny!"

Jonah did not know what to say to that. He lay there and listened to his body. His cock went limp after the work was done, and at the same time, he felt the rising pressure. Megan sensed that he was getting restless.

"I was right, you have to go, don't you?"

"Yes." Nervousness was added to the pressure in his bladder. "What ... how should I ..."

"Stand up," Megan urged him and sat up straight.

He stood up and she took his hand, pulling him closer until he stood with legs apart directly in front of her. His crotch was at the height of her face, and he reached just far enough that she could take him into her mouth. But she only looked with fascination at his semi-limp cock and waited.

"Let it flow," she said.

He tried, but it did not work.

"I cannot. It feels so wrong to pee on someone ..."

"It is okay with me. I want it!" Megan stroked his thighs gently with her hands. This had something calming about it, but it was not enough to dissolve the final barrier.

"I have to! It even hurts, but I cannot ...!" For a moment his inside gave way and a few drops forced their way through. It was enough for his muscles to withstand the pressure again.

Megan noticed it and smiled. "It's working, we can do this. Try hard! Didn't you once pee on command at the club?"

"I was wearing a diaper then," Jonah replied. "And besides, Jenna helped me."

"Helped? How?!" Megan asked.

"She said I should close my eyes and imagine I was standing in front of the toilet bowl. That helped."

"Then do that now too!" Megan said and took her hands off him. "Come on, close your eyes and imagine it. And then give me your pee-tea!"

Jonah swallowed. All of this felt so absolutely wrong. Yet it was incredibly exciting. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the image of a bathroom.

It worked. Slowly at first, but then better and better.

"Yes! Let it flow!" Megan muttered with enthusiasm.

Jonah carefully opened his eyes. Megan sat before him, her breasts raised, staring with wide eyes at his peeing cock. How could she find that so great? On the other hand ... if he had the chance, he would only too gladly want to know what it looked like with her. That of all the differences between girls and boys, it was this one that thrilled them both!

An instinctive twitch inside him interrupted the stream. Megan looked up and smiled at him encouragingly.

"Come on, you can do it!"

Indeed, he now managed to release the blockage through concentration. The stream shot out again and Megan grinned.

"Good boy!"

She opened her lips, came closer, and placed her mouth exactly in the stream. It filled with a splashing sound, and only when she overflowed did she begin to swallow. She came closer and closer and then she enclosed him, swallowing and sucking until the last drop. Then she released his limp cock with a smacking sound.

"Wow. That was even better than the accident back then. And hopefully not the last time."

She looked around as if she only now became aware of her surroundings.

"I think we should clean up here. Will you help me?"

Of course he helped. There was even a water hose in the room. The end looked suspiciously like the butt shower, but it was excellent for rinsing out the room. The smooth padding ensured that everything drained off quickly. Half an hour later, no trace was to be seen anymore.

But Jonah did not notice that. By that time, he was sitting in the hot tub with Megan, where she showed him that they could fuck wonderfully there as well.

Jenna had been smiling at him in that special way all morning. 'I know everything,' her sparkling eyes seemed to say. Yet she had come home from shopping quite late yesterday. Jonah was already sitting on the living room couch with Megan by then, looking relaxed.

One look from her had been enough to see through the situation. But she did not ask what had happened. They spent a cozy afternoon at home as if nothing had occurred. The evening feeding was loving but brief, and afterwards Jenna closed the bathroom doors between their rooms. Both of them. Nevertheless, Jonah could hear that there was a lot of action going on with her and Megan.

He had expected that she would question him today about his day with Megan. But nothing of the sort happened. It felt strange. Actually, he should have been glad. But by now he felt the urge to tell her on his own what he had done with Megan. At least that they had managed the fucking part well. Very well, in fact.

Jonah still enjoyed the milk of both women, as much as the play with its natural packaging. But when he looked at them now and thought about how he had buried his cock in both of them, he felt much more mature.

But the mirror crushed that feeling. He still looked the same. A delicate eleven-year-old, more like ten, even with his twelfth birthday just weeks away. No hair down there yet. When would that even start?

His reflections were pushed aside by the ringing of the doorbell. They had breakfast in the kitchen together a while very late today and he was still in his pajamas. Part of. He hastily put his clothes on. Jenna had not said anything about expecting visitors. Who could it be?

Even before he saw her, he recognized the guest. Amidst excited and enthusiastic exclamations from Megan and Jenna, he noticed Kiera's voice. She stood in the living room with Megan and Jenna to her right and left, and a baby carrier at her feet. In her arms, she held a tiny baby that was being looked at by the other women with shining eyes. Savannah sat on Jenna's arm and stared at the tiny human in astonishment.

"Hey, Jonah. What a surprise!" Kiera called out. "Jenna just told me that you live here now. How are you doing?"

"Thanks. It's great. The best family I can have."

"Well, that sounds really great!" She raised her eyebrows appreciatively and looked at Jenna. "So you are playing happy family full-time now?"

Jenna shook her head with a smile. "No, it is much more serious than a game. Jonah is officially my foster son now and I am trying to be a good mother to him."

"Oh. Respect," Kiera said and looked at Jonah again. Her gaze wandered slowly from head to toe, scanning every detail of him, like she was sizing up a prize.

"Really. An impressive move on your part. It almost looks like a lot of fun for a long time."

The baby in her arms made a few sounds and Kiera rocked him gently until he calmed down. Curiously, Jonah came closer.

"May I introduce you to Kenny? Feel free to take a close look at the little guy, Jonah," she said. "Unfortunately, you just missed him when he was born."

"He is so tiny!" Jonah said in wonder.

"He has actually grown a little bit already. But not much. For the most part, he came out of me at this size."

This statement almost forced him to briefly eye her. He still had her opened lap very clearly in his mind. Her stretched pussy and the dark something that pushed her apart from the inside. He also remembered the screaming, the blood, and his hectic departure during his last visit to the club.

"Did... did everything go well back then?" he asked.

"Yes. That was just a lot of excitement over nothing. Just a completely normal birth. A little blood is part of it sometimes." With her free hand, she stroked his head lovingly. "But thanks for asking. That is really kind of you."

She sighed and turned to Megan and Jenna. "However, it really was just a normal birth. I had so hoped it would be more orgasmic. But the mood was gone instantly with all the noise."

"Have you ever experienced that?" Jenna asked curiously.

"Yes, a bit with the first one and the second was a truly mega experience. That's why I was hoping for a repeat with this one," Kiera said, nodding at her baby. "What about you?"

Jenna smiled faintly. "A little, with Savy… but yeah, there's definitely room for more. That's why I'm doing home birth again. With someone I trust completely. I hope that helps to get in the right mood."

"That sounds awesome!" Kiera nodded appreciatively. Then she cast a glance at Jonah, who was still staring at the baby with fascination.

"Do you want to hold him?" Kiera asked.

Jonah was startled. "Am I allowed to? I do not know how to do it... What if I break something?"

Kiera giggled. "Do not worry, I am sure you will do great. I will show you how it is done. Take a seat on the couch."

When he had taken his seat, Kiera placed the baby in his arms and showed him how to support the head. Satisfied, she took a step back and turned to Jenna:

"Now I would really like to see where you want to bring your child into the world."

"Sure, gladly. Come along." Jenna led the way and suddenly Jonah was alone with the baby in his arms.

Only Savannah was still there. She had stopped playing and watched from afar what Jonah had in his arms. Then she came closer.

"Baby?" she asked and stretched her hand toward the bundle in his arm.

"Yes, Savy, that is a baby. But you are not allowed to touch it," Jonah said. That did not stop Savannah from climbing onto the couch next to him and coming closer and closer. Jonah felt a hint of panic. What should he do now?

"Mom?!" he called out hesitantly.

Savannah looked at him in surprise. At least his calling ensured that she no longer wanted to touch the baby.

"Mom!" Jonah called again, this time more insistently.

Steps on the basement stairs announced the return of the women.

"Oh, how sweet!" they commented when they saw him sitting on the sofa with Savannah. Now Kenny started waving his little arms and fussing. Jonah felt massively overwhelmed.

"Let me take him!" Kiera said to his relief. She took the little one from his arms and rocked him gently. That seemed to calm him a bit, but he was still restless.

"Someone must be hungry." Kiera began to unbutton her loose blouse. In doing so, she noticed Jonah watching her with fascination. She grinned at Jenna. "Can he help?"

"Of course. If he wants to?" All three women looked at Jonah questioningly.

"Hey, do you still remember how to do the unwrapping, Jonah?" Kiera asked.

He nodded and turned red at the same time.

"Well then, please help me!" She leaned back and held the baby to the side. Jonah crouched on the couch next to her and unbuttoned her blouse. Underneath she wore a bra that was closable in the front.

"Go on," Kiera urged him.

He opened the closure on one side and her full, heavy breast fell out. Immediately the familiar scent of breast milk was in the air. Jonah's gaze remained fixed on the huge, dark areola and the nipple that was slowly straightening up inside it. He wondered what she would taste like compared to Jenna and Megan.

Kiera had apparently read his thoughts.

"Thanks. When the little one is finished, I definitely have something for you. If you like."

Jonah looked questioningly at Jenna, who nodded to him with raised eyebrows.

"Yes, gladly," he said.

"Good. But first it is his turn."

She put the baby to her breast and he immediately began to suck greedily.

Jonah watched with fascination. He had experienced it himself very often, but never seen it. So that was what it looked like when someone was at the breast. The way Kiera looked down at the baby with love touched him. Did Jenna also look at him like that when she was nursing him? And Megan?

The baby did not seem to worry about it. It just drank.

But he was not a baby. He could do better. For the next feeding time, Jonah firmly intended to show Jenna how much he loved her. And he would also show Megan how much he liked her.

"You are still into this baby thing, aren't you?" Kiera asked him teasingly. "Do not worry, I have more than enough. Then for a change, I might not have to pump today."

Jonah felt caught and moved back a bit. Nevertheless, his gaze kept wandering to Kiera's massive breast. She was right. If all of that was milk, it was more than enough for the baby. The feeding was already nearing its end. The gulps became slower, and the little one's eyes kept closing.

Kiera took him off and rocked him gently in her arms.

"Time for a little nap," she said and placed the baby in the carrier.

"As much as I would like to watch, this is not good for Savy. I will go and see how I can keep her busy upstairs in her room," Jenna said. She took Savannah and went upstairs with her.

Kiera grinned at Jonah. "Let's go, there is still a second half. Come here!" She leaned back.

He slid close to her again, opened the closure of the second breast, and then he lay on her lap and began to drink.

"What about you?" Kiera said to Megan, who had followed the whole thing silently. "Kenny left enough. Would you like some?"

"Since you are inviting me so nicely, gladly."

Soon after, Megan's head was also lying on Kiera's lap, right next to his, and Jonah heard her smacking and swallowing.

They were busy for a while when he heard footsteps.

"What is going on here!" Jenna called out with playful horror. "Good thing Savy is taking a nap too. I see you are having quite some fun! How about you, Kiera? Do you have an appetite for that too? I could serve you some."

"Thanks, I will pass."

When Megan stopped drinking shortly after, Jonah also detached himself from the breast. Even though there was still quite a bit left.

"Really, you have a really good setup down there in the basement," Kiera said while she sorted her bra and her blouse. "What about you, Megan? Will you use it too?"

Megan was surprised. "I do not know. Would that be an option?" She looked at Jenna questioningly.

Jenna shrugged her shoulders. "Sure. Why not. But then we have to take care of the preparations immediately. You only have two weeks left, right?"

"Yes," said Megan.

"Then I will make a few calls first thing tomorrow." Jenna looked at Kiera again. "Tell me, may I ask you something?"

"Yes, what is it?" Kiera asked.

"I noticed something. How should I put it, I know it sounds crazy, but it somehow seems as if you were still pregnant..."

Kiera giggled and stroked her belly, which was indeed slightly rounded. "So you noticed. Very good."

"What do you mean?" Jenna asked, visibly irritated.

"That doctor at the clinic. Carol. She is working on an experimental program and I am taking part in a trial. It is about the simulation of pregnancy."

"Simulation? How... how should I imagine that?"

"I am not allowed to reveal too much about it. The project is called Afex, Artificial Fetal Experience. I am carrying an Afex drone inside me. It is easiest to insert when everything is still dilated after birth. This way, my body can be convinced that it is carrying a baby. And with the right dosage of hormones, I can bring about exactly the side effects of pregnancy that I desire."

"Incredible!" Megan exclaimed.

Jenna said nothing; she just made a thoughtful face.

"What does your husband say about it?" she finally asked.

"He is thrilled. We always had our best sex during my pregnancies. For him, there can gladly be a bit more of everything. And when he is not available, I take care of beautiful moments myself. I could really fuck the whole time..."

"We know that feeling," Jenna said.

"Oh yes!" Megan added.

"Speaking of which… with the little ones napping, how about it? I assume Jonah's invited?" Kiera said, her hand brushing Jonah's arm lightly, sending a shiver through him

He had only half followed the conversation. This simulation thing was somehow strange. In his mind, he rather compared the taste of Kiera with that of Megan and Jenna. They were all fantastic. Now that his name was mentioned, he was fully attentive again.

"What is it?" he asked as the three women looked at each other with hungry eyes.

"Is he still doing the baby game or is he already playing the big boy?" Kiera asked.

"Whatever you want," Jenna replied.

"There is something I would like to try."

"What about your boys at home?" Megan asked.

"Oh, it doesn't work with them. You know, they're not always cute, sometimes they are really annoying. I cannot block that out. They don't create that mood. Perhaps it is better that way. But Jonah, our cute little sunshine, is simply irresistible."

"I know what you mean," Jenna said. "Alright then, you have seen the room in the basement. If you want, you can use it. If Jonah agrees. Would you like to spend some time with Kiera?" she asked him.

Memories of the club flashed before his eyes. Kiera with her heavy curves, her ample thighs, her opened lap. Her strong taste. Of course Jonah wanted to be with her.

"If that is okay?"

Kiera beamed at him. "I see, it was a great idea to drop by here spontaneously. Tell me, do you also have the special shower? So that he can prepare himself really cleanly?"

Jonah turned hot and cold at the same time at the thought. She meant the butt shower!

"Yes, we have it," Jenna said. "Jonah, please clean yourself really thoroughly for Kiera. Do you still know how it is done, or should I come along?"

"I think I still know."

He crept upstairs. In the bathroom, he turned on the hose. It had been a while since he had used something like that. At the club. What came after had felt strange. Gloria had hurt him. But it was also exciting. He gave himself a thorough cleaning.

Shortly after, he was in the basement with Kiera, in the padded room. Where Megan had peed on him. And he on her. Kiera would certainly not do something so crazy with him!

Kiera actually had other things in mind. It did not take long and he was lying on his back on the floor. She crouched over him, her lap over his head. Her giant pussy lowered itself onto his face. At the same time, she leaned over his crotch and took him into her mouth. Within seconds he reached his full size and hardness. Something wet ran down his butt crack. Then her fingers - slowly, deliberately and relentlessly - slid into his ass.

The car rumbled along the empty rural roads, potholes rattling quite a bit. Avery yawned and noticed in her half-sleep how her firm breasts wiggled in her simple uniform blouse in rhythm with the vibrations. She had not worn bras for a long time and the tickling friction of the fabric had already caused firmly erect nipples. A smile played at the corner of her mouth.

These Greens are amazing!

Like every girl in FemCom nurse school, she’d jumped at the Greens the moment they were offered. Nature and her family's gene pool had been kind to her. In her case, the pills were only necessary for contraception. But Avery had no objection to the additional figure-shaping effect. Initially, the effect had brought covetous glances and soon plenty of adventures. After graduating from the nurse school, she had taken the position in this provincial backwater. Here too, her alluring figure was very quickly noticed by everyone. Just as much as her enthusiasm for presenting all the details to willing partners.

In the environment of the FemCom clinic, the supply of women and girls was naturally larger. Avery knew how to use this to her advantage as well.

Some things women simply know best.

There were also a few nice boys and young men in the small town. Encounters with Avery, however, regularly caused a bad mood with their partners. One or two adventures had escalated to the point where Dr. Norris ultimately had to deal with

the complaints. As a result, Avery was now being sent on this trip. Officially to learn something new, but primarily to get her out of town.

She yawned again and her gaze fell on the driver of the car. Hannah. The midwife.

A strange person.

Even if the effect was particularly prominent in Avery, all the other women took the Greens as well. Hannah seemed to be the only exception.

She turned her head briefly to the passenger side for a second. The wrinkles in the corners of her eyes did not escape Avery. She had also noticed the gray streaks in the dark hair which was tied back in a practical ponytail. Everything about Hannah, even the way she wore the standard FemCom clothing, made her look like an ordinary mid-forties woman from pre Greens era.

"Well, awake now, sleepyhead?" Hannah asked, her gaze focused on the road.

"Yes." Avery yawned once more. "Why did we actually have to leave in the middle of the night?"

"Seven o'clock is hardly the middle of the night. Besides, babies do not care about the time. They come when they want to."

"It is not about a baby at all. Dr. Norris said something about a preparatory check-up appointment ..."

"That does not matter. Dr. Norris also thought a bit more structure would do you good. Getting up earlier and going to bed earlier are a first step towards that."

Avery stretched and rolled her eyes.

Old Norris is such a fun killer!

On the subject of fun, something suddenly occurred to her.

"Can I ask you something, Hannah?"

"Sure, what do you want to know?"

"There are these rumors ... actually two rumors that contradict each other. One says you are asexual. Or it is claimed that you live in a strange polyamorous relationship. Is any of that true?"

"Why do you ask?" Hannah replied and threw her a quick glance. Avery was only too aware that her gaze brushed the half-open neckline of her work blouse. "Don't tell me you are interested in me! I did not think you had prepared your charms for my benefit!"

"What? No! I ..." Avery sat up straight and adjusted her clothes.

Why am I embarrassed now? Why does the old woman rattle me? She could be my mother. Or my grandma. Weird…

Hannah smiled. "Do not worry, I was just kidding. But it is interesting to hear what the others think about me. Very few people actually know me."

"Yes, that is another thing," Avery said. "You are rarely at the clinic. Why is that?"

"My specialty is attending home births. As the term says, such things take place at the women's homes. I only come to the clinic when it is necessary."

"I do not understand. Why do women want it at home? We have the best and most modern care available in the clinic!"

"Maybe," Hannah replied. "But is modern really always the best? Some women prefer more traditional methods. I have been involved in obstetrics long before the FemCom clinics existed. They are helpful and I am also happy to be a member, but my knowledge and perspectives are not in any FemCom brochure."

"Oh no! Please do not say that you perform some sinister dark rituals!"

Now Hannah laughed. It sounded open and hearty.

"Don't worry, sweetheart, there is nothing dark or sinister about my rituals. On the contrary. Who knows, maybe you will get to see one thing or another on this trip. But you really do not have to worry."

"Okay. If you say so ..."

Avery watched dreamily as they changed from the side roads to the interstate and then headed in a calm drive toward the city that was already announced on the signs by the roadside. Hannah seemed to know the way well. She headed for an exit and soon they found themselves in a nice residential area. Large trees lined the street. In the front yards behind them stood well-kept old houses made of red brick. Finally, Hannah took the driveway to one of the two-story houses.

Hardly had she stopped when the door opened and a blonde, visibly pregnant woman stepped out.

"Hello Hannah!" she greeted the midwife. The two hugged warmly. Avery was confused. She could remember Jenna very well.

She has at least two months until the birth. Why are we doing an elaborate preliminary examination already?

She received the answer to this question when they entered the house. There, another woman greeted them, and her pregnancy was clearly in its final stages.

What is this place? A home birth shared apartment?

"Hi, I am Megan," the second pregnant woman introduced herself.

Megan was more petite than Jenna and clearly younger. But pregnancy suited her excellently. Immediately, a few very unprofessional images pushed themselves onto Avery of how she could have a lot of fun with her. The following warm greeting fueled her imagination further, and she tried to distract herself by letting her gaze wander through the house. The interior exuded a modern coziness that the old-fashioned exterior did not suggest.

What surprises were still waiting for her? Avery looked around attentively. Something was in the air, a trace of a scent that confused her.

Does it smell like breast milk here?

As if to confirm it, a little girl with curious eyes peeked out from behind the corner of a sofa. But she was at least two years old, maybe even three.

She cannot be the reason for the scent!

Hannah had also spotted the little one.

"Hello, my sweetie!" she called out with a joyful smile and squatted down. Her outstretched arms encouraged the girl to run toward her. Shortly before her, she stopped shyly and looked at Jenna.

So she is the mother!

"Say hello to Auntie Hannah, Savy!" Jenna encouraged her daughter.

Shortly after, Hannah held the giggling girl her in her arms and beamed all over her face.

"It is much too rare that I get the opportunity to see the little ones again whom I helped bring into the world," she raved.

So that was how she knew Jenna.

"You have plenty of opportunity for that now. I hope you are staying overnight?" Jenna asked.

"Yes, gladly. I want to get to know Megan as well as possible, of course. When is it due?" Hannah turned to the young, brunette pregnant woman.

"End of next week. Theoretically." She sighed and made a face. "But with the way the little one is kicking, I am expecting anything at any time."

"Is it that bad?" Hannah asked. She let Savy slide to the floor and turned to Megan. "Do not worry, I will take a look at it quite calmly later!"

"Thanks ..." Megan said but was interrupted by Savy.

"Oh-Na!" the little one suddenly called.

They all looked in her direction. Avery recognized the boy immediately as he came shyly out of the living room.

Right! The foster boy!

Of course, she had not forgotten that he was in the clinic with Jenna a few days ago. After all, she was the one who had 'assisted' him in taking the sperm sample. Jonah seemed to recognize her as well. His eyes widened and he blushed.

"Hello, young man," Hannah said and then looked questioningly at Jenna.

"This is Jonah," Jenna introduced him and signaled him to come closer. He obediently followed the gesture. "I adopted him. Since last week, I am his Mom and he is my boy. We are officially a real family now!"

He smiled tentatively as she pulled him close and pressed him against her belly.

Avery found something striking about this gesture. Nothing unpleasant, no alarm bells ringing for her. It was more like the starting whistle for the game. Perhaps it was just because she was facing this handsome boy again so unexpectedly.

If only he were a few years older! On the other hand, he was fully functional!

With her most seductive smile, Avery leaned forward to greet Jonah with her cleavage at his eye level, impossible to ignore.

„Hello again, Jonah,“ she purred. „Fancy meeting you here.“

She noted with pleasure that his gaze wandered straight into her well filled neckline. Once again her nipples became hard, but this time it was not just because of the friction of the fabric.

The thought of spending the night here suddenly opened up delicious new possibilities.

Whatever might develop from the encounter with Jonah would have to wait. Jenna told him to get ready for school and then they left the house with him and Savy.

Hannah, Megan, and she herself remained. Avery brought the bags with the equipment and luggage into the house. The other two women sat next to each other on the couch and Hannah listened intently to Megan as she told about her pregnancy. During the conversation they moved closer, and when Avery had brought the last bag into the house, she saw Hannah stroking Megan's belly. That was not the type of prenatal care she was used to.

What is going on here?

The question was justified because both Hannah and Megan suddenly began to take off their clothes.

"Um ... what are you doing there?" Avery asked out loud this time.

Megan looked at her in wonder and slightly blushed. Hannah moved away from her with a smile and began to explain.

"Sorry, Megan. Avery is right.Of course I should first explain what we are planning before it really gets going. Especially since Avery is accompanying me for the first time today."

Hannah took a deep breath and then explained.

"My specialty is the conscious experience of sensuality during pregnancy and birth. I help the women I accompany so that it becomes as pleasant as possible for them. A birth is an extreme, traumatic situation, and the female body offers possibilities to link the whole process with positive sensations. Ideally, a woman can bring her child into the world with a massive orgasm. This time I am helping Megan so that she reaches this goal as well as possible. And for that to work, I try to get to know her body and her reactions to stimulation in advance so that I know exactly which buttons to press."

Avery had listened to the explanation with increasing amazement.

What kind of crazy shit is this! And so hot!

"Okay ..." she said slowly. "And what is my task in this?"

"Watching and participating. Our boss believes that this field of activity suits your inclinations. What do you think, is she right about that?"

"I do not know ..." Avery hesitated.

"That is okay. Just watch and if you want to join in. Come closer."

Hannah turned to Megan and began to undress her with gentle tenderness. Meanwhile she also shed her own clothes, and soon after the two women sat next to each other on the couch naked except for their underwear. Megan seemed a little shy, but Avery knew very well how to interpret the expression in her eyes and also in Hannah's.

The two of them are really hot for each other!

She noticed a change in her own mood as well. In her job as a nurse there had been many sexual moments, but always in secret, it was always something forbidden. Regarding it as okay now was not that easy. But in the end the temptation was greater than the arguments against it and she also began to take off her clothes.

Until just now it had been a good idea to walk around without a bra. But now, as her blouse was only held by two buttons, Avery hesitated. The thought of being the first of the three women to bare her breasts was somehow oppressive. Everything went so fast.

It was good that Hannah had taken the lead. She gently stroked Megan's belly and kept asking.

"Is that good? How does it feel? Do you like that? You sure do, don't you?"

Megan reacted with nodding, sighing, and occasionally with words.

"Yes. Yeeeesss! Right there! That feels so good!"

Avery now in skimpy panties and a fluttering blouse took a seat on the couch next to Megan. At school and in her previous adventures, she was usually the brave one who set the pace and style with crazy ideas. Now she had the feeling of being the one with the least experience among the three.

Yet it was somehow familiar to her. Both, the taboo-free, open language of Hannah's questions and the crackling atmosphere of physical proximity. But she had never experienced it together like this. It was completely outside the frame of her experience. It felt wrong. Forbidden. And exciting.

So she just let herself drift.

Megan had leaned back relaxed, her head resting heavily on her breast. Avery's hands slid gently over her shoulders and she could feel Megan relax under her touch. She became braver, gently stroked her chin and neck and finally explored the front area up to the base of the breasts. Megan sighed a few times with pleasure, then she leaned forward.

"Open up!" she urged Avery.

She released the clasp of the bra and Megan leaned back again. Her breasts were still loosely in the cups. But Avery slid her fingers under the fabric, felt the texture of the areolas, found the nipples. She felt moisture under her fingertips and she carefully lifted the loose bra.

Megan's breasts finally fell out. Full and heavy they slid over the bulging pregnant belly to the side. Dark spots could be seen in the padding of the cups and moist drops formed on the nipples.

Breast milk. I knew it!

The triumph of this thought was small compared to the lust Avery increasingly felt. Even if Hannah had brought her into this situation completely unprepared, she was right. This exactly matched Avery's inclinations.

Out of an impulse, Avery played with Megan's nipples. It did not take much and already her milk began to flow.

Through her work in a women's clinic, she was very familiar with the function of breasts. At least theoretically. For what she experienced now did not correspond to what she had learned. In the clinic, the problem with women was usually that they produced too little after birth. With Megan, the opposite seemed to be the case. Her milk spread on Avery's hands, ran through her fingers and dripped down. That was much, too much, especially before the birth.

Is she Jenna's partner? Are they both breastfeeding the little girl?

Megan pulled her out of her thoughts.

"What a waste! You better clean that up!" Her tone had something authoritative, teacher-like about it that Avery could not escape.

"Megan is right," added Hannah, who interrupted the massage of Megan's lower belly.

It is a massage, isn't it?

"You better fix this, Avery," Hannah said. "Pump or drink. You have the choice."

"What?" Avery was confused. "You mean I should ... I can ..."

Megan turned her head and looked at her. With large, lustful eyes.

"I can tell you where the breast pump is. Or we settle this in the most natural way."

Her gaze clearly revealed to Avery which option she preferred.

"Okay ... and what do I have to do? I have never ..."

"Just come here," Megan interrupted her and reached out her breast toward her. Avery leaned down and carefully took the nipple between her lips. She did not even have to suck. Immediately her mouth filled with warm milk, which she instinctively swallowed. The taste was sweet and rich.

No wonder baby's baby like it.

"Not so greedy," Megan slowed her down as she began to suck. "Just relieve the pressure. The main portion is for someone else."

So she is actually breastfeeding the child? Weird! But somehow sweet.

From the corner of her eye, Avery perceived that Hannah continued the massage of Megan's belly and thighs. The focus was clearly in the crotch. Megan enjoyed it. She had her eyes closed, her head leaning against the backrest of the couch and she sighed occasionally. Her breath went more heavily, finally in bursts, and Avery felt her tremble.

That is definitely not a massage!

The moaning turned into cheering and she began to rock her hips in thrusts.

Megan had pulled Avery into a more comfortable position. She grabbed her head and pressed it against her other breast. The soft curve covered Avery's face, she could hardly see anything, could just barely breathe. But she heard rhythmic squishing sounds that were very familiar to her.

Incredible! Hannah is fucking Megan with her fingers!

Apparently, Hannah was very skillful at it, because Megan just reached a huge, twitching climax. Without Avery having to do anything for it, Megan's milk now flowed even more easily into her mouth. She swallowed along, played with her tongue on the nipple while she glided over Megan's body with her hands stroking. The writhing twitching became a shared experience.

When it was over, Megan's tension subsided. Avery slid out of her grip and let her head rest on Megan's belly. She heard Megan's heartbeat and felt the movement of the baby under her cheek.

Nothing could be heard in the room except the heavy breath of all three women. Avery needed a moment to sort out the whirlwind of her emotions. Full satisfaction that had set in through the delicious milk. Something like exhaustion because she was in a way part of the climax. And horniness. A lot of horniness. The cold feeling between her legs told her that her panties were soaking wet and she was ready for more.

I definitely do not have enough change of clothes with me!

Avery smiled when that of all things was her first clear thought.

"What is going on here? Did you start without me?" Jenna's voice suddenly sounded from the hallway. She stood there, her arms akimbo. Yet her face showed enthusiasm and the others returned her smile.

"I just wanted to get a preliminary impression of whether I am suitable for taking care of Megan," Hannah replied. "As it looks, we fit together quite well."

"Yes, you really have what it takes," Megan agreed with her, breathless.

"And our young lady did not miss the opportunity, I assume?"

Jenna's question referred to Avery, who blushed under the gaze of the three other women.

"Um, yes, I ... um, I thought I would join in as best as I can ..."

General cheerfulness and giggling followed her excuse. Jenna came closer and looked down at her. Her eyes slowly scanned her body and got a lustful sparkle.

"I am already looking forward to the next time you 'just join in' like that!"

Avery got goosebumps at the announcement. Suddenly she felt like a schoolgirl on her first day of school. She was completely at the mercy of the women. It was an exciting thought.

Hands slid over her arms and thighs. Megan had sat up and was stroking her. Her fingers wandered quickly under the half-open blouse that was only held by one last button. Then deeper, cheeky and pressing between her legs under the edge of the tiny panties.

"I think Avery is not finished yet. I would very much like to help with that. How about it?" Megan's fingers had reached the upper edge of her slit and were feeling for her bud.

"Yes, please," Avery said breathlessly. The desire for Megan's fingers in her pussy became unbearable.

"Okay!" Megan said and then surprisingly pulled her hand away. "Jenna, would you be so kind and bring me my toy from upstairs?"

Jenna grinned.

"Sure, gladly. Which attachment?"

Megan reached checkingly between Avery's legs once more. "For the start, the 'Gentle Man' should be enough," she said.

Jenna left the room and came back shortly after with an object in her hand. Avery recognized the part immediately.

A plug dildo!

Had she known what awaited her here, her own would have gone into the luggage as well. She had a lot of practice with it. Especially on the wearer's side. But as the situation was developing right now, she would be taken care of at the other end this time.

With wide eyes she followed how Megan received the part and spread a few splashes of her milk on the odd-shaped plug.

Incredible! That is clearly a custom-made part!

Avery had only experienced the generally available passive standard version so far. She knew the rumors about these special models. The plug custom-made, the attachment interchangeable and with a wide variety of programmable functions.

When Megan placed the moistened plug in front of her pussy, doubts occurred to her.

That thing is huge!

First Megan made a face and bit her lower lip as she inserted the plug, but then it slid into her all the way and she breathed a sigh of relief. Now only the dildo was visible. Exactly where one would expect it on a male person. It looked like a semi-erect erection. The material was not rigid but seemed to be soft and flexible.

Avery immediately got the opportunity to convince herself of the haptics, for Megan rose with a groan and stood in front of her, the dildo directly in front of her face.

"May I introduce, the 'Gentle Man'. Go ahead, explore it!" Megan urged her.

Why the part was called 'Man' was obvious from the shape. As one would expect it in an average man. However, the entire shaft had ring-shaped bulges that promised additional stimulation. As Avery touched the part carefully, the 'Gentle' part of the name became clear to her. It felt like the soft skin of a real cock.

Megan sighed at the touch.

"Is that part sensitive?" Avery asked.

"Yes," Megan said. "Every touch of the tip is transmitted into me. Ready to try it out?"

"Sure!" Avery leaned back and spread her legs.

"That will not work. Get on all fours. I want you doggy style," Megan demanded.

Avery followed the request. Megan slid on her knees behind her and pushed the dildo between her legs. She rubbed it against her thighs a few times until Avery could hardly stand it anymore. Drops of her lust were already running down the inside of her thighs. Finally Megan placed the dildo at ht entrance of her pussy and then thrust very slowly.

The name of the part kept its promise. Gentle, but at the same time demandingly masculine, Megan entered her. Something that just now seemed like medium average suddenly felt completely fulfilling.

Megan pulled out of her just as slowly and then thrust again, this time a little faster. When Avery pushed toward her, she grabbed her buttocks and held her back. So she had no choice but to submit to Megan's pace.

Soon they found a rhythm that needed no further increase. Now Megan allowed her to participate. Rhythmic claps filled the room, accompanied by lustful moaning.

Megan leaned forward and Avery suddenly felt the weight of her full baby belly rubbing over her butt and back.

This is so hot!

She was stunned by how much the feeling excited her. Suddenly Jenna stood next to her. Or was it Hannah? Someone reached under her and took her swinging breasts in their hand. Nipples were twisted, thighs stroked, her hair gripped. Avery was suddenly the center of lust. Whatever the others took from her, she got more than enough back for it. Although she was usually more of a quiet enjoyer, her accumulated lust soon discharged in a hoarse cry.

At the same time Megan's thrusts slowed down and finally she rested heavily on her. Avery shook aside the hair that had fallen into her face. She looked into Jenna's grinning face, who still had her arms stretched out and caressed Avery's breasts. It felt strange when they hung and were being fondled.

Megan stirred. She was not ready to stop yet. In slow motion she glided out of her and back in. Another shudder shook Avery. When she was very deep inside her, Megan pressed herself firmly against Avery's with her belly and thighs and embraced her from behind. She reached for her breasts and pulled her close. The next shudder seized them both at once.

Then it was over.

Avery could not remember when she had shed her blouse and her panties. But both lay on the floor.

What a crazy day!

It felt like just now she had climbed into the car with Hannah in her half-sleep with an unknown destination. And now, before noon, she was being fucked by a woman and two others were watching her. And she enjoyed every second of it.

With regret she felt Megan's dildo slide out of her. Then she fell heavily onto the couch and Megan leaned against her.

Hannah had followed the scene from the armchair opposite and smiled.

"If you master obstetrics just as well, nothing will stand in the way of your career as my assistant," she said amusedly.

Avery glanced at Megan's belly and then at Jenna's. Pregnant women had been part of her job so far. But now it became clear to her that it could be much more.

"I will do my best," she replied.

The lack of fresh underwear was truly a problem. After the escalated session in the living room, everyone involved had scattered to the bathrooms to freshen up. Jenna had left Avery the one on the upper floor.

To reach it, she had to cross another room. By the looks of it, it was the boy's room. Jonah. A bed, a desk, a few things lying around. No decorations.

Right, he's only living with Jenna for a short time.

The bathroom had a second entrance, and when Avery opened it curiously, she looked onto a large bed.

A shared bathroom for mother and son? Strange!

She cleaned and freshened up, slipping into the only remaining fresh pair of panties. Perhaps there was a shop nearby where she could buy a few extra ones. When she came back downstairs, the women were sitting together. Hannah held a few papers in her hand and everyone was talking animatedly.

"... everything is fine so far," Hannah was saying. "But I have an additional finding here that I am supposed to hand over to you from Dr. Norris."

She handed Jenna a document which she studied attentively, then she slowly let the paper sink.

"I do not understand. What does this mean?" she asked.

"I am sorry, I have heard of this for the first time too," Hannah replied. "I have no idea what 'Dissociated Hypogonadism' is. My field is women. I am not very familiar with pediatrics. Perhaps you should call Dr. Norris and have her explain what this DH is."

"DH? What about it?" Avery asked curiously as she came closer.

"You know what that is?" Hannah asked.

"Yes, sure. We covered that in nurse school. It is quite a rare thing. How did you come across it?"

"It was diagnosed in Jonah. At least the suspicion of it. 'Genetic markers' is written here. Can you tell me what that means?" Jenna asked.

"It has been a while. I think it has something to do with genes and hormones. It causes delayed puberty. Boys who have this stay childlike longer. It's usually only noticed when the typical changes fail to appear. So no voice breaking, no body hair, delayed growth and such. A student said back then they just stay sweet little boys longer. The teacher did not find that very funny. But these are symptoms that are only recognized when the affected individuals reach puberty. How old is Jonah?"

"He is almost twelve," said Jenna.

"Well, then first symptoms could indeed be recognizable. May I see?"

She stretched out her hand for the document. Jenna handed it to her and Avery took a long look at it.

"Hmm. This is mainly about the genetic analysis and the spermogram. How the genetic markers take effect is different in every case. So there is nothing else to do but continue to observe. If necessary, it is treatable with an individual hormone therapy."

Avery handed the document back but then paused.

"Oh, one more thing. The analysis of the spermogram says limited fertility. Even if everything works, he probably cannot father children for now. But he is too young for that anyway."

She gave the document back. Jenna sighed.

"Well, then I suppose I have no choice but to follow his development very closely in this area too. Do you know how this DH comes about?"

Why is Megan grinning at this remark? Even Jenna seems to be smirking!

"As far as I know, it is hereditary," Avery answered. "Are his biological parents known?"

"Unfortunately not. He was left in care anonymously as a baby. It must be terrible when a mother sees no other option for her child than to give it away."

"True," said Avery, "but here he finally has it really good, as it seems."

And the others nodded in agreement.

"Um, there is something else, a personal matter," she continued. "I had not counted on staying overnight. I would need a few personal items. Are there any shops nearby?"

"Sure," Jenna said. "A few blocks away is a small mall. I can describe the way to you."

She put the papers away and got up.

Avery got the car keys from Hannah and went out the door together with Jenna, getting a description of the way to the mall. They noticed a girl standing on the other side of the street who seemed to be watching them. Jenna waved to her and she came closer.

"Hey Chloe, how are you?"

"Good, and you?" the girl asked.

She was petite, half a head shorter than Avery. Alert eyes looked at Avery and Jenna from a face framed by long brown hair.

"Um Chloe, this is Avery, she is visiting for a few days and needs a few small things. I do not know, when you have time, could you perhaps accompany her to the mall?"

Chloe studied Avery from head to toe in a very self-confident manner. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Sure. I have time right now. I wanted to meet my boyfriend later, but he can also come directly to the mall."

"Fine. Thanks Chloe! Put it on the next bill!"

Jenna went back into the house and left the two girls to themselves.

"Bill? What does she mean by that?" Avery asked as they got into the car.

"Oh, I sometimes do babysitting for Savy when Jenna has plans. Are the two of them okay? Is everything alright?"

"Yes, as far as I can tell. I only arrived this morning." Avery started the car and rolled onto the road. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I haven't had a babysitting job for a while now. And you are dressed like a nurse. So I wondered if everyone is healthy."

"Oh, I see. Don't worry," Avery replied. "I am here with my colleague to prepare for the birth of Jenna's partner."

"You mean the teacher, Ms. Bennett? Megan? She is not Jenna's partner. She only moved in a few days ago. No idea why. At school, they say she is on parental leave. I was really surprised when I saw her show up here a few days ago."

"Hmm, well, they certainly seem to be close. You seem to be watching them quite closely though!"

Chloe shrugged her shoulders. "I live diagonally opposite, so you notice a lot. Have you met the boy yet?"

"Jonah? Yes, this morning, just before Jenna took him and me to school."

Chloe shook her head and stared out of the car.

"What is it?" Avery asked.

Chloe took a deep breath. "I do not understand. Jenna already has a child! Savy is really a sweet mouse. I really like taking care of her. And she is having another baby. All alone without a man. There was really no one to be seen the whole time. And suddenly she adopts a boy. I do not know what to think of that."

"He seems quite nice to me. A bit shy maybe, but he thaws out quickly when you are nice to him."

"You know him?" Chloe asked.

"Know him is not the word. I was there when he was examined at the office where I work. I had to take care of him there. Blood sample and such. I talked with him a little bit then."

"Oh, I see. Hmm, well, anyway, I find it somehow strange. On the other hand, Jenna is a power woman, she knows what she wants. It was exciting when she had the house renovated back then and ordered the craftsmen around. My Mom thought that was great."

"I can imagine. Are we at the right place here?"

"Exactly, turn out here!"

Avery turned into the lane for the mall and they found a parking space near the entrance.

"What exactly do you need?" Chloe asked.

"Underwear. Somehow I packed too little."

Chloe nodded. "Okay. What exactly? Blatantly exciting or boringly normal?"

Avery looked at her in surprise.

There is more in the girl than one thinks!

"I was actually thinking of normal, but if you have a few cool tips, I am open to them ..."

Chloe smiled meaningfully. "Trust me. Things really get boring in this area. If you want to experience something exciting, you have to ensure it yourself. And clothes can be the first step. Follow me."

They walked through the mall, past several shops that Avery would actually have visited. On the way, Chloe texted her boyfriend so he could meet them at the mall. Finally, they stopped in front of a shop with telling decoration in dark shop windows. The theme was clearly lingerie. Exciting lingerie. Chloe went ahead purposefully, past the boring displays in the entrance area and toward the rear shelves. The saleswoman nodded to her friendly, seeming not to be unknown to her. She stopped in front of an aisle with an extensive range of lingerie in all possible colors and designs.

"Okay, for whom or what do you want to wear the things? And what size?" Chloe asked.

"What? For whom ...? For everyday use! It should be comfortable, easy to put on and perhaps not deathly boring. And what size? Hmm, M for the panties, but with the bra I do not know, I haven't worn any for a while."

"Really not? Hard to believe with that rack. Let's see!" Chloe stared at Avery's blouse.

"You mean here?" Avery looked around, but no one was to be seen. "Okay, but only briefly. Can you really tell the size just by looking?"

She unbuttoned her blouse and after a broad check-up look, she opened it in front of Chloe.

"Not just by looking, also by feeling!" Determinedly, Chloe grabbed with both hands, cupped Avery's breasts and weighed them.

"Hmm, at least double D. This way, follow me!"

She went down the aisle and Avery followed her while hastily closing her blouse. Shortly after, they had a few models in the short list. On the way to the fitting rooms, a young man approached whom Chloe introduced to her as her boyfriend Connor. He was even more petite than she was. The two waited in front of the stall while Avery tried on the bras. Chloe's estimate was perfect.

"If you need a male opinion, Connor is at your disposal," Chloe called through the curtain.

His hissing reply was drowned in her giggling.

Why not? Chloe will know what she is aiming for.

"Okay, what do you think of this?" Avery pushed the curtain aside and stepped out with her chest thrust out. Connor almost had his eyes pop out of his head and he turned deep red within seconds. Chloe grinned all over her face.

"Looks good. What do you think?" She gave him a nudge. He just nodded.

Avery looked around; there were still a few people to be seen. An idea occurred to her of how she could pick up on this game.

"Hmm. Then it will be this piece, but I have another model that I need an opinion on."

Avery turned around without closing the curtain and stripped off the bra, then she put on the other one. She had turned her back on Chloe and Connor, but the booth had mirrors on all sides which both made use of. As if nothing had happened, Avery turned around again and presented the second model. Connor was even darker, Chloe raised both thumbs up and could hardly hold back her laughter, grinning all over her face.

For the simple panties she chose in the matching color, Avery did not need a second opinion. Connor seemed relieved about that. What else are those two up to?

Together the three strolled through the mall, treated themselves to a snack and then they set off on the way back. As he got into the car, it finally became clear to her what had been unconsciously occupying her since Connor's appearance.

"Tell me, Connor, do you happen to have anything to do with Jenna's foster son?" Avery asked.

In the rearview mirror she saw his confused facial expression.

"Who is Jenna? Who is the foster son?"

"A neighbor of mine where Avery is working," Chloe said from the passenger seat. "What makes you think that?" she turned to Avery.

"They look alike. In the face, I mean. And otherwise too. Quite similar physique. A little small for the age, but well, cute."

"Ha, cute, yeah right. Perhaps he also has Pasqualini. The damn curse of my family. My father was lucky. It did not break out in him. But it did in me. I do not have any relatives around here anyway. My family comes from a different area."

"Pasqualini? As in Pasqualini syndrome? Hypogonadism?" Avery asked without addressing his outburst.

"Yes, exactly. How do you know about that?" he asked. Chloe was interested now too.

"Oh, I encountered that in the clinic once." She had the full attention of both of them now. "Pasqualini is really hard. Or rather, not at all. Because there's nothing going on in the pants."

Her shot in the dark was right, for Chloe opened her eyes in astonishment and Connor blushed again. Chloe was the first to compose herself.

"Um, is there something similar where, well, in the pants everything works, but the rest is like with Pasqualini?" she asked.

"Hmm, now that you ask. Yes, there actually is. But that is a rare genetically inherited thing. It is called Dissociated Hypogonadism, DH for short. But that can be tested."

"One can do such a test?" Connor asked from the back seat.

"Just like that? I do not know. But if you want, I can take care of it. All I need is a blood sample. I have the supplies for it in Jenna's house. And I will definitely be here tomorrow, probably even longer. You can think about it."

She had reached Jenna's house. Connor and Chloe said goodbye. Avery remained behind thoughtfully. Perhaps she was on the trail of something bigger here. The conversations about DH had reminded her of a mysterious detail. All known cases of DH had occurred in orphans where neither the genetic father nor the mother were known.

What if Connor is the missing link to where DH really comes from?

"You are just in time!" Hannah called out as Avery entered the house.

"For what?" she asked.

"It is time for a professional check on Megan. Sympathy and cuddling are all very nice, but they are not enough. But not here, the well-equipped basement is perfect for this. Come along."

Hannah reached out her hand to Megan, who rose from the couch with a groan.

"Oof!" she huffed, doubling over and clutching her belly, "the little one does not seem to quite agree."

"Sorry to have you to go through this, but I have to get a thorough impression," Hannah replied. "Besides, Avery needs to learn what all goes into the job. Can you manage?"

"Yes, I can handle it." With cautious steps, Megan headed toward the basement door, supported by Hannah.

"Are you going downstairs?" a sudden voice asked from above. Jenna appeared at the top of the stairs with Jonah in tow. "That fits perfectly, we'll join you."

A queasy feeling crept over Avery. And curiosity.

What is in that basement?

In her mind, she went through the equipment at the clinic. She could not imagine what part of it would be found in a household like Jenna's. Tense, she entered the basement room after the others.

The first thing she noticed was a large basin.

A hot tub! For a water birth?

The handles on the edge of the basin would allow an immobile pregnant woman to safely climb into the tub and out again.

Then she noticed the chair next to it. It was one of those multi-functional pieces that could be configured for different purposes. For example, as a massage table. This model was wider than the generally common ones, the lying surface was adjustable and currently set up as a seat with a high backrest. Swiveling leg rests were attached to the foot end. All in all, the piece came quite close to a professional gyno chair.

They are really prepared for everything here! Why?

For Megan, this all seemed completely normal. She dropped the few things she was wearing. So much naked skin would not have been necessary for the check. But there seemed to be quite a spark between her and Hannah, and if the goal was an

orgasmic birth, it could not hurt to get into the mood already with everything that happened before.

"Oh. Um ..." Hannah was sitting on a stool between Megan's legs. She had looked over her shoulder and now hesitated. "I think this is more for adults now. And not for little boys ..."

Avery followed her gaze. Jenna had entered the room together with Jonah. He seemed to be half-hiding behind her but followed everything that was happening in the room. Or rather, on the chair.

"Oh, I think he can handle it," Jenna replied, pulling the boy next to her and placing her arm over his shoulders.

"No, seriously, I have to look really deep inside now, I do not think it is appropriate for him ..." Hannah's irritation was visible, and Avery felt the same.

"I know. But do not worry. Jonah is well informed. I have shown him everything as best as I can as his Mom. Now it is up to Megan. You are his teacher. His former. How about it, do you want to complete his education ... from, well, up close?"

Everyone turned expectantly to the heavily pregnant woman who had already taken a seat on the chair.

Actually, the sight of her bare crotch alone was already more than Avery would have shown a boy like Jonah. Then Jenna's words hit her.

What exactly did you show him? Don't tell me that you ....

"I do not mind at all. Would you like to, Jonah?" Megan asked.

He looked up shyly at Jenna. "Is it really okay?"

"Yes, sure, go ahead."

She pushed him gently toward the examination chair.

Hannah shook her head. "For the record, I have expressed my concerns." Then she shrugged her shoulders. "On the other hand, evaluating family matters is not my job, but assisting and supporting. And this goes far beyond what is generally normal. So alright, as far as I am concerned." She sat down and made room. "Come here, Jonah!"

Avery could hardly believe what she was seeing. Jonah slowly approached, standing between Megan's spread legs, his gaze fixed on her pussy.

"You have seen a woman like this before?" Hannah asked.

Jonah nodded. "Yes. With Mom. And with Kiera."

Who is Kiera? And why has he seen his mom like that?

"Okay, then tell me what you know about it."

He raised his hand and pointed to the pussy.

"It is called the vulva. Meaning everything together. The parts have other names. Pussy lips, you can see the outer ones here and a bit of the inner ones in between. There is the clit. But you cannot see it that well because everything is somehow swollen," he explained.

I can't believe it! How does he know all this? What have they done with the boy?

Avery hardly dared to breathe. Hannah, on the other hand, seemed to have already resigned herself to the situation. She sat close behind him on a stool and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Good boy, Jonah. You really know your anatomy, don’t you. What comes next?" she asked.

"With Kiera and Mom, we had this tool. Specu..."

"Speculum, right, I have one of those here too." Hannah reached for the mentioned device with one hand. With the other, she carefully felt Megan's pussy. Then she looked around searchingly.

"Where did I put my lube...?"

"We have more than enough, one moment." Jenna went to an inconspicuous door and disappeared into a room, returning shortly after holding a bottle of lubricant.

"Here, this should be enough." She handed it to Hannah, who spread some of it on the speculum and on Megan's pussy.

"Have you also seen how it is inserted?" she asked Jonah. He nodded.

What?!

"Okay, would you like to do it? If Megan agrees?" She looked past the bulging belly, and Megan seemed to give her consent.

Gently, Hannah guided Jonah's hands with the device to the right spot.

"Now press carefully. Always make sure it does not become uncomfortable for the patient. Yes, that is good, keep going."

The situation became more and more bizarre. Avery felt a confusing mix of shock, horror, and at the same time, a strange tingling. This was new. A corner of her consciousness constantly wanted to assure her that everything was fine. No one was being forced into anything. Everything was happening voluntarily. Nevertheless, it felt wrong but exciting at the same time to watch the boy performing a gynecological examination on a pregnant woman.

None of this seemed to interest Hannah.

"You are doing very well. Now squeeze the handle. Careful, with feeling. Yes, very good! Can you explain to me what we see?" she asked Jonah, while simultaneously shining a small light into the dilated tunnel.

"This is the vagina, it is a muscle like a tube, it can get big so the baby fits through, and then it shrinks back together. And when you put something in, it can feel great for women, but you have to do it right."

What. The. Fuck!

This clearly went beyond medical and anatomical explanation. Avery felt the urge to intervene, to stop this odd, weird experiment. At the same time, for a tiny second, she imagined she was the one being examined by Jonah. Once she had allowed that image in, she could no longer push it away. The thought turned her on in a forbidden way. Hotter than all the other forbidden things she had done in her life so far. So she continued to watch in silence as Jonah proceeded with the examination.

"I can see the cervix!" he said, his voice full of enthusiasm and wonder.

"Very well!" Hannah praised him.

She is praising him. As if this were completely normal!

"What does it look like?" Hannah continued.

"Round. With a small dot in the middle."

"And do you also know what that means?" Hannah asked further.

"Um, I think the baby is not coming just yet, right?" Jonah asked.

"Yes, exactly. Now let me take a look too."

Why does he know such things?

Jonah made room and Hannah grabbed the handle of the speculum to cast a controlling glance into the opening.

Meanwhile, Avery detached herself from the gaze and looked at Jenna. She had followed the whole thing in silence too. Was it a coincidence that she kept her hand pressed against her crotch? Could it be that the scene turned her on as well? And on Megan's face, which was just visible above the bulging belly, there was also a blissful smile.

What have I gotten myself into! This is pure medical fetish! And damn, it is contagious ...

Now that it was clear to her that everyone involved found the events at least stimulating, Avery looked more closely. There was definitely a bulge visible in Jonah's pants.

No way! This is making him hard!

Hannah was satisfied with her examination and beckoned Jonah closer again.

"So, you put it in, now take it back out," she urged him.

Jonah took the handle carefully in his hand and pulled the speculum out. Megan sighed as he did so and pushed her pelvis forward as if she did not want to let go of it.

"Good, you did a great job, Jonah!" Hannah praised him once the instrument was removed. "Now I will show you how I do the examination when I do not have a device with me. We need gloves for that."

She handed Jonah a pair of disposable gloves and pulled on a fresh pair herself. Then she moistened her hands with lubricant and gave Jonah some of it too.

"This is certainly new for you now. It is not about looking inside, but about feeling with the fingers."

She pushed two fingers deep into the pussy in a slow movement. Megan gasped and moved her pelvis slowly back and forth.

"With my fingertips, I feel my way forward ..." Hannah explained, "along the vagina, down to the bottom and ... there it is, now I can feel the cervix. I feel whether it is hard or soft and how big the opening in the middle is. You were right, Jonah, it is closed. If we were close to birth, the tissue would be very soft. But it is still firm. Would you like to try?"

"Mhm." Jonah nodded. The gloves hung loosely on his fingers and Hannah directed him into the moistly glistening slit. Of course, he did not get far with two fingers.

"Let's try it like this. Maybe Megan is relaxed enough for it. Make your hand completely flat," she demanded. "Yes, like that, and now insert slowly, further and further."

The already weird situation became even more bizarre in an instant. With wide eyes, Avery watched as Jonah's whole hand disappeared into Megan's pussy without resistance. Jenna watched the process just as intently. Megan only sighed blissfully once.

"What do you feel?" Hannah asked, her voice sounding thick now too.

"It is warm, somehow hot and slippery. Like once, when when I slid my hand into a sleeve that was much too small. The walls have something like a pattern that you can feel. Wow ... it's moving and pulsating. And now it's gripping my hand!"

"Great! Now go further, feel your way forward to the cervix, but very carefully," Hannah urged him.

"I can feel it!" Jonah shouted enthusiastically.

"Very good. Remember how it feels, then you will notice the difference the day when the baby comes. Good, that's it. Now you can come back out. But ..."

She did not get to finish the sentence because Jonah had withdrawn his hand in a swift, powerful motion. Megan groaned, her hips arched, and the half-inverted glove hung from her pussy between her legs.

"... slowly, Jonah!" Hannah cried and then turned to Megan. "Sorry, that was just completely unexpected. Everything okay?"

"Yes," Megan gasped, her belly and chest rising in heavy breaths. "That was more than I expected. Are … Are we finished?"

"Yes, that was all. You still have some time. Looks like your due date in two weeks is correct." Hannah pulled the glove out of the pussy and rose from the stool. Jonah also stepped back and Megan sat up from the chair.

"You did that great, Jonah!" Jenna said with a gentle, almost mocking voice. She stepped behind him, placed her hands on his narrow shoulders, leaned down to him and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

Jonah did not seem to notice at all that his head was being squashed between her breasts. He seemed completely intoxicated by what he had just done. His breathing was still fast, and he looked everywhere except into the eyes of Megan, who was just in the process of heaving herself off the examination chair.

"I could use a little break from ... " She looked around. "Things like this. And I am hungry. Who wants a snack?"

Like a magic formula, this exclamation broke the strange mood and one after another they made their way upstairs. Unnoticed by the others, Avery stayed behind. She looked around attentively once more in the silence.

The hot tub.

What crazy things may happened in there?

Then she stepped up to the chair and touched the padding. She glanced briefly at the door. Cheerful voices in the distance revealed that everyone was busy upstairs.

On a sudden impulse, she took a seat. With legs spread and feet on the rests, she imagined she was the one being examined.

How would be to feel Jonah's hot breath in my crotch, his fingers exploring me …

A loud laugh startled her. Then Hannah's voice, apparently from the upper door.

"Avery, everything okay?"

Hastily she climbed off the chair.

"Yes, everything okay, I am just tidying up here for a second."

"Oh, thanks. Right, I forgot about that. Would you like an ice cream too?"

"Yes, gladly. I will be right up," Avery called.

Steps moved away from the door. Avery packed Hannah's materials into the bag with the equipment. Then she held the moistly glistening speculum in her hand. She looked around, searching. In the corner opposite the hot tub was a shower. But there must be a sink somewhere.

Maybe next door?

She went to the door where Jenna had previously gotten the lubricant and opened it. The room behind was in darkness, but the draft had set something in motion. A soft clinking sounded. Avery felt for a light switch next to the door. The wall felt remarkably soft.

Finally, she found the light switch. Much higher than usual. She switched it on and froze. The clinking came from shiny chains attached to the ceiling, that held a harness made of black material. Thick leather or rubber. It took a moment for her to realize what it was. She had seen something like this before during her forays through the internet but had quickly clicked past it.

A love swing!

With plenty of accessories. The large loop in the middle was a seat, with a kind of backrest above it. She tried to imagine sitting in it, and suddenly the other loops made sense too. They were positioned exactly like the leg rests of the examination chair.

Avery stepped closer. The seat was just below her hip.

Whoever takes a seat in it would be perfectly aligned for a comfortable fuck.

"Avery? Where are you?" she heard a voice. This time Jenna.

Hastily she flipped the light off and hurried upstairs. With every step up the stairs, her mind flip-flopped. Run away screaming, or surrender completely and become part of whatever twisted world this house really was.

After the small snack, Jonah was sent to his room to do his homework. Avery used the moment to talk again about the Dissociated Hypogonadism and her observations of Chloe's boyfriend. It turned out that neither Jenna nor Megan had ever seen this boyfriend.

"Just write it down as an additional note in your report about this assignment," Hannah finally suggested. "Then it will not be obvious that you are leaving out other details."

The women grinned at each other and especially at Avery. She understood perfectly which things were better left out of the report.

"Good, I better make a few notes right away," she said.

"You can use my office," Jenna stood up and showed her the desk.

By the time Avery finished the report, Jenna had picked up Savy from daycare. Jonah was playing with her while the adults had a nice chat. Eventually, it became time for the little girl to go to bed.

"Will you help me get her ready?" Jenna asked him.

He obediently followed her upstairs and they were busy for quite a while.

"I have been thinking about how we best manage the overnight stay," Jenna said when she and Jonah returned. "I had not expected Avery to be here. Would it be okay for you to sleep in Jonah's room?"

"What? Um, where will Jonah sleep then?" Avery asked, confused.

"In his bed above yours, it has a pull-out guest bed. So far he has not had a friend over for a sleepover, you would be his first guest. I would get that ready for you if it is alright with you," Jenna said.

Avery glanced over at Jonah, who was staring at her. It was as if he were truly perceiving her for the first time.

Well little guy, are you already wondering what I wear to sleep?

Suddenly the idea of spending the night in the boy's room was a tempting one.

"Sure, I do not mind. If it is okay with Jonah?"

He swallowed and nodded. His gaze was clearly fixed on Avery's breasts, which stood out under her tight, figure-hugging shirt.

"Good, then I will prepare that now, and Jonah will help me."

The two of them went back upstairs. Meanwhile, Megan did not let herself be stopped from mixing cocktails for everyone. The pregnant women got non-alcoholic ones, while the ones for Hannah and Avery had plenty of power. Eventually, it was late enough for them to go to bed as well.

The others wished her a good night and stayed among themselves. On the way up, Avery wondered in which configuration they would spend the night. In the end, she didn't care. She was primarily curious about what awaited her in Jonah's room. Not that she had anything specific in mind. Only her gut feeling and an expectant tingling a bit deeper down made her assume that the night in this house would also be anything but normal and ordinary.

Carefully she opened the door. A tiny nightlight in one of the sockets cast a dim glow into the room. It was enough for her to orient herself. To the side stood the bed, under whose covers she suspected Jonah to be. Next to it, a bit further, the guest bed was pulled out. A vague memory flickered through her mind of times in her youth when she also had a girlfriend visiting. Back then, she was not sent straight to bed either. But sleep was out of the question, as they had too much to tell each other.

I bet he is only pretending to sleep!

She reached for her cosmetic bag and a bundle of clothes. Both lay on top of the luggage she had already brought into the room in the afternoon. Then she crept into the bathroom, closed the door behind her, and got ready for the night.

Back in the room, there was still motionless silence.

Okay, then I will play along.

As quietly as possible, she slipped into the bed. However, she only pulled the blanket up to her hips, leaving everything above as exposed as she could to present it. Satisfied, she noted that the dim light did her the favor of emphasizing her curves.

That should be enough to capture his attention! If he looks!

Afterward, she remained lying still and breathed in and out with emphasized regularity. Indeed, she did not have to wait long until she heard a movement from Jonah's bed. Harmless, as if he were turning over in his sleep. But then, from half-closed eyes, she perceived a movement. He had slid to the edge of the bed and she could even recognize the glint of his eyes as he looked down at her.

Now she was the one simulating a harmless turn in her sleep. In the process, she angled her arm so that it pushed up her breasts. It was almost too much, as one side nearly fell out of the cup of her bra. A sharp intake of breath from Jonah told her that he had noticed this detail. A motionless silence followed, and then renewed rustling from his bed. Rhythmic rustling. While his head could still be seen over the edge of the bed.

Is the little guy actually jerking off right now?

Avery stretched in her sleep and Jonah froze. She opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling. From the corner of her eye, she noticed him flinch back from the bedside.

"Jonah?" Avery whispered.

"Yes?" he answered just as quietly.

"Are you awake? Can you not sleep either?"

"No, I can't" he answered.

That was the opportunity! Avery had last had this kind of conversation many years ago in her childhood bedroom with friends who had stayed over. Back then, it had always led to them snuggling up together in her bed. In a much more innocent way than she had in mind now.

"I always need something to cuddle to fall asleep. But I forgot my plush toy. Do you want to fill in?"

Hopefully, that was not too silly and childish!

A pause, then his head appeared at the edge of the bed.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You could come down here to me. And we cuddle. Do you want to?"

Got you!

Although he hesitated, it was clear to Avery that Jonah would not refuse this offer.

"Is that really okay?"

"Yes, sure. Come down."

She slid to the side and flipped the blanket open. Cautiously, Jonah first pushed his legs over the edge of the bed and then he fell down beside her.

"Welcome to my bed," Avery whispered and pulled the blanket over him. For herself, it only reached just above her hips. Jonah lay stiffly next to her. Either he did not dare to look her in the eye or he was distracted by the sight of her well-filled, playful bra.

Let's see if I can make him to be a bit more active!

"Are you afraid of me?" she asked him.

"No!"

"Then come closer. Otherwise, cuddling is no fun!"

He moved a bit closer to her. She could feel his hands flinch back as he encountered her naked thighs. His hot breath brushed over her skin and now she was certain that he was fascinated by her breasts, no matter how shyly he behaved. She would have loved to tear the rest of her clothes off her body and pounce on him. But that was out of the question. Should it come that far in this bed tonight, the initiative had to come from him. She could not allow herself more than that.

But perhaps I can encourage him a little more!

Very slowly, she let her hand wander toward Jonah and soon found his waist. She felt further, found the hem of his shirt and let her hand slide underneath. Jonah froze. So she pulled her hand back and stroked rather over the clothing. He seemed to like that. Avery became bolder and let her hand circle more generously. Soon she reached the waistband of his pants and moved downward.

What is this?

There was clearly something under his pajamas. Curiously, Avery felt forward and, as expected, she felt something soft that did not feel like clothing at all, but rather like...

With a jerky movement, she pulled the blanket aside and tugged Jonah's pants down. Her gaze had not deceived her.

"You are wearing a diaper?" she asked in astonishment and louder than intended.

Jonah lay motionless. Despite the darkness of the room, the glint in his eyes told her that he was close to tears.

"You weren't supposed to see that!" he whispered with a trembling voice. His hand searched for the waistband and he pulled them back up.

"I am sorry, Jonah. Honestly," Avery tried to calm him down. "That is not bad at all. Really, I am a nurse, I know that such things are sometimes necessary. It is no problem at all."

"You don't find it weird or disgusting?" he asked hesitantly.

"Not at all. On the contrary. For me, it is completely normal. You know, most women wear something like a mini-diaper regularly throughout their lives," Avery tried to reassure him. "Besides, I learned in nursing school that such things happen. However, you are the first big boy I have met who has little accidents at night."

"What? No! It's not like that. I don't wet myself!" Jonah replied indignantly.

"No? I thought because of the diaper. Why are you wearing it then?"

"It's a game," Jonah whispered. "That no one is allowed to know about!"

The next weird secret in this house?

Avery let herself fall onto the mattress next to Jonah, moved close to him and pulled the blanket up until it reached the tip of her and his nose.

"Okay, Jonah, now I am curious. I understand if you don't want to tell me anything about it. But actually, I already know most of it. Can you perhaps tell me a little bit more about it?"

Jonah thought about it for a moment. Then he came closer until his face was directly in front of hers.

"Do you promise not to tell anyone?" he asked with childish seriousness.

"Yes, certainly."

"Um, well, it started with me living with Norma and Barry before. Those were foster parents who were never nice to me. Then Megan was my teacher at school and then I actually had to go to the course as a punishment, where Jenna and a few others were too. There was a special club where the women do things like that and have fun. They thought it was actually totally sad that I never had a dear Mommy. That is why we thought of this game where I am the baby. I don't have to do anything at all, the women took very sweet care of me so that I know what it's like when a Mommy loves her baby. The diaper is just part of the game..."

Avery let him talk. In the process, a highly disturbing, bizarre image formed before her eyes in contrast to his enthusiastic voice.

"Do you still go to that club?" she asked when Jonah took a break.

"No, that is over. Keira had her baby there and then the doctor came, and she did not think the club was that great, I think. But Jenna noticed that she liked me not just in the game, but for real, and that is why she adopted me."

"Oh, now I understand..."

This is getting crazier and crazier!

"Then I do not understand why you are wearing this diaper now. Unless... do Jenna and Megan continue to play the game with you here?"

"Yes, exactly! Isn't that great?"

"I do not know, I am hearing about it for the first time now. What is so great about it for you?"

Avery lightly tapped his bottom under the covers, where she could feel the padding of the diaper under the fabric of the pajamas. Jonah took a deep breath. She could hear the trembling as he did so.

"I have never told anyone that," he whispered. "But it is just totally nice when I lie on the mat and Mom leans over me, stroking very gently and dearly while she puts the diapers on me."

"Oh, you do not do that yourself?"

"No, mostly Mom does it, especially in the evening. First I help to get Savy ready so that I learn to take care of her like a real big brother when the other baby is there and Mom is busy with it. And when Savy is in bed, Mom takes care of me. That is our 'special time' then."

As bizarre as the image before her eyes was, the thought of spending some 'special time' with Jonah was tempting.

"Jonah, would it be okay for you if..." One last hesitation. If he says yes, there is no turning back. "... would it be okay if we play that together?" Avery asked.

"I do not know. Actually, no one is allowed to know about it!" Jonah replied. But it sounded as if he were quite ready for it.

"I will be very sweet to you, promised. Do you remember when you were with me at the clinic and I took the samples from you? You had a secret from me then too, right?"

"Yes, you are right... Okay, we can do that."

Jonah flipped the blanket to the side. Relaxed, he lay on his back with his legs bent and spread apart, looking at Avery expectantly. The excitement made her heart beat strongly. It is about tenderness and pampering!

Focused on this goal, Avery knelt between his legs, leaned forward and felt for the fasteners of the diaper. In the process, she did not miss how Jonah fixed his gaze on her swinging breasts. Looks like the game includes more than just the diaper!

She opened the fasteners and folded the front side down. Exposed and vulnerable, he lay before her. Under her gaze, his cock stirred and steadily increased in size. Very carefully, she let her fingertips wander over Jonah's naked hips, slowly approaching his center. He flinched under the touch, but not because it was unpleasant. On the contrary, instinctively he stretched toward her.

At this invitation, she grabbed him with her whole hand, as gently as possible, and then she kneaded him.

"Is the game okay like this?" Avery whispered.

"Yes," Jonah breathed.

The rhythm with which he pushed his hips toward her hand showed skill. Knowledge. Experience.

The little guy knows exactly how it works!

Unfortunately, he did not have particularly great stamina. Perhaps it was also the excitement of their secrecy. It did not take long before he suddenly gasped, flinched, and his cum flowed hot and sticky over her fingers. Without thinking further about it, Avery leaned down, licked the trace from her fingers and then from his tip as well. Jonah let that happen as well, as if she were well familiar to him.

When she had cleared herself of all traces, Avery packed him carefully back into the diaper and closed it, lay down next to him and snuggled up very close to him.

"Was that okay like that? Did I do everything right?" she asked him.

"Yes, that was already really good," he whispered back. "But we do not always do all of that. Sometimes it is just the diaper and a bit of lotion."

"I understand. I hope that was not too much for you?"

"No, that was nice," Jonah replied.

For you. I came away empty-handed! Yet you have such skillful hands...

"Jonah? Do you also know the part of the game where you can do something for me?"

She fished for his hand, directing it first to her belly, then she slowly pushed it further downward. Now that he no longer had to pretend, that was enough of an incentive. Purposefully, his fingers wandered over her body, into her underwear, found the mound of her lap and then he pressed between her legs.

Avery closed her eyes and tried to relax as best as she could. Tender warm fingertips circled her slit, occasionally touching her clit. She still had the moment very vividly in her mind when he had entered the swollen pussy of the pregnant Megan with his whole hand. That was probably not in the cards for her today. She was not stretched accordingly anyway.

But a bit more stimulation would be nice!

"Try two fingers, Jonah!"

She did not have to say more. He felt his way forward until he found her entrance, then he pushed first one and then two fingers into her pussy, which awaited him hot and moist. She grabbed his hand between her legs and dictated the rhythm and depth, and he was a studious pupil. She needed longer than he did, but finally, she came too. It was strenuous trying not to make any noise in the process.

When she finally lay next to him exhausted, flooded with happy hormones and with sharpened senses, she noticed something else. A scent she had already noticed in the morning. But which she had not associated with Jonah until now.

Is he already asleep?

"Jonah?" she whispered once more.

"Yes, what is it?" came his sleepy answer.

"Could it be that a special feeding belongs to your game too?"

"Yes," he answered sheepishly, but clearly more awake.

"Your Mom feeds you with her breast?"

"How do you know that?"

"I can smell it on you. And I find that totally exciting! Can you do me a favor and we play that? I do not have milk, but I really want to know what something like that feels like...!"

There was no trace of tiredness left. As if he had been waiting for it, Jonah was in the process of opening her bra. Here too, he revealed extraordinary skill and experience. Then he snuggled up to her, his face directly in front of her hard, erect nipples.

"May I?" he asked politely once more.

"Yes."

That was the last spoken word for quite a while. With her eyes closed, Avery concentrated on the tender warm lips that firmly enclosed her nipple and then massaged it in a way she had never experienced. That went far beyond any nipple play she had experienced with boys or girls so far. She would have died for a tiny bit more stimulation. A slight touch of his pinky finger would have been enough. But all she got was his warm mouth on her nipple, and it was enough to bring her to her first breast-only climax.

The next morning, Avery woke up to a soft knocking on the door, followed by a panicked Jonah jumping up beside her. Jenna opened the door, taking in the situation with a single glance.

Thank God she didn’t catch me actually in his bed!

However, Jenna's reaction turned out differently than expected.

"Hey you two, did you have a nice night? I hope Jonah was not too pushy? He has a fondness for cuddling and as I see, he let himself be persuaded to do so."

Avery looked at Jonah, who accepted the remark without contradiction.

Okay. It is not quite what happened. But whatever…

"Come Jonah, I prepared breakfast for you. We will give Avery a moment so she can get ready undisturbed, and then you will have your room to yourself again."

Jonah's gaze fixed on Jenna's breasts, which stood out full and heavy under her thin morning gown. Then mother and son left the room, and Avery let herself fall back onto the bed.

It's not a dream! This family is truly that weird. I can well imagine what kind of breakfast he is getting.

She touched her nipples, which were sore and irritated from the previous night. But alongside the pain, an intense impulse of lust primarily shot through her.

I absolutely need this again!

When she came down later, Jonah was already full and taken care of. He gathered his school things and said goodbye to everyone, then headed for the school bus. Thus, the women remained among themselves. The night spent together had cleared all open questions between Hannah and Megan, and so they packed their things for departure.

As Avery picked up her bags in Jonah's room, Jenna suddenly stood beside her.

"I'm glad that you were here, Avery," she began.

"Thanks. This type of birth preparation was a completely new experience for me."

"And do you like it?" Jenna asked.

"Well, it is somehow very special, but yes, I like the thought of helping women so that childbirth is an experience of highest pleasure for them."

Jenna came closer and stroked her arm. "Perhaps in a few weeks you will be ready to help me out with it?"

"Oh." The offer came unexpectedly. Avery scanned Jenna with a quick glance. The sensually curvy figure practically demanded intimacy.

"Yes, maybe. Perhaps I will learn everything I need to know when Hannah takes care of Megan, and then I can actually help you later."

"That would be nice." Jenna had begun to stroke her gently, and Avery felt her skin tingling under the touch.

"Oh, one more thing, I wanted to show you something."

Jenna suddenly held a tablet in her hand and opened an app. It was a video, gray and blurry, so it took Avery a moment to understand what she was seeing. Startled, she took a sharp breath.

Jonah lay in the guest bed, looking up into the camera. Avery looked at the ceiling, and indeed, there was a suspiciously large smoke detector above the bed. Then she looked back at the video. Someone knelt between Jonah's legs. The person was not recognizable, only the back and the long hair were visible. Instead, what she was doing with Jonah was all the more clearly discernible. At the bottom of the screen, the time and date were displayed. Last night.

"Why are you showing me this?" she finally asked.

"There is more of it. With sound. Later on, you are clearly recognizable. You are part of our game now. It is okay with me. And obviously for Jonah as well. But keep it to yourself, understood? Because no matter what you claim, I have the proof here that you seduced him. And we don't want to find you out, what others would call it, right?"

A wave of boiling heat seized Avery. "I understand. No… we don’t want that to happen," she said.

"Oh, I think you have only understood a fraction of it. But on your next visit, you will learn more. I am looking forward to seeing you. Can't wait to watch you two again!"

Maybe today? Please, today!

It was still early in the morning, long before the time they usually get up on the weekend. Nevertheless, Jonah lay awake in his bed and listened.

There, a sound!

Someone was in the bathroom next door. Mom? Megan?

Tense, he pressed his legs together. The tip of his cock rubbed against the rough inside of the diaper he had put on himself last night. And the night before. Ever since Avery and Hannah had departed, Mom had always breastfed him lovingly. But nothing more had happened. No cuddling on the sofa. Or in bed. No caresses. Nothing that took away the pulsing pressure he felt increasingly intensely between his legs.

Twice he'd jerked off in secret at night. Afterward, he had felt bad. What if Mom needed him right then? By now, he knew that after an orgasm he needed some time until he could become hard again. Hard enough that Mom and Megan looked at him with that special smile when their gaze fell on the bulge in his pants. Hard enough to make love.

He thought about it all the time. As result, his little cock immediately stood up hard again as soon as he had recovered enough. This even happened to him at school. It cost him a lot of effort to think about other things. Math worked. Except when there were too many eights and sixes in the problems. The round numbers alone were enough to make him think of other curves.

The toilet flushed in the bathroom. Jonah froze.

Please, Mom! I can hardly stand it!

He bit his lips. Partly to stop himself from calling for Mom. But also from tension because he forced himself not to move. He knew that the next friction on his tip would cause him to come.

Footsteps in the bathroom, they unfortunately moved away from his door. Giggling. Mom's voice and Megan's. That special tone of voice they both had when they pleasured him. Or each other.

He had seen a bit of that when he secretly crept into the bathroom and looked through the cracked door into Jenna's bedroom. He would have loved to be there. He didn't want to join in, just to sit there and watch. How Megan's head dive between Jenna's legs. And vice versa, how Jenna's head pushed under Megan's plump, heavy belly. How their thighs and breasts and everything else trembled when they moaned.

Once it was particularly loud and then they had paused and cast a startled glance toward the bathroom door. As if they knew he was standing there. Jonah had received the fright of his life. After that, he no longer crept into the bathroom but only listened from his room.

The memory was too much. Jonah felt this tingling rise deep inside him, like a sneeze that announces itself very slowly and then becomes really intense. Nevertheless, he tried with his last strength to suppress it. He held his breath, had his eyes closed. Maybe he would make it.

The door to his room suddenly opened and Jonah flinched in shock. It was exactly the one movement that was enough to trigger everything else.

"Good morning, my sweetheart..." Jenna called to him while the twitching of his fright turned into the twitching of a massive climax. His cock, which had been pressing hard and large against the waistband the whole time, slipped out from under the diaper. Horrified, Jonah tore the blanket aside so it would not be soiled. Only then did he realize that Mom had stepped into the room. But he could do nothing anymore. It was too late. His body discharged all the tension that had built up in him since yesterday. Neither arms nor legs obeyed him, he twitched helplessly until the orgasm subsided.

With a deep red face, he turned carefully to Jenna. She had stepped to the bed and was looking down at him.

"Mom... I am sorry, it just happened..." he apologized.

She squatted down beside him, making the thin fabric of her morning gown tighten so that the front gaped open, granting a clear view of her plump, full breasts and the large belly underneath.

"It is alright, my little one," she said and stroked his forehead. "It must have been a beautiful dream…"

Jonah nodded. "Yes Mom, exactly, it... it was a dream!"

Jenna smiled at him. "And did a certain young nurse who recently visited us appear in it?"

He froze.

How did Mom know about that?

"No Mom. Not at all!" he countered hastily.

"Is that so? And of whom do you dream then for something like this to happen?"

Her finger traced the sticky trail on his belly, then slipped into her mouth with a slow, deliberate lick.

"Clean yourself up. And then come over. We want to have breakfast in bed with you. Let's hope the dream left us something to suck..."

She stood up, and although he had just had his climax, he could not turn his gaze away from the swinging curves. Even as she turned and left. However, at this moment he was a bit more capable of thinking.

She is so beautiful! And she is my Mom! She chose me to be her boy! What luck!

Nevertheless, he knew that he didn't find her attractive just because she was his mom. But also because she was a woman who had chosen him to be her... He didn't dare call by name what she had made of him. What he wanted to be for her.

First things first! He used the diaper to soak up the coarsest traces. Then he scurried into the bathroom and washed himself. Should he put on clean clothes? He decided against it and so he went stark naked into Jenna's bedroom.

"What a cheeky and handsome young man!" Megan greeted him, having half-straightened up in the large bed. "You look hungry, hop on!" she urged him.

He needed no second invitation and crawled onto the high, wide waterbed. Every movement made everything on it swing and rock. Jonah noticed how similar the wobbling of the water mattress was to the swinging of the heavy, bulging breasts of Megan and Jenna. Probably because they were filled with milk. And it looked also like the pregnant bellies, even though they was somehow firmer at the same time.

Right, babies in the belly also swim in liquids!

He did not get to further reflections because the women had snuggled up to him from both sides, and no matter where he turned his head, he immediately had a thick nipple in front of his lips, which he obediently began to suck.

Breakfast in bed is the best!

Warm milk flooded his mouth, thick and sweet, while the waterbed rocked gently under their combined weight. Every swallow relaxed him deeper into their arms and made him immediately relaxed and dizzy.

"Did he jerk off?" he heard Megan ask.

"Either that or he had a fantastic dream. When I came into the room, he was just ejaculating. Why do you ask?" Jenna replied.

"He is so soft."

Indeed, Jonah now also felt her touch between his legs. Warm, skillful fingers that explored him gently.

"Usually he becomes hard much faster. I have to admit, the delicate smooth little sausage has something. It feels great when he becomes hard very slowly under my fingers."

"Really? Can he do it again already?" Jenna asked.

"I think he needs a little bit more." Her fingers grabbed more firmly now and kneaded his balls.

Enough that it became uncomfortable and Jonah instinctively tried to wriggle out of the grip.

"Now, now!" Jenna scolded and clutched him tightly. "Do not fidget. We have enough for you!"

"Probably even more than he can manage," Megan giggled. "How about you, Jenna, do you have an appetite? We could all three have breakfast in bed."

Jenna returned the giggle. "Sure, why not."

She still held Jonah clutched as Megan slid higher next to him.

When everyone had found the right position, he lay with his head on Jenna's belly and it felt as if he could feel the baby inside. When he opened his eyes, he had Jenna's large dark pink areola and the curve of her pale, veiny breast in view, and from the corner of his eye, he saw Megan's tanned breast, which was made to wobble rhythmically by Jenna's sucking.

The air was filled with the smacking sounds of him and Jenna, the scent of breast milk and traces of what the two women had been doing with each other before he joined them in bed.

With all the impressions, it did not take long and the pressure built again, faster this time..

Maybe… Please...! he wished again. Then, a little later, his only thought was Finally...!

XXXXX

The sun sent its rays diagonally through the leaves of the trees. Hints of yellow appeared amidst the green, and birds gathered in small groups to announce the end of summer. The surprisingly cool afternoon air carried the same bittersweet farewell to summer.

When Liz stepped out of the school building, a light breeze made her shiver. She pulled the hood over her medium-length dark hair with its fading blue tips. She zipped up her dark hoodie. Crossing the street, she pulled out her earbuds and put them in. A fifteen-minute walk through the park lay ahead. This quarter hour would allow her to wind down with a soundtrack matching her gloomy mood. School was a place she hated.

Just one more year, then I'm out of here!

This mantra had accompanied her since the first day of school two weeks ago. Her path led through the park behind the school. Old trees stood with a few bushes and plenty of grass in between. The area was spacious and open enough that she felt safe on the paths. Furthermore, the park was lined with public buildings. Besides the high school, there was a middle school, a library, and other city administration buildings. Consequently, the sheriff made sure that no problematic people settled there. There were other corners in the city for that.

Liz knew every tree and most of the few passers-by who also walked through the park at this time. On the other side lay the residential area where she lived. On most days, she walked to school. If she was in a hurry, she rode her bike. This was one of her quirks that made her an outsider in the eyes of her classmates. Everyone else arrived by car and pulled up on the other side of the school building.

She had passed the first trees and finally settled on a metal track, when she heard unusual noises. Curious, she took out an earphone to listen.

There is definitely something happening!

Behind the large bushes next to the path, laughter rang out. Mean voices mixed with desperate whimpering. Liz stepped closer carefully and peered through a gap between the shrubs.

Two teenagers stood with their backs to her. She recognized them anyway since everyone at school knew who they were.

Stevens and Miller. That means trouble...

Another boy crouched on the ground, partially hidden by the two. He was the source of the whimpering cries. The poor kid tried desperately to pick up his things scattered around him. Those two bullies kicked them away every time he reached out.

As the boy reached for his next book, one of the bullies drew his leg back and aimed a vicious kick straight at him.

"Hey! Stop it!" Liz screamed while squeezing through the narrow gap in the bushes.

The guys jumped in surprise and turned around.

"Crap, it's the Black Bitch!" one shouted.

"Leave him alone!" Liz held one arm bent, ready for a fight, while her other hand held her smartphone to record the scene. She stared at the guys as fiercely as possible. The boys backed away half a step, trying to decide if she was a threat or a victim.

"Get lost!" she yelled. "I know who you are. I know your names, Miller and Stephens."

The two still seemed unsure whether to take her seriously.

What idiots.

"You don't get it, do you? I have you on video! Leave him alone. If you cause trouble again, I'll make sure you're kicked out of school."

Finally, they understood. The fear on their faces became even clearer.

"Beat it and never pick on someone weaker again, you cowards!"

They retreated and disappeared through a gap on the other side of the bushes. A few crude words were shouted back, but she ignored them like the previous insults. Black Bitch was a name given to her because of her dark clothes and the fact that she never hid her opinion. Finally, she could approach the boy who was collecting his notebooks and books.

Wavy brown hair fell deep over his forehead, hiding much of his face. The boy kept his head down while gathering his belongings. As she came closer, he flinched back in fear.

"Hey, they're gone. And I won't hurt you!"

She knelt down and helped him. A few items had stickers that looked very familiar to her.

"I'm Liz," she tried again. "What's your name? Do you play Eternal too?"

Mentioning the game caught his attention. He raised his head and looked into her eyes for the first time. The boy nodded shyly.

"Yes. I'm Calvin." He sniffled, and Liz noticed tears in the corners of his large brown eyes. His heart-shaped face with full lips and delicate eyelashes looked incredibly soft, almost feminine.

No wonder those idiots picked him as a target.

"What level are you?" she asked.

Instead of answering, Calvin looked anxiously toward where the boys had disappeared.

"Don't worry, they won't come back," Liz reassured him.

He swallowed. "Level 7. I can't get any further on my own."

"Yeah, the boss is really tough. Maybe I can help you."

Something like a smile twitched at the corners of his mouth. "Really? That would be cool!"

She had gathered all his school supplies and brushed off the worst of the dirt. When Calvin stood up, Liz noticed a few leaves on his pants.

"There's still some dirt," she said. Without thinking, she patted and wiped the leaves off his backside.

Oh shit. I just touched a boy’s ass I don’t even know.

The realization hit her like a shock.

What if someone misinterprets this?

"Thanks," Calvin simply said and wiped the seat of his pants himself. Liz breathed a sigh of relief. Apparently, it wasn't a problem for him.

Lucky me. How could I do that?

"And what level are you?" he asked, smiling at her.

"Max level," Liz replied. Calvin's eyes widened in excitement.

"Really? That's insane!"

"Yeah, I've been playing it for a while," Liz brushed it off.

A few years I did nothing else.

Sitting in her room, escaping into a fantasy world, and listening to dark music had been her life. The passion for the game had faded as the pain became less deep. However, her taste in music had stayed.

"Which school do you go to? The middle school?" she asked.

Calvin's shoulders slumped.

"No, high school. First year," he replied grumpily.

"Oh sorry, you look younger..."

"Yeah, I know..."

Of course he knows.

Being a new student with such a young appearance made things difficult. She had experienced her fair share of unwanted attention.

"Which way do you go?" Liz tried to change the subject.

"Through the park. I live behind it," he replied.

"Really? Oak Alley Drive?"

The boy nodded.

"I live there too. Come on, I'll walk with you."

After just a few steps, Calvin opened up and started talking. He spoke about his game and how they had moved here only a few weeks ago. He also mentioned his fantastic mom, with whom he lived alone. It had been a long time since anyone had talked to Liz so freely and happily.

Finally, they reached a hidden driveway that Liz had never noticed before. She had always thought it was the entrance to a garage.

"I live back there," Calvin said. "Thanks again." He took a few steps into the driveway, then turned around once more. "It was really nice chatting with you."

"You're welcome."

He is just cute! A few years older and he would even be interesting.

Her own house stood diagonally across the street. Halfway there she pulled out her earbuds again, only to slip them back into her pocket. She was no longer in the mood for dark metal. Instead, she sped up and hurried into the house. Liz started the game on her console. Calvin had given her his username, and they had agreed to meet in the game. When she told him her name, he had stared with wide eyes and nodded with respect.

Time for DarkPrincess and CalTitan to hunt some monsters and fight a boss.

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Why is he so late?

Isabel glanced at the wall clock again and realized barely two minutes had passed since the last time she checked. She forced herself not to overthink the delay.

There must be a simple explanation!

This time they had chosen their new home together. As soon as her latest clients were confirmed, she and Calvin had browsed through the housing offers from FemCom. Their choice fell on this city. It was large enough to maintain some anonymity. Being small and away from major metropolises meant they were spared the downsides of the big city. The hilly landscape and nearby rivers completed the idyllic picture. Furthermore, the state was considered progressive. Alternative lifestyles were generally accepted. A single mother with her son should remain completely inconspicuous there. And whatever happened behind her door was nobody's business.

Maybe I should have driven him after all!

Isabel sighed and nervously straightened the hem of her tight top. Even the slightest pressure against her heavy breasts sent a sharp sting through her. She quickly crossed her arms beneath them and lifted the swollen mounds. This brought immediate relief and she breathed out in relaxation.

Thoughtfully, she looked down at her pushed-up cleavage. If she wore a bra, she required a significant size 38 Triple D. However, she didn't wear one. Thanks to the Greens* and her strict exercise program, she stayed in excellent shape and had almost no complaints. She was proud of her lush proportions and enjoyed showing them off confidently through her choice of clothing. From the way Calvin looked at her, he liked the sight. This was the only other opinion that mattered to her.

Sometimes she felt like she noticed a he faintest hint of sagging, but it only gave her breasts a soft, natural teardrop shape and a hypnotic sway when she walked. Something no one ever failed to notice.

In moments like now, however, when she was filled to the point of bursting and urgently waiting for relief, her breasts were tightly rounded. Even if she let go, it looked like a magic push-up pushing them upward. This also meant that her milk was about to find its own way to release. The persistent mix of pressure and tension left no doubt about it.

She glanced into the living room at the comfortable couch where she had prepared blankets and pillows. In a simple case next to it was the pump tucked away. An increasingly tempting idea. Carefully, she lowered her arms and immediately felt the weight of her full breasts.

If he doesn't come soon, I'll have no choice but to pump.

She only resorted to this option in emergencies. After all, these were the best hours of the day when her boy drank directly from the source. Cuddle time. That was what they called these intimate moments of pure closeness and connection. The question of whether he was too old for this had long stopped crossing her mind. It was something they both wanted and needed. Something that literally welded them together. This was the most intense connection a mother and son could have, and it had grown even closer over the years.

Just the thought caused her nipples to stand out under the fabric of the top, ready for the release. A growing dark spot revealed that the first drops were leaking out. Once again she checked the clock. This movement was accompanied by another painful tug in her chest.

More than twenty minutes late!

It was no use, as she couldn't wait any longer. But just as she sat down on the couch and was about to open the case, the front door flew open.

"Mom, I'm home!" Calvin called.

She could hear him tossing his backpack at the base of the stairs and walking energetically through the hallway. Immediately her senses were alert and the aching breasts were forgotten.

Something is wrong. He's in much too good a mood!

Calvin came rushing into the living room.

"You won't believe what happened today, Mom. I met a real warrior princess!"

That was highly unlikely, but something had definitely happened. She had never seen her boy like this. With a flushed face and full of excitement, it seemed impossible for him to stand still.

"Slow down, my sweetheart! Come here, sit with me, and take a deep breath!"

Calvin obeyed, and she made him take at least three deep breaths before allowing him to tell his story.

"So, there were these stupid boys..." he began.

At first, Isabel was worried that the bullying story from a few years ago would repeat itself. She had researched as thoroughly as possible before enrolling Calvin in this school. Online classes were not a long-term option. The teachers at the digital FemCom school had emphasized that Calvin absolutely needed more contact with real people.

Deep in her heart, she had to agree with them. She could not influence his slow physical development. Even in his mid-thirteens, he looked like he was barely eleven. In the crowd of his peers, he stood out noticeable. As much as she would have loved to keep her cute boy small and sweet forever, she knew that it weighed on him more and more. It was all the more important that he did not fall behind in the development of his personality. Although a part of her also would have liked to keep him with his clinginess and enthusiasm for his mom.

Therefore, she felt a small sting as he now told her so enthusiastically about this girl who apparently had superpowers. At least she had ensured that her boy made it home safely.

"...and we wanted to play one more round together right now, Mom. She is helping me with the boss fight where I can't get ahead alone. Is it okay if we eat later for once?"

"Yes, sure. If it's that important to you..."

"Great, Mom. Thanks. I love you!"

He jumped up and rushed upstairs to his room.

Isabel sighed and became aware of her aching breasts. And another ache, deep in her heart.

The moment he meets a nice girl, he already forgets what he has with me…

Resigned, she opened the case and took out the suction cups. The previous models had already been tested by her, but FemCom had hit the mark perfectly with the current PeriCup* milking machine. As much as she enjoyed the intimacy of nursing her son, the machine had suction and massage functions that went far beyond that. Stimulations that lay beyond a boundary she did not allow herself to cross with him. Even though it became harder with every year.

After she had unpacked all the parts, she listened into the silence of the house. Occasional excited shouts from Calvin told her that he was completely immersed in his game. Thus, she could also allow herself to play.

With a soft hum the machine built up the vacuum. She pressed the suction cups to her breasts and felt the silky inner lining mold perfectly against her skin. Then she started the program, and her nipples were rhythmically sucked while the areolas were massaged with exactly the right pressure. Immediately, milk began to stream into the container. With the amount that had built up, she would have to change them halfway through.

But for now, she enjoyed the relief that already set in as the pressure in her breasts decreased. From the case of the machine, she fished out a toy that had nothing to do with the milking machine and yet was used often enough while pumping. She sighed again, but this time with delight, as the dildo sank between her legs in sync with the pulsing of the suction cups.

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It was the third day in a row that Calvin was waiting for her. Liz was still surprised at how quickly he had become a part of her life after their chance meeting. She was actually looking forward to seeing him.

"Hey Tiny!" she greeted him.

"Hey Princess," he shot back, accompanied by a fist bump and an absurdly wide smile.

Even when he grins cheekily, he's just sweet!

Liz reached out and ruffled his hair. This familiar gesture had somehow developed over the past few days. Calvin seemed to like it.

"So, have you decided?" Liz asked as they made their way to school together.

He had told her the day before that he had to choose an elective subject.

"Maybe. The biology course sounds pretty interesting."

"Bio? Yeah, that course is good. I took it back then too. With the basic course, you can choose all the medical courses later on."

"Really? Sounds cool. But I'm not sure if I can do it. There's a lot to learn."

"Don't worry," Liz replied. "I can help you study."

"Thanks!" Full of enthusiasm, Calvin hugged her.

It caught Liz completely off guard. His arms wrapped around her waist, his hands landing dangerously close to her ass. He pressed himself quite firmly against her chest. It lasted at most a second, and then he let go again. While Liz was still thinking about how to react, Calvin chattered away happily.

"I'm so glad I met you, Liz! Truly. I didn't think I'd find such a great friend here..."

Liz only listened with half an ear. She was too preoccupied with the physical contact she had just experienced.

Why does this bother me so much?

The question had been haunting her ever since their first meeting. Since she had brushed those dry leaves off his small, firm butt. The brief thought alone was enough to make her remember how it had felt in her hand.

What is wrong with me?

She walked beside Calvin and kept glancing at him. In one moment, he seemed delicate and vulnerable. This awakened a deep-seated protective instinct in her. It was like a mother defending her young. In the next moment, he seemed like an innocent companion. Someone to escape reality with and experience fantastic adventures. Somewhere between a little brother and a cute puppy. It was weird, but she could deal with it. However, then there were those brief moments when she became all too aware that he was a boy and she was a girl. There were things she could explore and others she could show him.

Come on girl, stop it!

Liz forced herself to interrupt these highly disturbing thoughts.

He is my little friend. Nothing more and nothing less!

Silently, she repeated this thought over and over until she had convinced herself. But a hint of uncertainty remained.

Something is different. I've never reacted to someone like this before!

That was saying something, because Liz was very sensitive to all kinds of stimuli in her environment. Light, noise, smells, moods. Whatever it was, she experienced it more intensely than most around her.

However, nothing like that was detectable in Calvin. No smell, no perfume, nothing. His mom seemed to put a lot of effort into his neat appearance. His clothes were always clean and gave off a tiny hint of something she associated with comfort and coziness. It was probably the scent of the detergent. The mood he showed toward her was cheerful and innocent. There was nothing that would trigger her high sensitivity.

Or is there more to the hug? Did he press his face against my chest on purpose?

She couldn't imagine that. On the contrary, she had never met anyone who treated her so politely and decently. She was used to something very different from school.

Stupid pickup lines were part of everyday life there. Unfortunately, there were also enough girls who fell for them. Liz had found her own way of dealing with it. Clear statements and a dark outfit kept the guys away. It kept everyone else away too. It hadn't always been like that. There had been a time when she was the complete opposite. But that was a long time ago, and she had decided that she got along better on her own. It surprised her all the more how much she enjoyed the closeness of her little friend.

While he talked, he kept looking up at her. She couldn't get enough of his large eyes. They looked as if they were constantly marvelling at something.

Wait, did he just check my boobs?

It was only a fleeting glance that she had noticed by chance. Liz smiled. She reminded herself of his age, even if he looked younger. Inside him was a boy who was probably slowly becoming interested in everything feminine. With anyone else, it would have annoyed her to be the object of interest. But for some reason, it didn't bother her with Calvin. If that was even the case.

They had reached the school. As they entered the building, they naturally attracted some looks. Word had gotten around that the new kid had become friends with the Black Bitch.

When it came to guys like Miller and Stevens, who immediately headed in the opposite direction at the sight of her, Calvin could only benefit. But it looked like many others would also give him a wide berth. Liz had simply made it too clear in the past that she could easily do without friends.

Friends disappoint you. Friends are just gone at some point.

She had to force herself to push away the dark thoughts that came into her mind.

That's over! I can manage on my own!

But she didn’t have to anymore. She was no longer alone. Now she had a little friend. When she said goodbye to Calvin and watched him as he walked toward his classroom, she realized that the wall she had built up so painstakingly had already developed deep cracks.

The uncertainty of what lay behind those cracks scared her, and at the same time, excited her.

Let's see what happens!

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Massive stone projectiles slammed into the ground with a thunderous crash right beside the dwarf. He was hiding behind a boulder. Hurriedly, he loaded his crossbow and fired, but the giant swatted his arrows out of the air. The monster approached relentlessly. It had almost reached the dwarf's cover when the air around it began to glow. A swirl of bright colors descended upon the giant and slowed it down until it froze. At the same time, something whirled around the beast. Wherever the blurry figure touched it, the monster lit up. Long purple numbers announced the damage dealt. A roar sounded, then the giant fell over, and the gloomy scene shone in cheerful colors. A menu popped up, showing the dwarf details and offering various upgrades.

Isabel had followed the fight on the screen through the slightly open door to Calvin's room. He hadn’t noticed her at all, completely lost in the battle. Now he was discussing something called a 'level up' with his friend.

Video games were a world that had never held any interest for Isabel. She knew almost nothing about it. But Calvin had spoken about it repeatedly, so she had finally

let him talk her into buying the console. Furthermore, it was intended as a balance since he had started attending a real school again this school year. Perhaps being able to talk about the popular game would make his start easier. Maybe he would find friends more easily this way.

He actually did, but it wasn't quite what Isabel had in mind. At least the friend's voice sounded quite nice, as far as Isabel could hear it over the game effects.

"What do we do next?" Calvin asked.

The scene on the screen changed. Now the dwarf could be seen walking along a path in a fantasy world. He was accompanied by a slender, tall warrior. An elf? That was what they called these fantasy characters, right? She was definitely female. Way too female, and wearing an amazingly skimpy costume for a warrior. The dwarf, on the other hand, was armored up to the tip of his nose.

"What do you feel like? Treasure hunting, maybe? You definitely need better armor for your level," the voice of Calvin's friend sounded.

Liz.

That was her name. Isabel knew far too little about her, considering the two had spent a lot of time together every day for a week. It was time to change that. She knocked on the door to make her presence known.

"Calvin?"

He turned his head toward her briefly and then immediately turned back to the game.

"I think that's enough for today, don't you?"

He sighed. "But Mom, we just..."

"Hey Tiny, your mom is right," Liz interrupted him. "Enough for today. The game isn't going anywhere."

"Okay. See you tomorrow then."

Liz said goodbye, and the elf next to the dwarf dissolved. Calvin pressed a button that ended the game.

"Now that you're back in my world, Calvin, could it be that you're hungry?" Isabel asked.

He stood up and stretched.

"Yes, you're right, Mom. I completely lost track of time."

"I noticed that," Isabel called out. "I know that you have fun in your game, but I would remind you that I have something for you here, in our little realm. A quest, that's what they call it, right? Or do you find that too boring?"

He looked at her questioningly. Isabel squared her shoulders and straightened up enough for him to understand the challenge she was offering.

"No, Mom. Not boring at all!"

He came closer and placed his hands on her hips as if to hug her. But he didn't. He stopped right in front of her, his gaze fixed on her full breasts, which were directly at his eye level.

"Well then, come on. Let's see if TinyCal can find his way to the magic fountain."

"Oh no, Mom, please, don't say it that way. That sounds weird," he said, blushing. "That has nothing to do with the game."

"Doesn't it?" Isabel stroked his head gently. "I thought this would make me a bit more interesting to you again! Did you prepare yourself?"

He nodded, and she took his hand and pulled him after her down to the living room.

Her remark had obviously made him think.

"Sorry, Mom," he said while they walked down the stairs. "I didn't want to make you feel sad. Please, don't think you're boring. It was my fault, because of the game and the fight, it was so exciting today. I didn't notice the time passing. It won't happen again, I promise."

They reached the couch. Isabel sat down and leaned back against the soft cushions, placing a pillow on her lap. Calvin knelt beside her for a moment and with skillful fingers he opened her blouse with the nursing bra underneath.Then he quickly lay down with his head on the pillow, his face barely an inch from the heavy curve of her breast. Just as he had done a thousand times before, yet still full of anticipation.

"Ready?" Isabel asked softly.

"Yes, Mom!" he whispered eagerly.

For a short moment, he looked up at her, and she saw the spark in his eyes. Hunger. Or rather, an appetite, far deeper than a child’s needs. A way to mature enthusiasm for their cuddle time. She had noticed signs of this a long time ago, as much as he tried to hide it.

In a swift motion, she opened the clasp of her cups and exposed the first engorged breast. Calvin's gaze was fixed on the large nipple. She adjusted his head on the pillow and latched him on.

A few wet smacking sounds, then the milk began to flow and he swallowed greedily. At first. Once he had found his rhythm, the play of his tongue began. Isabel observed him closely. With his eyes closed and deep focused, his lips sealed tightly around her areola while the agile tip of his tongue circled and teased her sensitive nipple with every pull. He sucked harder than necessary for nourishment alone, drawing her flesh deeper into his mouth. His passion felt as he were trying to make up for his neglect over the past few days

A shiver raced through Isabel’s body. Goosebumps spread across her skin as the familiar tingle moved from her breast downward, pooling hot and insistent between her thighs.

She forced herself to take her hand away from her lap. Instead, she gently stroked his arm.

It's harmless. Just innocent affection. There’s nothing wrong with this.

Calvin responded by snuggling even closer, his small body pressing warmly against hers.

I'll have to talk to him about it at some point. It can't go on like this in the long run.

As if he had read her thoughts, his tongue and teeth, padded by his lips, made something very intense with her nipple. This sent a violent shiver through her body. It took all her self-control not to groan with delight. She could not prevent her breathing from accelerating.

With each rise and fall of her chest her large areola rubbed against his nose. He shifted his head in the same rhythm, making her heavy breast brush against his cheek and chin.

His eyes remained closed in deep concentration, but the corners of his mouth twitched. Almost a smile. His tongue flicked again, firmer this time, and a soft, involuntary sound escaped Isabel's throat. She bit her lip hard.

He knows! He has to know what he's doing to me!

What a scary thought! Isabel took another deep breath. The more she thought about what she should not allow herself and her boy, the more tempting it became. Finally, the first breast was empty.

Without opening his eyes, Calvin surrendered to her guidance. She adjusted him on the pillow so that he lay directly in front of the second one.

Cool air stung her wet, swollen nipple where his mouth had just been. Isabel took it between her index finger and thumb. She was unsure whether to massage herself gently for comfort or to pinch for a boost of pleasure.

Calvin noticed none of this. He was busy with the second breast.

Initially, she had feared that the natural nourishment would be too rich for him. She had carefully monitored his growth. What worried Calvin the most was to their benefit. His predisposition for a delicate stature ensured that he did not put on any telltale excess weight.

Perhaps he would be even less developed without this feeding!

The thought was both a comfort and a welcome alibi. Yet she needed no alibi at all. For her and him, this literal bond was normal, and others had no right to judge it.

They approached the end. Isabel knew the signs. Her breast gave hardly any more milk. It took longer for his mouth to be filled and he became slower, sleepier. As a side effect of the daily cuddle time, he was tired and peaceful when it was time to go to bed.

But today she had to mention something first.

"Calvin?" she asked softly.

He blinked at her tiredly. Her nipple had slipped from his mouth and left a wet trail on his cheek.

"Yes, Mom?" he asked, tired and happy.

"Calvin, I'm really happy you've found such a great friend. I see you're having a lot of fun together. I really would like to meet her. Do you think she would like me?"

"Yes, sure. Definitely." He woke up a little more. "She might look a bit grim, but inside she's really totally nice."

"That sounds like an interesting young lady. Do you think she likes pancakes?"

Calvin's eyes lit up, at least as far as the nursing-induced fatigue allowed.

"Definitely, Mom. I'm absolutely sure of that!"

"Then why don't you bring her along when you come home from school. Agreed?"

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The front door slammed shut, leaving Liz alone in the sudden silence of the big empty house. Normally, her mother worked from her home office in the mornings. Today, however, she had already left early for an important appointment. Her father had been out of the house for a long time. As always. That was if he had even spent the night at home at all. With the frequency of his business trips, Liz had long ago lost track.

She packed her bag and looked around once more. Being the last to leave the house brought a completely different responsibility. After making sure all doors and windows were closed, she set off.

Her mother's early departure was very convenient. It saved her from uncomfortable questions. Instead of walking to school, she opened the garage and got into her car. It was her mother's old station wagon, the one she had used to start her business many years ago. Upon passing her driving test, her parents had handed Liz the keys. They were decorated with a little pink bow.

This had surprised Liz. In the time before that, she had withdrawn quite a bit and limited communication to the absolute minimum. She realized the car represented a gesture of trust and compromise from her parents. It was an attempt to become part of her life again. From then on, she had tried to talk to them at least a little more. On some days, she would have liked to tell them how grateful and happy she was for her family. Somehow, though, she couldn't find the right words for it.

She steered the car carefully out of the garage. It was old technology without modern assistance systems. A relic that did not belong in this time. Non-conformist. Conspicuous. Just like herself.

Her route took her in the opposite direction, away from school. To her surprise, she realized that she missed Calvin.

In the past few days, he had waited for her at his driveway in the morning. They had walked to school together, and they often met on the way home as well. She liked the little guy. He had something about him that had awakened a series of instincts deep within her that she couldn't quite categorize yet. A protective instinct. But also

something else. She enjoyed his presence, that strange mix of naive cheerfulness and earnest wonder.

The navigation on her smartphone directed her through the city. After nearly half an hour, she had crossed the downtown area and turned into a parking lot on an inconspicuous side street. The plain building did not differ from the other office and warehouse buildings next to it. Only the small sign with the striking logo revealed what was inside: FemCom Clinic.

Hopefully, the doctor isn't a man.

This was highly unlikely for an organisation called Female Community, but somehow it was exactly this thought that had caused her unease since she sent the online form for the appointment. For a moment, she wondered if she should really should go. Then she pulled herself together and got out of the car.

Behind the mirrored entrance door, a friendly and highly modern reception area opened up. Liz approached the counter hesitantly. The whole thing spontaneously reminded Liz of an old TV show she had seen some time ago.

Was it Castle? Home? No, House it was!

Just like in the show, the three young women sitting behind the counter were strikingly attractive. As Liz approached, they immediately interrupted their conversation and turned to her with friendly smiles.

"Welcome. What can we do for you?" one of them asked.

"Hi, I booked an appointment online..." Liz said.

"What is your name?" the woman asked, looking at her monitor.

"Eliza," Liz gave her real name.

"Ah yes, I have it."

"Is this your first time here?" one of the other women asked. A warm, friendly voice.

"Yes," Liz said, looking at the woman. Her smile was just as likeable as the sound of her voice.

"And is it also your first time having this kind of examination?" she followed up.

Liz nodded.

"Hmm, then you need to fill out some forms. If you like, I can help you with that. I'm Isabel."

"Yes, please, thank you." Liz felt embarrassed that her uncertainty was apparently so obvious. However, there was something about Isabel that had a calming effect on her.

One of the other women handed Liz a tablet with the form. Isabel stood up and came around the counter. In contrast to the other two, Isabel had a much fuller figure.

"Let's go to one of the quiet corners. We can sit down and go through it step by step," Isabel said, pointing to one of several separate compartments in the waiting area.

Through the gesture, the figure-hugging polo shirt of Isabel's practice uniform tightened. The neckline gaped open, revealing the start of her ample breasts. Clear contours and even her nipple showed under the white fabric. But there was no sign of a bra.

What a pair of tits!

The word felt crude and perfect at the same time. 'Boobs' would have been far too innocent for breasts this heavy and full. At the same time, she was confused as she realized how surprisingly strong her fascination with Isabel was. She had never perceived a woman so intensely and immediately before.

Isabel had something exotic about her that immediately captivated Liz. She was half a head taller and looked down at her with sparkling eyes. There was a hint of the South Seas in them.

Hawaii?

But there was more. Dark, wavy hair and a trace of freckles created a contrast that reminded her of Europe.

Maybe Scotland, possibly Ireland. Or Eastern Europe?

When Liz realized a few years ago that she carried the heritage of very different ancestors, she had studied the characteristics of various regions in detail. Isabel turned out to be an exciting puzzle.

Her strong, lush figure clearly carried the blood of her South Sea ancestors.

More Tahiti than Hawaii. Or Samoa.

Still, something about her was different. Liz didn't know why, but the sway of Isabel's curves on the way to the seating area fascinated her with every step.

What a great ass!

Isabel was attractive in a way Liz had never noticed before. At the same time, she had a somehow motherly aura, giving a securing and calming effect.

They took their seats. Liz had to force herself not to stare at Isabel. Her pants fit just as tightly as her top and hid nothing of her strong, well-formed thighs. There was no trace of being overweight. Simply perfect, sensual femininity in the finest way.

Wow. Where did that insight come from?

Liz forced herself to look at the form on the tablet. The general information was filled out quickly. Then they reached the section for pre-existing conditions and she hesitated. Isabel noticed. She moved closer and looked at the tablet with her.

"It is not a big deal if you can't think of anything. If you like, we can ask your family doctor."

"Yes, well... I have only ever been to the pediatrician," Liz replied. "But I haven't been there in a few years because I was never sick. I called them, and the lady on the phone said that at my age and with my questions, I should perhaps visit a gynecologist. That is why I am here."

"I understand!" Isabel placed a hand reassuringly on her shoulder. Liz felt the heat of the contact deep in her bones.

"What kind of questions or complaints do you have?" Isabel asked gently.

"Well, about my period. It is irregular and sometimes I have cramps. Sometimes it's quite intense, and then it's barely there. I just wanted to know if everything is okay with me and if there is perhaps something to make it less bothersome."

Isabel nodded. "Good idea to come to us. We know all about things like that."

She continued to fill in fields on the form. Most of it was easy to understand. Isabel explained the complicated parts to her. When they were almost finished, another woman in a classic doctor's coat came over to them.

"Hi, you are Eliza?" she addressed Liz and held out her hand.

"Yes," Liz replied, shaking her hand.

"I am Dr. Jones. We will see each other in a moment. I saw at reception that this is your first time here. But for now, you are in good hands." She turned to Isabel. "Isabel, please get a blood sample, urine, and a complete scan. We will discuss the results after that."

Liz and Isabel finished the form. After they had handed the tablet back at the counter, Isabel pointed to an inconspicuous door.

"If you please. You heard Dr. Jones. You will find cups behind the door. Fill it halfway and then place it in the compartment in the wall."

Behind the door was a simple toilet. Liz locked the door behind her and looked around. A stack of strangely shaped cups was ready. She took one, pulled down her pants, and realized that the odd shape was perfectly matched to the female anatomy.

Exactly what you would expect from an organization for women, Liz thought and filled the cup.

It was only a minor detail, but it made her feel that she was in good hands here.

After everything was done, Isabel led her into another room. There was a classic examination bench.

"We will do the blood draw now. Please lie down on the table."

Watching Isabel prepare the syringe and needles gave Liz a queasy feeling. Of course, she did not want to act like a little girl. She lay down, fixed her eyes on a point on the ceiling, and tried to think of something else.

Isabel applied disinfectant with an atomizer. It felt ice-cold on the skin. For a moment, the smell overpowered something that had been subconsciously bothering Liz since meeting Isabel.

Maybe her perfume? I have noticed it somewhere before. But where?

Liz got goosebumps. It was from the cold, but also from the excitement. And perhaps because she felt Isabel's soft, warm touch on her skin.

"Make a fist," Isabel instructed. "Yes, that's good." Then Liz felt the prick. She held her breath for a moment and tried even harder not to think about the needle stuck in her arm.

"Almost done," Isabel commented. She handled the syringe. There was a clattering and clicking sound as she changed the attachment. Her touch was gentle. She felt warm and caring. Nevertheless, Liz felt as if she could sense something being sucked out of her. She did not dare to look.

"There, finished!" Isabel pulled the needle out of her arm and pressed a swab firmly onto the spot. "Press down hard!"

Liz finally dared to look at her arm. She held the swab in place with her other hand, and Isabel taped a bandage over it. Three small tubes filled with dark red fluid lay in

a tray next to her arm. Isabel took them, attached stickers with a barcode, and then placed them in a compartment in the wall, closing the door. Liz could hear someone on the other side taking the samples.

"How are you feeling? Everything okay? Or are you dizzy?"

"I'm fine," Liz answered.

Maybe a tiny bit dizzy.

But that was nothing she wanted to admit openly.

"Brave girl," Isabel said with a smile and patted her shoulder. Again, Liz was distinctly aware of the touch.

"Then the scan is next. I'll check if the room is free."

Isabel left the small room. Liz was glad to have a few seconds to compose herself. Shortly after, Isabel returned and led Liz into another room.

It was dominated by an impressive apparatus. The function of the chair below it was obvious, the rests for spread legs were exactly what one would expect in a women's clinic. Above it hung a flat, oval device on a massive bracket. Several arms were attached to its side. They were folded in at the moment, but it was clear they could do something to the patient sitting on the chair. The same was true for the thicker, segmented arm curled at the end of the oval disk.

The whole thing reminded her of a bizarre mechanical scorpion. The inscription 'SCAPI'* on the side reinforced this association.

"For the scan, please undress completely. You can put your things there," Isabel said, pointing to the corner of the room where a few hooks and a chair stood.

Liz began to undress hesitantly. Meanwhile, Isabel prepared the table under the machine with a disposable cover.

"Completely?" Liz asked shyly when she only had her socks and panties on, covering her breasts with her hands.

Isabel turned to her and smiled. "Yes, sweetie. You can leave your socks on if you like, but everything else must be clear."

It took a lot of willpower for Liz to remove her panties as well.

"Please take a seat," Isabel requested.

Liz sat down carefully on the edge of the bench.

"Don't worry," Isabel explained. "This machine is state of the art. Various sensors are attached to the arms that will perform a series of scans simultaneously. Your body shape will be recorded, your breasts will be examined with ultrasound and touch sensors, and the same will happen vaginally. Thanks to the computer control, the whole process is faster and more comfortable than if a doctor did it manually. At the same time, significantly more data is collected and evaluated in our data center. This allows us to examine more and obtain more accurate results. I will stay with you the whole time and can intervene at any moment if something becomes uncomfortable for you. Ready?"

Liz swallowed. "Yes, okay."

"Good, then lie down and put your legs on the pads."

It was exactly as degrading as Liz had imagined. She lay here in front of a strange woman she hadn't even known for an hour, exposing her most private parts. At least Isabel didn't pay any more attention to her bare crotch than absolutely necessary. Nevertheless, Liz realized that this woman had seen more of her than any other human being. Except for her toes, which were still tucked in her socks.

"I'm starting the external scan now," Isabel said. "Please avoid any sudden movements and tell me immediately if it hurts. The breast exam might feel like someone is grabbing firmly. That might be a bit uncomfortable."

The machine hummed to life. Several arms lowered slowly toward her. Smooth ultrasound sensors glided across her breasts, her stomach and her hips. Then two grippers settled gently but purposefully around her breasts. The touch was firm, almost dominant. Liz felt the soft tissue of her breasts being squeezed and lifted as the sensors grabbed in and performed slow, circular movements. It felt as if someone were kneading her breasts with powerful fingers. A possessive directness that would have earned anyone outside of an examination an immediate slap.

The thought made Liz smile, and then that part of the exam was already over. Fortunately, as her nipples revealed that part of it was stimulating in a certain way.

"Very good," Isabel commented while looking at some data on a computer screen. "Now for the second part. Have you been sexually active?"

"What?" Liz was completely caught off guard by the question.

Isabel turned to her and placed a hand reassuringly on her thigh.

"Have you had sex? I'm only asking because I want to know if the entrance is clear or if we need to proceed especially gently to preserve all signs of virginity."

"Um, well, to be honest..." Liz blushed. "No sex. Not really, with boys or anything. But it's clear anyway, I think. We were curious, my best friend and I, and she had these toys from her mom and so we... well..."

"Understood, that's more than I need to know. In that case, the device can operate in 'active' mode. We try to make the penetrative scan as pleasant as possible. I'll apply some lubricant now, and the probe is warmed. Ready?"

Liz nodded. Isabel pressed a button, and the articulated scorpion tail unrolled. Directly at the base, it was at least as thick as her calf and tapered with each segment. At the end, it was still thicker than her upper arm. At the tip sat the clearly recognizable probe. This part was reassuringly thin, about as thick as a strong finger or thumb, but significantly longer, at least as long as a foot.

The probe also consisted of many segments that twitched smoothly but somehow obscenely in all directions as they rolled out, before aligning in a gentle curve. It hovered directly between Liz's legs, right in front of her entrance. Ready for the sting.

Isabel applied some lubricant to it.

"Please keep still again. The system has measured your body and will enter gently. Here we go."

At first, Liz only felt the slippery tip touching her entrance, circling gently and correcting its position. Then it entered her slowly but relentlessly, warm and smooth. She had the impression she could feel every single one of the segments pushing into her. The tip of the probe penetrated deeper and deeper, into regions that had never been disturbed in this way. Even the curious adventures with her best friend at the time were long ago and had certainly not reached the depth of this examination.

She could actually feel the segmented probe moving inside her. This was far too intimate to be a machine. Liz's breath caught. Her body reacted immediately, as if it were not a medical device but something living that was filling her. A telltale tingle spread through her lower abdomen. Her muscles began to contract around the intruder.

Fuck… !

Liz bit her lower lip to keep from moaning softly. Her hands gripped the arm pads. The probe moved further, turning slightly, feeling and scanning every tiny bit of her interior. One of the other sensors joined in and circled over her lower abdomen, right where the probe was located inside her.

My gosh, that is deep!

She felt herself getting wetter and wetter, her muscles searching for a rhythm in the movements and vibrations of the probe to reciprocate it. The machine seemed to register this. The movements became slower for a tiny moment, almost tender, before sliding deeper again. At least Isabel had applied plenty of lubricant. Hopefully, then, no one would notice how wet she was getting from this examination.

"That's it, the scan is finished."

Isabel's words broke the spell of the stimulation. The excitement faded immediately.

"Are you alright?" she asked.

Liz swallowed.

"Yes," she said briefly, glad she maintained control over her voice.

"Good. During the extraction, we will perform one final additional measurement. The probe will expand a little. That might feel... um... strange. I'm right here and will stop it if it becomes unbearable."

Hardly had Isabel finished speaking when something happened deep inside Liz's vagina. The probe swelled, filling her, but only at the tip. Startled, Liz held her breath. Then the swelling began to move. Slowly, the probe rubbed through her tunnel. It was a forced stretching and massaging at the same time. Just like during the breast exam earlier, she was helplessly at the mercy of the machine's dominance. Once again, her instincts betrayed her as her muscles gripped the probe just before the exit. But the machine worked its way out unyieldingly, and finally, the thick end of the probe squeezed out of her.

Liz let out a sigh. Her cramped muscles trembled.

Damn, I was so close!

Only then did she remember that she actually was in a medical examination. It was completely the wrong place to experience a climax. She had not expected this intensity. She leaned forward to see exactly what had triggered this sensation. The thickening at the tip was at most the size of a walnut. Probably smaller. It had felt much larger.

"Here, please."

Isabel handed her some paper towels. Liz looked at her questioningly.

"The, um... lubricant made a bit of a mess. We're finished. You can get dressed again."

"Okay."

Liz wiped the moisture from her crotch and sat up. While she dressed, Isabel checked the data on the computer. Then she picked up the phone and had a brief conversation.

"Dr. Jones is free now. We can go straight to her."

She led Liz into another room that looked more like an office than a medical practice. Liz sat across from Dr. Jones while Isabel took a chair to the side.

"One moment, I'm pulling up the data." Dr. Jones typed at the computer and studied the screen. "Hmm. The pulse is a bit high. That's unusual..." she murmured, then turned to Isabel. "Which scan program did you use? These results look like 'Pleasure-Mode'!"

"Well," Isabel said, raising her hands in an apologetic gesture, "I thought a first time examination like this can be somewhat traumatic for a young woman. I just wanted to make it a bit more pleasant for her."

"That explains the values..." Dr. Jones shook her head, a smile playing around the corners of her mouth. Then she turned to Liz.

"Everything looks good so far. No abnormalities. You are a healthy young woman, ready to enjoy life."

Liz breathed a sigh of relief. Hearing that was somehow reassuring.

"You mentioned in the registration that you have problems with your period?"

"Yes," Liz nodded. "It's irregular, and sometimes I have severe pain."

"Unfortunately, that is completely normal. But I understand that you want to change something about it. I could prescribe a contraceptive. It stabilizes the hormonal balance and should prevent the fluctuations. However, this requires a sense of responsibility from you. It's not a free pass for risky sexual behavior. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, of course," Liz felt heat rising in her face. "I... um... don't have a boyfriend anyway. There's none in sight either..."

"Oh, girl, things like that can change from one day to the next at your age." Dr. Jones looked at Liz with a smile. "Your values tell me that you take your health seriously. No traces of drugs or anything else. Everything points to a healthy diet and enough exercise. Our junior program allows minors aged fifteen and over to be supplied with contraceptives independently. If your parents or other legal guardians contact us, however, we are obliged to give them information. You should know that. Perhaps you would like to inform your parents yourself when the opportunity arises. That can avoid a lot of conflict."

"Yes, of course, I will do that as soon as it comes up."

"Very good. Then I'll prescribe the pill, specifically our in-house plant-based version. You can only get the Greens at FemCom branches. Nowhere else. We will do a check-up in six months and see if we need to adjust the dose for you. If you have any complaints or questions before then, please contact us. Agreed?"

"Yes, thank you!"

"Good, then we're done here. Isabel will finish the paperwork with you. The FemCom membership is just a formality."

Dr. Jones said goodbye, and Liz followed Isabel to one of the back corners of the waiting area.

"FemCom membership? What does that mean?" Liz asked.

"It means that your data can be accessed by all FemCom branches, regardless of which one you visit. You get access to our own health products. Some are free like the Greens, and other things are available at very favorable conditions. And you can use your data to shop in our stores."

"Data? What kind of data?" Liz asked.

"For example, your measurements. The scan earlier recorded them at the same time. There are a few shops where you can order clothes made exactly to your measurements. Believe me, you notice the difference."

She handed Liz a printout with a QR code. "Just scan this when you browse the shops. All the links are on there."

"Cool. I'll check that out. Why have I never heard of this before?"

Isabel shrugged. "FemCom doesn't advertise. We focus on the work. Quality spreads by word of mouth. In some areas, we look after entire neighborhoods. In others, we face prejudice and are ignored. It always depends. In this city, we are somewhere in the middle."

Liz left the clinic with a tube of green pills and the hope for relief from her complaints. As she stepped into the fresh air, she noticed the absence of the subtle scent that had surrounded Isabel. She missed her immediately. Just like with Calvin.

Calvin, right! He had that same scent on his clothes!

She drove home, left the car in the garage, and walked to school. The whole time she wondered what exactly was so appealing to her about her chance encounter with Calvin and Isabel.

Am I seriously into little boys and curvy women? What's wrong with me?

It was unlikely she would meet Isabel again anytime soon. So that left Calvin to solve the puzzle. Somehow, she was already looking forward to seeing him.

XXXXX

The steady hum of the mixer filled the kitchen, interrupted only by the sharp ding of the timer. Isabel switched it off and opened the oven. The scent of freshly baked muffins wafted toward her. The temptation to sneak one was strong, but she resisted. They were still far too hot. And they weren’t for her anyway. They were for Calvin and his new friend.

Isabel checked the clock.

Fifteen more minutes.

She turned the mixer back on and blended the batter for the pancakes. She would prepare those fresh as soon as the children arrived. For her, it was completely normal to be at home when Calvin came from school. At the FemCom clinic, families were supported as much as possible. Consequently, she was assigned shifts that allowed her, as a single mother, to take full care of her son.

Calvin had texted her that he was bringing Liz home after school. Isabel felt a flutter of nervous excitement.

I hope she's nice!

Calvin's enthusiasm for the girl had touched her more deeply than she wanted to admit.

A dark princess.

That didn't sound particularly reassuring. On the other hand, her voice on the headset of Calvin's videogame had sounded pleasant. That was all Isabel knew of her.

If only she were more like that sweet girl from last week! Eliza, that was her name.With someone like her, I wouldn’t worry at all. But a dark princess who hunts monsters?

Isabel checked the clock again. It was time to prepare the hot chocolate. Calvin loved this specialty, and she hoped very much that Liz would like it too.

Liz

"Believe me, they are the best pancakes in the world!"

Liz smiled as Calvin bounced excitedly beside her the entire way from school.

"Yes, okay, I get it. But you better not disappoint me. You've been raving about nothing else all day."

"Because they really are that good," Calvin insisted.

They had left the park behind and were on their way to the residential complex. Instead of saying goodbye, Liz accompanied the boy this time as he turned into the driveway. She was a bit nervous.

Why? Calvin was a nice companion. He was a playmate with whom she had experienced many adventures in the fantasy world of Eternal in a short time. It was only understandable that his mother wanted to know who he was hanging out with. At least, Liz suspected that was the real reason for the invitation to 'pancakes.' This made her feel like she was on her way to a job interview.

She has to be nice. The woman who raised such a sweet boy couldn’t possibly be anything else...

They reached the house and Calvin opened the door.

"Mom, we're ho—ome!" he called into the hallway.

"Come in. I'm almost ready," answered a voice that sounded strangely familiar to Liz. Then the smell hit her. It was just like the scent in the house. It smelled of freshly baked muffins.

Muffins? He told me something about pancakes... Like Calvin, Liz took off her shoes and followed him through the hallway toward the kitchen.

That scent!

It was exactly the same one she had noticed on Calvin the very first day!

"Mom, I brought Liz, like we discussed," Calvin called out and disappeared through the passage to the kitchen.

"Super, I'll say hello right away..."

His mom's voice sounded nice.

Where do I know her from... At that moment, a woman stepped out of the kitchen into the hallway. Liz froze.

This can't be real!

"Isabel?!"

Calvin's mom also paused. "Eliza! What a surprise!"

"Who is Eliza?" asked Calvin, who just came around the corner and looked at the two women questioningly.

"Eliza is my full name. But I prefer the short form," Liz replied.

"Really? That's a totally beautiful name!" Calvin stood in front of her and looked up at her with large, wondering eyes. "I think it's a really good name for a princess!"

"Yeah, maybe. It's just annoying when you no longer want to be the sweet little princess."

"And how do you know her, Mom?" Calvin asked his mother.

"We met at the clinic."

"Oh no! Are you sick?" Calvin asked, looking at Liz with concern.

"No, don't worry, it was just a... check-up."

Liz had hesitated for only a split second, but Calvin caught it immediately.

"Oh, I see! Gynecological women's things. Menstruation and stuff." He nodded knowingly. The word came off his lips with surprising ease.

Liz looked irritably at Isabel, who rolled her eyes with a smile.

"Calvin, what did I tell you about Nurse Talk? Not when strangers are around!" She turned to Liz. "Sorry, perhaps I overdid it a bit with the factual education. But since I work in a women's clinic and Calvin was always very curious, I informed him as best as I could about my job. We call it Nurse Talk when we talk about everything without it being embarrassing or having taboos. However, he still has to learn not to blurt out his knowledge unasked. Do you understand me?"

The remark was directed at Calvin, who shrugged apologetically and gave such a disarming smile that Liz simply couldn't stay annoyed with him.

"It's okay, I was just a bit surprised," Liz replied. Even if it felt strange, the concept sounded logical.

"So, who's hungry?" Isabel changed the subject.

Shortly after, they were all sitting at the table and Isabel distributed fresh pancakes onto each plate. In front of Liz and Calvin sat a steaming mug of hot chocolate. Isabel had made a tea for herself.

"Help yourselves!" she said, and Calvin immediately dug into the food.

"Thanks for the invitation, it looks delicious." Liz held back a bit more, but the scent and the sight of the food provided a healthy appetite. She took a first bite and bit into it. Her taste buds exploded.

That's it! Something about the taste of the pancakes matched exactly the scent that had been confusing her for days. But not just that. At the same time, the taste made a warm feeling flow through her. Suddenly, a strong urge to cuddle up to someone came over her. To feel the warmth of a human being. Someone like Isabel. With her inviting, tempting soft curves and the friendly smile from those loving eyes.

Liz realized she was staring. She had frozen mid-bite, the fork with the half-eaten pancake still hovering in front of her lips.

"Is something wrong with the pancakes?" Isabel asked with a strangely amused sparkle in her eyes.

"No." Liz hastily stuffed another bite into her mouth. She experienced that taste again, but this time she had herself under better control. "They’re incredible," she said after swallowing. "They have such a unique, special taste. Do you use any exotic spices?"

"No, just what belongs in pancakes," Isabel replied. "Flour, eggs, salt, sugar, and milk."

"Hmm, something about it seems familiar." Liz took another bite. "I find them extremely delicious. Reminds me of... I don't know, early childhood. But I don't know why."

"That is strange. But I'm glad you like them," Isabel said. "Hmm. Maybe it's the milk. I use organic milk, raw and straight from the producer. Calvin totally loves the taste, and I had some in the freezer that needed using up. He hardly has an appetite anymore because of his video game," Isabel continued.

Liz looked at Calvin, who was just turning red. He was probably embarrassed to be exposed like that by his mom. He carefully reached for the cup of hot chocolate.

"Did you make that with organic milk too, Mom?" he asked and took a cautious sip.

"Yes, of course!"

Liz tried it as well. Indeed, the drink was infused with the same striking aroma.

"Seems it really is the milk," she said. "Since that's the only ingredient in both..."

"Yes, could be," said Isabel. "Anyway, I'm glad you both like it."

It really did taste good. Now that the mystery was solved, Liz could truly enjoy the pancakes. Calvin was right. They were the best pancakes ever.

XXXXX

The sound of raindrops hitting the glass echoed through the empty house as the wind pressed them against the windows over and over. Showers had repeatedly scattered across the dismal, gray day. Liz was glad she had made it home somewhat dry. Almost. It had started to rain just as she reached the driveway to her house, and now she rubbed the moisture out of her hair with a towel.

A strangely oppressive mood had taken hold. It felt similar to the time before she met Calvin. And Isabel. But Liz was not ready to surrender to dark thoughts without a fight. She picked up her phone and wrote Calvin a message.

[Liz]

Hey, what's up.

Dancing dots immediately told her that he was replying.

[Calvin]

We were lucky on the way home.

The rain is really intense!

Dots danced again.

[Calvin]

Mom has to work late. I'm home alone. It's kind of creepy.

[Liz]

Do you want to come over?

I'm alone too.

I'm bored.

Only after hitting send did Liz realize how suggestive the message sounded. Still, Calvin wouldn’t misunderstand it… right?. Besides, she hadn't meant it that way. Or maybe just a tiny bit. Regardless, he had read it and replied immediately.

[Calvin]

Right now?

[Liz]

Sure!

[Calvin]

Okay. On my way!

Her mood lifted instantly and Liz looked around.

What exactly should I do with Calvin?

She was still thinking about it when the doorbell rang. Calvin stepped in with rain-soaked hair and a dripping jacket.

"Wait, I'll get you a towel," Liz said.

When she returned, Calvin had taken off his wet jacket. She rubbed his hair dry, just as she had done for herself earlier. He seemed to like the touch and she took her time. When she finished, he looked around shyly, gazing at the large rooms with the modern, exclusive designs that her parents preferred.

"Come with me," Liz said and led the way. "We're going to the back, into my realm."

He followed her through the hallway, past the open kitchen and the dining room, through the door that led to the flat annex. A long, empty room stretched out. One side was completely covered by a glass front with the shutters down. Liz headed for the door at the end of the room which led to the guest apartment. She had wrestled this space from her parents as her own flat after long negotiations.

"What is this room for?" Calvin asked as they almost reached the door.

"This is the pool house," Liz said, turning to the room. "See the wooden floor in the middle? That's the cover of the pool."

On a whim, she pressed a button on the control panel on the wall. The cover started to move back slowly. Then she turned on the light, and blue-lit water appeared.

"Cool. But it's so narrow and long. Why does it have that shape?"

"This isn't a fun pool. It is for training," Liz explained. "It can creat a real current so you can swim as long as you want. Let me show you..."

She pressed another button that set the water in motion.

"Ah, I see." Calvin looked at the light waves. "And if you're too slow, you get washed to the end?"

"That can happen," Liz said. "But if you wear this transmitter here," she held up a chip on a band, "then the current adapts to the pace and you always stay in the middle of the pool. Do you want to try it out?"

Calvin hesitated. "I don't know... I'm not a very good swimmer."

"Don't worry, I can teach you."

"And I don't have any swimwear with me," Calvin added.

"That's no problem at all. I'll surely find something for you. Wait here, I'll be right back."

Liz disappeared through the door to her apartment. It was more of a large studio with an open kitchen. Above the large couch was a gallery with her bed. She opened the door to a walk-in closet and began searching through some boxes. When she found what she was looking for, she went back to the pool.

"Yes, this should be the size." With outstretched arms and an estimating look, she held a pink item with white ruffles in front of Calvin's body.

Calvin looked at her in horror. "But Liz, that... um... that's a girl's swimsuit!"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. No one sees you here but me. And it doesn't bother me. I simply don't have anything else. I have to use my old swim suit too. If it still fits." She held a dark swimsuit in the other hand that seemed to consist mainly of straps and strings.

"I don't know..." Calvin hesitated.

"Oh, come on," Liz said. "This way we can have at least a little bit of fun on this rainy day. There's a shower room behind that door where you can change. I'll use my room."

She turned around, and as she opened her door, she noticed with satisfaction that Calvin was heading for the shower.

This will be fun!

Shortly after, she returned to the pool fully changed. Looking around, there was no sign of Calvin. Instead, she saw her reflection in the darkened window panes. The black swimsuit was held together by a series of thin straps. It fit dangerously tight.

Not because she had gained weight. Under her usual baggy clothes she hadn’t noticed, but her body had become noticeably more feminine in the last few months. The top just barely managed its task of holding everything in place. It failed at concealing.

Just right for the boy! Gives him a little show!

She heard the shower door open and turned around. Calvin came out with hesitant steps.

He actually put it on! How sweet!

The pink girl's swimsuit was indeed his size. Above the white ruffles decorating his hips, the motif of an elf with butterfly wings was printed. Together with his embarrassed look and the brown, wavy hair falling into his face, he offered an incredibly cute sight. Except for the crotch area, where the fabric stretched suspiciously tight. No wonder, as it wasn't made for that content. But it fit. Just barely.

"You look pretty," Liz called out and walked toward him.

Calvin stood still, only now daring to look at her. He opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Wow. You are... beautiful."

"Thanks!" Liz hugged him spontaneously. He let his face be pressed against her chest without resistance.

"Okay, let's see what you can do. Try swimming to the end of the pool. I'll watch your movements, okay?"

"Yes."

Calvin didn't seem too enthusiastic, but he followed her instruction. A staircase leading into the water was attached to the narrow end of the pool. The water reached his chest there, but after a few steps, he already had to make swimming motions to keep his head above water.

Liz watched attentively as he struggled through the pool. It was one of many gadgets belonging to her father. Whenever he discovered a new hobby, he threw himself into it and invested in the best possible equipment. When Liz was younger, he had taught her to swim here. She could still remember the lessons well. Therefore, she quickly noticed where Calvin performed his movements incorrectly. No wonder he was out of breath at the end of the pool.

"Now come back," she called to him and followed slowly along the long side of the pool with her eyes fixed on him.

What a sweet little ass.

The front of the swimsuit was stretched tight where it wasn’t meant to be, while the back had wedged between his cheeks, exposing soft pale skin on both sides. Liz couldn't suppress a smile.

When Calvin reached the shallow end, she stepped into the pool with him.

"I'm sorry, I can't do it any better..." Calvin stammered.

"Hey, that looked good already. If I show you a few tricks, you'll become a really good swimmer."

"Do you really think so? My swimming teacher back then always just shook his head. The other kids were all much better at it."

"Hey," Liz placed her hand on his shoulder. He looked up at her with his large, wondering eyes. "I don't care about the other kids. I only care about you. If you want me to. I don't want to force you into anything that's uncomfortable for you!"

Calvin thought for a moment, wiped a few drops of water from his face, and then nodded shyly.

"I want to try!" he said.

Liz noticed how hard it was for him to look her in the eyes. Other parts of her were apparently much more interesting.

"So, Calvin, you're doing very well already, but we still need to work on a few movements. Let's do it like this: I'll hold you and you focus only on your arms for now. Agreed?"

"Mhm," he nodded.

Liz stretched her arms out underwater.

"Lay with your belly on my arms and stretch out in the water," she instructed him. "Very good, now the arm movement very slowly!"

Her left arm was placed at the transition from his ribcage to his belly. Her right arm was below his waist. Calvin's swimming motions were much too slow to keep him above water. It took a while, but after a few corrections, he understood what mattered.

"Good, keep doing exactly that. And now add your legs."

It became increasingly difficult to hold him. At the same time, it was also somehow exciting to feel his skin, the play of his muscles, and how he moved. And soft something between his legs that occasionally brushed against her arm.

Is that really it? My first time touching a boy's part?

"That looks very good," she praised him as he coordinated his legs better. "Now a bit faster."

He made an effort, and she could feel him generating more and more buoyancy.

"Keep going, you're doing great!"

Calvin really tried hard. It actually looked like swimming now.

"What are you doing here?!" a voice suddenly sounded behind Liz.

Startled, she pulled her arms back. Calvin made a tiny leap forward, then went under. Thrashing around, he turned in the water. Liz took a step toward him to save him. He grabbed her, paddled wildly toward her, clung to her neck, and wrapped his legs around her hips.

"It's okay, I've got you," Liz calmed him and gently patted his back. They were in the water up to their necks. Slowly she turned around, Calvin still in her arms.

"Mom... you totally scared us," she said reproachfully to the slender, tall woman with long blonde hair standing at the edge of the pool.

The woman made a contrite face. "Sorry, I didn't mean to. Is everything okay?" she asked.

"Yes, it's fine," Liz replied reservedly.

"Good, good. Say, that's your old swimsuit, isn't it? Would you like to introduce me to your friend?"

Liz noticed her mother switching to the professional-friendly tone she used to satisfy even the most difficult customers. At least there was no argument. She took a step to the shallow end of the pool and let Calvin slide from her arms.

"Mom, this is Calvin. We know each other from school. He lives diagonally across the street."

"Wait a minute. He's a boy? Why is he wearing your swimsuit?"

Liz shrugged. "We wanted to swim and had nothing else for him. I don't think Dad's trunks would fit him."

"Hello Calvin, I'm Greta, Liz's mom," she addressed Calvin.

"Hello Mrs..."

"Please, just Greta!" she interrupted him. "This 'Mrs.' crap makes me feel too old."

She looked at the two in the water for a long time and shook her head thoughtfully.

"This simply won't do. I'm glad you're having fun swimming, but you both urgently need proper swimwear. You too, Liz!" She took a deep breath. "How about we go shopping? I'll pay!"

XXXX

Calvin was politely shy at first during the drive to the mall. Liz knew that her mother could be a bit 'too much' for many people at the beginning. Nevertheless, Greta somehow managed to make him thaw out with trivial questions about mundane school things. Even Liz took part in the casual conversation. Despite the bad weather, they were all in high spirits when they got out of the car at the mall. Greta headed purposefully for a sportswear store.

"I need something new for running. Can you manage on your own?" she asked and vanished into the aisles before Liz could answer.

"How can I help you?" a young saleswoman asked with a friendly smile.

"We are looking for swimwear," Liz replied.

"Oh." The saleswoman made a serious face. "Unfortunately, there isn't much left of this season's merchandise. We still have a few remains back there. Please follow me."

The woman led Liz and Calvin through a few aisles where they were already stacking winter clothes. Then she reached an aisle with a small selection of swimwear.

"These are the ones for women." She shot a brief glance at Calvin. "We should have something over there for your little brother."

Calvin looked at Liz questioningly. She bend down to him as they followed the saleswoman.

"Just play along, little brother," she whispered with a mischievous grin.

"As I said, it's not much, but maybe you'll find something suitable," the saleswoman said.

Loud voices sounded from another corner of the store. Among them, Greta's voice was clearly recognizable.

"Um, I'll go see what's going on. If you need help, please let me know," she said and disappeared.

Liz looked around. The selection was indeed limited. Calvin stood in front of a display where a few brightly colored, loose Bermudas hung.

"We need something sporty, Calvin," she told him. "Those loose things make swimming unnecessarily difficult for you. How about this?"

She held a pair of Speedos in her hand that she had taken from the shelf next to them. Calvin's eyes widened in horror.

"Oh no. Please don't! I don't want to wear anything like that!"

"It's okay," Liz grinned. "I wouldn't want to wear that either. Let's keep looking."

They rummaged through the remains. Either the cut fit but they didn't have Calvin's size, or the size fit but he didn't like the design. Finally, they found something that could work. Bright blue briefs with a superhero logo on the side.

"We'll take these to try on, okay?" Liz said.

Calvin nodded, though he didn't seem truly convinced. At that moment, the saleswoman passed by, laden with a stack of running clothes. She shot a quick glance at the small selection in Liz's hand and then looked at Calvin.

"The size should fit. You're lucky there, that model was very popular this year. Do you need anything else?"

Liz shook her head. "We can manage, thanks!"

"Good, I'm back there if you need me." She vanished between the shelves.

"Now we'll look for something for me," Liz said and went to the shelves with the swimwear for women.

Calvin followed her and looked around. Advertisement signs and a few cardboard displays presented daring cuts on life-size models. Liz noted with amusement how he looked at every fascinating detail with wide eyes.

Just wait until you experience the reality!

She quickly found a few models she liked. Dark fabric with playful lacing. The legs were not cut too high, as she didn't like that at all. One-piece, because she could move more sportingly in it, and the things were still more exciting than the sports bikinis optimized solely for function and support. Only she was unsure about the size. More than before, but how much?

Liz took the selected swimsuits and headed to the changing rooms with Calvin. A narrow corridor held three cabins on each side. They were completely alone; all the saleswomen were busy elsewhere.

"You first," she said, handing him the bright blue swim briefs and pointing to the left cabin.

Calvin disappeared inside and drew the curtain carefully shut. Liz sat down on the bench in the opposite cabin, her eyes fixed on the gap beneath the curtain. She watched his feet as he stepped out of his pants and slipped into the briefs.

"I think they fit," he called out, his voice muffled.

"Can I see?" Liz asked.

There was a short hesitation. "Okay…"

She pushed the curtain aside just enough to slip her head in. The briefs sat perfectly on his narrow hips. The superhero logo stretched slightly across his front.

"Looks really good on you," she said with a smile. "We’re taking them. Or what do you think?"

Calvin nodded. "Yes... it's okay," he said.

"Now it's my turn."

Liz pulled the curtain shut behind her. But not as thorough as Calvin before. A narrow gap remained. In the mirror opposite she caught Calvin’s reflection: he was staring straight at the opening, trying hard to look casual.

Liz smiled, A wicked little thrill ran through her.

I'll give you a little show, then!

She slipped out of her T-Shirt and jeans, deliberately moving so that Calvin caught plenty of skin through the gap. He did not take his eyes off her. The first swimsuit was the old size. Far too small. The fabric dug into her hips and pushed her breasts up into a deep, unintended cleavage. It looked almost obscene.

She grinned.

A perfect opportunity to tease Calvin.

"What do you think of this?" she asked brightly and yanked the curtain open.

Calvin’s mouth fell open. He swallowed, then slowly shook his head.

"Isn't that somehow… a little too tight?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes, you're right, I'll have to try the others too."

She pulled the curtain shut again, this time completely. Calvin would be all the more expectant afterward. While she was in the booth, she heard the saleswoman coming up

"Hey, are you helping your sister pick something out?" she asked.

"Yeah," was Calvin's shy reply.

"That’s so sweet of you. If you need me, please let me know."

That was also directed at Liz behind the curtain.

"We will," Liz called back and waited until the saleswoman had left.

She had finished changing. This model fit perfectly. It was the ideal sports swimsuit. Accordingly, the style was boring. She pulled the curtain halfway to the side.

"What do you think?" she asked Calvin.

"Hmm, it's quite okay."

The covered cut made the exciting mood vanish instantly. That was not what she had imagined.

"I'll try one more."

She closed the curtain again, this time leaving an even more obvious gap. She could see Calvin shift on his bench for a better view.

Little rascal. You’re not nearly as innocent as you pretend.

The final piece was perfect. Simple black fabric with delicate lacing along the sides and between the cups. The modest square-cut legs meant she wouldn’t have to keep tugging the fabric out of her ass. Something she had always hated. She adjusted the laces around her chest until the suit hugged her new, fuller curves exactly the way she wanted. It was sporty, yet undeniably feminine. The side lacing gave it a quietly sexy edge.

Perfect!

Without warning, she tore the curtain aside and saw Calvin jump.

"I think this is the one, don’t you?" She turned slowly, letting him see every angle.

"Yes, that looks great," Calvin said, slightly blushing.

Liz gestured for him to come to her, and he entered her cabin shyly.

"Have a look if everything fits well when I move."

She turned around with a swing, then circled her arms as if swimming. This brought plenty of movement to her breasts. Although covered by fabric, a lot could be seen. Calvin blushed slightly.

"I think it all fits," he said.

"Okay, and how about the back?" Liz turned around and leaned forward, sticking her butt out toward Calvin.

"That's okay too," he said.

When she straightened up and turned around, he had clearly gained color.

"Very nice, then I'll take this one."

What if I just closed the curtain and changed right here with him in the cabin?

The dangerous thought flashed through her mind. She realized how different the mood was now that they were standing so close together in the cabin. It was completely different from the afternoon when they were in the pool together.

Calvin made the decision for her. He left the cabin and sat in the empty one opposite.

That was a completely stupid idea anyway.

Still, as she changed behind the closed curtain, the thought of having Calvin watch her was already tempting her again.

Maybe some other time.

With the selected clothes in hand, they strolled through the store toward the checkout. There they found Greta, whose purchases were being packed into two large bags by two saleswomen.

"Well, found anything?" Greta asked.

"Yes." Liz waved the two pieces.

"These are extra," Greta told the saleswoman. Afterward, they left the store.

"I don't know about you, but shopping has made me hungry. Feel like a burger?"

Shortly after, the three of them sat in a fast-food restaurant, each with a meal. The conversation flowed as easily as it had in the car. Liz kept catching her mother watching her with a serious, almost thoughtful expression whenever she thought Liz wasn’t looking.She was well aware that this was the first truly relaxed outing the two of them had shared in a very long time. It was as if Calvin’s mere presence was enough to let mother and daughter speak to each other with a lightness they hadn’t felt in years.

Greta must have sensed something similar. Because when she later said goodbye to Calvin, she made a surprising suggestion:

"Hey Calvin, what do you think about you and your mom coming over for a barbecue this weekend? That could be really fun, don’t you think?"

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Calvin stood before her with a grim face, flushed with anger. His fists were clenched, and tears sparkled in the corners of his eyes.

So this is what it feels like when your own child argues with you.

Isabel was caught off guard by his violent reaction. She had not expected this, and seeing him like that felt like a sting to her heart.

"Why didn't you talk to me about it, Mom? I hate it when you just decide things like that!"

He turned around angrily and stomped toward the stairs.

"I don't want to live with someone I don't know!" he shouted over his shoulder.

"But sweetheart, it's only for a week..."

"I can stay alone for a week. Besides, Liz can look after me!"

Ah. So that’s what this is really about!

Isabel followed Calvin.

"Calvin, we can't just claim her time like that..."

"You haven't even asked her yet. I'm a thousand percent sure she would do it!"

Isabel sighed.

He's right. The idea isn't bad at all.

"Okay, you're right." Calvin stopped and looked at her in surprise.

"Here is my suggestion. We ask her. However, if I notice she's uncomfortable, someone from the clinic will take care of you. Agreed?"

Calvin nodded with tearful eyes.

"Okay. I'll message her right away."

He turned and dashed up the stairs to his room. Isabel watched him thoughtfully. On one hand, she was glad Calvin spent time with Liz. On the other hand, she felt he was becoming a bit too fixated on his new friend. There were signs that his crush wasn't just based on finding a friend, but also on the fact that she was clearly a girl. A young woman who might find his enthusiasm overwhelming at some point.

Hopefully he doesn’t get too carried away and end up getting hurt.

Furthermore, this was about a whole week and not just an afternoon. This wasn't something Calvin should negotiate with her alone. Isabel picked up her smartphone and wrote Liz a message as well.

The answer came immediately. She was welcome to come over. Isabel set off together with Calvin. Greta opened the door for them. At first glance, nothing suggested that the slender, tall woman with straight blonde hair was Liz's mother. Only the bright eyes and facial features revealed the relation.

"Hey, we see each other again so soon. Do you want to see Liz?"

"Yes, Mom, that's for me," Liz called out, appearing in the hallway behind her.

"Actually, it would be good if we could speak with you for a moment, Greta," Isabel said.

Liz looked at her in surprise. "Is it something serious? I thought it was about babysitting. At least that's what Calvin wrote."

"It's a bit more than that. I wanted to discuss it with you properly."

"Come in first." Greta led them into the living room. Everyone took a seat, and then Greta and Liz looked at Isabel expectantly.

"The situation is this," Isabel began. "I have to go away for a week for my job, and Calvin shouldn't stay alone during that time. Normally, I organize care for him, but now Calvin had the idea that Liz could look after him instead. I mean, spending the afternoon together is nice, but a whole week is something else. Before we decide anything, I wanted to hear what Liz thinks about it. And also you, Greta, and your husband."

"Maybe it's better if I get Thomas," Greta said and stood up.

Shortly after, she returned with her husband. Thomas was slightly shorter than his wife. Liz obviously had inherited her dark hair from him, and his Italian heritage must also have been the source of the curves that were already becoming noticeable apparent in Liz and had already surpassed her mother’s slender figure.

"Hello Isabel, hello Calvin." A fistbump between the men recalled the joint barbecue last weekend. Thomas had been glad that Calvin shared his enthusiasm for preparing meat over an open fire while the women watched the activity from a distance.

"What's going on?" Thomas asked, looking around the group.

"Isabel is offering for Liz to look after Calvin for a week."

"Oh, how nice. Where is the problem?"

"There is no problem. Apparently, I'm not adult enough to decide that for myself yet," Liz said, rolling her eyes.

"Would you do it then?" Thomas asked.

Liz thought for a moment while everyone else waited tensely for her decision. She studied Calvin with a serious face.

"A week?" she asked. Calvin nodded with large, expectant eyes. The hope for a positive decision was written all over his face.

"Hmm, all right then, I'd be happy to!" She smiled as Calvin breathed a sigh of relief.

"See, Mom, you should have asked her right away."

"Liz might not have had the time at all," Isabel replied gently.

"Oh, it's fine. Right now, I have the most fun when I'm with Calvin. However, you have to clean up your own things. I'm not cleaning for you!" Liz added with playful seriousness.

Calvin grinned at her. "Sure, I can handle that."

"Is that okay with you too?" Isabel asked, turning to Greta and Thomas.

The two looked at each other briefly and then at Liz.

"If you feel up to it, Liz," Thomas said, "it's fine with me. But you two have to handle everything yourselves. Greta and I have work to do. We can't look after you."

"All right, Dad, we can do it!"

"Thank you!" Calvin jumped up and threw his arms around Liz's neck.

Thomas and Greta watched this with broad smiles. Isabel felt almost a little embarrassed.

"Since you're already here, who wants a drink?" Greta asked the group. Isabel had experienced the excellent cocktails Greta could prepare at the barbecue last weekend. She gladly accepted the invitation.

Once everyone was served, they discussed the details for the next week. The simplest solution was for Calvin to move into the family's guest room for the duration.

Eventually, it was time to head home. Calvin was already in the hallway. Isabel took a bit more time getting up, as she wasn't used to such strong cocktails. Greta stepped beside her and looked around briefly. When no one else was in earshot, she took Isabel's hand and squeezed it firmly.

"I'm so glad those two met," she said. "It's the first time in a long time that I've seen Liz laugh happily. The boy is really good for her."

Such openness surprised Isabel. Then again, she had not missed Liz's dark style and grim expression. She was well aware that there must be a backstory. But to hear it was that bad...

"I'm just as glad," she said to Greta. "Calvin is also blossoming since the two started spending time together. That is why I'm happy this is working out for next week."

"Yes, me too!" Greta squeezed her hand once more, and then Isabel made her way to the door.

It was Sunday evening. They were running late, and the taxi could arrive at any moment.

"And you're sure I shouldn't have checked your things one more time?" Isabel asked as Calvin lugged his travel bag down the stairs. He had insisted on packing his bag for the week at Liz's himself.

"Yes, Mom, I'm sure. And besides, if I forgot something, I can just go get it." He rolled his eyes emphatically, and Isabel didn't push him further.

He's right.

It was only a few houses down the street. It wasn't the thought of him forgetting something that worried her. It was the fact that they would be apart for a week. And Calvin was actually looking forward to it. She knew, of course, that her vague fear of losing him was completely unfounded.

But still...!

She pulled herself together and opened the door.

"Let's go then!" she urged him, and they made their way to Liz's family.

Once there, it felt as if an iron hand gripped her heart when Calvin greeted Liz with a beaming smile.

Where was the little boy who couldn’t bear to be apart from me for even a single day…?

Isabel realized she had to get the goodbye over with quickly. Otherwise, she risked losing control of her emotions.

"Alright, Calvin. Remember what we discussed. Liz is the boss. You listen to her, understood?"

"Yes, Mom, I get it!"

Those rolling eyes again! When she was back home, she would have to have a serious word with him.

"Thank you again," Isabel said, turning to Liz and Greta.

"You're welcome!" Greta winked at her.

Isabel knew what she meant. In fact, it felt good to see the two of them so happy and cheerful. A horn sounded a bit further down the street, right in front of the driveway leading to their house.

"That's my taxi. I have to go. Have fun, you guys!" Isabel said.

Now that it was getting serious, Calvin did throw himself into his mother's arms after all.

"I love you, Mom," he whispered into her ear.

Isabel took one last deep breath of his scent and squeezed him tight. Then she let him go.

"See you soon, my sweet. I'll call you!"

Suddenly, the goodbye became real for Calvin too. Isabel could see his eyes getting moist and gave him a quick kiss on the forehead.

"I have to go. See you next week!"

She turned around and hurried down the street to the waiting taxi. Behind her, she heard the door click shut. Hastily, she wiped away the tears that had gathered in the corners of her eyes before anyone could see.

Liz

Liz shuffled into the kitchen, still heavy with sleep. Three places were set at the table, even though her father had already left early in the morning.

Right! Mom, me, and Calvin!

She listened for a moment to see if there was any noise from the guest room, but it was silent. Instead, her mother could be heard in the hallway. Her phone rang, and Liz heard her pick up the call.

"Greta Events... Hi... What?! Slow down for a second... Please calm down. Yes, I understand... Of course... I... Yes. I will handle it personally... Naturally. Of course, with a party of this size... Yes. Yes, I'm heading out immediately. I'll get back to you as soon as I know when I arrive. Yes, of course. Thank you for calling!"

She had walked into the kitchen with the phone at her ear. Once she hung up, she sighed and rubbed her temples.

"What is it?" Liz asked.

"That major event I’ve been preparing for all last week, something apparently went wrong. The client insists that I show up in person."

"And that means?" Liz asked, though she already knew the answer.

"I have to go there. For the whole week!"

"I see." Liz did understand. Or rather, it did not surprise her.

Greta’s gaze fell on the neatly set table.

"I am so sorry! I was really looking forward to going shopping with you two again. Can you manage with Calvin? Do you have enough on your credit card?"

"It's fine, Mom. I can handle it. I assumed I would have to work most of the week anyway. We’ll be okay, and if anything happens, I’ll let you know. Don't worry, okay?"

Greta sighed with relief.

"Thanks, Lizzy! You're a sweetheart. I'll make it up to you, I promise!"

"Yeah, it's fine."

Greta squared her shoulders. "I have to go. I'll be in touch." She hurried through the hallway and left the house shortly after with her emergency travel bag.

The front door slammed shut. Moments later Calvin appeared in the kitchen doorway, still in his adorable superhero pajamas.

"What's going on?" he asked sleepily.

"My mom had to leave. Because of her job, some kind of emergency. She will be gone all week," Liz said.

"Oh. I see..." He rubbed his eyes and looked around. Then he discovered the breakfast.

"And what about your dad?" he asked.

"He left even earlier. Some meeting in another city. That could take a while."

"Okay." Calvin shuffled to the table, sat down on a chair, and poured himself a glass of orange juice.

"Tell me, do your parents know that we have holidays this week?" he asked and took a large sip.

Liz smiled. "I don't think so. What about your mom?"

"She completely forgot as well."

Liz came closer, stepped behind him, and placed her hands on his shoulders. She leaned down toward him.

"Do you know what that means?" she whispered into his ear.

"What?" Calvin asked.

"It means the two of us have the whole house to ourselves for an entire week… and nobody is going to disturb us. How does that sound?"

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They had the entire house to themselves. For days. No parents, no interruptions. They could do whatever they wanted.

Watching Calvin as he slowly realized this was priceless. However, she herself only now fully understood what it meant. It felt exciting. The perfect opportunity for...

...plenty of forbidden things.

"We can play Eternal all day!" Calvin cried out excitedly.

That wasn’t exactly the kind of game Liz had in mind. But given the way Calvin was looking at her, opportunities would surely arise. He was probably just waking up and noticed she wasn't wearing her loose dark clothes. She hadn't been in the mood for those this morning. Instead, she wore a white t-shirt with a cheeky slogan and a pair of light blue jeans. Both fit much tighter than she remembered. Nevertheless, they were comfortable enough and, as she now noticed, had the right effect on Calvin.

"Okay, sounds good. But first we eat breakfast. Then we clean up the kitchen and after that... we'll set off on a great adventure."

Experiencing the game world on the giant TV was impressive. Liz had connected her console in her parents' living room. It was actually her father's playground, which he had equipped with the best possible gear during a phase of enthusiasm for home electronics. Yet even though the images and sound effects had sucked Calvin and Liz deep into the fantasy world, the game eventually lost its appeal.

Calvin's excitement lasted until the second boss fight. After that, he began to slide restlessly back and forth on the couch. Liz also stretched and leaned after hours of sitting.

There has to be something better than sitting here and staring at a screen...

Suddenly, an idea came to her.

"How about we experience our own adventure? We could even dress up," she suggested.

Calvin looked at her in surprise. "Dress up?"

"I used to do something like cosplay with a friend. I still have most of the stuff here. Maybe we can put something together from that."

"That sounds fantastic!" He dropped the controller and looked at her with shining eyes. "Right now?"

"Yes, sure. Come with me."

Liz ended the game and stood up. Calvin followed her. They went through the pool house to her apartment. She hadn't shown Calvin her rooms yet. Since the evening they bought swimwear with Greta, no other opportunity had arisen. Not even for swimming.

When they entered her apartment, Calvin looked around shyly.

"Welcome to my realm," Liz said. "Feel free to look around while I search for the old costumes."

Liz Room

Just like in the pool house, one entire wall was floor-to-ceiling glass. The other walls were solid, without a single window. Opposite the glass front, a loft spanned the full width of the room, cradling Liz’s bed high above. Beneath it sat a large, deep couch and her simple desk. Liz had filled the remaining wall space with posters of her favorite bands and movies, a few personal photographs scattered among them.

Calvin stopped in front of one of them.

"Is that you?" he asked.

Liz stepped beside him. The picture showed her arm in arm with a pretty blonde girl. They wore colorful costumes and were laughing happily into the camera.

"Yes. But it was a long time ago." Liz plucked the photo from the wall and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Who is the other girl?" he asked.

"Emma. My best friend. Back then. But she moved away."

Liz turned around and disappeared into the walk-in closet. She had kept the photo in her hand. She took a long look at it, then lifted the lid of a worn-out box a tiny bit and tucked it through the gap. Inside the box lay all the other photos that had decorated

the walls in the past. Pictures full of memories that still hurt, and she could not yet bear to look at them.

However, it was too late. While she searched for the crate with the costumes, images of another time appeared before her eyes again.

Emma.

In the fairy-tale world in their heads, they had been princesses. Liz was clearly Snow White. Emma... something else. Blonde curls and blue eyes, always cheerful, always the sunshine. But when they were alone and unobserved, it was Emma who came up with the crazy ideas. She wanted to try things out. The more forbidden, the better.

She had brought the cigarettes they had tried secretly in the bushes behind the pool house. The same went for the can of beer. Both were disgusting, and Liz had never touched them again. With Emma, she wasn't so sure.

It was also Emma who had shown her what it was like to touch herself. And who had persuaded her afterward to try it with each other as well. Their ideas had become crazier and crazier during that time too.

Liz’s eyes flicked to the back corner of the closet. Behind a loose wooden panel lay her secret hiding place. With all the things that no one should ever find. Most of it came from the time with Emma. Like the dildo Emma had used to take her virginity.

Sex education in school was supposed to inform them enough so that they wouldn't get involved in any experiments. For Emma, however, it had only fueled her curiosity. She was convinced that an exciting world was hidden behind the sober explanation, and she wanted to explore it with Liz. It was exciting, no question. The only thing Emma had taken directly from the lessons was the warning about the dangers that could result. For Liz, those were just strange and annoying figures in school back then anyway. At that time, she didn't even think that boys could also play a role in what she was doing with Emma. As with everything else, Emma was the first to discover this aspect.

The memory of that accidental discovery still brought a sharp sting of disappointment and betrayal. Liz forced herself to think of something else.

There was the box with the costumes. She pulled it out and lugged it out of the closet.

Calvin was waiting right in front of it. The sight of him drove away her gloomy thoughts. He just looked so sweet, watching her with those large, wondering eyes.

Yet there was also a spark of curiosity in them. Perhaps even desire. Liz felt a tingle deep inside that she hadn't felt in a long time.

Just like back then. Emma and I had been about the same age.

For a moment, Liz felt transported back to that time. The eagerness with which she had explored every detail of her blossoming femininity back then was back. But now, the temptation to experience the same thing with Calvin was great. To find out how he felt and what she could experience with him.

Stop it! You can't just use him for your games like that!

Liz took a deep breath and pushed the thought away. But she couldn't get rid of it.

"Let's see what we have here!" she said, dumping the contents of the box onto the floor. She knelt down beside it and began to rummage through the pile with Calvin.

There was all sorts of stuff. Hand-painted t-shirts, her mother's old-fashioned long leather jacket that had served them as a mysterious cloak, and indefinable plush-covered garments they had used to transform into fantasy animals. Some of it made Calvin marvel, while other things were so silly that they both had to giggle hard.

There were also a few more professional costumes that her parents had bought her. Calvin was about to set aside the deep pink, metallic fabric when he discovered the spider logo.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Spider-Girl," Liz said, shrugging apologetically. "We were just girls and thought it was totally unfair that only the boys got to be the great heroes. That's why we were really happy when we found this costume."

Calvin had untangled it and held it out in his hands. It looked like a pink leotard with long sleeves and a spider logo on the chest.

"The matching leggings must be here somewhere..." Liz muttered, digging through the pile. Then she found the dark blue fabric with spider web patterns and pulled it out. The elastic material stretched precariously before it slipped out of the pile.

"Would this be something for you?" Liz asked. "I don't have any real boy costumes, unfortunately, but I think it would look good on you!"

Calvin's face had taken on a delicate flush. Obviously, he was a fan of the friendly neighborhood spider, but this was the first time he had seen the girl version.

"I don't know..." he said hesitantly.

"Hey, we're alone. I won't tell anyone. And besides, my old swimsuit fit you too."

He wasn't quite convinced yet. Then Liz spotted another piece, also blue but with a different design. She pushed aside the items on top and pulled at the fabric. She wasn't mistaken.

No way. I thought my parents had thrown it away!

The fabric was a deeper shade of blue than the Spider-Girl leggings, but the main difference was the faint scale pattern and the high-gloss surface.

"What's that?" Calvin asked, looking curiously at her hands.

Liz grinned broadly. "You have to guess once I put it on. But I'm only doing it if you become the spider. Agreed?"

Calvin swallowed, looked at the pink Spider-Girl suit, then at the thin fabric in Liz's hands. Then he nodded.

"Okay!"

He stood up and looked around for a place to change.

Right, changing separately... that hadn't been necessary with Emma. But fine.

"You can change here next to the couch," Liz said. "I'm going upstairs."

She climbed the stairs to her sleeping area and spread the costume out on the bed. Her parents had been shocked when the girls tried on the Spider-Girl costume for the first time. When Liz finally persuaded them to buy her this blue one, she had ordered it a few sizes too large. Even so, it looked much too small.

Let's see how flexible the stretch material still is...

Liz took off her t-shirt and jeans, peeking cautiously over the gallery railing. There was no sign of Calvin. He had hidden underneath. But she heard his clothes rustling. Apparently, he was actually putting on the costume.

She took her suit from the bed. The stretchy, paper-thin fabric between her fingers would cover everything, yet show everything at the same time. Liz put it back down and slipped out of her socks. Then she paused and thought.

Come on, do it right!

With a swift movement, she also stripped off her bra. If Calvin had dared to look, he would have been rewarded with a lovely sight. She peered over the railing. No sign of him.

Her gaze fell on the mirror next to the bed. For a moment, she wondered if she should leave off her panties too.

A thong would be better, but those are downstairs in the walk-in closet.

She decided to keep them on.

Don't overdo it. If this works, I'll have the next opportunity soon.

She took the costume from the bed and began to step into it. It had been expensive; she could still remember that. At least her parents had used the price as an argument not to buy it at first. In any case, it was very high quality. It clung to her feet and legs like a second skin. Wherever she had curves, the fabric stretched comfortably. Still, the barely visible seams ensured it fit as tightly as possible everywhere else. One of the seams forced her panties into her butt crack.

Next time, definitely a thong. Or nothing at all.

Like a diving suit, there was a zipper on the back with a long cord so she could close it without help. It paid off that she had removed her bra. The front hugged each breast individually, but the fabric in between was pulled tight against her body as she closed the zipper. She looked in the mirror again.

Back then, there had been no sign of her current curves. She only remembered that it had fit skin-tight. Now, however, she filled the costume out.

No wonder they forbade me from wearing this.

The fabric didn’t merely cover her body, it revealed and accentuated every curve. Where it stretched tightest, it turned almost transparent. At the tips of her breasts, where the fabric was stretched the most, not only the outlines of her nipples were visible, but also the dark areolas. Similarly, a clear pattern of light and dark shadows was visible on her butt and thighs.

I'm curious to see what Calvin says about this!

"Are you ready?" Liz called from above.

"Yes," Calvin sounded shy.

Liz slowly stepped down the stairs. Calvin had pressed himself into the corner beside the couch, hands awkwardly covering his front, and he hardly dared to look at her. At least he had managed the order correct. Leggings first, then the leotard above. It was clearly a girl’s costume, but at his age the difference in the fit was barely noticeable. Only in the style.

"You look very pretty!" Liz said, trying to draw him out of his shell.

"Do you really think so? It pinches a bit down there..." Calvin asked.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. The fabric is stretchy. Come out of the corner and let me look at you from all sides."

Calvin slowly stepped into the middle of the room and turned around.

"You look great. You're a real Spider-Boy."

"Isn't it too much like a girl?" he asked, still feeling unsure.

"No, not at all," Liz replied and ruffled his hair. "Only the mask is missing, but maybe we can improvise something quick. What do you think of my costume?"

She took a step away from him and also turned around once. He seemed to truly notice her for the first time and stared at her with wide eyes and an open mouth.

"Wow. Is that Mystique?"

"Yes, exactly. Have you seen the old movies too?"

"Yes, together with my mom."

He was still staring at her. Liz noticed exactly which parts fascinated him the most.

I knew it! All boys are obsessed with breasts...

She knew that all too well. It was one of the reasons why she hid her figure under loose clothes at school. Now was the first time she enjoyed her obvious effect.

"Do you like me?" she asked flirtatiously. She bit her lip to keep from laughing as Calvin's face grew darker.

"Yes..." he breathed. His hands twitched as if he could only hold himself back from touching her with great effort.

If only he knew how much she wanted to be touched!

"Here, feel this!" She held out her hand to him, and he touched the smooth, shiny fabric on her arm.

"That's totally cool." His gaze repeatedly darted to her breasts or her butt.

Hmm... so he likes that too.

"I think it shows a bit much of my figure. I hope you don't find it repulsive!"

"No, not at all!"

He had apparently not understood the provocative undertone of her statement.

"It doesn't bother me if you look naked. I'm used to that. I've seen it many times."

"What?" Liz froze. "What do you mean?"

"When I was little and we lived in California. It was always hot there, and we could play by the pool all day. There were only women, and they always wore very little. I was the only boy there, and for me, it was normal that they were naked very often." Calvin paused. "But Mom doesn't want me to talk about it. She says people who don't know that think it's something bad."

"That does sound a bit strange. Where was that?" Liz asked.

"I don't know the name of the place. Something with Retreat and Mission? It was hot, and there was stone and sand everywhere. Only in the valley where the stream was, there was a bit of green grass and a few trees. I think the houses were really old, but the inside was new."

"That sounds very mysterious. Do you think your mom would tell me more about it?"

Calvin thought for a moment. "I don't know. Maybe I should warn her and tell her that I told you. So she won't be angry. Oh, right!" His face showed that he had remembered something. "It was the same company as the clinic where Mom works now. FemCom."

"Then I'll see if I can find something on their website," Liz said.

She was serious. This story from Calvin sounded crazy enough to interest her. But that could wait until later.

"So you were saying," she stepped toward him and stood close, "that you've seen enough women so that it's nothing special anymore?"

Calvin swallowed. He had the part of the suit at eye level where the fabric let a lot show through.

"Do you find me boring?" Liz added.

"No," he breathed. The excited flush in his face had returned.

"And did they do things like this too?" She poked his side with her fingertips.

Calvin squeaked and made a leap backward. Liz followed on his heels.

"Mystique attacks Spider-Boy!" she announced theatrically and let her hands dart forward again. Calvin fled giggling across the couch, and she chased after him. "How will the little spider defend itself against this?"

Calvin had managed to gain some distance. Breathing heavily but grinning, he watched Liz and did not take his eyes off her hands.

How do I get him to join in?

"Mystique gets ready for another attack!" she cried. "Will Spider-Boy manage to find her secret weak spot where she's ticklish?"

His eyes lit up. The hint had been received. They circled each other. Liz made a few lunges that he backed away from, and then he lunged at her.

Liz held back with her resistance. She stayed in the game but offered Calvin enough opportunity to get closer. The reward was plenty of awkward contact attempts. Sometimes pointed fingers meant to tickle, sometimes gentler, more searching touches of full hands.

This wasn't the first time she played such a game. She had done something like this with Emma.

Will it end in the same scuffle with Calvin?

At the next opportunity, she grabbed Calvin by the shoulders, turned herself, and threw him onto the couch with a swing. Then she jumped after him and pressed him

into the cushions, pinning him down with her knees on his thighs and her hands on his shoulders

He could only move his arms and searched for the right spot to grab her. That wasn't so easy with her breasts hovering freely over him.

Does he dare?

With a surprisingly powerful jerk, he turned under her and threw her off balance. As she stumbled back, he jumped up.

"Spider-punch!" he cried and gave her a resounding slap on the butt. It was strong enough to sting a little.

If he does that, I'm allowed to do it too!

"Ohh, Mystique is hurt!" Liz cried and staggered away exaggeratedly. "She retreats into her nest." With a few leaps, she was up the stairs to the second level. "Is the spider brave enough to follow her there?" she called, and then she jumped into her bed and hid under the covers.

Barely perceptible vibrations on the stairs told her Calvin was creeping up

Liz smiled. As silly as this game of hide-and-seek was, it was also somehow exciting. Liberating. It felt as if a portal to her long-lost childhood had suddenly opened. The vibrations from the stairs stopped. Calvin must be up on the gallery. Liz listened and waited tensely for his attack. Suddenly, the duvet flew away.

"Web attack!" Calvin cried, throwing himself onto the bed with arms and legs outstretched. On top of her. All restraint had vanished.

The tickle attack shifted into wrestling holds and grappling. He was participating with due seriousness. There was no trace left of his initial hesitation. Despite his delicate figure, Calvin squirmed out of her grip like a worm, no matter if she grabbed his arms or legs or hugged him completely. Conversely, he tried to grab her hands or pin her to the bed. More than once, he touched her breasts or her butt in the process. It was always only for a moment, always under the guise of the game. They romped around for a long while until heat and exhaustion set in.

In the next clash Calvin managed to flip her onto her back. Suddenly he was straddling her, leaning forward, pinning her wrists to the pillow above her head. She felt his weight and the heat of his thighs where they touched her body. His sweaty hair hung over his forehead. From his look, she could tell he couldn't get enough of the sight of her. She felt exactly the same way.

"Okay, Spider-Boy, you won. Mystique is defeated."

They both breathed heavily. As Calvin let go and straightened up, his eyes were glued to her chest, which rose and fell with every breath.

"Your cowardly attack on the sun must be punished," he said with solemn seriousness.

I'm certainly curious about that!

However, he hesitated, apparently unable to think of anything suitable.

"Oh no," Liz helped him out, "please, Spider-Boy, don't force me to turn back into that pale girl!"

"Oh yes. That is exactly the right punishment," he replied with sparkling eyes. "I command you, Mystique, to turn into Liz."

"Anything but that!" Liz managed to push him off her. "You can't force me to do that. Not until you've found my secret weak spot."

She turned around and presented her back to Calvin. He understood this signal too. His fingers felt over her shoulders until they found the zipper of the costume. He slowly pulled it down. Liz immediately felt the cool air on her damp skin. The stretch material of the costume pulled together at the front. This was more than she had expected. Hurriedly, she turned around, half-acting and half-serious. While the costume slipped from her shoulders over her arms to her elbows, Liz held her hands in front of her chest. Otherwise, she would have been completely exposed.

"Please, Spider-Boy, that's enough."

"No, I want you to transform completely!" he demanded.

Okay, if he wants to play it that way... Liz leaned forward and looked at him as frighteningly as she could.

"You won this time, Spider-Boy. But just so you know what I am capable of: Next time, I will win the fight, and then you will be at my mercy. Are you sure you want that?"

She could see how exciting he found that prospect.

"Yes, I want you to transform completely now!"

What have I done...

Liz managed to cover her breasts with one arm and pull the other out of the costume. Then she covered herself with the free arm and pulled the first one out. Of course, Calvin got to see quite a bit, but he didn't see everything. Besides, he had

made it clear that this was nothing unusual for him. The way he followed her every move, however, told a different story.

Liz carefully slipped out of the bottom part of the costume and stood up. The top of the costume hung gathered at her hips, and her legs were still completely inside it. With a grim look, she turned to Calvin.

"Then take what you want, Spider-Boy. But remember: my revenge will be terrible!"

He needed a moment to understand what she meant. Then he crawled across the bed, sat on the edge in front of her, carefully grabbed the costume, and pulled it down over her hips.

Good thing I'd kept my panties on!

She stepped out of the bundle of clothes and yawned exaggeratedly, then shook herself.

"Who are you? What are you doing in my bed?" she asked with feigned horror.

"I am Spider-Boy!" Calvin played along.

"Oh, hello Spider-Boy. Have you seen my friend Calvin? I wanted to order a pizza with him."

The prospect of something to eat almost tore him out of the game.

"I'll go see if I can find him. Maybe he's downstairs." He jumped up and dashed down. Immediately after, Liz heard the sound of the zipper on his costume.

Half an hour later, they were sitting in the living room again. They were in normal clothes, each with a pizza box on their knees. Matching their game, another superhero movie was playing on the TV. Calvin was completely captured by the plot. Liz followed it more casually. A lot of things were going through her mind.

What exactly happened that turned the harmless game into such an exciting adventure? Was it just her and the sudden memory of Emma? Or was it also Calvin and this strange attraction he had for her? Now that she could think clearly again, she realized she had been torn the whole time during the costume game. One part of her wanted to protect the little boy, hold him in her arms, and preserve his childhood. Another part wanted to be just as close to him, but for completely different, un-childlike reasons.

What was causing this?

One glance at Calvin was enough to awaken both impulses at once.

What is his secret?

She remembered that scent again. The aroma she had tasted in the pancakes, the muffins, and the hot chocolate at Isabel's. She had also noticed a bit of it on Calvin. If she would moved closer to him now, it would be there again. The crazy thing about it was that it didn't just make Calvin seem attractive to her. She could just as easily imagine romping through the bed like before with Isabel. Perhaps even without costumes.

Damn… why do this woman and her boy turn me on so much?!

She sighed, unable to find an answer to the many questions.

At least Calvin had a lot of fun. And I still have the rest of the week to find out what's so special about him!

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Like everything else in the hospital complex, her room felt more like a luxury hotel suite than a medical facility. Privacy and discretion were valued even higher here than the top-tier medical care. It was located less than two hours from her home, but she preferred to start the first day of a new project feeling well-rested.

Unfortunately, Isabel had barely slept the night before. An inner restlessness had taken hold of her, as it always did when she was away from Calvin for a long time. Added to that was the excitement of the week ahead. With a final look in the mirror, she made sure her appearance was presentable and professional.

After a few video calls and the necessary formalities, she had only recently met her new clients in person for the first time. That meeting had also taken place elsewhere to maintain discretion. She had returned home much later than usual that day and had been worried. However, as it turned out, Calvin was in the best of hands with Liz and had even received a swim lesson..

The new couple was nice and likeable, younger than her previous clients, but the woman was at least as desperate. Her husband was obviously making a great effort to support his wife. Still, the way he had looked at herself during their first meeting had not escaped Isabel. It was better that she gave no reason for any disagreements. Considering the effort she would invest in this couple over the coming months, she wanted to ensure their relationship remained stable afterward. To be safe, she closed the top button of her blouse and put on a light nurse coat to hide her curves at least a little. Then she left the room.

Her path led her to an area of the building that looked more like a hospital. The couple was waiting in the empty lounge. They stood up as Isabel approached.

"Shall we?" She pointed toward the meeting room, and the two followed her.

"Dr. Moore will join us shortly. She will explain the medical details to you. Before that, I want to explain what our, well, support for the next few months will look like. FAP, our Fertile Assistance Program was created by FemCom to help couples realize their natural desire for a child even when medical reasons speak against it. I can imagine what a long, difficult road it has been to get here before you decided on this. Therefore, we want to accompany you not only medically but also personally..."

Isabel observed the reaction of the two during her explanation, but also afterward as Dr. Moore, or for her, her good friend Carol, went through the medical details. The woman was focused on every detail regarding her deep desire for a child. She blocked out everything else. Consequently, she missed the occasional glances from her husband as he studied Carol and especially Isabel.

No chance. You're supposed to knock up your wife, not me!

Isabel resolved to be even more careful in future encounters not to send any wrong signals. On the other hand...

Focusing directly on fertility and reproduction naturally caused her thoughts to wander to the activities associated with that. The man was actually quite attractive. But nothing more. No tingle. No goosebumps. No accelerated heartbeat. Nice to look at, that was it. Therefore, there was not the slightest danger that Isabel would respond to any of his signals.

It was a different story with the cute nurse who had accompanied one or two of the examinations. Becky, as her name tag on her figure-hugging top revealed. Isabel was sure she hadn't worn any jewelry at first. Later, however, as her gaze increasingly sought out Isabel's eyes for longer and longer, there was something inviting and longing in it. Initially irritated. Only then did Isabel notice the small pendant Becky wore on a delicate chain around her neck. It was an internal sign between the women of FemCom, proven over a long time, signaling openness for... approach. Just like the one Isabel had put on that morning.

"Hey, can you recommend a place for me to go this evening? I'm in the mood for a little fun," Isabel asked Becky when they met again on the hallway in between appointments

"The Appendix. It's a nice bar a block behind the hospital, I highly recommend it!" Becky replied.

"Sounds good. When do you finish work? Maybe I'll see you there..."

"My shift ends at two," Becky said.

Too bad. Way too early.

"But I can wait for you there," she added, as if she had read Isabel's thoughts.

"Sounds good. I think I could be there around five."

"Great. I'm looking forward to it!" With a slow, deliberate motion, she brushed her hand against Isabel's arm. Her skin felt electric. Before turning away, Becky let her hand slide down, giving Isabel’s butt a firm, hidden pat, that sent a sharp tingle straight through her, settling deep in her core.

The Appendix was a sleek, modern bar that perfectly balanced style and comfort. Like its anatomical namesake, its location felt like a natural, almost hidden. Just like an extension of the clinic complex without a strictly necessary function. In a literary sense, it was a place where one could find... something that one wasn't looking for.

Or someone. The cozy niches at the edges were clearly made for intimate encounters. In several of them, people had already paired off for the evening.

Isabel knew this kind of establishment, even though she rarely visited them. If asked about her relationship status, 'single mother of a son' would have been her answer. That label defined her and was enough. She could not have answered the question of who she would need to meet to change that.

When Carol had introduced her back then to the pleasures that women could provide for each other, it had simply happened. It was not a conscious decision or a coming out of her orientation. It wasn't even a real relationship. The male counterpart had simply never appeared in her life. This led to her viewing the pleasures she experienced with these women as something familiar. Uncomplicated. And as she had to admit while looking at Becky, occasionally exciting.

Isabel had already noticed Becky’s energy during their encounter at the hospital. Now, the nurse had exchanged her work uniform for tight fitting jeans and top, and a motorcycle jacket. The term 'power woman' was not nearly enough to describe her aura, even though she was almost a head smaller than Isabel. Becky radiated a raw, restless energy. Every time she leaned in to speak, the scent of her perfume mixed with the faint smell of leather from her jacket. Isabel watched Becky’s lips move, finding it harder to focus on the conversation and easier to imagine them elsewhere. It was exactly the contrast she needed from time to time to balance her role as a caring mother.

She sat down with Becky at the bar and ordered a drink that hopefully didn't have too much power. Some small talk followed, a careful testing of expectations and preferences. It quickly became clear that they would not be spending much time in the bar. They finished their single drink, and as they left, the woman behind the bar wished them fun with a grin.

The fun began on the way to Becky's apartment nearby. Hardly had she closed the door behind her when Isabel felt Becky's searching fingers looking for the closures of her clothes.

"Wait, I still have to call my son."

However, Becky was not deterred by this.

It was nearly impossible to focus on Calvin’s voice. While he talked about his day and something , Becky was busy peeling Isabel out of her clothes with hungry efficiency. Her hands found the clasp of Isabel's bra, releasing her breasts into the cool air. When Becky’s fingers began to tease her nipples, Isabel had to bite her lip to keep from moaning into the phone.

The heat intensified as Becky’s other hand slid beneath the lace of her panties, finding her already slick and aching for touch. Isabel’s breath hitched. She forced her voice to remain steady, though her heart was hammering against her ribs.

She had to suppress a sigh, she would have loved to moan. Especially when Becky’s other hand slid slowly into her panties.

"Be good, my sweetheart, and listen to Liz! Love you!"

Finally, the call was over. Becky plucked the phone from her hand, tossed it carelessly aside, and pressed herself against Isabel from behind.

"Bad, bad Mommy. Leaving her little boy at home like that to meet a strange, wild girl. That must be punished, don't you think?"

The words hit her harder than expected, especially because they carried an uncomfortable grain of truth. At the same time, they made her incredibly horny. In that moment, she wanted nothing more than to find out exactly how Becky intended to punish her.

On the way to the bedroom, Becky stripped away Isabel’s remaining clothes with hungry efficiency. The large bed dominated not only the bedroom, but the entire apartment. Various toys hung on the walls. Their size and design made Isabel hope that some were only for decoration. Becky gave her no time for further observation.

As soon as they hit the mattress, she was all over her with her fingers, lips, and the scorching heat of her crotch. Isabel quickly lost track of what was pleasuring her and where. The only interruption came when Becky realized that Isabel's breasts were heavy and full of milk. With great desire, she threw herself into the opportunity and latched onto them, only to repay the favor with the skillful use of her most wicked toys.

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Someone is in my room!

The surge of adrenaline faded almost instantly when she remembered with relief that Calvin was sleeping on the couch downstairs. She remained motionless and listened. Now fully awake, she thought she could hear his breathing. Then came a rustle and the soft creak and scratch of leather as he turned over.

The night before, when they were finally heading to bed, they both realized for the first time that Calvin was all alone in the house. It clearly frightened him just as much as the thought of being alone in his own house. Therefore, Liz had suggested he spend the night on the couch in her room, and he had joyfully agreed.

Now he lay down there. In her room. It was another detail that reminded her of the happy times with Emma. Sometimes Emma had spent almost every weekend at Liz’s place. Those were days full of fun and silliness, full of laughter and, well, later other things too. Would Calvin feel just as smooth and tender if he curled up under the covers with her, skin to skin?

The thought caused a telltale tingle, and Liz had to force herself to think of something else. She couldn't just…

… seduce him.

Wait! Is that the right word for it?

Once again, she tried to direct her thoughts elsewhere. Fortunately, the rustling from below told her Calvin had woken up. Liz got out of bed and leaned over the railing, from where she had a good view of the couch.

"Good morning, Tiny. Sleep well?"

"Yes, good morning!" He blinked up at her with sleepy eyes.

"A new day full of adventure is waiting for us. Are you ready?" she called down to him with exaggerated cheerfulness. He sank back into the pillows.

"Yeees... five more minutes please..."

Liz granted him fifteen. Then she crept down the stairs to the couch and yanked the blanket away with a jerk.

He flinched and threw up his hands, which he'd had pressed against his body a moment before. It took her a moment to make sense of the image.

Was he... touching himself?

It wasn't entirely clear, as he had turned over and was now lying on his belly, looking at Liz angrily.

"I hate that! Don't ever do that again!"

"Okay, okay, all right," Liz said.

Then she lunged forward and dug her fingertips into his side, just a little, to tickle him. Calvin gave a startled squeak.

"Then I'll have to think of something else to wake you up next time, won't I?"

He rolled away from her and giggled. "Please stop, I'm getting up...!"

Then he sat up and looked at Liz, who had stepped back. His eyes grew wider and wider. She wasn't wearing anything special. Well, not particularly much, either. Her usual sleepwear. Simple panties and a camisole that was, frankly, a size too small. She really needed to replace it.

"I'm in the bathroom. You can use it right after me," she called to him.

On the way, she grabbed her fresh clothes and then got ready at her leisure. When she returned to the room, Calvin was waiting impatiently with his knees pressed together.

"Finally! I have to go..." and he darted past her.

By the time he came back, Liz had already dressed. From the depths of her closet, she had picked out clothes that showed off her figure perfectly. Light colors and a tight cut, the complete opposite of what she had been wearing for many months. The absence of her parents and the presence of Calvin had put her in the mood to dress up a bit more than usual.

Calvin only had his pants on so far and was picking a wrinkled t-shirt from the stack of his things. Something about it seemed familiar.

"Tell me, is that the one from yesterday?" she asked, moving closer.

"Yes," he answered with pure innocence.

"I see. But you have others, don't you?"

Calvin looked at her in confusion and then at his bag of clothes.

"Uh no, it's my favorite. I wanted to wear it this week." He held the crumpled t-shirt in his hand, undecided.

"Hmmm." Thoughtfully, Liz squatted down in front of him, brought her face close to his bare chest, and sniffed. "You smell like a freshly washed boy. I like that!" she said.

Then she sniffed the t-shirt and shook her head. "But wearing sweaty things again is out of the question. If you want to stay here with me, I expect you to be fresh and fragrant at all times. Agreed?"

Calvin’s eyes widened. "Yes, of course…but this is the only one I brought."

"It doesn't matter. I’m sure we can find something for you."

Liz stood up and went to the walk-in closet. Along with the boxes of her old costumes, she kept many of her other outgrown clothes there. Here she had found the swimsuit for Calvin’s first visit as well. She looked around and then she found what she was looking for.

"Here, this will do for now. After breakfast, we’ll go to your house and get what’s missing. Agreed?"

"Yes." Calvin reached meekly for the pink thing Liz held out to him.

It was a t-shirt with a fitted cut and a glitter pattern. Calvin’s shoulders slumped as he unfolded it.

"Don't give me that look!" Liz had to suppress a giggle. "I only have girls' clothes. When we go to your place, you can put a jacket over it and then no one but me will see it."

He still hesitated.

"The alternative is that you sleep in another room. No stinkers in my room, that's the rule," she added.

This threat worked, and he pulled the shirt over his head.

After breakfast, they both put on jackets and headed to Calvin's house. It wasn't just for disguise; a brisk wind was blowing the brown leaves off the trees. Once inside his house, Liz followed Calvin to his room.

So this is what a typical boy's room looks like.

There wasn't much decoration. It was obvious that Calvin hadn't lived here for very long. Naturally, there were signs of a typical thirteen-year-old’s messiness, but overall, everything seemed tidy. Calvin opened his closet door and began searching for t-shirts.

"Are you sure you have enough of everything else? Socks? Underwear?" Liz teased him.

"Yes!" came a muffled, grumbling voice from inside the closet. At the same time, it seemed like he was searching for something specific.

Good thing I brought it up.

Liz moved closer and looked over his shoulder. In the closet, he clearly had a system of his own, heavily inspired by chaos. He pushed clothes and other items aside when suddenly something fell out of the closet. It was a flat, white package. Without thinking, Liz picked it up and held to him. Something about the soft padding felt familiar to her.

"What's this, Calvin?" she asked, holding it out to him inside the closet.

He turned his head toward her and then flinched.

"Oh no!" he cried out in shock, nearly losing his balance. He grabbed it with both hands and snatched it away. Some kind of fastener came loose, and it unfolded. Suddenly, it clicked for Liz why the object felt familiar. It felt like a feminine pad.

But it looks like a...

"Is that a diaper?" she called out, confused.

"It's nothing. You weren't supposed to see that!" he answered in a panic. He began stuffing the pad into the nearest corner, bumping against a box, its flaps springing open. Inside, a whole row of the same pads sat neatly folded and lined up.

Calvin froze.

"Calvin, come on, what is this? Why do you have something like that in your closet?" Liz asked, now seriously concerned.

Is he sick? Does he have a... problem?

Now Calvin's shoulders twitched, and she heard him sobbing. Compassion took hold of her, that same motherly instinct she had felt for him before, the urge to pull him close and keep him safe. She leaned forward and gently placed her hands on his shoulders from behind.

"Hey, it's okay. You don't have to tell me. I'm sorry if I was too curious."

He sniffled once more and then slowly turned around.

"Do you promise not to be angry and not to tell anyone what I tell you? She said it's something totally private that no one needs to know."

"Yes, of course. I promise!"

Liz meant it. If he really had a problem that required a diaper, she wanted to be as empathetic as possible. And she knew how to keep a secret.

Calvin calmed down a little.

"It's... Mom says it was an accident. It can happen to anyone, and in case it happens again, she gave me that. To keep everything safe."

Another wave of pity washed through her as he spoke, so visibly ashamed of himself.

"That's okay, Calvin. Really, no problem at all." She gently stroked his head. "Do you need that all day? In school too?"

What a horrific thought!

"No," Calvin said, "only at home. Especially in the evening, before we sit on the couch and... cuddle."

The image of Calvin in a diaper, cuddling on the couch with Isabel, was somehow sweet.

"I understand," Liz said, "so that there isn't an accident when things get cozy."

He nodded. "Mhm."

"Tell me, wouldn't it be good if we took a few of them with us? Just to be safe, in case you have an accident at my place too?"

Calvin looked at her in astonishment. "I don't know. Would that be okay with you?"

"Sure. Of course. I want to support you as best as I can."

"Thank you!" He spontaneously threw his arms around her neck, and she couldn't do anything but let it happen. She gently stroked his back while he pressed his tear-warmed cheek against her face.

"It's alright. We'll just act like this is all part of it, okay?" she whispered. She felt him nod. "It's a good thing we found out now. It would be much more embarrassing if you woke up tomorrow and the bed was a wet mess."

"What?" Calvin let go of her and leaned back. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, if you have an accident. Wetting the bed."

"No! That's not it. I'm not a baby anymore!"

Now Liz was thoroughly confused.

"You're not? I thought that's what you meant by 'accident'. When you don't make it to the bathroom."

Calvin shook his head.

"No, it's a different kind of accident. After it happened, Mom gave me a 'Nurse Talk' about it and explained everything. There's even a medical term for it."

"So is it a disease?" Liz asked.

"I don't think so. Mom says all boys have it eventually. It's a strange word. I think it's called ejaculation."

Liz needed a second to process what she had just heard.

"Whoa, whoa, wait a minute! That is the accident?"

Calvin nodded.

"And it happened again after that?" She looked at the box with the supply. "It keeps happening over and over?"

"Yes. Is that bad? Do you think it’s disgusting?"

There was so much desperate vulnerability in his eyes that her heart clenched with warmth.

"No, your mom is right. It’s something completely natural. It just happens to you, doesn't it? I Mean, your mom doesn't... do anything to make it happen, does she?"

"No!" He shook his head energetically. "Mom says I can't help it. It’s just because my body reacts to the fact that she’s a pretty woman. And the... packaging ensures that we don't have to worry about it."

At least he has a cute explanation for this absolutely weird situation!

Still, Liz felt overwhelmed. She was suddenly peering far deeper into something she perhaps shouldn’t have known about. At the same time, her curiosity flared. Now that she knew that he at least one part of him was more than just a little boy, something in her wanted to know everything about it. More than anything, she wanted to witness it herself.

"If we take some of the... packaging with us and you use them — do you think it would be safe for you to cuddle with me? The way you talk about it, it seems like something really great. I would like to know how that feels."

"Really? Do you mean that?" Hope flashed in his wide eyes. "That... that would be great."

"But you have to show me and explain everything!" Liz said enthusiastically.

After Calvin revealed the nature of his occasional accidents, Liz viewed the whole diaper situation from a completely new perspective.

The sober medical term 'ejaculation' had suddenly opened the door to the exciting world of mysterious anatomical adventures. It was a world whose exploration had come to an abrupt halt long ago when Emma moved away. Now, completely unexpectedly, that tingling curiosity and thirst for adventure had seized her again.

When they weren't busy with each other, she and Emma had spent endless time speculating about what boys might have to offer. The idea of simply being a nice, good friend to Calvin had faded over the past few days into a pale, insignificant thought. Even the question of why she was interested in Calvin of all people—and Isabel, to be fair—slipped into the background.

As they walked back to her house, Liz glanced over at Calvin and felt it clearly for the first time. Walking right beside her was her chance for further exploration. And once he was actually wearing the diaper, a perfectly wrapped gift in soft padding, just waiting to be opened.

Will he let me watch? Maybe even while he puts it on?

Goosebumps ran across her entire body, not because of the cool air, but from excitement. This feeling of anticipation, the secret approach to forbidden fruit, ad gripped her more powerfully than it had in years. In the past, she had simply let herself be talked into all sorts of deeds. Now, she had to come up with a plan.

What would Emma do?

A harmless game! Something where she suddenly found herself in situations where she had no choice but to join in. Something that felt as if she had wanted it the whole time.

Looking back, the realization of having been manipulated like that was unsettling. Just like the thought that she was about to do the same to Calvin.

"What do we want to do today, Calvin? Video games, costumes, or maybe swimming?" she asked her little friend.

He had been silent until now. The embarrassment of her having discovered his special care still hung over him.

"To be honest, I found the costumes yesterday really exciting. But swimming would be cool too."

"Then let's do both. First, we'll pick out some costumes and think of an adventure. Maybe it leads us into a secret underwater world. We can do whatever we want all day long."

"Cool! Are we dressing up as superheroes again?"

Apparently, it didn't take much to bring back his cheerfulness.

"Hmm, I don't know. Let's see what we find first," Liz said.

In her mind, she went through her selection. The full-body superhero costumes were exciting in their own way, but today she wanted something else. Something that wouldn't get in the way if she spontaneously decided to try out the diaper.

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Silence reigned in the brightly lit treatment room. Only the hum of the servomotors was audible as the machine's arms aligned themselves. Sensors for monitoring the patient and administering medication hung from several of them, and one arm held a breathing mask poised above the woman's face. The large main arm, which gave the device a strange, scorpion-like appearance, moved slowly between her legs, its tip ready for the thrust.

Carol monitored the procedure along with a specialist operating the SCAPI, the System for Scans and Penetrative Interaction. Isabel sat a bit to the side next to the woman, holding her hand and trying to radiate confidence.

"Initiating penetration," Carol commented. "Watch out, this might feel a bit uncomfortable," she added, addressing the patient.

The woman closed her eyes and winced as the probe at the end of the scorpion tail entered her. Isabel gripped her hand, and the woman squeezed back firmly. Since the woman kept her eyes closed, Isabel looked toward her lap. From her position, she couldn't see any details, but she watched as the entire length of the probe gradually disappeared between the woman’s legs.

There was something unnatural about the sight, even obscene, and it would have made any woman feel uneasy. Carol and the specialist exchanged quiet remarks. Words like cervix, uterus, fallopian tubes, and ovaries were mentioned, and finally, extraction. The collection of egg cells was the reason for this procedure. External fertilization under perfect conditions was the woman's last hope for fulfilling her desire for a child, which she could not achieve naturally.

The movement of the probe between the woman's legs and the discomfort she clearly felt reminded Isabel of the previous evening. She could still feel a faint burning between her legs.

Without her own plug dildo, which had remained in her quarters, had no choice but to play the receiving part. As it turned out, Becky had a great talent for the giving part. She had quickly discovered Isabel's preferences. Starting with something harmless, she had soon added attachments. Exotic ones, both in shape and size. And she

knew exactly what she was doing. Afterward, Isabel couldn't say how long she had been on the edge—of a climax and also how much stretching she could endure.

In a second round, Becky had pleasured her without any aids. Tongue, lips, fingers, hands, and finally, in her hard fist. The memory of that mix of pleasure and pain gave Isabel goosebumps, and she had to force herself to drive the images from her head as the woman in the chair twitched and moaned.

"Suction initiated," the specialist said to Carol, who nodded in confirmation.

From her position, Isabel couldn't see much of what was happening on the computer screens. All she could make out was a video window showing pink tissue and a slowly rising counter.

"18 follicles," the assistant said.

"That should be enough!" Carol confirmed and turned to the patient. "It’s almost over. We have everything we need. The probe is retracting now. It might feel strange, but it will be over in a moment."

The probe slid slowly out of the woman's crotch. Again, it was an oppressive sight to see something of such length emerge from a human body. Carol’s warning was justified. The movement in her vagina had stimulated areas that had no connection to the medical procedure. The woman sighed, this time it wasn't discomfort, but rather the opposite. Once again, she squeezed Isabel's hand until the tip of the probe finally slipped out of her.

The assistant prepared to work on the machine, removed a vessel containing the precious cargo, and headed to the laboratory for fertilization. The sample from the man, who had already made his contribution to FAP, the Fertile Assistance Program, was waiting there.

After the machine had folded all its arms, Carol checked between the patient's legs once more and removed the traces of lubricant.

"Everything looks good so far. You can get dressed," she said to the patient, who then stood up and walked carefully into the changing area of the treatment room.

"A lot has changed over all these years," Isabel said, looking at the empty chair and the machine, which, with its arms folded, no longer reminded her of a threatening scorpion silhouette.

"Yes, just a few years ago we did all of this by hand. But the actual process still requires a human body. What do you think of her?" She nodded toward the patient. Isabel followed her gaze. "She will be a good mother. It takes determination to go through all of this."

"And the father?" Isabel smiled. She knew what Carol was getting at.

"Seems a bit overwhelmed by the whole thing to me. Do you know how the donation went?"

Now Carol grinned too.

"Yes, the wife was in the booth with him."

The two women struggled not to giggle. How future father provided his sperm sample was an amusing detail that the staff involved always kept a close eye on. Allegedly, bets were even placed on it. The fact that the wife lent the man a hand was relatively rare and usually allowed for conclusions about who was in charge in the relationship.

"Like I said, I think she'll handle it and has everything under control." Isabel added.

"And what about you? Are you managing?"

The personal question surprised Isabel. She wasn't entirely sure what Carol meant. Her job in general? The care of her current client? Her life with Calvin?

The distance that existed between the two of them had resulted from a silent agreement. Nevertheless, they were both still aware of their mutual attractiveness, and Carol’s personal question could mean that this feeling was mutual.

"I’m managing. For the project, we ended up in a nice town. Calvin has finally made a friend. A girl, of course, and she’s much older than him, but at least he’s coming out of his shell."

"I’m glad." Carol hesitated as if something else was on her mind. She shot a quick glance toward the patient, but she was still in the changing room.

"You know, I’m working on a new project. Well, it's not that new; it’s been running for a while, but it’s entering a phase now where it might be interesting for you too. Once the care of your current client is finished: would you be interested in working with me again?"

For a moment, various versions of what "working with Carol" could mean flashed before Isabel's eyes.

"Depends. Sounds a bit mysterious. Can you tell me more about it?"

"Yes. But not here. I'll get back to you about it."

The woman finally emerged from the changing room, and Carol invited her to take a seat in the lounge area so they could discuss the next steps.

Liz

Whump. With a dull thud, Liz dropped another box onto the floor of her room next to the others. That was the third one, and two more were still stacked in the closet. It felt as if she were bringing out not just her clothes, but also her memories that had been hidden away for a long time.

Most of it was simply clothing she had outgrown. She had no idea why she had made a habit of keeping these things in boxes, but there had to be a few costumes tucked away in there. And perhaps some of the normal items could be used as well.

Calvin followed the clearing out with his usual wide, wondering eyes. As Liz lined up all the boxes side by side and opened the first lid, he moved closer curiously. He was still wearing the glittering girl’s top she had given him that morning. Apparently, he was in no hurry to put on his own clothes.

All the better!

"I don't really have a clue about this, Calvin!" she said casually. "What do you think, do we need your safety packaging for our costume spectacle too?"

Liz continued rummaging in the box but could see him blushing out of the corner of her eye. She thought:

Caught you!

"Well, I don't know... maybe... it could be. But then the pants won't fit over it. At home, I wear it over my bed at night, and I have pajamas that Mom bought specifically for that."

"Ah, I see. Good point!" Liz paused and turned toward him. "How about this: you get prepared, and I'll pick out a cool costume that goes with it."

He thought about it for a short moment, then he nodded.

"Okay, sounds good."

From his bag, he took a freshly folded diaper and something else that looked like semi-transparent plastic.

"What's that?" Liz asked.

"This?" Calvin looked at the items in his hand. "Oh, this is the over-pants. So nothing slips. I have to pull these over it so nothing leaks in case of an accident."

Diapers and plastic pants! This is getting crazier and crazier!

"All right," Liz said. "I'll start looking, and you get ready."

Calvin headed toward the bathroom, though Liz wouldn't have minded at all if he had changed right here in front of her.

If this keeps up, I won't have to wait much longer for that anyway...

She turned her attention back to the contents of the boxes. The first one contained nothing that seemed useful at first glance. In the second one, however, she soon came across green fabric that glittered with gold. She knew immediately what it was. She pulled the item out and spread it out in front of her.

The old Tinkerbell costume!

Holding it out with outstretched arms, she estimated the size.

Could work.

The cut was fairly straight, with feminine shapes only minimally suggested, which wasn't necessary at the age she had worn it. It really could fit, and the little skirt left enough room for what he was wearing underneath.

She set it aside and dug deeper into the box. There she actually found the matching stockings to go with it.

Can I talk him into wearing those too?

The other boxes contained a few more nice costumes, but nothing that topped the fairy costume.

Now I just need something for myself.

She wouldn't find anything in the boxes that still fit her. The extremely stretchy Mystique costume had been an exception. So she looked through her normal wardrobe, and soon an idea for an improvised costume began to take shape in her head.

A black lace bra, a dark, long-cut linen shirt that looked like a dress with a belt around the waist. A few rings, a necklace, and a clip in her hair…With a bit of imagination, she would pass as a grim, evil queen having a duel with Tinkerbell.

Once she had put everything on, a glance in the mirror confirmed the costume was coming together nicely.

Something is still missing...

Suddenly, she had an idea. She hurried to the walk-in closet and looked around. There it was: the case with the cosplay makeup. Normally, she used makeup sparingly, but those bold colors suited the costumes perfectly. Most of the containers still had something left, even if some of the colors had dried up.

For her improvised dark queen costume, she chose matching dark colors for her lips and eyes. Just as she finished painting her face, she heard the door open.

Calvin entered, without pants, the hem of his top pulled down as far as it would go.

Liz bit back a comment and handed him the Tinkerbell costume instead.

"Here, I think this will suit you, and it's loose enough around the bottom."

Calvin took it from her hand hesitantly, his gaze darting over her outfit before he turned his attention to the gold-trimmed green fabric.

"Am I really supposed to wear this?" he asked.

"Yes, come on, it’ll definitely be fun. I’ve already put something together for myself, too. Guess who I am!" Liz called out cheerfully.

He studied her from head to toe.

"Hmm... Dark Princess? From the game?"

"That could work," Liz said. "But I was thinking more like a dark queen fighting Tinkerbell. Or Tinkerboy, if you prefer."

Calvin looked at the costume in his hand once more, then slowly shook his head. "No, that's just silly. If I'm going to wear this, then I'm Tinkerbell." He looked around briefly. "Should I just... right here?"

"Yes, go ahead, it doesn't bother me," Liz replied.

On the contrary, I've been waiting for this.

He took off the glitter top and stood in the room for a moment wearing only the diaper. Then he pulled on the green costume. It fit perfectly. If she hadn't known better, he really would have passed for a girl.

"And how does the game go now?" Calvin asked.

He's right, what do we do now?

Liz hadn't thought about that until just now.

"Whatever you like," she finally said. "But I have an idea..." Searching, she looked around and grabbed the first strip of fabric she found. A pair of tights.

"I would say the dark queen..." she crept around Calvin, "has captured Tinkerbell!"

In one swift motion, she grabbed his hands and wrapped the stocking around them. A spark of fear flashed in Calvin's eyes.

Better not overdo it! she warned herself.

"I'm going to do to you what a dark queen loves most..." she said in an exaggeratedly disguised voice, leading him by his bound hands to her desk and seating him on the chair. Then she wrapped the end of the tights around the backrest so that he was tied to the chair.

Calvin's face was flushed with excitement, and he looked at her expectantly. Apparently, he understood that he was in no danger in the game.

"I will transform you," Liz said in her disguised voice. "Until you no longer recognize yourself and become my toy. I command you: freeze!"

He winced but played along. Without moving, following her only out of the corners of his eyes, he watched as Liz placed the case with the cosplay makeup on the table and reached for the colors.

Once Calvin understood what she was planning, he relaxed. Liz took her time, striving for a natural, understated look, as far as the glittering colors allowed.

Light pink, lip gloss, and dark mascara had a remarkable effect. She completed it with eyeliner and a touch of blush on his cheeks. The result was perfect. Better than she had imagined.

She turned the chair so that Calvin could look into the mirror on the desk. Using her disguised Dark Queen voice, she asked:

"Tell me, child, who are you?"

Calvin swallowed, impressed by his own reflection. "Tinkerbell," he breathed.

"Correct! And now tell me, Tinkerbell: what is your task?!"

"I... I do everything. Everything you want," Tinkerbell whispered.

"Good, very good!" Liz untied his bonds from the chair. "I demand that you lay with me on the couch, and I command you to cuddle with me while we do."

It wasn’t working.

Liz realized that after just a few minutes. There was no trace of the excitement like the day before with the superhero play. Something was missing.

"Should I tell you a secret?" she asked Calvin after a while in her normal voice. The Dark Queen game had lost its appeal.

"Yes," Calvin whispered back.

"Did you know that girls can have similar accidents too?"

"You mean like me with the packaging?" Calvin looked at her with such wide eyes. The makeup made his surprised expression even more intense. Unbearably sweet.

"Yes, exactly. When things get too cozy while cuddling, something similar can happen to girls."

"Like right now?" Calvin’s eyes grew even larger.

"No." Liz shook her head. "Right now isn't exactly the right kind of cozy. How about you?"

"Me neither."

"I thought so." Liz was silent for a moment, then she asked the question that had been on her mind all morning.

"Do you think you could show me how to put on your diaper? Just to be safe, in case I ever need it too."

"Yes, of course," he nodded. "It's very easy."

"Good." Liz sat up. "What do I need to do?"

Calvin also stood up from the couch. "Well, first you have to unfold it, then you lay it down, and here are the fasteners..." He lifted the skirt of the Tinkerbell costume and pointed to the spots.

"No, show me. Put one on me!" Liz interrupted him.

He clearly hadn't considered that idea.

"You mean for real?" His gaze darted between her legs.

"Don't worry, I'll keep my panties on," Liz said.

Was Calvin relieved or disappointed? Hard to tell, he was already heading to his bag for a fresh diaper.

"I'll show you exactly how Mom taught me, okay?"

"Yes, I'd love that!"

This will be interesting.

"First, unfold it," he began, "and then you lay it down like this." He placed the open diaper on the couch. "Now you have to sit on it and spread your legs."

Liz gathered her dress and sat on the diaper with her legs apart. Calvin reached for the front part, folded it up, and gently tried to fix the fasteners. However, he didn't succeed because the diaper was too small for her. She let him fumble at her hips for a while before she interrupted him.

"I think I know how it works now."

"It's too small for you," he said apologetically.

"It doesn't matter." Liz stood up and left the open diaper on the couch. "Then I'll just have to get something in my size. Let's see..."

She grabbed the diaper by the back hem. There she found what she had been looking for: an inconspicuous logo that seemed somehow familiar. It was one of the brands that offered custom-made clothing using her body scan data.

Strange... custom-made diapers?

She opened her laptop and opened the link to the portal that Isabel had given her after the scan. There it was, the same logo! She clicked on it, and the dark

homepage of an online shop opened: Fun And Care. The selection was clearly aimed at adults. Plenty of latex and rubber. She hastily closed the browser.

I'll better look at that without him around...

"How about a swim?" she asked Calvin. "But first, we need to get that makeup off our faces. Best to use the large sink in the shower. You'll find your swim trunks there too."

"Okay." Calvin evidently took the suggestion as an instruction and headed off.

Liz gave him a little head start and opened the shop once more. The menu was clear. Apparently, there was a market for items on the border between medical and erotic. But there was also everything that belonged strictly to one area or the other.

After a quick search, she found the section: diapers in all possible sizes and thicknesses, and the plastic over-pants to secure them. Her data was already stored in the system, and the matching size was suggested to her. The diapers were advertised as 'safe' and having a 'comfortable fit,' but also as 'sensually soft' and 'tenderly embracing.'

Weird! And somehow… interesting!

Finally, she came across the model Calvin wore, and she ordered a package in her size.

If I'm going to try this, I'm doing it right.

With another click, she added a few of the plastic over-pants.

Then she forced herself to turn off the computer and put on her swimsuit. The day was still long. Whatever closeness the costume game had failed to bring might still find its way in the pool...

XXXXX

"Good morning, sleepyhead!"

On her way to the bathroom, Liz gave the blanket over the couch a gentle tug. Calvin grumbled something unintelligible and turned onto his side. Liz, on the other hand, was full of energy this morning, though she couldn't quite say why.

The evening before, she had shown Calvin a few more swimming techniques. He had been so eager to do everything right and so focused on the swimming that there had been no real opportunity for closeness. Still, she was in a great mood. The exercise in the water had likely done her good as well.

What are we going to do today?

The question occupied her mind as she got ready in the bathroom. By the time she returned to her room, she still hadn't found an answer. Calvin dragged himself into the bathroom after her and took a surprisingly long time. When he finally reappeared, he moved stiffly through the room.

"I’m so sore from swimming," he groaned.

"You can be proud of that. Those are your muscles. You can feel them growing!" Liz replied.

Her father had always said that whenever she felt the same way after swimming.

"Really?" He looked at her in astonishment.

"Maybe, I don't know for sure!" Liz admitted. "Come on, let’s get some breakfast."

They found something for every taste in the kitchen. Once they were both full and satisfied, the emptiness of the day ahead loomed once more. When you don't have a better idea, there’s really only one thing to do...

"How about a trip to the mall?" she asked.

Calvin was immediately on board. They tidied up the kitchen and then headed out. In the mall, they strolled aimlessly through the aisles and shops. They had fun in the arcade and browsed through a gaming shop that opened into a store for hobby and craft supplies. Calvin seemed fascinated by the various offerings for cosplay accessories.

"Look, Liz, those are the same kind of colors we used yesterday!"

He stood in front of a shelf with various sets of theatrical makeup.

"Did you like that?" She ruffled his hair, and he giggled.

"Yes, I’d like to do that again," Calvin said. "Can you show me how to do it properly, just like you’re teaching me to swim?"

"Sure, I’d love to. That’ll definitely be fun!" Now she also took a closer look at what was on offer. "But we could use some fresh colors for that." She took a set with accessories from the shelf, and then her gaze fell on another package below it. Body Painting Set it said.

Yes, that will be fun...

Liz took one of those sets as well. Loaded with their purchases, they slowly made their way back, finding something to eat along the way.

Brown eyes. With amber specks, as she noticed for the first time. It was also the first time Calvin’s face was so close to hers. Motionless, with a concentrated gaze. Liz didn't dare move. Very slowly, Calvin guided the mascara brush through her lashes.

"I think I’ve got it."

He leaned back and waited for her judgment. Liz leaned forward, looked into the mirror on her desk, and examined his work.

"Very good! Now the other eye."

Calvin moved closer and and picked up where he'd left off. Just as she had done for him before, explaining every move. His face was already fully made up. He had chosen the colors himself: a glossy red lipstick, rosy blush, and for mascara, eyeliner and eyeshadow, he chose colors in the shade of his brown hair.

Liz was very satisfied with what she had done. Now, with Calvin moving just a hand's breadth from her face, she noticed a few spots she could improve. However, from a little further away, he looked perfect and incredibly cute and handsome. No Tinkerbell copy. No painted-on mask. More of a highlighting of what could be. His still childlike, delicate features allowed for a freedom that puberty would likely soon destroy. The result was still Calvin, but in the "what-if" version, if nature had decided to make him a girl.

Is there a girl version of his name?

Liz pushed the thought aside and focused on the sight before her. Those large eyes seemed even more full of wonder, yet there was something determined in his gaze. Or was it just the concentration with which he worked on her? She noticed the floral scent of his skin and hair.

He used my shampoo when he showered!

His soft, warm hands touched her gently as he applied the eyeliner, then the mascara again. When he was finished, he leaned back and looked at her from different angles. Then he put the tool away.

"I think that looks right," he said.

Liz looked in the mirror again and nodded appreciatively. A bold but successful Gothic look.

"You have talent, Calvin, honestly. Now for the lipstick. What color do you think goes with it?"

He looked at her selection and reached for a dark brown with a slight hint of violet.

"I think this one fits. It turns you into a real Dark Princess."

"Doesn't she scare you?" Liz asked teasingly.

"Not at all. She's the coolest friend you can have," he said with total earnestness, flushing slightly. "But woe to her enemies," he added.

Liz smiled, but then she held still. Motionless, her mouth slightly open, she allowed Calvin to decorate her lips. He did this with the same devotion as he had with her eyes.

Shortly after, she admired the result in the mirror. Calvin had done a really good job. Liz made a few faces. Grim and dark was easy, but even when she looked as friendly and loving as possible, the makeup emphasized the expression just as much.

In fact, for both of them, the makeup outshone their mismatched outfits. Not that they were wearing much; it made the makeup process easier. Liz sat on the chair wearing only her black jeans and a black bra. Without Liz saying a word, Calvin had picked out a blue top with puffed sleeves and a gathered waist from the boxes of her old clothes. Combined with white leggings, it looked excellent on him.

Now he sat next to her, thoughtfully observing the image of the two of them in the mirror. He sighed, and then it just burst out of him:

"Sometimes I think I'd rather be a girl."

Shit. I overdid it with the dressing up, was Liz's first thought.

"What bothers you about being a boy?" she asked cautiously.

Calvin shrugged.

"Boys are often stupid. Rough and mean. Like those two when we first met, remember? At school. Here it's okay, I'm new and nobody knows me. It's almost as if I were invisible. But what happens if that changes? At my old school, everyone knew who I was, and I got picked on every single break."

Liz put her arm around his shoulder and pulled him close.

"I'm sorry, Calvin, that sounds really bad." She gave him a comforting kiss on the forehead, leaving behind a print of her lipstick. Calvin noticed it in the mirror, and immediately the corners of his mouth twitched into a smile.

"But honestly, Calvin, girls get picked on by boys too, just differently. The important thing is not to let them get away with it."

"Yeah, maybe." He paused, and Liz felt like there was more on his mind. "But girls can do things like this." He pointed to the makeup and the boxes of clothes. "Dressing up, putting on makeup. I's so much more fun."

"Well," Liz countered. "You can have fun right now as a boy, can't you?"

"Yes, maybe," he admitted. "But you can go out like that. I can't."

He has a point there.

Nevertheless, Liz felt there was more to it.

"Hey, you can come over anytime. We can do this whenever we want. I really enjoy doing this with you!"

"Cool. Thanks." He was still looking in the mirror, and his gaze was directed everywhere except her eyes.

Wrong. Not everywhere, on certain spot! The little rascal!

Calvin's gaze repeatedly scanned her breasts, which were quite visible in the skimpy bra.

"Besides... besides, boys are boring. Girls are much more interesting," he said in a quiet voice.

"Because they have breasts?" Liz asked.

He winced and turned red instantly.

Caught him!

Then he nodded. "Mhm, and everything else. Boys hit and punch each other all the time. Girls hug and squeeze each other, and it's just much more exciting to touch girls."

"Yes, I think I understand what you mean. But as a girl, I have to tell you: it's not always like that. Girls can be rough with each other too..."

He said nothing and avoided her gaze. Suddenly, an idea struck her.

"...or is it more about being able to touch girls?"

Calvin remained silent. He had long since turned his face away from Liz, but the deep red of his ears still gave him away..

"Really? That's it? If you were a girl, you'd most like to touch yourself?" Liz was surprised that he was completely serious about this cheeky, spontaneous idea.

The little guy has more imagination than I thought!

"Calvin, that’s really sweet, but I don't think it works that way. It’s... how should I put it... It would still be your body that you’ve known your whole life. Just as familiar and uninteresting as being a boy already feels to you."

Calvin shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever, it's not important. I didn't think about it that closely..." he muttered.

He still seemed personally caught, yet at the same time, he sounded disappointed.

"Hey, Calvin, don't be sad. It's completely okay that you’re interested in girls. Honestly!"

Liz placed her hand on his shoulder and gently turned him toward her. He looked at the floor and bit his lip from the tension. His desperation was visible, and it touched Liz deep inside.

She would have loved to take him in her arms and pull him close or do something else to comfort him. But her mind was as sharp now as it had rarely been before.

This is the moment! The opportunity!

"Calvin," she said as gently as possible, "look at me."

Hesitantly, he followed her request. His eyelids trembled, his eyes were moist, and when she took his hand, she felt a slight shiver.

"Calvin, imagine there is a boy who has a good friend. A brave, strong princess who has already had many adventures. She likes the boy, really likes him. To her, he is like a little prince she always wished for. She really enjoys being with him, and she noticed long ago that he thinks she’s pretty and likes to look at her when he thinks

she doesn't notice. She wouldn't allow anyone else to do that, but with her little prince, she likes it. She thinks he's sweet too and thinks he looks good. She might even show him everything that interests him so much. Or even allow him to touch her. There is only one small thing the prince has to do in return..."

Calvin had listened to her with growing amazement.

"What does he have to do?" he whispered.

"Ask. The little prince just has to ask her. 'May I hold your hand?' for example, or 'May I snuggle up to you on the sofa?' And if he wants, brave things too, like 'May I help you undress?' or 'May I touch your breast?' and anything else he can think of."

Calvin's gaze wandered over her bra, lingering on the thin straps and the firm curves beneath. His breathing grew heavier and he gathered all his courage.

"May I..." he swallowed hard, "may I touch you?"

He couldn't bring himself to say it out loud, but it was clear what he meant, as he raised his hand and pointed to her chest.

"Yes, you may," Liz whispered to him, and immediately his eyes lit up.

"But first, you have to free me from this." She tugged at the strap of her bra.

"Okay."

Calvin stepped behind her, and with surprisingly skillful fingers, he opened the clasp. Liz wondered for a second why he would be so familiar with it. The cups fell loosely forward, away from her firm, perky breasts, and Calvin carefully slipped the straps off her arms.

The tension of the moment, the cool air playing around her bare breasts, and the tenderness with which he acted had an immediate effect. Liz could see how her nipples rose from the rosy areolas, stiffening and growing.

Calvin placed his hand on the side of her breast. His warm fingers rested gently against her skin. At first, they remained motionless, then he began to stroke her softly, and finally, he cradled her weight in his open palm.

A shiver ran through Liz, partly from his innocent, almost scientific curiosity, partly from the way his touch made her skin prickle.

"That tickles. You have to grip a little firmer!"

She reached for his hand and pressed it a bit harder against her body. Calvin let out a startled breath and froze, his arm outstretched.

"Come closer!"

Liz placed her other hand on his hip and pulled him toward her, further and further, until he leaned in close, his arm bent, exploring her breast with his hand.

"Well? Is it as exciting as you imagined?" she asked softly.

Calvin nodded.

"It's so soft and warm and... I don't know... firm at the same time and feels amazing..."

Until now, his hands had only explored the pale, delicate curves. Now he approached the dark areola, and her nipple practically screamed to be touched. With his fingertips, Calvin reached the edge where the velvety skin of her breast gave way to the texture of the areola.

Another shiver gripped Liz as his fingers circled the edge and slowly worked their way toward her nipple. When he finally touched it, she drew in a sharp breath. Startled, Calvin pulled his hand back.

"Sorry! Did I hurt you?" he asked worriedly.

"No," Liz said, swallowing hard. Instinctively, she reached for her breast with her own hand, just so something was there, anything but the emptiness left by the sudden end of his touch.

"On the contrary. It felt great, better than I expected."

Another tingle spread deep inside her.

A little more and he would have had me...

She slowly calmed down. "You couldn't know, but women are very sensitive there. Touching it can be extremely uncomfortable, but also extremely beautiful. And you clearly have a talent for it..."

She had been pressing him against her with her other arm the whole time; now, Liz let him go.

"How about you?" she asked, scanning his front with a quick glance. "Everything okay?"

Calvin nodded and smiled at her happily. "Yes, that was... nice!"

"I believe you," Liz said. "Nice enough that there's a danger of an... accident if we keep going?"

Startled, Calvin looked down at himself and pressed his lips together.

"I don't know. Maybe...!"

"Then it's high time the little prince gets himself packaged up, don't you think? I'll be right back, and when I return, I hope you're ready for more. Agreed?"

Calvin nodded with wide eyes; his enthusiasm was impossible to miss.

Liz pulled on a t-shirt and went to the main house.

The app on her smartphone had already notified her during their trip to the mall that her package had been delivered to the drop box next to the house entrance. She entered the code for the secure door and grabbed a simple shipping box. The label listed the sender as F&C Cosmetics, but Liz knew that Fun And Care was hidden behind that name.

She tucked the package under her arm and went back into the house, up to the top floor where her old room was located. Her parents hadn't changed a thing since Liz had moved into the pool house years ago.

Pastel pink colors on the walls and ceiling, posters of stars and TV shows in bright, popping colors—a different world full of naive hope.

Well, not entirely naive. Liz still had clear memories of how Emma, during their frequent weekend sleepovers, had given her a taste of forbidden things in this very bed, under the floral-patterned duvet. Only later had she and Emma chosen the pool house as their secret hideout. A private fortress where parents had no access. Her parents had smiled about it but had let them. There, they had continued what had begun here.

Liz set the box down, took out one of the folded diapers, and spread it out on the bed. She felt the same excitement as she had back then. Right now she was about to secretly try something new that no one else was allowed to know about. That feeling alone was worth it; she hadn't felt it in far too long.

Well, maybe a little bit when I allowed Calvin to touch me earlier.

But before that, nothing of the sort had happened for a long time.

For a moment, she stood motionless and listened. It was actually unnecessary, as no one was in the house except her and Calvin. But that assurance, that her secrecy would not be uncovered, was simply part of it. She opened the button of her pants and pulled them down.

Will they still fit when I’m wearing the package? Whatever...

She pulled down her panties and actually noticed a dark spot, proving that Calvin’s gentle touch had certainly had an effect. Then she sat on the edge of the bed, right in the middle of the soft padding of the diaper. The sensation against her bare skin was strange. Nothing like any clothing she had ever worn. She spread her legs and reached for the front of the diaper with one hand and the back with the other. It didn't work very well; when she brought the fasteners together on one side, a large gap remained on the other. So, she let herself fall backward onto the bed.

If someone walked into the room now...

It would be the most embarrassing sight of her life: helpless, exposed, the diaper under her butt, legs spread with a clear view between her legs.

She reached for the front again and folded it up. The back was now fixed under her bottom, allowing her to pull the fastener on the side tight while everything stayed in place. As soon as she reached for the other side and pulled the padding tight between her legs, she felt the soft pressure of the padded material against her most sensitive spot. The shop's advertising promises came to mind: 'sensually soft' and 'tenderly embracing.'

It was true. She stood up and walked a few steps with her pants around her ankles. With every movement, the soft material stroked her crotch.

So wierd! And undeniably hot!

Then she reached for the pack with the plastic over-pants. The material felt hard compared to the diaper, with stiff edges at the hem. But in her fingers, it grew softer as soon as it took on her body temperature. She spread this piece out on the bed as well. Like the diaper, it was pulled through between the legs and fastened at the sides with snap buttons.

The hems at the thighs and waist pinched a little; it felt somewhat tight. On the other hand, if it was actually supposed to serve its purpose and be leak-proof, the material had to fit snugly. She could immediately understand the purpose of the over-pants. As long as she wore them, the diaper underneath had no chance of slipping.

Now I'm curious.

She pulled up her jeans and struggled to get them over her butt. The zipper only went up partway before it jammed. No chance of closing the button. Again, she took

a few steps. It felt even stranger. As if she were tucked into a tight pillow, and invisible hands were massaging her with every step.

I wonder if protection from accidents is the only reason Calvin wears this. Or if it actually contributes to them...

Maybe she could talk openly about it sometime.

Don't rush things, Liz! One step at a time.

She opened the closet, tucked the box with the diapers into the furthest corner, and stacked a few inconspicuous items on top that hadn't been moved in years. Then she headed back to the pool house.

Calvin was sitting in the chair in front of her desk. The decorated blue top reached down over his hips, and his diaper package peeked out from underneath. Liz slowly approached, and he looked at her expectantly. She wore her top over her pants, which meant nothing of her own packaging was visible.

Without a word, she pulled her t-shirt over her head. Her free-swinging breasts immediately captured his attention. As she fumbled with the fastener of her pants, it took him a moment to realize what she was about to do. With wide eyes, he watched as she took off her jeans.

"You... have that too!" He stared at the semi-transparent plastic pants, through which the diaper was visible.

"Yes."

Liz stepped out of the pile of clothes at her ankles, raised her arms, and did a slow pirouette.

"Do you like it?" she asked, batting her eyes and giving herself a firm slap on her padded rear.

Calvin swallowed hard and nodded wordlessly.

"Come with me!" Liz urged, offering her hand with a smile.

He stood up, and then she led him, dressed only in socks and a diaper, up the stairs to her bed.

"Sit down!" He followed this request wordlessly as well.

Liz squatted in front of him. "Arms up!" she demanded, then pulled the top over his head.

"There. Now we're even."

She climbed past him into her bed and patted the empty space beside her.

"Come on, get over here."

He moved closer, and as he sat down next to her, Liz put an arm around his shoulder and pulled him tight against her. With the other hand, she pulled the blanket higher. For him, it reached his shoulders; for herself, it bunched up beneath her chest. Then she let herself fall into the bed, taking Calvin with her. They lay stretched

out side by side. Beneath the covers, Liz let her hand wander over Calvin's hip, then further across his stomach and chest, up to his shoulders. She felt him shiver under her touch.

"You didn't think you were the only one allowed to touch, did you?"

Calvin was still speechless. He only shook his head.

"Good. By the way, you still have my permission to touch, little prince." She moved a bit closer, so her breast pressed against his upper arm.

"We can have as much fun as we want here, and thanks to the packaging, there’s no danger of any accident leaving a mark."

She pulled the blanket higher until it reached both of their necks. Shortly after, she felt his delicate hands, which could no longer resist her invitation. At the same time, her hand wandered over his body down to the diaper package. She could barely feel anything through the thick padding and didn’t want to push too far.

Maybe…

Maybe there was something. It could be a small, firm stirring. But she wasn't sure. For herself, she was. It didn't take long before Calvin's tender touches ensured that the diaper had plenty of drying to do.

XXXXX

The park within the health center was modest in size. Even here, the silhouettes of surrounding buildings remained visible if one looked past the trees and hedges. However, like the inner courtyard of a fortress, the park was designed so nothing from outside could disturb you. And even if there had been, the woman probably would not have noticed.

"Shouldn't we rather do a scan?" she asked worriedly.

Isabel did her best to radiate as much calm as possible.

"That would be too early, my dear." She placed a comforting hand on the woman's shoulder. "We have to wait until at least tomorrow for the scan to provide reliable results. Until then, we can only stay calm and wait."

"Yes, all right... I just thought, maybe something could be seen already..."

"No, I'm sorry. Any statement at this point would simply be unprofessional. But I am here, and together we will manage."

Isabel had experienced this situation several times, but this client seemed particularly sensitive. The in vitro fertilization of the egg cells had been successful. Now it was a matter of waiting. The phase after the zygote had been transferred into the uterus was the most critical moment of the entire Fertility Assistance Program. No wonder the husband was nowhere to be seen this morning. His wife was a total nervous wreck.

As understandable as the desire for a child was, Isabel was repeatedly surprised by how obsessed some women were with it. Of course she did not show this. Her job now was to be professionally calm and help the couple through this time.

Hopefully, the nidation works on the first try!

So far, the first attempt had always been successful with her clients.. But none of her previous clients had been this nervous. She forced herself to take a deep breath and relax.

Security and confidence.

That was what the woman needed now. A stable person by her side to help her through the time of uncertainty until reliable scan results were available sometime in the next few days.

They continued their walk through the park of the health center together. Somehow, caring for new clients caused Isabel to reflect on her own life.

Her desire for a child was fulfilled. Or rather, her life was fulfilled. She never had felt the desire for a child, yet she was infinitely grateful for her boy and would not give him up for anything in the world.

I hope he is doing well.

Communication with home had been limited because of the demanding project. The woman required significantly more attention and care than any of her previous clients. And that meant she had not had a chance to speak with Calvin for two days. The text messages had been brief. But at least he seemed to be in good hands with Liz.

'Adventure with Liz, the dark princess.'

Isabel shook her head inwardly. She couldn't let her clients see any of that.

I hope he isn't working himself up into something...

On the other hand, Liz did not seem like the typical nerd who spends endless hours in front of some screen in a basement. After the experiences with the bullies a few years ago, Isabel would never have thought that Calvin could be enthusiastic about swimming. And yet Liz had managed that. So Isabel decided not to worry any further.

Besides, I gave Liz my number too. She will surely get in touch if there is a problem.

Isabel resisted the urge to ask if everything was okay.

How would that look! Calvin is old enough.

She tried to calm herself with such thoughts. But a lump remained in her chest that only she felt, and that no scanner in the health center would ever find.

Liz

As quietly as possible, Liz crept through her room, wearing only socks and an oversized t-shirt that barely reached mid-thigh. Instead of panties, she was still wearing the diaper, though without the plastic over-pants. The tight elastic edges had begun to pinch and left faint red marks on her skin. Calvin had taken his off as well. He mentioned that if you were careful, the diaper stayed in place even without them.

Liz glanced over at him. His relaxed face showed that he was fast asleep.

Last night he had instinctively headed for the couch again. That was a shame, Liz wouldn't have minded if he had spent the night with her, but she didn't want to push him to sleep in her bed. Something had been on his mind, though. As she slipped past the couch, she noticed a white package stuffed into the top of his bag of clothes. Apparently, he had a need for a fresh diaper before going to sleep.

So my guess was right!

A small smirk tugged at her lips. She had felt no different and it had taken considerable effort to stay silent while she allowed herself the pleasure she needed. But unlike Calvin, she didn’t have any spares here in her room. Which was why she was on her way to the main house.

In her old room, she pulled out the box of diapers in her size and took out a fresh one.

These definitely had to be moved to the pool house!

Now that Calvin knew she was experimenting with them, she didn't need to hide it from him, but all the more from her parents. Liz released the fasteners on the right and left, and immediately the warm package fell down from between her legs. The sudden cool air against her skin sent a prickling shiver over her entire body.

She put on the fresh diaper and felt that unfamiliar, soft sensation on her skin once again. Slowly, she let her hands glide over the padding. She felt the touch and saw in the mirror that they were her own hands, yet it still felt as if someone else were touching her.

It was exciting. The sight of herself half-naked in the childhood-themed room, with the diaper as the ultimate symbol of infancy, while everything else about her body spoke a completely different language.

It was confusing, exciting, arousing.

Liz took her new supplies and set them down next to the door to the pool house. Then she went into the kitchen. Walking through the house half-naked and 'packaged' like this was exciting in its own way. Every step was a gentle caress across her rear and her crotch, and if she shifted just right, she could even feel it rub against her clit.

She had put her breakfast together and sat down on the barstool at the kitchen island. A few movements on the seat were enough to trigger intense sensations between her legs.

Didn't think this would be so hot. I need more!

She picked up the tablet her mother usually used to manage recipes and shopping lists and logged in with her own account. Then she pulled up the Fun And Care shop.

The diaper section was easy to find; her size was saved. The selection was still massive: various designs, cuts, and thicknesses. Some were medically practical, others clearly for... enthusiasts. The different benefits highlighted in the descriptions suggested that some people actually used the diapers in the traditional way. But the tender, flattering wearing sensation was also mentioned repeatedly. Then she came across a note about using them for chastity in connection with other accessories.

That was essentially what she and Calvin were doing, so she clicked the link. Her eyes widened in surprise.

Shiny, smooth, tight-cut latex and plastic, with enough room for diapers. Fasteners that were either easily accessible or designed so that only a second person could reach them.

This is so bizarre!

Liz skipped the internal debate and looked directly for a few models that might work for her. The most interesting ones were the models that looked similar to snapped-together, multi-piece swimsuits. The base pants with an open crotch were designed as brief-legs with wide hems and promised comfort without scratching or pressure marks at the edges. You could attach either skin-tight covers for the private parts or a looser piece to hold the diaper. These were optionally combinable with tops that either just barely covered the breast or had a high-necked collar reaching almost to the chin. She added both variants to the cart.

Is there something like this for Calvin too?

Actually, she didn't have to look long. There was something similar for men; here, there was a choice between straps that sat comfortably on the shoulders or a model that ended in a collar.

"So here you are! I was looking for you!"

Liz jumped as she suddenly heard Calvin's voice behind her. He stood at the kitchen entrance, looking around sleepily. Then he went to the cereal shelf and put his breakfast together. As he placed the plate on the table next to Liz, his gaze fell on her padded bottom.

"Are we doing that again today?" he asked, blinking sleepily. He himself was wearing normal pants and a t-shirt, with no sign of padding.

"Only if you feel like it."

Calvin seemed to think about it and as he settled onto the barstool, his gaze fell on the tablet in front of her.

"What's that?" he asked.

Liz looked down too. She must have touched a button while scrolling, because a video was playing on the screen describing the production process of the latex clothing. Modern materials, precision-cut by computer-controlled welding machines and individually turned and shaped for the wearer. Fully automatic—using standard designs, less than thirty minutes passed from order to packaging. Individual models were available upon request; you could upload graphics directly.

"That, um... those are costumes for adults..."

Liz wanted to stop the video before the advertisements reached the explicit models. However, after canceling the video, pop-ups appeared with the shop page for men. Calvin’s eyes went wide.

"Why are you looking at stuff like that?" he asked in astonishment.

Liz swiped frantically at the screen, but the page stayed open.

"I, um... I thought I'd see if there was anything for boys. For you..."

"Cool." Calvin moved even closer. "Looks a bit like superhero costumes, but with less fabric..."

"Really? You would actually try something like that?" Liz asked.

Calvin nodded, and she clicked on the image showing the loose attachment for diapers.

"You could combine it with that, you see," she said, showing Calvin the picture. He blushed a little.

"I can't wear that at home, though," he whispered.

Liz shrugged. "So what? But we could have fun with it when you visit me. Maybe you'll stay the night again sometime?"

"Oh yes, that would be great. And you can just order it like that?"

"Yes. My parents set up my own allowance credit card for me. Officially, so I can learn how to handle it and not exceed the limit. But I think they were just annoyed that they always had to order my clothes and school things and stuff. Since then, I can order whatever I want as long as I don't go over the limit."

Liz tapped a few buttons in the offer on the screen and then changed the display.

"Stand over there for a second. I need to scan you quickly so the app can determine your size."

Calvin stood up straight as ordered, and Liz pointed the tablet's camera at him. Afterward, the size fields were filled in automatically, and she added everything to the cart.

While Calvin was busy with his breakfast, Liz finished the ordering process. Just as she had logged out of the tablet and was considering how they could spend the day, she noticed movement outside the kitchen window.

Her mother's SUV.

Shit!

Liz jumped up hastily.

"You stay here and have breakfast; I'll be right back."

Without waiting for an answer, she dashed away. On her way, she grabbed the box of diapers next to the door and hurried to her room in the pool house. She quickly hid the box deep in the closet. The constant arousal of the past days had completely vanished. She couldn't peel off the diaper fast enough and threw on normal clothes.

Back in the kitchen, she found her mother talking to Calvin.

"You have school holidays?" Greta asked with raised eyebrows.

"Yes," Liz said. "Didn't you know that?"

"It completely slipped my mind! I'm sorry. What... what have you two been doing all this time?"

"We've been..."

"...we made up our own fantasy game," Calvin came to her rescue, "with our own costumes and adventures and stuff. It's been a lot of fun."

That wasn't even a lie!

"Exactly. And today we wanted to go into the pool. Want to join us, Mom?"

The invitation wasn't meant seriously. But asking her mother directly what her plans were would have been too suspicious.

"No thanks, I still have things to do. The event was quite a disaster. I still have to deal with a lot of people here. If you need me, I'll be in my office."

Greta packed up her documents that she had placed on the table and headed out. She stopped right next to Liz.

"Everything really okay?" she asked.

"Yes, Mom, everything's fine. It's actually kind of nice with him. Like... like old times," Liz replied.

Then she turned to Calvin. "When you're finished, come over. I'll go get the pool ready."

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Dark clouds covered the sky, bunched together and ready to shed the first drops at any moment. They perfectly mirrored the emotional state of the woman walking beside her. The past week had pushed her into an emotional state of emergency that could dissolve into tears at any second. Once again.

"Everything will be fine," Isabel tried to comfort her. "The implantation was successful, now it’s just a matter of waiting and letting nature take its course."

The woman sobbed and clung to Isabel’s hand and held the other pressed against her belly. It was either deepest concern or the latest sign of how far her fixation on the desire for a child had grown. Isabel suspected the latter.

"Really, you don't need to worry," Isabel tried again. "I’ve cared for several mothers by now, and everything has always turned out well. It will work out."

The woman attempted a smile, which only half-succeeded, then she embraced Isabel.

Isabel let it happen, and once she had freed herself from her, she turned to the husband standing nearby.

"I’ll see you in four weeks. Until then, emotional stability is the most important thing for everyone involved. Give yourselves some rest, try to relax, and do something that makes you feel good."

From his look, Isabel could see that he understood who she was referring to. He gave a sharp nod and extended his hand to say goodbye.

"We’ll do our best. Thanks again."

Isabel brushed the woman’s shoulder one last time in comfort, then she walked toward the waiting car.

As they drove away from the health center grounds, she felt the tension ease. Of all her clients, these had been the most difficult. She seriously wondered if she should just stop afterward.

FemCom surely has other jobs for me...

The thought was comforting but didn't change the fact that she had to continue accompanying the current project. For the start, regular medical updates and one personal visit per month were planned. Four weeks of break, which she urgently needed after the exertion of the past few days.

Time to just be Calvin’s mom again.

The thought of her boy brought a smile to her face.

In a few hours, I’ll have him in my arms again.

She could hardly wait. All her instincts yearned for her boy. Just like her aching breasts, which she had consciously only pumped once yesterday and once today. Just enough to keep from leaking. No matter how hungry Calvin was for her love and nourishment, she would spoil him in abundance.

Instead of driving to her own house, Isabel stopped first at the home of Liz’s family. When she rang the bell, Greta opened the door and greeted her with a hinted hug.

"Hi, Isabel!"

She noticed Isabel’s searching gaze and smiled.

"The kids will be here in a moment. They’ve been frolicking in the pool house all week."

Greta glanced over her shoulder, but no one was visible yet.

"Honestly, it’s such a shame that Calvin isn't a few years older. Those two get along so well, they’d really make a lovely couple..."

Fortunately, Calvin appeared behind her at that moment, followed by Liz, so Isabel didn't have to address Greta’s remark any further.

"Mom!" Calvin cried out and fell into her arms.

Isabel pressed him tightly against her, his face close to her full, heavy breasts so he might sense what awaited him. When she let him go, Calvin’s face was flushed, and he beamed at her.

"I’m so happy you’re back!"

"I’m happy too, my big boy. Was it terrible staying with Liz?" Isabel asked half-jokingly.

"Not at all, it was great! We had so much fun. Liz taught me so many things! I can swim much better now!"

"That sounds wonderful. I’ll have to see that for myself sometime."

Liz had also approached by now and greeted Isabel with a warm hug.

"Good idea, maybe we should have a pool party sometime," she said. "Calvin really looks great in the water."

At that, Calvin looked at her with a wide grin, and Liz winked at him. Isabel had to suppress a smirk.

This looks like a heavy crush… Seems there’s more going on between those two than Greta suspects...

She sighed theatrically.

"After so much adventure with Liz, you probably don't want to go home with your lonely mother anymore..."

"Of course I do! I’ll just grab my things real quick."

He dashed back inside. Greta had also returned to the house, so Isabel was left facing only Liz.

"Thank you. You’ve done me a huge favor. If there’s anything I can do for you, please let me know." she said to the young woman in an honest tone.

Liz made a dismissive gesture.

"It’s a matter of honor. I really enjoyed it. He’s like a little ray of sunshine and totally easygoing. It was a really nice week."

"Still." Isabel took a step toward her and pulled Liz into a heartfelt embrace, almost as firm as she had with Calvin before. "My door is always open for you. Anytime, whenever you need."

For a moment, she felt the closeness of the young woman. Her youthful, firm curves beneath her clothes, the scent of a floral shampoo, and her warm breath.

"Thanks," Liz said. "Maybe I'll take you up on that."

When she pulled away from Isabel, her cheeks were delicately flushed.

Hopefully that wasn't too forward ...

Calvin came back, dragging his travel bag behind him.

"Where are your school things?" Isabel asked.

"At home. I didn't need them." He grinned widely at her. "We had a break this week. Liz and I could do whatever we wanted all day."

"Oh?" Surprised, Isabel looked at Liz, who nodded in confirmation. "If I had known that. I hope it didn't ruin your plans..."

"Don't worry." Liz smiled at her sincerely. "It was the best break in years."

That calmed Isabel a little. They said their goodbyes, and when Liz hugged Calvin to say farewell and also pressed him tightly against her, Isabel had that feeling again.

There is certainly something going on! How sweet. I'm curious if Calvin will tell me about it...

The thought accompanied her on the way back to her house. She was truly happy that Calvin and Liz got along so well. It was obvious that they were good for each other. But another feeling mingled within the joy. A vague fear and the regret that she might soon no longer be the only woman in his life.

And then there was another feeling. An echo of Liz’s embrace, the sensation of her firm body against her breast, the sparkle in her eyes when she smiled, and the scent of her hair.

She's Calvin’s friend, Isabel. Don't even think about it!

Cold wind stripped the last leaves from the branches while a low sun occasionally broke through the heavy clouds. It was a final burst of autumn against the icy grip of an inexorably approaching winter.

Calvin walked briskly beside her. It was too cold for a leisurely stroll. That was unfortunate, as fewer and fewer people crossed the park on foot at this time of year. This meant unobserved moments they would have gladly spent making out, had it been warmer.

The boy had a talent for kissing. After weeks of touching her with growing confidence, it had become the natural next step. As the older one, she had automatically taken the lead, even though her own experience was limited to the secret experiments she once shared with Emma. Yet Calvin didn't need anything more than permission and a bit of motivation. He turned out to be a natural, and Liz was constantly surprised by how skillful and playful his lips were. And later, his tongue. Sometimes she had the feeling that she was the one learning from him.

Unfortunately, the opportunities for this had been restricted to their walk to school over the past few weeks. Greta was happy about every visit from Calvin, but at the same time seemed to constantly find reasons to pop up unexpectedly. By the pool, at the door to her room, bringing a drink here, a snack there. It was pure, annoying care, bordering on surveillance.

As if I wouldn't notice!

It felt exactly like back when the rumors about Emma had started. At least Greta invited her and Calvin to eat often enough. That was the only reason Liz hadn't fought back against it yet.

Still! How annoying!

At Calvin's house, there were no opportunities for intimacy. Not that Isabel behaved like Greta in any way. On the contrary, she gave Calvin and her an unfathomable amount of freedom. But she was there, the house was filled with her presence, or whatever Liz was supposed to call it. It was nothing tangible, but with Isabel nearby, that exciting, experimental mood simply didn't arise. At least not when it came to Calvin. Liz didn't even understand what was going on, but something about Isabel fascinated her more day by day. It had taken a long time to admit to herself that she found Isabel hot.

But as the days grew shorter, a silver lining finally appeared on the horizon. Thanksgiving was over, which meant peak season for Greta and her event agency. There were tons of appointments away from home, sometimes lasting several days. Thomas was busy all the time anyway. The thought of the freedom ahead made Liz sigh with relief.

"Can I come over?" Calvin asked as they approached the driveway to his house. "Mom has a meeting today and will be home late..."

Liz suppressed a smile. No matter how bold he acted during the day, the little boy who was afraid of empty houses still peeked through.

"Sure," she said softly, ruffling his hair. "I'd love that."

As hoped, her house lay dark and silent when they arrived. The moment the door closed behind them, the air seemed to thicken with possibility.

"What would you like to do?" Liz asked, her voice low and playful. "Any wishes?"

Calvin’s cheeks flushed instantly. "No one’s home? Like… during the break?"

"Yes, exactly!" She gave him a meaningful look. "We could play with costumes…"

"Mystique would be cool," Calvin said after thinking for a moment.

I bet you’d like that. She has plenty for you to see!

"Good idea," Liz said. "And what about you, Tinkerbell or Spiderboy?"

Calvin thought about it for a short moment. "I think Spiderboy. This time he's definitely going to defeat Mystique!"

Laughing, they reached the apartment. Liz went straight to the closet and dug out the costumes.

"Just like last time," she called over her shoulder. "Your base is down here. Mine’s upstairs."

She tossed him the red and blue Spider-Boy costume, then climbed the stairs to her sleeping loft.

The sounds from below told her that Calvin had already set his things down and put on the costume. Liz got undressed as well. Naked except for her panties, she stood shivering in the cool air.

Damn, I forgot to bring the thong.

She hesitated, briefly considering whether she should run back downstairs. Oh, well! Instead, she took off her panties too and squeezed herself completely naked into the thin, stretchy fabric of the Mystique costume.

Is it even tighter than last time?

Stepping into the costume, she struggled to pull the thin fabric up her legs. For a moment, it felt like a tight embrace, but as soon as the cool material took on her body temperature, she barely felt it anymore. On the contrary, it was as if she were wearing nothing at all. It was similar for all other parts of her body after she finally pulled the long zipper up her back. Here and there, she had to adjust the costume so that her breasts were truly sitting in the highly stretchy cutouts on the front, and the tight seam at the back could unyieldingly wedge itself between her buttocks.

A thong really would have been a good idea!

At least the fabric at her crotch wasn't as transparent as at the tips of her breasts. Liz looked at her midsection for a moment in the mirror next to her bed. The costume was opaque, but it fit tightly enough to reveal absolutely every contour.

Does my pussy look pretty?

The conversation with Calvin came to her mind, about how naturally one's own body felt. It was exactly what she felt when looking at herself. Her smooth, precocious plum, which had fascinated Emma so much back then, had meanwhile ripened into a full fruit. A curve with a slit from which the edge of the inner lips cheekily peeped out, framed by carefully trimmed hair. Nothing remained of the innocent childhood. At most, a fresh youthfulness. Just like with her breasts, Liz had the feeling lately that everything was somehow firmer.

I'm curious how Calvin reacts to this.

She laughed softly. Silence. Apparently, Calvin was ready. Slowly, as quietly as possible, Liz crept down the stairs, looking around as she went. No sign of Spiderboy. Now Liz grew genuinely curious.

Where on earth is he? In the walk-in closet? Carefully, she approached the door, which was only slightly ajar, and pushed it open. But there was nothing behind it. She turned around and scanned the room. No trace. Wait, there it was! A corner of red fabric flashed from between the couch and the wall.

Clever boy!

Calvin had pushed the couch forward a bit, and Liz hadn't heard a thing. Such effort deserved a reward. Searching, Liz crept through the room, approached the couch, and repeatedly turned her back to him as if by coincidence. A faint rustling. Apparently Calvin was preparing to leap. Liz froze and acted as if she was listening.

That was the opportunity for Spiderboy. He sprang onto her from behind and wrapped his arms around her. As Liz noted with amusement, he went straight for her breasts without a moment's hesitation.

What would have filled her with outrage only weeks ago now made her giggle with delight. Naturally, Mystique fought back, and just like her real-life counterpart, Liz proved to be exceptionally flexible. However, defense and counterattack had evolved beyond tickle attacks to grappling and weight shifting. Calvin adapted instantly. Their playful wrestling quickly turned into something far more sensual. A tangle of limbs, searching hands, and heated breath. Liz felt Calvin's body beneath her fingers and his feeling her curves. Only the hot zone remained off-limits, between the equator of the hip and the upper end of the thighs.

The wrestling match dragged on for quite a while. The freedom to touch her anywhere turned out to be a disadvantage, as Calvin was distracted every time he touched her breast or rear. Eventually, Liz trapped him in an inescapable hold. He lay beneath her, with her full weight above, pinned to the couch by her legs and arms.

No matter how he twisted, he couldn't free himself. It was a stalemate in which Liz couldn't move either without letting him go. But Calvin didn't notice any of that. He was simply trapped. Only a few more moments and he would have to give up. His face was right in front of her body, and Liz felt his hot breath on her chest.

Just as she thought he was going to give up, he lifted his head, opened his lips, and took her breast into his mouth.

Nothing had prepared her for this feeling. The heat on her skin and how his tongue played with her through the thin fabric. Liz shivered, let him go, and slid limply to the side.

Calvin, of course, realized that he had done something unexpected.

"Sorry, I didn't want to hurt you..." he stammered, embarrassed.

Liz swallowed hard, for a second out of play.

"Hurt me? On the contrary! That was... I don't know what that was. We should do it again, but without the costume. What do you think?"

Calvin blushed. "Do you really mean it?"

"Yes." Liz thought for a moment. "It looks like Spiderboy has discovered another secret vulnerability of Mystique. That leaves her helpless, and he can turn her into a pretty girl and play with her boobs."

She knelt on the couch with her back turned, thus giving him the opportunity to unzip the costume. Calvin understood the invitation and began to open it for her.

"I have defeated you, Mystique, and now you are a slave," he whispered. Then he paused, as if anticipating objections. But Liz let him proceed.

So he crawled to the other side and slowly peeled the thin fabric from her body.

"Don't you dare have your way with me, Spiderboy! I'm warning you," she said in a theatrical voice. But that didn't stop Calvin.

"My nipples belong to me. Woe to you if your lips even come close!"

Now Calvin giggled. He had exposed her upper body. The costume hung loosely on her frame, and he reached for her breasts with both hands. When he cupped and gently squeezed them, she felt the heat of his skin, and her nipples stiffened and grew to a size she had never experienced before.

For a brief moment, he looked her in the eyes as though seeking her permission. A short nod was all it took; then he leaned forward and enclosed the tip of her breast with his lips.

Liz sighed. "You have defeated me, Spiderboy, but the revenge of my sister, the Dark Princess, will be terrible..."

Calvin's response consisted of nimble tongue strokes that circled her nipple. Liz had to restrain herself from moaning out loud. Even if she couldn't get another word out, it was still a game.

Yet, there was no trace of the awkwardness he had initially shown when they started kissing.

If I had known what he was capable of, I would have let him at my boobs much earlier!

The thought dissolved into another sigh as Calvin turned his attention to her other breast and the area he had been pleasuring until then was suddenly exposed to the cool air. But only briefly, because where his lips had made room, his fingers continued the work.

The sensations were overwhelming, and Liz shivered again. With pleasure, but also in anticipation of what lay ahead.

Because there was that bud, bearing a certain resemblance to the tip of her nipples, and she was already wondering how it would feel if Calvin used his lips there as well to pleasure her.

Once that thought had taken hold, there was no way to banish the image from her mind. The anticipation led to arousal and increasing wetness at the center of the hot zone. But Calvin was fully engrossed in the game at her breasts and seemed to notice nothing of the increasingly prominent scent.

Liz wouldn't have minded if he had kept it up for a long time. Although the danger of losing herself to a climax grew with every passing second..

Just when she was almost there, Calvin suddenly yelped, sprang up in fright, and darted out of the room without a word. Liz heard the bathroom door click shut. She used the opportunity to catch her breath and clear her thoughts. With one hand, she reached into her crotch and felt a wet spot that had spread on the costume.

Looks like we both have the same problem.

Liz smirked and stood up. She took off the costume and used a few cosmetic wipes to remove the worst of the mess. Then she put on her normal clothes, though without a bra under her t-shirt. Just in case Calvin was in the mood for an encore.

She heard the bathroom door, followed by hesitant, then quick footsteps. He seemed to be getting dressed in a rush, and she gave him plenty of time to do so.

"Everything okay down there?" she called out with a grin, enjoying the double meaning.

"Yes," Calvin called back to her.

She went upstairs, where Calvin, also changed into his regular clothes, was sitting nervously on the couch. Liz sat down next to him, put her arm around his shoulder, and pulled him close, stroking his head with her other hand.

"Thank you, that was very nice," she whispered to him.

"Yes, I thought so too," he replied in a whisper.

"Was there an accident? Anything I need to know? Or, to wash?"

Calvin flinched. "No, I just... um, barely made it."

"That's good." She gave him a kiss on the forehead. "I'm really curious. One days I want to see what actually happens there..."

She watched for his reaction, but Calvin said not a word and gave no indication of what he thought about it. They sat on the couch in silence, snuggled together.

After a while, Calvin shifted and sat up. "Liz, can I ask you something?"

Now I'm curious!

"Yes, of course, what's up?"

"Um, you know, like during the holidays when you ordered those things..."

"Yes?"

Calvin paused. "Well, there's this one thing that costs money, but I can't ask Mom about it right now."

"Oh, what is it?"

"It's about a test. I... promise you won't tell Mom anything about it?"

Liz had never seen him look so serious.

This seems important.

"Yes, but only if it's nothing absolutely terrible. It isn't, is it?"

"No." Calvin shook his head. "It's like this. You know how old I am and that I look much younger. We talked about genetics and stuff at school. I was thinking, maybe I got that from my dad. It can't be from Mom; you know how tall and strong she is. So only a father is left. Mom doesn't talk about it. I've asked a few times, but she always changes the subject, says something about how we're there for each other, and that this is all we need."

It was easy to see how much the subject moved him. After a brief pause, Calvin continued.

"I searched online. There's this test where you can find relatives if you send in a small sample. I want to do that, but you have to register and pay online, and I can't do that by myself."

"Wow, that sounds exciting and very mysterious. That's definitely something I can help you with. How much does it cost?"

"It's best if I show you."

Calvin pulled out his smartphone and brought up a website. It promised exactly what he had just explained to her. Liz pulled up the page on her own smartphone just as Calvin received a message.

"Oh, Mom's coming home. I'd better leave..."

Liz helped him gather his things and walked him to the door. Afterward, she sat down at her computer and studied the offer. X-Fam.

A cool name, at least.

The website seemed reputable, and the price was well within her budget. Resolutely, she ordered a test kit.

XXXXX

Giggling, whispering, and the clattering of dishes in between. Isabel followed the goings-on in the kitchen, sitting on a chair at the table. Calvin didn't allow her to do any work as he was preparing dinner together with Liz.

This gave Isabel the opportunity to watch the two of them. It touched her heart to see her boy so cheerful and lively, and she wished she could have found a friend like Liz for him much earlier. Although, presumably, he wouldn't have known how to appreciate the company of such a pretty girl some time ago.

Naturally, Calvin tried not to show anything. But to Isabel it was obvious that he had fallen head over heels for Liz. No wonder. When you looked past her dark attire that she still wore for school, you quickly found a friendly, warm-hearted person.

And besides, she looks hot, Isabel!

A fact that Isabel became increasingly aware of every time Liz came over, which was usually several times a week. This had brought unexpected challenges with it.

For Isabel, close, affectionate interaction with Calvin was the most natural thing in the world. Normally, she exercised restraint when others were around. But Liz was a guest so often that Isabel had noticed the looks with which she followed the gestures and touches between mother and son. On an impulse, Isabel had begun to show similar gestures toward Liz as well. She had actually expected pushback, as an opportunity to provide a logical explanation for her close relationship with Calvin.

But instead, Liz accepted these gestures and even seemed to take a liking to them. The hugs when greeting and parting were very warm, and in conversations, a hand on the shoulder or arm conveyed a sense of connection.

At least Isabel had been able to restrain herself enough so far to avoid the classic touch on the knee. By now she suspected Liz wouldn’t mind that at all.

"Dinner is almost ready, Mom," Calvin called out from the kitchen.

"Then at least let me help set the table," Isabel replied.

"No, Mom. You're injured. Today we're taking care of you."

"But it was just a tiny cut from the tin can. No reason for all this theater!"

"The bandage says otherwise," Liz countered.

Of course, she's on Calvin's side...

"That? That just looks like more than it is. Calvin absolutely wanted to show me what he learned in his first-aid course. A plaster would have been enough, but he came with the whole first-aid kit..."

"Mom, do I have to explain to you, as a nurse, how important it is to treat open wounds correctly?" Calvin asked with complete seriousness.

"It's just a scratch, Calvin." Isabel shook her head but couldn't prevent a smile.

Given the effort Calvin was putting in, she would play along for the evening. Just like Liz, who was looking over at her with a wide grin. The two had really put a lot of effort into it, and the scent of delicious food hung in the air.

Liz

It was great! Even though it didn't quite reach the quality of Isabel's cooking skills, Calvin had created a fantastic meal, and they had barely needed to ask Isabel for help at all.

When did I start feeling at home here?

As they sat relaxed at the table, enjoying the meal, this question suddenly came to Liz's mind. She couldn't remember the exact moment. But that was exactly how it felt. It was more of a family life than she had experienced in her own home over the last few years.

Although 'family' might not be the completely accurate word. But she couldn't think of a better term to describe what she felt when near the two of them. Despite the odd, far more than 'familiar' attraction.

Over the past few days, she had found opportunities to enjoy this closeness with Calvin. But Isabel remained a puzzle.

Just like on most days, she was wearing a tight top today that revealed her curves right down to the supportive underwear.

What a rack! Has it grown since last week? No wonder Calvin is so enthusiastic about boobs when he is confronted with them every day.

By now, Liz not only knew what Isabel's figure looked like, but also how it felt. Initially, the intense closeness between Isabel and Calvin had seemed strange to her. Meanwhile it felt completely natural that the two were very close and it had even extended to her as well.

Here a hand on the shoulder, there on the elbow, and the hugs when greeting and parting grew warmer and tighter every time.

It was confusing to feel a similar tingle when close to Isabel as she did with Calvin. Liz wasn't sure how to process this. Whether she should follow the impulse and reciprocate, or just accept it for now. Or even avoid it? But it simply felt too good for that.

After dinner, Liz and Calvin cleaned up the kitchen while Isabel watched. Liz also found the fuss Calvin made over it to be exaggerated, but just like Isabel, she simply played along.

When the last task in the kitchen was done, Calvin turned to Liz.

"Could you please help me with my video game? There's a part where I'm stuck and can't get any further alone..."

"Sure, I'd love to," Liz said.

As they went to Calvin's room, Isabel seemed relieved to no longer be the center of his overly protective focus.

Calvin closed the door to his room, started the video game, and once the title music drowned out everything else, he motioned Liz over.

"I got a sample!" he whispered excitedly into her ear.

Right, the genetic test!

Calvin opened his desk drawer and pulled out a small plastic bag containing a cotton swab with a dark spot on it.

"What's that?" Liz asked.

"I used it to wipe Mom's finger when she cut herself," he replied. "I read that it's even better than a toothbrush, which is what I actually wanted to use."

"Clever!"

Liz took the bag carefully.

He really thought on his feet there!

Liz had done her research on what kind of samples were needed for the analysis. With the sample from Isabel, the laboratory would be able to compare the maternal genetics, which would allow for better conclusions regarding the paternal side.

"Do you have a sample of your own, too?" Liz asked Calvin.

He shook his head.

"Then it's a good thing I brought this with me."

She pulled a small tube containing a fresh swab out of her bag.

"Open your mouth!" she instructed Calvin.

Then she took the swab and ran it along the inside of his cheek, just as she had seen in the instructional video.

"Okay, that's it." She placed the swab back in the tube and packed it into her bag along with Isabel's sample.

"Now let's play another round so our cover isn't blown."

Calvin nodded, and they dove into their shared fantasy world. Liz had to force herself to get immersed in the game. Somehow, it didn't seem to hold the same magic it used to. Ever since she had met Calvin and Isabel, her life felt so much more exciting than the game. Burning in her pocket was the small bag with the samples. For whatever reason, it felt like the prelude to an exciting quest.

Grey skies hung over bare trees, with rain that occasionally tried to become snowflakes but only succeeded in turning the ground into mud. A quick glance out the window awakened the desire to retreat to the couch in warm, cozy clothes with a cup of tea.

Essentially, that was exactly what Isabel planned to do. Though not alone.

"It would be nice if we could cuddle undisturbed again after school."

With these words, she had said goodbye to Calvin in the morning, and seeing his eyes widen, he had understood exactly what she meant. In fact, she saw him walking up the driveway at that very moment. Alone. Without Liz.

Perfect!

As much as Isabel appreciated the young woman's company, the time with her boy was even more important to her. And that had fallen somewhat short over the past few weeks.

Isabel looked around briefly. Pillows and blankets were draped on the couch, two small lamps provided atmospheric light, and the heater was set to a temperature that required very little clothing. As Calvin opened the front door, Isabel pulled the last curtain shut.

The next few hours belonged only to her and her boy.

"I'm home, Mom!" Calvin called from the hallway, and she heard him taking off his shoes.

"Wonderful, I've been waiting for you."

She went to him and hugged him tightly. His hands immediately found their way to her hips, right where they transitioned into her buttocks. The touch gave her goosebumps, and she had to pull herself together not to overdo her return of the affection.

Damn hormones.

Isabel knew her body well enough to recognize such reactions. To keep herself from getting carried away with inappropriate actions, she helped Calvin out of his thick, warm jacket. Just like the greeting before, it had an oddly intense effect to peel her gentle boy out of the soft padding.

Maybe it helps that we are finally occupying ourselves with each other extensively again.

Without his jacket and shoes, backpack in hand, Calvin stood before her and looked at her questioningly.

"Hungry?" Isabel asked.

He nodded.

"Then go upstairs and change; I'll be waiting here for you." She gestured toward the couch.

Calvin dashed upstairs, and no sooner had Isabel sat down on the couch than he was already back. Dressed only in a t-shirt, beneath which the familiar diaper package peeked out.

Isabel wore a loose knit sweater that only hinted at her contours.

"Help me," Isabel instructed Calvin.

Obediently, he knelt beside her on the couch, grabbed the hem of the sweater, and pulled it carefully over her head. When he noticed that she wasn't wearing anything underneath, he opened his eyes wide in astonishment. And with a sense of delight, too.

Surprise successful!

Isabel smiled at him.

"Please drape the blanket over my shoulders."

She handed him a cozy wool blanket and leaned forward. Cautiously, Calvin draped the fabric over her shoulders so that it fell over her breasts in the front. A gap remained open in the middle, through which the curves of her breasts flashed alluringly.

Isabel took a pillow and placed it on her lap.

"Come on, it's cuddle time."

Full of anticipation, she found it difficult to control her voice. The husky desire was impossible to miss.

Calvin lay down on the couch and rested his head on the pillow. Isabel drew the blanket over the unused breast, tucking her into the soft covering. The side directly in front of Calvin's face remained exposed. In a fluid motion, she stretched out toward him while simultaneously pulling him closer. Calvin's lips found her nipple and he latched on.

Immediately, her milk shot into his mouth.

Isabel breathed a sigh of relief. Now, as the relief set in, she realized how exhausting it had been to block out the rising, painful pressure all day long. She had been on the verge of auto-lactation. A tiny bit of stimulation on the other breast would be enough to unleash the flow there as well.

Hopefully, it holds out until he's finished with the other side!

Her boy lay in her arm with his eyes closed, busily swallowing at a rapid pace. There was no need for him to actually suck.

The peaceful, intimate rhythm of his lips on her breast unleashed a whirlwind of emotions. First and foremost, tenderness and affection. Her gaze glided over Calvin's body in her arm, his fingertips lightly touching her breast. His relaxed face with his closed eyes, completely focused on the contact that united them. The very epitome of closeness and trust.

Her body was doing what it was made for. Nourishing the child, just like all the years before. Yet, just as the boy had grown over this time, the feeling she felt for him had changed as well. It had grown into something much greater, for which words like caring and nurturing were no longer sufficient.

The rhythmic smacking sounds of breastfeeding reminded her of other rhythmic, smacking sounds as well. All she felt was only stimulus and response, skin and warmth. Even though the goals could not have been more different, the origins lay close together. Other sensations were triggered, just as raw and physical as the nourishment of her child. The mere stimulation of her nipples and the fact that two bodies were touching one another.

Isabel had expected this. She felt the familiar pulling and tingling deep inside, that grew more intense the more the pain and pressure in her breast subsided.

This time, she would not fight it.

Like Calvin, she had prepared herself. Beneath her loose sweatpants, she too was wearing soft padding that would absorb any traces of an arousing accident. But that wasn't all.

Carefully, she tensed the muscles of her pelvis and thighs. Slowly and gently, so the movement remained hidden beneath the pillow on which Calvin's head rested.

Nothing indicated that he noticed any of it. Isabel relaxed, waited a moment, and tensed again.

There it was. A movement in her lap. Friction. Stretching. She continued to press and felt the object slide toward her exit as her entrance opened. She wanted to let go, but her muscles were overtaxed by the task of not expelling it completely, but rather holding it back. It took a few breaths until she was relaxed enough for the part to slide back in. Deep into the tunnel, right to where she had placed it that afternoon.

The huge egg-shaped object was actually a training device meant to strengthen her pelvic floor muscles, but today it served a different purpose. Once again, Isabel tensed her muscles and paid attention to how it moved within her. This time, relaxing went much better.

Once more. With full concentration. This time her body understood what it wanted from her: a gliding, intense back-and-forth. Similar to in-and-out, but entirely internal.

She allowed herself a break, then repeated it. It wasn't that difficult; she had performed such exercises often enough in the context of her individual therapeutic routines. But never during her cuddle time.

Calvin was nearing the end of the first side. Isabel decided that it was enough. Gently, she stroked his forehead, the familiar gesture she always used to let him know that a switch was coming. Calvin didn't even open his eyes, only his lips. From years of practice, he knew exactly how far he had to shift to reach the other breast.

Isabel smiled.

I'm not going to make it that easy for you today!

When her nipple appeared in front of his parted lips, she pressed slightly on the curve of her breast with her hand. The pressure was enough to squirt milk into his mouth.

Calvin opened his eyes in surprise and twisted his mouth into an enthusiastic smile. As a result, the ongoing stream of milk hit his face, and he blinked through the splashes. To prevent further mess, she pulled him closer. As he enclosed her nipple, Isabel continued to press him against herself and she could feel her milk shooting into his mouth.

It was easy to see how thrilled Calvin was. He closed his eyes again, fully focused on swallowing.

Isabel still held him pressed against her. But now the muscles of her pelvis joined the tension of the embrace. Back and forth, back and forth, increasing its rhythm and intensity. She felt the tip of the object as it emerged between her legs, then it slid deeper than ever before.

This is the fuck of my life!

With his eyes closed, Calvin was still busy swallowing her enormous milk output. Thus, he did not notice how Isabel lost control of all of her body except her arms that held him tight, as all the stimuli and sensations united into the only possible climax.

The choice between swimming and cosplay was easy on this day. Both. Calvin had shown up at her place right after a quick stop at home. To warm up, he had been swimming against the current for quite a while. He was talented, and his stamina had increased. Upon a closer look, it was noticeable that he had become a bit more muscular and defined, too.

Naturally, Liz was very happy to give that closer look. Another reason was the swimsuit Calvin was wearing. It was the very same one he had worn during his first attempt at swimming. This time, he had put it on voluntarily and almost enthusiastically.

His small, firm butt, just beneath the water’s surface, was especially well accentuated by it.

Is that what makes him so attractive? Because it makes him look more like a girl?

The question occupied Liz's mind more and more. Especially since she had admitted to herself that she also felt strongly drawn to his mother. Perhaps it was no coincidence that she had discovered her sexuality with Emma back then.

On the other hand... during her forays into the explicit corners of the internet, it was certainly men whose appearance aroused her.

Okay, admittedly, a few women, too.

However, what had always bothered her about the men was the way they got down to business. How women were reduced to moist and warm body orifices, intended only for male gratification.

Not that she had anything against things being inserted into body orifices. Quite the contrary.

Yet, in all those videos, she had never seen it bring women genuine pleasure. Some were quite good at pretending. But Liz had seen right through them. In the end, she had actually ended up watching lesbian videos. There was less violence and more sensuality there, until she realized that was mostly fake, too. The videos couldn't answer the question of what real sex felt like.

Maybe that's it. The less rough and threatening he looks, the more interesting he becomes to me as a boy.

After all, it was actually fantasies about his mysterious male features that increasingly accompanied Liz into sleep. With Calvin, she was absolutely sure he would never treat her like a mere cum dump.

She shook her head, trying to banish the thoughts.

Why am I thinking about porn when I'm just watching him swim?

Liz closed her eyes for two or three breaths and thought about the wonderful moments she had shared with Calvin so far. That suppressed the memories of the videos, but the awareness of his attractiveness was intensified by it.

Stop it!

She picked up the remote control for the pool and deactivated the current. The water gently came to a rest, and after a few strong strokes, Calvin reached the deep end of the pool, which was usually out of reach. He held onto the railing and turned to her.

"What's wrong?" he asked, out of breath.

"That's enough for a warm-up. Today I wanted to show you something new. Are you ready?" Liz called out to him.

"Right. Backstroke."

Liz stepped into the shallow water at the other end. Near the stairs, it only came up to her waist. She took a few more steps into the pool until the water reached her chest.

"Come here!" she called to Calvin.

He pushed off from the edge of the pool, and with strong strokes, he came toward her. At this spot, the water reached his chin. He looked up at Liz expectantly, his eyes repeatedly wandering down to her cleavage. Today, she had also put on her old, much too revealing swimsuit. Her mother was away for a few days, so there was no risk of unexpected interruptions

Today he belongs to me alone!

A pleasant tingle accompanied this thought. Naturally, Liz didn't plan to force Calvin into anything, but she was open to whatever might come next.

"We'll do it like last time. I'll hold you, and you go through the individual movements at your own pace, all right?"

Calvin nodded. Then he let himself fall backward into her arms. The water made it easy for her to lift him up to the surface. Instinctively, Calvin began to paddle with his arms.

"Very good! Keep your hands up. It already looks almost like our dry run from earlier. Very slowly now, just the arms. Everything else comes later."

Calvin nodded, making sure not to swallow any water. He concentrated on going through the swimming movements.

"Your arms should stretch and pull all the way through to the end. Yes, just like that, that's right." Liz corrected him where necessary and praised him whenever she could.

"Now the legs," she said after the arm movements were going quite well.

Calvin began to kick, and she had trouble holding him steady.

"Slowly, slowly," she called out. "Do it like before. Slow and clean all the way to the end; speed will come later."

Again, Calvin focused on the task.

It took quite a bit of skill from Liz not to drop him during the intense movements. Her arms were close together, one under his rear and the other beneath his ribs. She had to grip firmly to keep him from slipping from her arms.

But Calvin quickly figured out how the legwork worked, too.

As soon as her attention was no longer entirely focused on keeping him from sinking, she became conscious of their physical closeness. Strong, young muscles under smooth skin, working rhythmically. It was her own fault for thinking about completely different rhythmic exercises earlier. She was acutely aware of where she was touching the fabric and where she was touching bare skin. She would have liked more of the latter.

Her gaze repeatedly fell on the bulge at the front of his swimsuit. The one spot where the cut was overwhelmed by a boy's anatomy. The bulge was only just covered by the fabric. Liz was sure it hadn't been this pronounced a few minutes ago.

She let Calvin do the exercises for a while longer, and then he had to increase the tempo. It didn't look like a backstroke yet, but at least he generated a bit of buoyancy. That should be enough for the first session.

"Very good, that's enough for today!"

Without warning, she pulled her arms away. Calvin sank immediately. Right after, he surfaced, thrashing wildly. Instinctively, he paddled toward her and clung tightly to her.

"Why did you do that?" he gasped.

"Are you all right?" Liz asked, pulling him close. "Sorry, Calvin, I didn't mean to. I thought you had everything under control."

"No, you said you would hold me!" His tone was serious and reproachful.

"I'm sorry, really. I didn't mean to scare you."

Slowly, Calvin calmed down, and Liz did as well. The moment had given her a bit of a fright, too. Then she realized that he was still clinging to her. One leg was wrapped around her waist underwater, and his arms were wrapped around her neck.

Somewhere in the hasty action, one of the straps of her swimsuit had slipped. It hung loosely in the crook of her elbow, and the cup on that side had slid down. Without realizing it, Calvin was pressing against her bare breast.

Or did he notice after all?

"I think we should stop for today, okay?" she said.

Calvin nodded, loosened his grip, and slid away from her. In doing so, he naturally caught sight of her exposed curve.

"Oops, was that me...?" he asked, embarrassed.

"Oh, it's fine, things like that happen," Liz said, ruffling his wet hair. "For a boy who grew up between naked women, that's not a problem, is it?"

Calvin blushed and paddled toward the stairs without another word. Liz followed him and didn't bother to adjust the swimsuit. She was going to take it completely off in a moment anyway.

Their towels lay at the edge of the pool. Calvin grabbed one and headed for the shower room as usual. Only when Liz let the door fall shut behind him and turned the lock did he realize that she had followed him. He looked at her inquiringly with wide, wondering eyes. Liz smiled down at him.

"What do you think about continuing what you just started in the pool?"

She tugged on the other strap over her shoulder, so that the swimsuit rested loosely on her remaining breast. Then she stretched her arms out to the sides as an invitation and to make things easier for Calvin.

A short hesitation. Only a moment, and yet it was the instant in which they made a decision that changed everything.

Calvin reached out his hand. Carefully, gently, but, as she knew from experience, not at all shyly. His fingertips caught the edge of the fabric still covering her breast, and then he pulled it down cautiously. Once released, the top of the swimsuit fell to her hips. Liz slipped her hands out of the loose loops formed by the straps at her sides.

That was the spot where Calvin had devoted himself to her breasts over the past few days. However, without words, both of them knew that it would not stop at that today. Calvin's hands stroked the sides of her breasts and then wandered downward to the waistband of the bottom half of the swimsuit.

That was when Liz reached out and gripped his shoulders.

"My turn," she whispered. "Let's see what truth there is to the rumor that a pretty boy is hiding under this cute swimsuit."

Just as gently as he had moments before, she slipped the straps of the girlish clothing off his shoulders. There was no breast to bare on his part. Even so, it felt intensely revealing as the fabric hung loosely down his body as well.

Calvin swallowed hard. His gaze went everywhere except her eyes.

So much for 'I'm used to all these naked things'!

Liz had to admit that she, too, was gripped by an increasingly thrilling mix of anticipation and excitement. Her hands likewise drifted down to the waistband of Calvin's swimsuit.

"You first or me?" she asked. "Or together?"

She felt the tremor of Calvin's fingers on her skin and had to fight to maintain control of her own hands.

"You go first," Calvin whispered.

"All right."

In a fluid motion, she bent down, gave him a kiss on the forehead, and crouched in front of him. Now he was the one looking down at her face.

In his eyes, she read anticipation, tension, and fear. That was not what she had hoped for. She wanted to see joy and desire in him.

She placed her hands flat on his waist and began to stroke him. Upward to his ribs, then forward, over his belly and back over his still-covered rear. Her hands circled until he visibly relaxed under her touch.

Only then, on the next downward motion, did she hook her fingers under the fabric and pulled down the bottom of the swimsuit. Calvin drew in a startled breath, his body shivering.

To calm him, Liz continued the caresses, now unhindered by any fabric, over his bare thighs, his exposed rear and front, and back again, only sparing the center. All the while, she kept looking up at him and resisted the urge to inspect this last mystery. When she read consent in his eyes, she slowly lowered her head, gave him a kiss on the belly, and then leaned back to look at him.

So, this is how a boy looks like for real. On the edge of becoming a man.

Free from the constraints of the swimsuit, Calvin's cock was half-erect and tilted slightly forward. It was far more substantial than his otherwise delicate build suggested, though not quite the full size she knew from the videos.

It is probably all far too exciting for him right now!

At least, Liz had read something along those lines at some point. After all, the first step had been taken, and it was now only a matter of time until she would find out what shape and size it would grow to under ideal conditions. The smooth, hairless skin was tempting, and the contours were so unfamiliar and different. It took considerable effort to rein in her curiosity and not grab him immediately.

Just look for the start!

She tore her gaze away from the sight and looked up. The tense expression on Calvin's face told her that her restraint was exactly the right approach.

Slowly, she stood up. Almost as if by instinct, Calvin's eyes followed the curve of her breasts.

No wonder, he hasn't seen the rest yet.

"Now it's your turn. If you want to," Liz said.

He swallowed hard again and nervously bit his lower lip. Then he decisively placed his hands on her hips. The caresses had been calming for him earlier, but as he imitated this on her now, it only heightened her own excitement.

Thank goodness the swimsuit is already wet from swimming!

Finally, he gathered his courage. Holding his breath, he peeled the bottom half of the swimsuit from her body. Slowly, piece by piece, her pale skin came into view, with a carefully trimmed triangle of dark hair at the center.

Liz spread her legs slightly apart, allowing the loosened fabric to drop to the floor.

It was a tingling moment that she felt throughout her entire body. Calvin stood frozen before her, his gaze fixed on her legs in awestruck wonder.

His behavior stood in stark contrast to his enthusiasm for her breasts. He hadn't been at all reserved about them. Now, however, Liz had the feeling she was revealing a whole new world to him that he was overwhelmed by. Frankly, she was, too.

"Do you like it?" she asked with a husky voice.

He broke free from the detail where his gaze had been anchored and looked up at her. Liz could feel his eyes wandering over her thighs, her belly, and her breasts, as though he wanted to soak up every detail.

"You are beautiful," he breathed.

"Thank you," she said, offering him her hand. "Come on!"

He stood up. Liz led him into the shower and turned on a fine spray. For a moment, she enjoyed the warm moisture on her skin and the sight of the water beading on Calvin's body. Then she reached for the shampoo, squeezed some onto her hand, handed Calvin the bottle, and began to soap him up with both hands.

At first, Calvin just let it happen without moving.

"You can join in," Liz whispered to him.

That was the invitation he needed. He also put some on his hand and began to spread it over her body. It was an everyday action, performed thousands of times. And yet, precisely the everyday familiarity made it fun despite all the excitement. It wasn't long before they were giggling and laughing as they explored each other.

Almost by instinct, they moved closer to the areas that were so fascinating to both of them.

Liz spread the soap lather over Calvin's stomach and thighs. An accidental touch, and for the first time, she felt him glide through her fingers. Strangely soft yet firm, and so completely different from everything she had touched so far. Calvin gasped for air and twitched at the touch. Immediately, her hands moved on to more harmless spots.

A short time later, he returned the favor. His hands, too, circled her body. He devoted himself with dedication to her rear and her thighs. His touch became more intimate, and then, as he ran up the inside of her thighs again, he did not move outward but stroked with his full hand over her pussy and the hairy mound. It was a brief, gliding encounter, yet she was aware of every single one of his fingertips on her skin.

She shivered. Deep inside, roaring desire fought a duel with sharp reason, and she almost gave in.

Instead, she hugged him and pulled him close. Calvin pressed his face between her shiny, wet breasts and occasionally kissed the inside of her curves. They stroked each other's backs, with a clear focus on the newly discovered bare rear.

They lingered in this intimate dance until Liz turned on a stronger stream of water. They turned in the warm spray until the very last trace of lather was washed away. All the while, both of them kept finding opportunities to touch one another. Only when they had dried off with fresh towels did the magic of the moment begin to fade.

"I have an idea. Come with me!" Liz said and led the way, wrapped in a towel. Calvin followed her, just as sparsely clothed.

She went into her apartment, straight to the walk-in closet, and Liz rummaged around for a moment. Then she turned around, holding a flat, white pad in both hands.

"Feel like cuddling?" she asked.

Calvin nodded.

"Then wrap yourself up well. I don't want any stains on my bed."

Liz handed him the diaper and walked up the stairs. She had barely taken care of herself when she heard Calvin following her upstairs. He found her sitting on her bed, and she reached out her arms to him. He gladly accepted the invitation.

Under the blanket, there were far fewer inhibitions about exploring one another. It wasn't long before Calvin broke away from the kisses and moved downward until his lips found her breasts. With his usual skill, he sucked and licked with a hunger that felt like way more enthusiasm as the days before..

She herself also showed much less restraint. Her hands explored every inch of his body. And her own as well. Again and again, she kneaded the soft padding of the diaper. On herself, she felt how the moisture spread between her legs as a result. On Calvin, too, she felt hard reasons why the diaper was a good idea.

The hand that grabbed the curtain clutched the fabric so tightly that her knuckles turned white. Tensely, Isabel looked through the window at the driveway, where Calvin walked away. Until the very last second, she hoped that he would turn around again.

He doesn't have to wave, if that's too silly for him…

But he vanished around the corner, without a single glance back. The prospect of spending the entire afternoon with Liz had completely consumed him.

"What a sweet boy," a voice suddenly said behind her. "I can see why you're so attached to him."

Isabel did not reply. She stared as if petrified at the spot where Calvin had just disappeared.

She and Becky, the nurse from the health center, had exchanged a few texts, Nothing binding. That was why it was a huge surprise when she spontaneously showed up at her door today. Her unexpected appearance was why Isabel had suggested Calvin spend the afternoon at Liz's.

At least Calvin is in good hands with Liz!

"Naughty, naughty Mommy," Becky purred, landing a firm slap on Isabel’s ass. "Just sending her little boy away so she can fuck!" Another slap, that turned into a firm grip.

Isabel flinched. Less because of the tingle on her rear and more because of the simple truth in Becky's words.

She turned around just as Becky wound up for a third strike. Isabel was faster and grabbed the young woman's wrists.

"You're right!" she said, having to use a fair amount of force to keep Becky in check. "Mommy wants to fuck. So be good and do as mommy says!"

In a playful wrestling match, she had twisted Becky's arm behind her back and was pushing the young woman ahead of her like a disobedient child, toward her bedroom.

Becky was significantly shorter than Isabel. Like most women. She was also more slender, similar to Liz. In fact, a lot about her was reminiscent of Liz. She had dark hair, though slightly longer, and above all, a similar build. But whereas the qualities in Liz were the remnants of youthful firmness, in Becky's case they were athletic contours, intensely toned by countless hours in the gym.

Isabel acted as though she were having trouble asserting herself against the playful resistance. As she drove Becky up the stairs to the bedroom, Isabel had to use her entire body. Becky seemed to enjoy being driven ahead as she brushed against shoulders, hips, thighs, and breasts.

At last, they reached Isabel's room. Becky gave up her resistance and stumbled inside.

Two steps into the room, she stopped and turned around. She pressed her knees together, bit her lower lip, and batted her eyes in exaggerated submission.

"All right, mommy, you're the boss. What do you want me to do?" Becky asked. Only her lustful, gleaming eyes revealed her true passion.

Isabel let her gaze travel slowly over Becky. The outfit was the complete opposite of her crisp white hospital uniform. Her short, shiny black leather jacket was clearly never meant to be buttoned over her well filled, tight top, and it was paired with tight black jeans and ankle-high boots. Once again, that remarkable similarity to Liz.

"Show me what you have to offer!" Isabel demanded.

The corners of Becky's mouth twitched. "Sure, mommy!" Two words, provocative and almost sarcastic.

Deliberately slowly, Becky began to take her clothes off. This sight was the gift she had brought for Isabel. It was more than enough compensation for having shown up spontaneously with empty hands. First, she shook the boots off her feet and let the jacket fall from her shoulders. Afterward, she peeled herself out of the tight jeans, followed by her top and underwear. Confident, she stood in front of Isabel with her arms crossed under her alluringly defined curves.

"Is this what you want, Mommy?" she asked, making her breasts jiggle.

Isabel slowly walked up to her, running her hand over her shoulders, down her arms, and to her hands.

"Quite usable."

Becky raised her eyebrows in surprise at the assessment, but Isabel had already given her a slight push and she fell backward onto the large bed. The mattress bounced and settled, though Becky's curves took a moment longer to follow.

"Oh, please, mommy, don't hurt me. Don't be too rough on me!" Becky cooed.

The primitive roleplay was actually just supposed to be a plain way to have fun. But when Becky called her 'Mommy' in that sweet, deliberately childish voice, something dark and forbidden stirred deep inside Isabel. Something she had tried very hard to ignore. For a fleeting moment, she allowed herself to imagine what it would feel like if a much smaller, much more innocent voice begged her like that… soft, trembling, desperate for her touch while fearing it at the same time.

The thought sent a hot, shameful thrill through her body. It made Isabel hornier than anything else in recent weeks.

Slowly, Isabel began to get undressed as well. Unlike her visitor, she was not wearing a bra. This decision was actually meant as a concession to Calvin but served its purpose just as well now. She slowly pulled the loose sweater up until her heavy breasts flowed out from beneath the hem. As soon as the garment was over her head, she saw pure appreciation and desire in Becky's gaze.

At last, she could allow herself to be seen not just as a mother and friend, but as a complete woman. Only in this moment did she realize how much she had longed for such an opportunity for weeks. Becky devoured her every move, and her eyes stayed fixed on every inch of skin Isabel exposed. Upon seeing the moist, shiny drops on the nipples, Becky's eyes began to sparkle hungrily as she licked her lips eagerly.

That wasn't acting. She is really into it.

A deep, pleasurable pull spread through her core, accompanied by an intense tingling. Nothing was more arousing than being desired, in the most primal female form possible.

Once she had taken off her panties, Isabel's gaze caught one of the mirrors. A handprint stood out clearly in vivid red on her rear.

"Look at what a bad girl you've been," Isabel said, showing the mark to Becky. "You have only yourself to blame for your punishment!"

Becky giggled. "Oh yes, mommy. Punish me!"

Isabel suppressed a smile.

You have no idea what you are in for!

Isabel went to the wardrobe and pulled out a case of the kind used to store expensive devices. She entered a combination, opened the lid, and took out the plug-dildo.

The unusual toy was extremely popular among the women of FemCom. Designed like a classic double dildo, in its function far beyond that.

The plug, custom-molded to perfectly fit inside her, provided support without the need for any straps or harnesses. Attached to it was a massive dildo. While many women preferred a classic phallic shape, the heavily ridged piece Isabel had attached today was clearly inspired by a fantasy stallion.

Becky's eyes widened when she saw what lay ahead for her.

"Oh my Gosh! That thing is … huge!"

It wasn’t clear whether she meant the plug or the massive dildo attached to it. She crawled backward as Isabel approached and placed the toy on the edge of the bed.

Isabel held it so that the dildo lay on the bed, with the tip pointed threateningly at Becky. The plug, which looked like a huge potato thickened in three places, protruded upward. She climbed onto the bed and knelt so that her center was directly above it.

With her eyes wide open, Becky watched as Isabel lowered herself onto the tip of the oddly shaped plug and it then penetrated her cleft as her full weight rested upon it.

"Wow! How… how can you even stand that? Just watching makes me feel like it's going to tear me apart."

The panic in Becky's voice was genuine. With good reason.

Indeed, the mocking grin vanished from Isabel's face, and she pulled the corners of her mouth into a pained expression.

Damn, I am tight!

Isabel concentrated completely on relaxing her vaginal muscles. The custom-made piece had a truly tight fit. Although the playful banter had already made her quite wet, it was hardly enough.

A bit of lubricant certainly wouldn't have hurt!

Two segments of the plug were already inside. She knew the shape and was aware that there was only one more bulge left to overcome, right at the narrowest point near her entrance. When the burning pain became almost unbearable, there was a jolt, and she felt fulfilled in a way that only this toy could achieve.

Isabel let out a sigh of relief. From the way Becky stared at her, she had apparently just accomplished a highly extraordinary feat.

She reached for the base of the shaft and found the only button beneath the surface. When she pressed it, the plug activated and swelled within her with a soft hum. Once again, she focused on the internal stretching. Every tiny bit of space that her muscle fibers yielded was instantly filled by the plug's expanding volume.

Finally, it reached its full size and sat firmly in her pussy. No matter how they used the attached dildo, it would remain perfectly stable.

Time to make someone happy!

Isabel looked up and met Becky's worriedly widened eyes.

"That must hurt! I've never seen such a huge plug. Just thinking about it..."

"Don't worry," Isabel replied. "That's what happens after giving birth to a child. Everything is much looser. But don't bother with that, better take care of this instead."

Isabel reached down and took the attached fantasy dildo in her hand. At the moment, the piece was still semi-limp, but that could also be changed with the push of a button.

Though not just yet!

The right timing was crucial for full immersion.

She kept crawling upward on her knees, with her legs straddling either side of Becky, until the dildo dangled right in front of her face.

"Is it fully functional?" Becky asked, not taking her eyes off the huge tip of the shaft for a single second.

"Absolutely, what do you think? The latest version. Now, bad girl..." Isabel made a dramatic pause. "You opened your mouth, so you had better put some effort into it!"

Becky took the shaft in her hands. It was thicker than a single hand could enclose, so she gripped it with both hands. With a firm grip, she massaged the soft material, digging her fingernails into it here and there. Cautiously, she licked the tip, as if anticipating any one of her reactions. Finally, she took the tip entirely into her mouth.

Isabel let out a groan as a tingle wandered through her core.

The stimulation on the outside of the dildo was transmitted to the plug inside her through advanced technology. What Becky was doing with the tip of the shaft down there created arousing stimulation at the far end of the plug, reaching the deepest point of her body. The custom-made device was designed so that the stimulation was delivered directly to her most sensitive nerve endings.

That was exactly what Becky's question had been about, and she knew exactly what she was doing.

Another wave of trembling shivers racked Isabel's body.

That girl really gets me going fast!

Becky's mouth twitched into a grin, as much as her wide-open mouth allowed. The tip was of a significantly larger caliber than the shaft.

After Becky had struggled with the blowjob for a while, Isabel raised her arms and crossed them behind her head. She closed her eyes, shut everything else out, and focused on her bodily sensations.

Come on, Isabel, you can do it!

Slowly, she built up tension in her body. She had mastered the exercise a few times on her own, but this was the first time in full action. She concentrated on visualizing the specific image that helped her to deliberately tense her muscles inside.

And she actually did it. The sensors in the plug reacted to the pressure, recognized the pattern, and activated the special function. The dildo became increasingly rigid and raised itself up.

Becky's eyes widened in surprise, and when she pulled her head back, the dildo popped out from between her lips.

"That is so incredibly hot! I need one of these too!"

The desire in her eyes was genuine. Isabel seized the opportunity and crawled backward a short distance. One by one, she slid her knees between Becky's legs and pushed them apart.

Becky knew what was coming next. She raised her bent legs, and Isabel hooked her elbows behind her knees. Then she leaned forward so that Becky's pelvis stretched upward and the dildo rubbed against her moist, glistening cleft.

"Please, mommy, be gentle. Don't hurt me, it's my first time!" Becky begged, getting back into character.

Perhaps a little genuine concern rang out in her voice, as it was apparently her first time dealing with a dildo of this shape and size. Isabel swiveled her hips and swung

back and forth until the tip of the dildo finally rested against Becky's half-opened pussy.

"Don't resist! Mommy will show you what real fun is now."

This remark seemed to make Becky even hotter. She squirmed beneath her, rubbing her pussy against the tip of the dildo and spreading her moisture as she did so. When Isabel increased the pressure, she took a deep breath, pulled her legs even further up, and spread them as wide as she could. Isabel, leaning her weight forward, followed the motion, and as she did, the thick head of the dildo penetrated her.

A sound escaped Becky's throat. Half whimper, half gasp, and Isabel was about to pull back. But there was no resistance. On the contrary, Becky's pelvis began to rock, taking the dildo deeper and deeper with greedy movements.

Another hoarse gasp followed, an expression of pure lust. Isabel hadn't experienced this side of Becky when they had spent the night together two months ago.

A tingle spread throughout her core, surrounding the plug. Becky was so tight that the dildo was massaged from all sides. The friction was strong enough to transmit the sensation to Isabel.

Isabel let go. Literally. She sank forward and lay limply on Becky's chest. Becky knew exactly what she was doing with her pelvic muscles and brought her full athletic strength into play. Wave after wave of her powerful contractions was transmitted through the plug. Isabel's world consisted only of the tingling, sometimes piercing, and burning sensations deep inside her.

Becky had wrapped her arms around Isabel and pressed her tightly against herself.

"Let yourself go. Take me. Fuck me, Mommy!" Becky whispered, accompanied by groans and whimpers whenever the dildo penetrated a little deeper.

The pressure on Isabel's breasts was enough for milk to begin flowing. Slippery moisture spread between their bodies, and the distinct aroma mixed with the other scents filling the room.

Finally, Isabel managed to let go internally as well. She allowed the plug to fulfill its purpose through its shape alone. The elaborate scans for the custom-fit design paid off, as the sensations were all transmitted to exactly the right places.

And she also let go of her thoughts, thinking of absolutely nothing anymore. No boy, no girl next door, just drifting and enjoying being part of a union whose sole purpose was mutual pleasure.

Unlike its biological counterparts, the dildo remained firm for as long as they wanted. It was inserted hard and firm into Becky, while Isabel was already completely filled by the plug anyway.

Even the slightest movement, when Isabel sat up after the first climax, caused renewed stimulation. With her arms outstretched, she looked down at Becky, who was breathing heavily and fixing her gaze on Isabel's heavily swaying breasts with shining eyes.

"Show me what a bad girl I am, Mommy," she murmured hoarsely.

She was far from having enough.

A mischievous grin played around her lips. With a sudden, forceful movement, she pushed Isabel to the side. As she did, she kept her pelvis pressed firmly against Isabel's body so that the dildo would not slip out under any circumstances. With a great deal of acrobatic skill, Becky rolled onto Isabel and pulled her legs up. Now Isabel was lying on her back and Becky was kneeling above her.

"May I have a riding lesson, Mommy? Please!" Becky cooed.

Becky was clearly deeper in her role than Isabel.

Slowly, she let herself sink down. As the half-slipped-out dildo anchored deep inside her once again, she let out a groan that turned into a pained grunt. Isabel could feel her twitch and briefly tense up. Apparently, the entire length of the dildo had penetrated her all the way. Like Isabel before her, Becky concentrated with her eyes closed, searching for the very last bit of muscle relaxation.

She exhaled deeply, let her full weight sink onto Isabel, and began to ride her. It was not a wild up-and-down, but rather a slow back-and-forth, circular, almost with relish. She kept the dildo anchored as deeply as possible within herself. Isabel had the feeling as though the thick shaft was boring even deeper into Becky through the circular movements.

It did not take long for Becky to adapt to the massive fullness. Her face took on that cheeky, playful expression again, and she began to play with Isabel's breasts. The heavily filled curves had sagged to the side. Becky grabbed them with both hands, pushed them to the center, let them drop, pulled on them, gave them resounding slaps, and in between, she kneaded them or pinched the nipples between her fingers.

To Isabel's taste, it was a bit too rough. Calvin was much gentler with her.

Whether it was the thought of her boy or Becky's rough handling, it made her milk flow, spreading generously over both bodies and soaking the sheets. Becky looked at the mess she had made for a moment. Then she leaned forward and enclosed one of the dripping nipples with her lips. She sucked, hungrily and smacking, and let her tongue dance greedily over the sensitive skin, exploring every detail of Isabel's milk source.

Still, it's far from the gentle pleasure Calvin's lips are giving to me…

The thought of Calvin sent a shiver of shame and desire through her body, because in the image she saw before her eyes for a fraction of a second, he was part of what was happening right then.

Isabel let Becky have her way for a while and concentrated on the movements and stimuli being transmitted into her through the plug. At the edge of her awareness, another wave of orgasm began to emerge. This one did not come rushing in, however, but built up slowly. Isabel enjoyed the calm as she stroked Becky's thighs and hips. In the process, she grasped the firm breasts that were proudly stretched out toward her and inquisitively felt the curves under her fingers.

Does Liz feel the same way?

A painful pinch at her nipples chased the thought away. Quickly, she was entirely back with Becky and her clumsy efforts to do something with the full milk breasts. Just as it was starting to become too uncomfortable and she considered becoming more active herself, Becky sat up.

The deeply sunk dildo had widened her enough by now, and her ride seemed much more relaxed. But apparently, Becky was looking for the next extreme. She leaned back and supported herself by straightening her arms behind her. Inch by inch, she leaned further back. This had a remarkable effect on the point of their physical union.

Isabel now had a clear view of Becky's wet, highly stretched, and reddened slit. The dark clitoris stood out tightly, and the labia were stretched around the thick shaft, distorted into a huge oval. The mere sight of this was painful.

Becky's breathing was erratic. She, too, was not experiencing pure pleasure alone. Nevertheless, she had thrown her head back and was stretching even further backward. Because the dildo was attached to the plug at a fixed angle, Isabel clearly felt it pressing against her front wall.

"Oh my god, it's moving!" Out of shock, Isabel held her breath.

The movement beneath the skin of her lower abdomen had something alien about it. Where the tip of the plug was exerting maximum pressure, a bulge became visible. Much deeper inside her, and closer to her navel than she would have expected. And it moved again.

"Fuck!"

The wave of the orgasm had suddenly moved quite a bit closer. Becky noticed her reaction. She lifted her head, looked at Isabel, followed her gaze, and discovered the bulge on her belly.

"That's so hot!" she called out, grinning, and with a voice that betrayed unbridled greed and passion.

Flexible as she was, she let her hips circle again. Indeed, the bulge of the plug in Isabel's belly moved along with it. Compared to what she was feeling internally, however, that was harmless. The plug rubbed hard against her stretched walls. A mixture of pain and pleasure emerged, as well as a bodily sensation she couldn't describe in more detail. The movement in her stomach felt almost eerie, as if something independent was working inside her.

All these impressions merged into a whirlpool the likes of which she had never experienced before. Isabel had propped herself up on her elbows but was now losing all control over her body. She let herself fall back onto the bed, which amplified the effect of the plug once more. A slight pain spread where the tip was massaging her from the inside. Directly afterward, a wave of pleasure followed. Isabel shivered once or twice. Her vaginal muscles twitched and cramped wildly around the plug, simultaneously wanting to expel it and draw it deeper inside. Yet it remained firm and didn't budge an inch.

Nevertheless, the play of her internal muscles was not without effect. The sensors of the plug registered the movements and interpreted them as a signal to trigger the next function.

The dildo began to vibrate, and Becky let out a surprised "Haaah!"

Had Isabel been better prepared, she could have filled the dildo to simulate an ejaculation. Given the spontaneous session, however, she had to content herself with an artificial dry orgasm.

These intense stimuli were completely sufficient to send Becky over the edge. With a jerk, she straightened up from her maximum stretched position. Afterward, her whole body began to tremble. Her legs shook so much that Isabel briefly had the impression she would collapse on top of her. But she just barely caught herself, while her hands twitched and groped aimlessly, wandering over her own body and Isabel's. The whole time, she groaned. A deep, drawn-out lament of ecstasy.

The contractions of her pussy triggered a feedback that Isabel felt clearly through the plug. In this way, she united with Becky in the surf of the next climax. Afterward, Becky rested almost motionless on Isabel's chest. Isabel gently stroked her back. In doing so, she listened to the pulsating heartbeat of their pressed-together bodies and consciously noticed how they gradually calmed down.

"What an awesome ride."

Becky was able to speak again and grinned at Isabel. The sparkle in her eyes betrayed that they weren't finished yet. Carefully, the younger woman detached herself from the embrace and rolled a bit to the side. The dildo slid slowly out of her, whereupon Becky gasped for air in pain.

She pressed her lips tightly together until the unpleasant feeling subsided.

"I'm way too dry. Do you have..." She looked around in search of lubricant. In the process, her gaze fell upon Isabel's breasts.

"That should work, too."

Becky leaned over one breast and began to suck. The milk flowed instantly. Instead of swallowing, she waited until her mouth was full. Then she pulled away, bent over the dildo, and let the entire load flow over it.

Isabel watched with a slow shake of her head but let her have her way. Becky leaned over her breast again, tapped another load, and let it flow into her hand to spread it generously over her pussy. It was quite a mess, which, given the other stains on the sheet, didn't really matter anymore.

Prepared this way, Becky wrapped her legs over Isabel's hips. Slowly, she let the milk-lubricated massive dildo slide into her sore pussy. A slight twitch betrayed the painful friction, but she didn't let that stop her.

Isabel sat up to meet her as best as possible. Soon they were sitting facing each other, their legs intertwined and their pussies pressed tightly against each other. This time, the angle of the plug-dildo worked to their advantage. It was pleasant for both of them, even the slightest movement was transmitted to the other.

Who was fucking whom in this position was not clearly discernible. It wasn't important, either. They began to explore each other at all the sensitive spots they had turned toward each other. Isabel now tasted Becky's dry nipples, while she was taking a second helping from her milk.

Finally, Isabel took one of her full breasts in her hand and lifted it until she reached the nipple with her lips. Drinking from herself didn't usually give her any pleasure. Yet now, she felt the stream of her own warm sweet and rich milk fill her mouth.

Becky watched this with wide-open eyes. Isabel grinned at her as much as possible with a full mouth. She let go of her breast and leaned over Becky, who slowly realized what she was about to do.

Their lips met and enclosed one another. Then Isabel unleashed a wet, milky kiss and let it flow into Becky's mouth. It was the prelude to a ballet of stroking, hugging, and kissing, during which the plug played only a minor role. In the end, it still fulfilled its purpose, and they reached a third climax.

This time, their bodies were at their limit, and the orgasm was more painful than pleasurable.

For quite a while, they lay next to each other in silence and exhaustion. Then Becky got out of bed and began to get dressed.

"Don't you want to stay overnight?" Isabel asked, reaching a hand out toward her.

"Better not." Becky climbed back onto the bed one more time. She firmly grabbed Isabel's breast, which squeezed out a trickle of milk.

"I don't want to take anything away from anyone," she said with a smile and licked the trail from the nipple.

"Don't worry, I have plenty," Isabel replied.

Becky had already noticed that. However, the smile faded from her face.

"Well..." Shrugging her shoulders, she continued, "I don't want to get involved with anything I'd be better off not knowing."

Once again, she grabbed Isabel's full breasts with both hands, stroked them, kneaded them playfully, and made them sway in a way that was only possible for breasts heavily filled with milk.

"I'm not stupid. I think you have something very special going on here, and I hope someone knows how to appreciate that!"

With these words, she turned around and slipped into her remaining clothes. Right before she finally disappeared through the door, she looked back one last time.

"But I wouldn't mind repeating this little adventure sometime. The bad girl needs her bad Mommy!"

Without waiting for a reaction, Becky left the room. Shortly after, Isabel only heard the front door click shut downstairs. Sighing, she sat up in the bed and looked around the room.

What a mess!

First, she deactivated the plug and squeezed it out after it had deflated. Her pussy also felt sore and irritated. While she subsequently cleaned up, the pain constantly reminded her of her activities with Becky.

Nevertheless, she could not prevent others from taking their place in her imagination.

Three missed calls.

Liz looked at her smartphone with surprise while she searched for a quiet corner for her lunch break. She did not recognize the number.

Should I call back?

The vibration of the phone took the decision out of her hands. The display showed another attempt. Liz retreated to a quiet alcove in the hallway where no one could see her and answered the call.

"Hello?"

"Hello, glad I reached you. My name is Michelle, I'm calling from X-Fam, regarding your genetic test. Am I speaking to Eliaz?"

"Oh, hello Michelle. Um, well, how should I put this? You have the right number, but there is no Eliaz. My name is Eliza. I ordered the test for a friend who prefers to remain anonymous. He is looking for his biological father, and that is… complicated…"

"Ah, I understand. Hm, well, that does not completely comply with our terms of use, but in the end, a lot of people do it this way. Is this friend reachable in any way? I actually have a few questions."

"Not right now. Can I perhaps help you?"

"Well, actually, I need to speak to the person who commissioned and paid for the test. Let us forget about everything else as quickly as possible. Are you that person?"

"Yes, I paid for the test."

"Good. So, here is the thing: I got some strange results here. Nothing bad, no fatal diseases or anything, but well, unusual. To look into this, I would need to run the samples through our extended screening. However, that has to be billed, as the controls here are very strict. Therefore, it would be easiest if you add thiex extended option. Then I can do as many extra tests as necessary. Is that an option for you?"

"I don't understand. What kind of abnormalities?"

"I don't know the exact details, I am just the lab tech, this is not an official call, if you know what I mean. I believe the marker seems to be related to growth and developmental factors… At least, that is what the notification in the system here told me. Furthermore, I have a surprisingly large number of matches when it comes to

potential relatives. Everything is very strange, but the basic package does not allow any further investigations."

"All right, I think that would be highly interesting for my friend. How can I add the extended package?"

"I will take care of that. You will receive an email shortly and would simply need to confirm it. But I will get started right away, because I have the samples right in front of me here. Oh, and well, perhaps you noticed, I am not really responsible for customer contact at X-Fam. Nevertheless, I know how long it takes for such inquiries. Since I have the sample right here and am not sure if it will still be usable later, I pulled your number from the system and just called you. Could you please keep that to yourself in case anyone asks officially?"

"Yes, sure, no problem. Thanks, Michelle, for the trouble and the call."

"You are welcome, I just want to help. The results will come by mail in the next few weeks. But if you are in a hurry, I can also send them to you via email ias soon as I get the resluts, I mean, now that we've spoken directly."

"Um, yes, why not? That would be great."

"Okay, great. Have a nice day, and thank you for choosing X-Fam."

The call ended. Liz looked out the window and tried to understand what she had just learned from the conversation.

A genetic anomaly that caused a delayed development? That would explain a lot. But how will he take it? Should I even tell him at all? Calvin just wants to know who his father is…

For the rest of the day, Liz found it difficult to concentrate on her classes. Later, as she waited for Calvin in front of the school after lessons, she struggled to keep her composure.

Wait for the results first. Maybe everything is completely harmless.

It was more hope than logic, but at least it helped push the distressing thoughts aside for now.

Calvin came rushing toward her with a bright smile. The boy was in an exceptionally good mood today, and as they set off, he explained why.

"Say, Liz, do you want to go for a swim later? I can come straight to your place if you like."

"Sure, I'd love to. Does your mom have a friend visiting again?"

"No. I just asked her and she said it is okay if we hang out together."

Liz smiled to herself.

I bet you didn't tell her how our 'hanging out' actually works!

Calvin looked at her with a pleading eyes.

Maybe his company will even do me some good. Besides, I could take a closer look myself and see if there really are any signs of a developmental delay.

Liz was surprised by the impact the call had on her thoughts. Ultimately, it only added another facet to the curiosity she felt toward Calvin.

"All right. To my place then!"

No sooner had she said it than Calvin leaped into the air.

"Yay!"

He walked beside her for a few steps, suspiciously quiet. Then, it just burst out of him.

"What swimwear should we wear today?"

"I don't know… does it even have to be swimwear?" Liz watched his reaction closely out of the corner of her eye. "No one is home at my place, so we can wear whatever we want."

Calvin's eyes widened. "Are you sure? No surprises from your mom?"

"No, she is in another city again. My father won't be home until the weekend. Just you and me, little prince. Mystique and Spiderboy, Tinkerbell and Dark Princess, or whatever else we find."

"Oh yes, that would be great!" He stopped for a moment, lost in thought, then fell back into step beside her. "You mean we make our own costumes out of some old clothes? That will definitely be exciting!"

"Good. How about this: you pick something out for me, and I pick something for you, deal?" Liz ruffled his hair.

Calvin grinned at her. "But then you really have to put it on, no matter what it is!"

Liz grinned back. "Of course, but so do you."

At the end of the park, the first houses of the residential area began to appear through the bare trees. Although the wind blew cold around their ears, the prospect of their private cosplay kept them both feeling pleasantly warm.

"Are you doing okay?" Liz asked, looking up from the cardboard box she was currently rummaging through.

A muffled reply came from her closet, where Calvin had disappeared a few minutes ago: "Yeah, I found something!"

The boy padded out of the closet and suddenly stood in the middle of the room. He held his hands behind his back, a broad grin spread across his face.

Mentally, Liz had went through her wardrobe several times.

What could he have possibly found?

There shouldn't be anything too embarrassing in there. The costumes were in one of the boxes she had stacked in the corner anyway. He certainly wouldn't discover her secret hiding spot.

"Well then, let's see it!" she prompted him.

Calvin stretched his hands toward her. Dark , intricate fabric peeked out from his clenched fists.

It didn't look like much. But she had a hunch what it might be

Liz sighed theatrically, but internally, the tension rose. After all, this was all just a warm-up.

With a wide grin, Calvin opened his hand. Hanging from his finger was indeed the only set of lace lingerie Liz owned. She had bought it a long time ago.

Hopefully, it still fit!

"I hope you realize what an honor it is that you're allowed to see me in this," Liz said sternly. "Fortunately, my selection for you goes perfectly with it."

Calvin's smile froze. He looked at her expectantly.

Liz reached into the box and pulled out the pieces she had picked for him. She held them up in front of her, gauging the size. It should fit, more or less.

It was plain, bright pink cotton with pink hearts and printed with the face of a once-popular cartoon fairy. Overall, it was a harmless set of underwear. A comfortably cut pair of panties and an innocent crop top. Liz remembered well how much she had loved it. When she was eleven.

Calvin swallowed. First, he looked at the lace lingerie in his hand, then it seemed to dawn on him that there was no getting out of this deal.

"Okay, let's swap then."

The boy handed the things to Liz and took her selection. He then went to the couch, began taking off his clothes, and placed them on the armrest. When only his underwear was left, he noticed Liz. She was still standing by the box, changing right then and there.

Immediately, a cute blush spread across his face.

"... Aren't you going upstairs?" he asked timidly. He held his hands protectively in front of his body, still clutching the girl's underwear.

"No, why?" Liz tried to sound as casual as possible. "You already saw everything a few days ago. It doesn't bother you, does it?"

"No, it's okay ... I think." Calvin turned around again, looking for cover. There was nothing, however. He was left with no choice but to undress completely in front of her.

She had only just taken off her top and pants. For everything else, she took her time. After all, this show was part of the game. Besides, she definitely didn't want to miss the sight of the firm, bare bottom that was currently squeezing into the pink panties.

Looks a bit tight, but it still passed for a slim fit.

Now Calvin pulled on the top. No matter how much he tugged at it, it barely reached over his ribs, leaving his waist exposed. He turned around shyly. The cartoon fairy smiled happily from his chest, and the overall impression was simply cute.

A warm tingling sensation spread through Liz. The sight activated her protective instinct. At the same time, her curiosity grew as to how he would feel when her fingers stroked his skin beneath the tight hems…

"Really very pretty!" she praised him, snapping herself out of her daydream.

The delicate flush of his cheeks matched the underwear perfectly. Once he had overcome the shy moment, Calvin's eyes wandered over her body.

"Now you!" He crossed his arms over his chest in a challenging pose. Liz knew him well enough, however, to note that he was uncertain whether she would fulfill her part of the deal.

Let the show begin.

With a few dancing steps, she approached Calvin, slipping the straps of her bra off as she did. Right in front of him, she turned around and presented her back to him. Calvin understood the prompt immediately and opened the clasp with nimble fingers.

At some point, I'll have to ask him how he knows his way around these so well.

Liz continued her dance. She turned around and pressed her arms together in front of her body so that the loose bra was held in place and her breasts formed a seductive cleavage this way. With her hips swaying from side to side, she slowly spread her arms until the piece of underwear dropped to the ground and her breasts fell free, dancing right in front of Calvin's face. The boy followed the show with wide eyes. He opened them even wider when she hooked her thumbs under the hem of her panties.

In tiny increments, she pulled them down bit by bit, past the widest part of her hips. When this piece also fell loosely to her feet, she stepped out of the garment. Naked, she spun around once and then reached for the lace lingerie.

There are countless elegant ways to take off panties. Putting them on, by contrast, always seems somewhat unexciting. In one quick motion, she slipped into them and let the elastic waistband snap playfully once.

Finally, she handed the decorated bra to Calvin and made an inviting gesture. With great seriousness, he turned the garment into the right position. He held it out to her so that Liz simply had to stretch out her arms to slip into it. Again, she turned around, and Calvin closed the clasp just as skillfully as he had opened it before.

One pirouette later, Liz was facing him again. Although the cups covered her breasts, the set was far from a comfortable fit. Liz wobbled her shoulders playfully, causing her breast on one side to almost slip out from under the fabric. Calvin could hardly get enough of the sight. When he finally looked her directly in the eyes again, she gave him an encouraging nod.

Just as focused as before, he went to work. Whether the intense stroking over the cups was truly necessary remained his secret. At least it spoke in his favor that in this way he got a sense of her curves and the cut of the bra. He held the bottom edge firmly with one hand while cautiously reaching into the cup from above with the other. He gently cupped her breast and adjusted it within the fabric. When he repeated this on the other side, her hard nipples told how exciting these touches felt to her.

"Something is still missing."

Those words broke the spell that otherwise would have inevitably led to more physical intimacy.

"What's that?" Calvin asked after he too had blinked back into reality.

"Hmm..." Liz looked around. Then she pushed him toward the chair at her desk. "Sit down!" she commanded.

He obeyed immediately. A moment later, Liz hoisted her large makeup case onto the desk.

"Let's see if we can turn you into a really sweet girl!"

Calvin blushed, but he showed no signs of resistance or discomfort. On the contrary, he seemed to like the idea. Liz pulled up one of the boxes and placed a pillow on it to sit right next to him. She adjusted him on the chair so that he sat facing her.

First, she combed his hair, which fell far over his forehead. Using a hair clip, she moved the strands out of the way for the time being. Later, she would surely manage to do something nice with it. Next, she focused on his eyes. Eyeliner and mascara alone already had a powerful effect. When she finished by applying a glossy pink lipstick, the result was perfect.

"Wow …"

Calvin was speechless and watched in the mirror as Liz draped his hair as a final touch, reinforcing the girlish impression.

"Tell me, Calvin …" Liz began while she arranged the last stubborn strand of hair. "Have you already thought of a name for this kind of costume? What should I call you when you're dressed up so pretty?"

Tenderly, she stroked his pink top, letting her fingers slide under the hem, right there, where the first delicate curves would have been visible on a real girl his age.

Calvin did not answer immediately. Thoughtfully, he pressed his lips together and his face darkened to a deeper shade of red.

"I think Cally would fit, wouldn't it?"

The suggestion still came too quickly.

Clearly, he isn't thinking about this for the first time!

Liz grinned.

"Cally sounds good. A pretty name for a pretty face." Gently, she stroked his forehead.

"Now me," she said afterward. "Perhaps you will earn the honor of calling me Eliza!"

They swapped places and Liz looked through the mirror at Calvin.

"Do you want to do it or should I just implement your ideas?"

"I don't think I'll be able to do it that well …" he said.

"Okay. But you tell me what you would like?"

Step by step, Liz implemented his suggestions. The task was easy. It clearly pointed toward the Gothic look she had worn at their first meeting. Additionally, it went perfectly with the seductive lingerie.

At least Calvin dared to drape the strand of hair that kept falling into her face. The result was impressive. The makeup was bold, on the border of kitsch, but consistent.

"It's a shame that it's just gone later," Calvin said while they stood side by side admiring the image in the mirror.

Yes, a real shame…

"I have an idea. Wait a second …"

Liz jumped up, went to her closet, and rummaged around in the lower boxes. Then she came back with a boxy little camera in her hand.

"What is that?" Calvin asked curiously.

"A Polaroid camera. My dad gave it to me so I can take photos of our cosplay games with my best friend."

Liz aimed the device at him and pressed a button. A click, then a whirring, and a thick white slip of paper pushed out of the front slot.

She took it and handed it to Calvin.

"It takes a few minutes, but then it becomes a real photo," she explained.

He took the paper and watched with a furrowed brow as the motif slowly became visible.

"Wouldn't a picture with a smartphone be much easier?"

Liz shrugged.

"Yeah, sure. But my dad explained to me back then that everything on the phone can also end up on the internet or be sent by mistake at some point. That can't happen with this." She pointed to the picture in his hand. "And you certainly don't want strangers to see this, do you?"

By now, the photo was developed enough to recognize the motif. Calvin's surprised facial expression was well captured, as was the makeup.

"Oh, I see." He looked at the picture thoughtfully and then up at Liz. "Yes, I think it's better if no one besides us sees this."

"Good, hold this for a second." Liz handed Calvin the picture and pulled a tripod from a gap next to the bookshelf. She then attached the camera and aimed it at the couch. After glancing through the viewfinder, she made a few adjustments.

"Come here!" Liz went to the couch and patted the spot next to her. Calvin immediately sat down by her side.

"Rest your head on my shoulder," Liz instructed him, leaning her head against his. Then she pointed one arm at the camera and pressed a button on the remote control she held in her hand.

A light on the camera blinked faster and faster. When it finally stayed lit, the shot was triggered. Liz retrieved the photo from the device. Together with Calvin, she waited until the motif became visible.

It was a good shot. The half-portrait radiated a lot of familiarity and closeness through the way they leaned against each other. Both looked seriously into the lens. Combined with the the warm, slightly faded tones, the photo conveyed a very special mood.

"Wow," Calvin said with wide eyes. "This looks like it's from another world, like in a really old movie."

"Yeah, cool, right?" Liz said. "Let's take a few more. How about..." The two thought for a moment. "I know. Sit directly in front of me!"

Calvin sat between her spread legs on the edge of the sofa. Liz leaned back and pulled him close to her so that his head rested between her breasts. Then she pressed the remote and hugged Calvin tightly from behind. It clicked and whirred again.

This time the mood was even more fairytale-like. Liz was slightly out of focus, but Calvin was spot-on. He had turned his head slightly at the moment the photo was taken and was looking up inquiringly. His profile was perfectly emphasized by the makeup. Liz, on the other hand, looked directly into the camera. There was something knowing, almost triumphant, in her gaze. Then there were her hands. One was tucked halfway under Calvin's crop top, while the other lay seemingly by chance in his lap.

"Oh," Calvin said softly. "Even though we're just sitting on the couch, it looks like we're... um, well, doing something right now."

He blushed immediately. Liz nodded in agreement.

It's one of the hottest photos I've ever taken. Almost a shame that no one is ever allowed to see it.

"Another one?" Liz asked.

Calvin nodded, his eyes shining.

"Good, now we'll do a close-up. Stay seated, please."

Liz stood up and moved the tripod with the camera closer. When she was satisfied, she sat back down next to Calvin.

"Look at me," Liz requested.

Calvin looked at her inquiringly as she brought her face very close to his. Her lips touched his. He returned the kiss tentatively at first, then more boldly. Liz operated the remote and then let it drop. Her hands rummaged through his hair and over his face.

Neither of them noticed much of the clicking and whirring of the camera. When they finally let go of each other, gasping for air, the picture was already developed.

Liz had positioned the camera very well. The profile of their faces filled the photo in a close-up. Her eyes were closed, while pure excitement lay in Calvin's gaze. Their lips were pressed firmly together. Traces of makeup had been distributed onto each other in the process.

"That turned out well," Calvin said. "I think you can really see that it's fun."

"Oh yes! I think the moment is captured perfectly. Are you ready for one last try?"

Calvin's gaze flickered downward. It only broke away for a second, but Liz had noticed. A quick glance on her part revealed that something was quite clearly happening beneath the cute panties. The fabric was stretched tight over a visible bulge at the front and the hem was already lifting off the skin. She also thought she could catch the faintest trace of her own scent in the air. The damp feeling between her legs confirmed the suspicion.

Liz acted as if she hadn't noticed anything, stood up, and moved the camera back a bit. Then she turned back to Calvin.

"I have an idea. It might look a bit staged, but I'm sure it'll come across well in the photo. Kneel on the couch."

Calvin did as she wished. Liz also knelt in front of him. She pushed her knees between his legs until she was perched on the edge of his thighs.

"Remember how you put this on me?" Liz let her finger wander next to the edge of the bra.

Calvin nodded.

"Can you do that again? The thing with your hand in there?"

His eyes grew wide at this question, but he nodded again. Carefully, Calvin slid his hand into the bra and cupped her breast with his warm fingers.

Liz felt a tingling and goosebumps all over her body.

"Stay like that," she breathed and pressed the remote.

Out of the corner of her eye, Liz kept watch on the blinking light. As it became increasingly frantic, she slid her hand into the back of Calvin's panties and grasped his firm bottom.

Calvin gasped in surprise and his eyes flew wide.

At that moment, the photo was taken.

There was no reason to let go of each other immediately. For a few seconds, they lingered and let their fingers wander over each other's skin. Then curiosity won out.

Liz gently pushed him back. She missed his hand on her breast immediately when he let go. The photo was already taking shape.

As intended, surprise and astonishment were clearly written on Calvin's face. In the photo, it looked as if his hand in her bra was the cause. The fact that Liz's hand grabbed his butt was a detail that only became apparent at second glance.

"Can we… maybe take one that I can keep?" Calvin asked, his gaze fixed on the photo.

"Sure, but maybe not until the makeup is off."

"Yeah, true! Good idea!"

Liz put the picture away and cuddled up close to him on the couch.

"But before that," she said, stroking her hand over his naked belly, searching for the right spot to reach under the top. "I'd like to have a little more fun with Cally before she turns back into Calvin. You too?"

Immediately, Calvin tensed up. "I don't know. What if there's an accident?"

The heat of the flush on his face was clearly felt against her shoulder. A quick glance down told her that nothing had changed in the tense situation inside his panties.

"Don't worry," she whispered into his ear. "That's part of it, and everything can be washed."

To emphasize her point, she stroked her hand over the hard bulge. This small movement caused Calvin to groan and finally start stroking her as well. Soon after, his hands had slipped one strap of her bra off her shoulder and freed the breast from the fabric. While he pleasured her with his lips and tongue, his hand moved into the other cup and played with the second breast. He had obviously not forgotten how much pleasure Liz had found in that.

She kept going like this for quite a while. Liz couldn't decide whether she preferred feeling his lips on her own or on her nipples. He showed outstanding skill everywhere. With every touch and every kiss, the heat intensified until the tingling spread through her core. Her breathing grew faster and faster. Calvin's—or rather Cally's—accelerated as well, as he sighed and groaned. Masculine yet awkward, it was the most exciting sound she had heard in a long time.

Suddenly he flinched and gasped in shock.

"Oh no..." was all he managed to say while his whole body trembled.

Liz already noticed the new scent even before her wandering fingers felt the hot dampness at the edge of his panties. Calvin tried to pull away from the tight embrace she had held him in the whole time.

"Liz, it happened!" There was panic in his voice.

"Hey, don't worry, that's completely normal."

And mega exciting.

She watched him for a moment. In his desperate helplessness, he was at the mercy of her judgment. Smiling, Liz stood up and reached out her hand to him.

"Come with me. For today, we'll say goodbye to Cally and bring Calvin back."

He followed her into the shower room. Ashamed, he pulled off the soiled panties. Liz immediately took them from his hand.

"Let me take them, I'll throw them straight into the wash later, then all traces will be gone. And this too. We really made a mess with the makeup."

Determinedly, she reached out, pulled the top over his head, and placed the things on a bench next to the door. Then she slipped out of her clothes as well.

With plenty of shower gel and warm water, they rinsed the makeup off their faces and made sure all other spots were fresh and clean. Even though it was only the second time showering together, it already felt very familiar. Wrapped in towels, they both went back into the apartment and put on their normal clothes. Afterward, Liz reached for the camera again and took a few photos of them.

A set of nice close up portraits. They were putting their heads together and smiling innocently.

She gave one of them to Calvin. A second one she pinned to the wall. In the exact spot where she had removed the photo of herself and Emma some time ago.

Then she snuggled up with Calvin on the couch. Just like that, without any exciting fumbling. It was a harmless, wonderful moment full of closeness and trust that required no words.

The buzzing of Calvin's smartphone startled them. He pulled it out of his pocket.

"Oh, that's Mom. She's asking when I'm coming home."

"She's home?" Liz asked. "I thought she had another one of her appointments out of town."

"No, she's home almost all the time now," Calvin replied and began packing his things.

Liz watched him with regret. "Ah, so that's why I didn't run into her at the clinic last week."

"Yes, that's right. She only works there rarely now that she's pregnant." Calvin looked around to see if he had forgotten anything else.

It took a moment for Liz to realize what he had just said.

"Wait a minute! Did you just say pregnant?" She was now sitting bolt upright on the couch.

Calvin nodded casually. "Yeah, sure. I thought she told you about it..."

"No, she didn't. How did that happen?" Liz sounded more upset than she had intended, and Calvin looked at her, startled.

"Um, well, I think you know how babies are made, right?"

"Yes, of course I know that. I mean, why, how, who is the father?"

Calvin thought for a moment.

"I think he's quite nice. I haven't met him yet. Maybe you'd better ask Mom if you're so interested in all this. She doesn't want me talking to others about it."

He closed his backpack and threw it over his shoulder.

"I have to go now. I'll see you at school on Monday!"

Liz was still frozen. Mechanically, she returned the fist bump Calvin used to say goodbye. She accompanied him to the door, feeling the whole time as if all her movements were remote-controlled and robotic.

Only when she was alone in her room again and the silence of the house became unbearable did she allow the thoughts to unfold with their full force.

Pregnant! Isabel is pregnant! That is…

It was incomprehensible. Pregnant meant a partner, someone Isabel shared her life with. Someone else was now claiming the place by her side. Liz realized how much she had gotten used to being part of Isabel and Calvin's family during the free hours at their home.

That, of course, would no longer work if someone new suddenly appeared. Someone who would separate her from Calvin and prevent her from getting closer to Isabel.

Tears ran down Liz's face as she looked around the room.

Was that my last exciting evening together with Calvin? Was that why Isabel allowed him to come to my place today?

With difficulty, she began to clear away the traces of their costume party. In the process, she remembered the soiled clothes and fetched them from the shower room. She tossed the top carelessly into the basket with her dirty laundry. The panties, however, she kept in her hand. Carefully, she brought the fabric to her face, looked at it, and smelled it.

So this is cum!

She closed her eyes and stuck out her tongue, but in the end she didn't didn't dare go further. Added to the chaos of her feelings was the realization that she might not be continuing her exploration of this mystery with Calvin anytime soon.

Isabel is having a baby and didn't say a word about it. She must have noticed that I like her. Should I have told her? Would that have changed anything?

A feeling of emptiness gripped her with a merciless cold. Liz knew this feeling all too well.

It's like back then, when Emma was suddenly gone.

Her gaze fell on the photos and a heavy sob shook her.

It's exactly like back then!

Liz threw the dirty panties into the laundry basket as well. Then she went to the closet, moved the carefully arranged things concealing the loose panel, and pulled a box from her secret hiding spot. She opened the lid immediately, set the dildo lying on top aside, and took out the stack of photos.

One after the other, she looked at the pictures.

Photos of Emma. Photos of herself. Photos showing both of them together. Some with brightly made-up faces, others with wild grimaces. A few showed imaginative costumes, but most showed a lot of bare skin. Close-ups of mischievously sparkling eyes and lips pursed for a kiss. An a lot of other close-ups without faces, but of other body parts, also naked.

Imitations of pictures and videos that Emma had brought with her. From websites for adults only, that Liz wouldn't have dared visit back then.

Other pictures showed Liz herself on the couch, also in poses and positions like in the videos. The two of them had had so much fun doing it. Most of the stuff in the videos was totally silly and crazy. Completely unrealistic. But a few things were exciting. Replicating these things had felt even more forbidden than just watching the videos.

Finally, Liz held the photo in her hand that she had been thinking about the whole time.

Emma on the couch, leaning back. Liz sat between her spread legs, leaning against Emma's chest. Emma hugged her from behind, one hand on Liz's budding breast, the other in her panties.

It was exactly the same pose in the image with Calvin, except that he had now taken her place and she had taken Emma's.

I've become her! Was she secretly playing me back then?

In the old pictures, her friend had shown the same hungry look as Liz did in the new photos.

I should never have taken the photos. Not back then and not today!

Instead of tearing them up, however, Liz carefully put the shots back into the box along with the new pictures. Then she stowed everything safely back in the hiding place. Afterward, she walked aimlessly through her room. For a short time, she tried to distract herself with the dark music that had accompanied her after Emma's disappearance.

But it didn't work. She was no longer that insecure teenager, at least not entirely. Besides, Calvin hadn't disappeared.

Neither had Isabel!

Liz stopped and picked up her smartphone. She hesitated for a moment, then began to type.

The smartphone signaled an incoming message with a buzz.

The client again? I already gave her an update today!

Isabel sighed and grabbed the device, already annoyed before she even looked at the screen. But it wasn't her client.

[Liz]

Hello Isabel. Can we meet? I need to talk to you!

That sounds serious! Is it about Calvin? When he came home earlier and I looked after him, he seemed distracted …

[Isabel]

Sure. Is it urgent?

[Liz]

Yes, kind of

[Isabel]

Woman's Talk? Should I come over?

Or is it okay to have Calvin around?

[Liz]

Just you and me.

[Isabel]

Okay, I'm coming over. Give me a few minutes.

That really sounded serious. Isabel went into the hallway and listened at the foot of the stairs into the silence of the house. Everything was quiet upstairs. Calvin was surely already in bed.

Should I let him know?

Ultimately, she decided against it and wrote a note, leaving it clearly visible on the kitchen table:

"Gone out for a bit.

Call me if anything's up.

XX Mom."

Isabel put on her winter coat and shoes and quietly closed the door behind her. She managed the short distance to Liz's house before the cold December night could dig its icy fingers into her. Her breath steamed in the light of the porch lamp as she rang the bell.

Liz opened the door and Isabel stepped inside.

Something happened. The poor thing looks terrible!

Every trace of cheerfulness had vanished from Liz's face, as had every trace of makeup. Because of this, the pure despair and pain speaking from her eyes

appeared even more direct. Liz led Isabel past dark rooms into the kitchen. The large house felt cold and deserted.

Right, Liz lives in the pool house at the back.

"Thanks for coming. Tea? Or some ...," her gaze flickered across Isabel's midsection, "... a soft drink maybe?"

Oh. She knows!

Isabel stepped beside her and placed a hand on her shoulder. "Is it about this?" She placed her other hand demonstratively on her belly. "Did Calvin tell you?"

Liz nodded and swallowed hard. It almost seemed as if she were on the verge of bursting into tears. Everything about her screamed emotional overload. Apparently, it had to do with Isabel's pregnancy.

"Tea would be good," Isabel said. "And then we'll talk about everything that's bothering you."

Liz nodded, as she began to work with a kettle and cups.

"It slipped out," she said abruptly. That was the first coherent sentence since Isabel had entered. "I mean Calvin. He didn't intend to tell me, and once it had happened, he didn't want to talk about it further."

"I understand." Isabel took a breath and organized her thoughts while Liz prepared the tea.

Guess she needs the extended version.

"Where should I start?" Isabel asked when finally two steaming mugs stood on the table before them. Liz had sat down at an angle to the corner, allowing Isabel to observe her profile unnoticed.

With trembling fingers, Liz pushed her teacup back and forth indecisively. Then she looked at Isabel with eyes full of pain.

"At the beginning. How is it that you're ...," she made an expansive gesture. Apparently, she found it difficult to speak the obvious.

"Okay, the beginning." Isabel took a deep breath. "You know, the real beginning lies much further back than this."

Again, she stroked her hand over her belly.

"When I was a bit younger than you,I got involved with the wrong people. Suddenly, I was pregnant. I was fifteen and totally overwhelmed. My family didn't want anything more to do with me. That's when I went to the FemCom clinic. They were just setting everything up, and they said they helped women. I met a nice doctor there who is still a good friend of mine today. She looked after me, got me a place to stay, and the whole organization made sure I had everything I needed so my wonderful boy could have a good start in life."

As Liz listened to the story, her eyes grew wider and wider. "Calvin?" she whispered.

"Yes, that's right. When I was halfway managing after his birth, FemCom helped me catch up on my school leaving certificate and do an apprenticeship as a nurse. It turned out that I had a certain talent. I had no comparison, after all. To me, it was completely normal that the pregnancy with Calvin went off without any problems. The birth was also ... well, a birth. But nothing that overwhelmed me. I thought it was the good preparation by my doctor that had made it easy for me. As it turned out, however, I have the perfect disposition for bringing healthy children into the world."

For emphasis, Isabel patted her hips. That made Liz smile. Finally, a spark of that fun-loving person was recognizable again.

"There was a new medical program. FAP, Fertility Assistance Program. It serves to support women who, for whatever reason, cannot have children. When I was eighteen, a doctor asked if I wanted to participate. At that time, I didn't know what else to do with my life. So I agreed and, for the first time, carried a baby for a super nice couple as a surrogate."

Liz listened intently. "For the first time? So this is the second time now?" she asked cautiously.

Isabel smiled. "Not exactly. This is the fourth time now. Including Calvin, this is my fifth pregnancy."

"Five!" Shock spread across Liz's face. "How ... did they turn you into a breeding machine?"

Isabel smiled.

"No, not at all. It's all voluntary and highly professional. Believe me, there are plenty of surrogate mothers who do this under much different conditions. I am perfectly looked after, I don't have to work, and I am paid decently. At least two years between pregnancies are mandatory, and I usually take a three year break. I'm really doing well with it."

"Okay, if you say so." Liz scanned everything she could see of Isabel, and a smile played around the corners of her mouth. "Five!" she said, shaking her head. "You really can't tell by looking at you."

"Yes, as I said, I have the ideal prerequisites for it. And then there are the Greens ..."

"The pills?"

"Yes, exactly. The side effect of tightening the connective tissue definitely has its advantages after a pregnancy. Since I am released from work, I can get back into shape within a short time with a special fitness program."

During the explanations, Liz had become visibly more relaxed. Now she even smiled.

"I'm sorry, Isabel." She placed her hand on Isabel's arm, a gesture that was quite pleasant. "I got such a fright when Calvin told me about it. Since I had no idea, the only logical explanation for me was that you had found someone to start a family with. In my panic, I had already imagined you moving away from here with Calvin and me being alone again. It reminded me of an old story that wasn't good for me at all ..."

"I understand, and I can reassure you. I have no intention of starting a family with someone here. Do you remember the week during the holidays when I was away and Calvin stayed here?"

Liz nodded. "Yes!"

"That week I was in a special clinic for the FAP. That's where the egg was fertilized and implanted. In the days that followed, I was monitored very closely to ensure everything took its natural course."

"Ah, I see. So you're in the ...," Liz did a quick calculation, "... in the twelfth week. That's how you count it, right?"

"Yes, exactly, you're right. My current clients live in a nearby city, but for privacy reasons. I'm not living next door to them this time. We see each other every few weeks, although the woman would prefer it if I gave her hourly updates."

Isabel rolled her eyes and Liz smiled.

"It's such a wild concept. At first glance it seems crazy, but when you think about it, it's also totally beautiful for the families you help with it."

"Yes, that's how I see it too. And I can choose exactly who I want to help."

Again, Liz's gaze flickered toward Isabel's belly. Isabel noticed and smiled.

"Do you want to touch it?"

Liz's eyes widened. "Can you actually feel something yet?"

"No details, but the curve of the belly is already there. Even if it gets lost a bit with my figure."

"You look fantastic," Liz replied.

This remark came far too decisively to be just a spontaneous observation!

"Thanks!" Isabel stood up and positioned herself next to her. "Go on, dare yourself!"

Shyly, Liz placed her hand on Isabel's front, directly under the breast.

"Ah, not quite." Isabel grabbed her wrist and led the hand lower until it lay right on the slight curve of her belly.

Liz's eyes grew large. "A little human being is growing in there."

"Yes, exactly."

Feeling the warm hand on her belly caused a delicate tingling sensation in Isabel. This grew stronger the longer the touch lasted.

"Tell me, Liz," Isabel said gently, placing her hand on Liz's shoulder in return. "You said earlier that the thought of Calvin leaving scared you. I understand that very well; the two of you have really become friends. But what do you mean by saying that I would miss you?"

Liz's hand, which had been tracing tiny little circles on Isabel's belly just a moment ago, suddenly froze.

But instead of pulling it away, Liz now let it circle there again. This time Isabel had the feeling she was touching her and not the growing baby. Liz raised her head and looked up at Isabel. Vulnerability and fear could be read in her large eyes.

"I don't know how to explain it. Somehow you have become important to me too. I can't think of Calvin without you, and not of you without Calvin. It's strange. We've only known each other for a few months, yet I feel like you are an important part of my life. And yet I have everything here. My family looks after me, I lack nothing, and still, at your home it's … I can't describe it."

Isabel took her time with an answer.

"I think I know what you mean. Maybe you don't need a specific word for it at all. It's enough if you feel it. In fact, I feel something like that too. When you are there, Calvin is more cheerful and I feel better. I would know a word to describe it. A bit like family. But there is something else too."

Liz had stood up now. Her hand had moved from Isabel's belly to her waist, while Isabel's now lay on Liz’s hip. She swallowed. "Is it … bad that there is something else?" she finally asked.

"No, sweetie, not at all. On the contrary." Isabel's smile was pleasantly warm again. She now gripped Liz’s shoulders. "I find it exciting. If you like, let's find out together what this 'other thing' is."

"That would be nice," Liz replied. "But to be honest, it also scares me a little. How should I explain it to Calvin? Or to my parents?"

Isabel shrugged. "That is only between the two of us. We won't let Calvin in on it until we are sure there is something worth talking about. You don't have to explain anything to anyone else. You can live your life however you want."

"That sounds grown-up, very progressive."

"It is the adult side of you that fascinates me," Isabel said.

Then she looked at one of the many kitchen appliances, all showing the time in glowing digits.

"It's late, I should go now. Otherwise Calvin will panic if he suddenly finds himself alone in an empty house."

Liz giggled. "I know. He tries so hard to seem grown-up, but there's still so much little boy in him."

"Yes, exactly. And that is what makes him so endearing, don’t you think?"

"Good morning!"

Isabel greeted her with a warm hug. Liz noticed that it felt different after their conversation last night. It was more personal and created more closeness.

Liz enjoyed the moment. "And is it really okay for me to come with you? Where is Calvin?" she asked.

"He's staying home. Going clothes shopping with you mom is pretty much the most boring thing in the world for boys," Isabel replied.

Don't be so sure about that.

"I see. What exactly do you have planned?" Liz asked after they had climbed into Isabel's car and were slowly rolling down the driveway.

"Since my size changes every week now, I constantly need new things or things that grow with me. There are specialty shops for that."

Okay, maternity fashion probably actually is boring for Calvin.

"And you really want to put yourself through that so close to the holidays?"

Isabel smiled. "Don't worry. We'll steer clear of the usual shops. Let me surprise you."

The drive initially led over familiar streets. A few turns later, they reached an area that was foreign to Liz. They were on the other side of town. The FemCom clinic had to be somewhere nearby. Isabel turned into the parking lot of an old shopping center. It had seen better days. Faded outlines on the exterior wall hinted at which chain it had once belonged to.

But the building was not abandoned. Everything looked well-maintained, and the signs at the entrance featured a minimalist design pointing to a series of shops and boutiques. Sophisticated understatement. More expensive. Isabel led the way, she seemed to know her way around here. Liz followed her.

The types of shops differed significantly from what Liz knew from other malls. A specialty shop for equestrian sports, where there was every imaginable accessory from boots to saddles. An elegant hairdresser, next to a beauty salon. Friendly staff everywhere, all of them women, and none of them gave the impression of a cheaply trained worker. They reminded Liz of something.

Three shops later, it hit her.the women in the stores looked as attractive as the employees in the clinic back when she had met Isabel for the first time.

"Let me guess, these shops all have something to do with FemCom?" Liz asked.

Isabel grinned. "You could say that. They are all independent, but they all have a common theme: things and services by women for women."

They passed a kind of kiosk bearing the clinic's logo.

"You can even pick up your Greens here and don't have to go all the way to the clinic," Isabel explained.

The next shop had completely darkened windows. 'Desire' was written in flowing, silver script above the door.

"What is that?" Liz asked curiously.

"A different kind of shop. Not quite my taste. Leather and studs, piercings and whips, and so on. Are you interested? We can go in if you like."

"Um, no thanks, I think that info is enough." Liz raised her hands defensively. "I consider myself quite open and willing to try things, but that doesn't quite hit my taste."

Isabel smiled knowingly. "Yes, exactly. I think we'll find something that is more your direction."

They reached the entrance of a shop that seemed to be the main part of the shopping center. Liz had never seen the logo with the flowing lettering 'decare' before. Plenty of elegant clothing could be seen in the windows and through the open door, from winter coats to underwear.

Liz followed Isabel, who clearly knew her way around this store. A large sign on the wall pointed the way to maternity wear. Posters on the walls showed pregnant women in elegant fashion and everyday clothes, all in a stylish cut. Not too extravagant, but the designs emphasized a certain self-confident physicality.

Isabel was already rummaging through the racks. A saleswoman stopped by briefly and quickly realized that she could manage on her own. So Liz remained alone with Isabel.

That must be how Calvin felt when we bought swimwear.

The thought made Liz smile.

Maybe it's just as exciting for Isabel as it was for me back then.

Meanwhile, Isabel had taken a few pieces from the shelves. Liz took them from her while she continued browsing. The pieces all looked like perfectly normal clothing. The stack in her arms grew larger and larger until they had finally gone through all the rows.

Arriving at the cubicles, Liz had her next déjà vu. Isabel tried the things on while she waited outside.

"And? How does it look?" Isabel had pushed the curtain aside and presented herself in a pair of jeans and a top with lacing on the sides and across the chest.

"Suits you. Looks comfortable," Liz commented.

"It is. At the moment it's still fluttering formlessly around me," Isabel replied, grinning. "But don't worry, in a few weeks it will look different. I'm not just growing here," she stroked her belly, "but always here as well." She gave her hips a slap. "This one's going in the selection. Now for a few other things."

She pulled the curtain shut again. There was rustling for quite a while until she finally came out dressed in her own clothes. She had found two tops and a comfortable lounge suit. On the way out of the changing area, she hung the surplus clothing on a holder.

"What about you? Shall we see if there's something for you too?"

Liz nodded. "Sure. I don't know the brand, but we can have a look."

They headed to the young fashion department. Here, too, elegant cuts predominated, very figure-hugging but still loose and comfortable in the right places.

"My secret tip is the underwear," Isabel said honestly. "You will hardly find another brand that fits so comfortably."

"Okay, I'm curious to see that."

In fact, this section of the store was quite extensive. Liz understood at first glance what Isabel had meant. Somehow, the fashion managed to look exciting despite using more fabric than other brands. Wide straps on the bras and soft waistbands on the panties ensured comfort without the old-fashioned touch that comfortable models often projected. On the contrary.

A decoration here, a seam there, and occasionally some lace, everything looked seductive in its own way. Of course, there were also much skimpier models whose purpose was clearly intended to be seen by someone.

However, Liz was overwhelmed by the sizes. She had never seen labels like these before. Isabel noticed her confusion immediately.

"Do you have the size information for the FemCom shop at hand?" she asked.

Liz pulled out her smartphone and accessed the information. Isabel explained how she could derive the size code for the items in this store from those details. It was actually quite simple. The individual combination also explained the huge selection.

Liz picked out a playful set of black underwear. According to the data, it should fit perfectly, but she was still curious about the fitting. When she put the clothes on in the cubicle, she was surprised. Nothing pinched, everything sat in the right place, and her reflection told her that she looked fantastic in it.

"Do you need a second opinion?" Isabel asked from behind the curtain.

Liz thought for a moment.

Why not, actually?

"Yes, come in," she called out. The curtain wobbled, slid to the side a crack, and then Isabel was suddenly standing next to her in the cramped cubicle.

"Classy! Let me see you from all sides!" she said.

Liz was very clearly aware of her proximity. She also noticed the interested look with which Isabel studied her while she turned around once.

"Really, it looks pretty. Whoever gets to unwrap you from that is in for a real treat!"

Liz blushed, but before she could reply, Isabel was already back outside. She changed, and when she came out of the cubicle, Isabel grinned at her broadly.

"Seriously, that suits you. You should take it."

"I plan to," Liz replied, trying to regain her confidence.

Why does it bother me so much when she sees me like this?

"Since we're shopping for clothes: do you have a suitable swimsuit?" Liz asked.

Isabel looked at her with surprise. "What makes you ask? I must have one somewhere. Why?"

"I wanted to tell you later. You and Calvin are invited to our place over the holidays. Very un-Christmassy at the pool house. After all the events before the holidays, my mom can't stand to see any more Christmas decorations. Knowing my father, he will activate the hot tub for the occasion. The swimming pool is also still there. So the theme is definitely a pool party."

"Okay, thanks. That sounds interesting. Hmm," Isabel pondered. "Now that you mention it, maybe I need something new for that too."

They looked around and found a small selection of swimwear at the edge of the underwear department.

"Suit or bikini, what do you think?" Isabel asked.

"Depends on whether you're going for fun or for sport," Liz replied with a grin.

Isabel took a long time and compared the models thoroughly. Then she decided on a two-piece. After a quick fitting, this also went onto the stack of her new clothes. They made their way to the exit and continued to stroll through the mall. Isabel with two huge bags, Liz with a small one.

Seeing the many other customers in the mall made Liz realize how rare such shopping trips actually were for her. Back then with Emma, she had still been too young. It had worked a few times with her mom, but they had soon shifted to ordering online.

So much had changed!

It had been quite nice with Calvin, but strolling through the shops here with Isabel like with a close friend was something entirely new. Calvin made her feel needed. Isabel made her feel seen. Liz wasn't sure yet which of the two went deeper.

It was the dress for special occasions during the phases when she wasn't pregnant. A high but wide neckline offered just enough support at the shoulders, supported by the half-length sleeves that reached down to the elbows. The fine, soft stretch material in cappuccino-gray clung to every detail of her body. Except for the calves, where it flared out in a bell shape. This dress was meant for those evenings when she was looking for company, and so far, it had always served its purpose. Isabel had brought it out once more for this evening. It still fit, just barely. Everywhere the curves were more pronounced, the fabric left nothing to the imagination.

And why should it? After all, she wouldn't be wearing it for long.

A pool party for Christmas! That theme is something different!

Calvin had also put on his best clothes, since they were officially invited. When he saw Iabel step out of her room, his jaw dropped

"Wow. You look awesome, Mom."

"Thank you, sweetie!" She hugged him close and let him feel how soft the fabric was against his cheek.

Then they wrapped themselves in warm jackets and set off.

At the door, they were received by Greta. Her attire was elegant, but more practical than festive.

"Are we overdressed?" Isabel asked.

Liz also appeared to greet them. The way she looked at Isabel was justification enough for the dress.

"You look classy, the little prince too." Liz ruffled Calvin's hair, a gesture he seemed to enjoy very much.

"I assume Liz told you what we have planned?" Greta asked.

"Yes, she mentioned something about a pool party. An interesting concept for the holidays," Isabel replied.

"Oh, don't even get me started." Greta waved her hand. "Honestly, it gets worse every year. The year-end events get bigger, the decorations more elaborate, and when I hear only one more Christmas carol, I won't be responsible for my actions. The only advantage of my job is that I have good connections for catering. The buffet is in the dining room, and we've set up the bar in the pool house. May I offer you something?"

"Yes, please," Isabel said. "Something fruity, but without alcohol."

Greta commented on this request with a raised eyebrow. Then her gaze slid over Isabel's curves and lingered on her midsection. Her eyes widened and she stared at Isabel..

"Oh my gosh!" she exclaimed. "Is there a little one on the way? How on earth did that happen! Wait, I'll make us drinks and then I want to know everything. All the dirty details!"

"Mom!" Liz cried out in horror, but Greta was already on her way, giggling.

"Sorry about Mom. She can sometimes be a bit…" Liz started.

"…stressed by her job?" Isabel came to her aid.

Liz raised her hands apologetically. "Yes, you're right. It's all been a bit much these last few weeks."

"Don't worry," Isabel said, placing a hand reassuringly on Liz's shoulder. "I can handle it."

Greta came back accompanied by Thomas.

"You've arrived at just the right time," he said after greeting everyone. "Everything is prepared. The pool is running smoothly and the hot tub is up to temperature."

"Now don't overdo it," Greta cut in. "It's supposed to be a nice evening, not a show of strength."

"Oh, I don't know," Thomas replied with a grin. "I heard there's a young man here who supposedly masters several swimming styles and is really fast too. I'm truly curious to see if I can beat him. How about it?" The last question was directed straight at Calvin.

"Feel like a round before we stuff our faces?" Calvin looked hungrily over at the buffet, weighing his options. Then the challenge won out, and he accompanied Thomas to the pool house.

"I assume you two don't plan on competing with them?" Greta asked the other two women. They both shook their heads.

"Very good. Then grab some snacks and then, Isabel, you must tell me how this happened." She nodded toward the belly.

I wonder if she'll still be this relaxed when she hears the whole story.

"Well, Greta, I have to disappoint you. There are no dirty details. On the contrary, it is the result of clinically pure efforts."

Greta looked at her inquiringly.

"It's not my child; I'm just carrying it. I'm a surrogate mother."

"Oh." Greta froze mid-motion just as she was about to put an olive to her mouth. "That… that is unusual." She quickly composed herself, however, and turned to Liz. "You knew about this?"

"Only for a few days," Liz said. "I was quite surprised too."

Greta picked out a few snacks from the buffet, and Isabel and Liz followed suit.

"Somehow I find the thought sad," Greta said between two bites on the way to the cozy seating area. "It sounds so … cold. So completely without love."

"Oh," Isabel replied after she had taken a seat. "As far as I know, the woman was in the cabin with the man during the donation and lent a hand." She shrugged. "So she was probably as lovingly involved as she possibly could be."

"Oh.., well, if that’s the case… " You could clearly see Greta’s imagination running wild.

Meanwhile, Liz rolled her eyes in embarrassment.

"And what is it like for you? How should one imagine it?" she asked, trying to steer the conversation in a less imaginative direction.

Isabel’s lips twitched into a grin. "Exactly how you imagine artificial insemination: you get fucked by a machine."

For a moment, Greta and Liz shared the same shocked expression. Then Isabel burst out laughing.

"Sorry, I've always wanted to make that joke. No, 'fucking' is the wrong word. But it is a machine and it follows the natural route. In, out, pregnant. That simple."

The other two women needed a moment to digest this information.

"That makes it sound so easy!" Greta sighed. "When I think back to the time with my sunshine here…" She gently stroked Liz's shoulder.

It was a gesture that seemed to take the girl completely by surprise.

"… nine months of nausea," Greta continued, "and... well, let’s just say, thanks to a very good therapist, I was finally able to smile again many months after the birth."

Liz looked at her in astonishment. "You’ve never told me about that, Mom."

"Why would I? It was my burden, not yours. And for a long time I was so sad that I didn't have the strength to give you a brother or sister. The mere thought of it pushed me to the edge of that fear and darkness. I didn't want you to feel any of it . And yet … in recent years, I was afraid that you were too much like me, emotionally fragile..."

"What? No, Mom, that has nothing to do with it. I had reasons! You know why."

"Yes, you're right, but emotions are rarely reasonable, you know." She reached out and gently brushed a strand of hair from Liz’s face. A rare, tender gesture that made Liz raise her eyebrows.

“I see so much of myself in you sometimes,” Greta continued. “That same fire. That same stubbornness. And it scares me. When you were swallowed up by the same darkness, I felt so helpless, so frozen and powerless. I'm so happy that you are back to your bright self."

Greta took another sip, deep in her thoughts, and for a moment nobody spoke.

"Me too," Liz whispered, head lowered.

Then she looked up. Her eyes shimmered with moisture, and she managed a pained smile. "And I have my encounter with a nice little boy and his equally nice mom to thank for that."

Isabel had followed the conversation very attentively.

There seems to be more to this.

She returned the smile. "I'm glad I got to know you mostly from your cheerful side!" Then she smiled at Greta. "Luckily, I don't experience any of those side effects. I actually feel remarkably good with it. It gets better from week to week."

"Lucky you!" Greta raised her glass toward Isabel. Then she changed the subject. "What do you say we check on the boys and conquer the hot tub?"

In the pool, Calvin was swimming for his life. At least that’s what it looked like. Thomas stood at the edge, cheering him on loudly. The two of them noticed the women only once they stepped up to the poolside.

Calvin stopped and let himself drift to the shallow end, where he gasped for air.

"Mom," he called out, still out of breath, "I just broke my record. Now we're setting a new one."

Isabel gave a beautiful smile. "Then let’s see it."

Calvin plunged back into the water. The current picked up, and soon he was swimming with powerful strokes toward the center.

"He’s really got talent," Thomas commented appreciatively. "A bit weak on stamina, but very strong-willed."

"He’s been here often enough to train," Isabel replied, watching Liz out of the corner of her eye as the girl’s face turned a shade darker.

Thought so. I bet I’ve done other wet things here besides swimming…

"Do you want to have a go too?" Thomas asked with sparkling eyes.

"Not right now, honey," Greta replied. "We prefer the relaxed part. Come on!" she said, turning to Liz and Isabel.

She led the way to a corner of the room decorated with dimmed fairy lights. Here, too, the floor covering was removed, revealing a round hot tub. The blue water was illuminated from below and looked inviting.

"You brought swimwear too?" Greta asked, looking at the bag Isabel was carrying.

"Of course. Liz gave very clear instructions."

"You can change back there in the shower room...", Greta began, but froze with her eyes wide in shock.

Isabel had already freed her arms from the sleeves and was pulling the dress up from the inside, inch by inch. As the hem glided over her hips and the panties of her retro two-piece became visible, Greta visibly relaxed. After Isabel had gathered the dress at chest height, she pulled it over her head and placed it on one of the benches next to the hot tub.

Liz grinned. "Looks classy. I didn't think it would suit you so well when we were in the shop."

Greta also gave her an appreciative look. "I haven't seen a floral pattern like that in ages. It’s got something!" Then she shook her head with a smile. "For a moment, I really thought you were going to strip bare.."

"Um, I need to go next door for a second to change," Liz said and hurried away.

"I’ll get into my gear too. Be right back." Greta also left the room.

Isabel remained alone at the hot tub. Only now did she notice an unexpected quiet in the room. The rhythmic strokes in the water were the only sound. Thomas had stopped his cheering and was staring over at her. She smiled at him and stepped into the hot tub. The fact that her hips swayed seductively with every step wasn't her fault; it was the stairs.

Thomas turned his attention back to Calvin. He gave him pointers, which ended with him also getting into the swimming pool to demonstrate something.

Isabel followed this over the edge of the hot tub. A heavy feeling settled in her chest.

Was it selfish of me that there was no father in Calvin's life?

Just like at the barbecue a while ago, Calvin had immediately latched onto Thomas today. He had a friendly way about him, was patient, and at the same time, he could get Calvin excited.

Is he missing that?

Such thoughts were still occupying Isabel when Greta returned and joined the hot tub. She wore a daring bikini in warm rose tones that harmonized with her lean, flat chested, almost angular figure.

Hard to believe they were mother and daughter. Except for those eyes. And that stubborn will…

As if to confirm this, Liz now appeared at the poolside and joined them too. Her sporty, dark one-piece with lacing on the sides and between the cups flattered her very well.

"No desire for something lighter?" Greta asked, eyeing her daughter.

Liz nodded toward the swimming pool. "I might want to compete against Calvin later. And I'm afraid I'm too grown-up for my old bikinis. I should have thought of that when we were shopping."

"We can always do that again," Isabel said.

"By the way, did you choose the child's parents yourself?" Greta asked, her gaze repeatedly falling on Isabel's belly.

She took a breath and tried to suppress a sigh.

Looks like this is the topic of the evening…

"It goes through an agency. I get information on the applicants and then decide whether to contact them. If there's a personal connection, we clarify everything else."

"Sounds like you've done this several times already…" The remark was both astonishment and a question.

"Yes, a few times." Isabel didn't want to go into it further, and Greta bit back any more questions.

"How does Calvin handle it?"

Good question!

Isabel looked over at the swimming pool. Calvin stood at the edge, following intently as Thomas demonstrated something in the water.

"For him, it’s normal. He doesn't know it any other way. In the end, I'm a single mom like any other. This life is full of challenges, but that also makes us incredibly close." She chuckled. "In a way, he’s part of the whole thing. Once he was there when I met the clients for the first time. To them, he was proof that I can bring healthy, pretty babies into the world. But he's too old for that now; now his appearance would rather raise questions..."

Greta shook her head. "That is a completely foreign world to me. I have great respect for it, but my mind refuses to think about the details... Anyway." She squared her shoulders. "Ready for some fun?"

Without waiting for an answer, she pressed a control panel at the edge of the hot tub, and the massage jets were activated. The stream moved from the back across the seat to the leg area and back again. It was pure bliss.

The gentle bubbling had something hypnotic about it. It drowned out all other noises. Every now and then, one of the women let out a contented sigh. There was nothing more to say.

From half-closed eyes, Isabel observed the others. Greta had leaned her head back and lost herself completely in the massage. The first impression did not do her justice. It wasn't a angular figure, she simply came quite close to the proportions of a super-slim model. Whether the reason for it was genetic or iron discipline couldn't be said, but in any case, she looked healthy and increasingly relaxed.

Next to her was Liz, also hanging relaxed in the water. However, Isabel suspected that she was a bit more attentive than her mother. The dark swimsuit with the playful laces became glossy in the water and it suited her excellently. Dark Princess she called herself in her game with Calvin, and indeed, the shiny material and the cut had something about it. It was somehow reminiscent of a dominant princess, one that didn't fit into a child-friendly fantasy game at all. Especially her breasts that had already surpassed her mother's, by at least a cup size more.

Isabel could still clearly remember the sight of Liz during the examination a few months ago. Now she seemed even more attractive. It was hard to say if it was an optical illusion through the water or due to the massage jets playing with her. Perhaps it was also the side effect of the Greens or the last traces of girlish padding that emphasized her figure. In any case, she offered an extremely appealing sight. Isabel regretted a little that there was such a large audience here. She would have loved to find out how much closeness is comfortable for Liz.

Every now and then, Liz also looked around with half-open eyes. Her gaze lingered on Isabel's swaying breasts so often that it couldn't be a coincidence.

Seems she likes it.

Isabel did her best to hide that she was aware of her glance. With closed eyes and a slight sigh, she relaxed so much that the bubbling water shifted her slightly. She positioned herself exactly between two massage jets at shoulder height, just as she had seen Liz do. When they were activated next, the water stroked hard around her chest, making her heavy breasts sway. She had to be careful the jet didn't push her

top aside. When she let the jet hit below the fabric, it caused a tickling sensation unlike any she had ever experienced.

I'd love to try this without clothes sometime!

She carefully opened her eyes and caught Liz hastily looking away. Then Isabel looked at her own swaying curves and knew what had attracted the attention. Greta had her eyes open again, and her gaze was fixed on Isabel's curves, too.

"Oh my goodness! I could almost get jealous," she said. "I think I'll go check on the buffet. Wouldn't want Thomas getting the wrong kind of appetite once the boys are finished."

Liz

Greta's comment made Liz roll her eyes.

So embarrassing!

But somehow, she was also right.

Damn, Isabel looks so hot!

Liz used the movement of her mother leaving the hot tub as an excuse to study Isabel.

Oh, forget it, she saw everything of me back at the clinic too. I guess I'm allowed to return the favor!

She let her gaze wander inconspicuously over Isabel's figure as she sat opposite her. The wide straps of the retro two-piece met at the nape of her neck, shaping her

lush bust into an impressive cleavage. The large blossoms of the seventies floral pattern were positioned perfectly to further emphasize her curves. When the surface of the water was calmer, Liz could also see the panties in the same pattern. They had a very low-rise waistband. This already fit very well now, but surely it would also fit later when the barely perceptible baby bump began to grow.

As Liz let her eyes wander back up, she met Isabel’s gaze. She was smiling frivolously. A quick scan of the room assured Isabel that no one was approaching. Then Liz already felt Isabel's foot stroking along her calf under the water.

"Do you like it?" Isabel asked. It wasn't entirely clear whether she meant the sight of her or the touch.

Liz found both exciting. "Yeah, I do. But to truly enjoy it, we have far too much of an audience here."

In turn, she now extended a leg and stroked it along the inside of Isabel's outstretched leg.

The smile on Isabel's face grew even wider. A sparkle appeared in her eyes, like a cat certain of its prey. Suddenly, Isabel pressed her thighs together, trapping Liz’s foot between them. Then she began to rub her thighs against each other. This massaged the foot and moved it further upward inch by inch. The firm grip was both electrifying and exciting. Instead of resisting, Liz extended her other leg and teased along the outside of Isabel's legs.

The water surface of the hot tub sloshed restlessly, even though the massage jets were only active in one section. The movement of Isabel’s massaging thighs transferred to her whole body. Liz was repeatedly pulled into the basin and paddled with her arms to keep her head from sinking into the water. Which was fortunate, as it wasn't immediately obvious to anyone exactly what was happening under the surface.

"Is there still room here?" Calvin shouted exuberantly and jumped right into the middle of the hot tub.

He landed on the space next to Isabel and Liz’s outstretched legs. They lost the last bit of their balance, and in the ensuing scramble, they all went under at least once.

Once they had sorted themselves out, Thomas also appeared next to the hot tub. He looked down at them, and Liz noticed the self-conscious look he had given her for years whenever it was obvious that his little girl had become a pretty young woman. Then his gaze also fell on Isabel, particularly her bust, which was being swayed by the water.

Don't stare like that, Dad!

He did her the favor, but differently than expected.

"I’ll go check on Greta and the food. Swimming certainly makes one quite, um, hungry."

So the three of them remained in the hot tub. Calvin explored the massage jets and excitedly commented on how it felt at every spot they touched. Liz let herself be swept up by his enthusiasm and also positioned herself to get the maximum effect.

Isabel seemed to seek her gaze. There was regret in it, and Liz could relate to that very well. But then Isabel looked at Calvin, and her face beamed with warmth and affection. Liz felt something similar at the sight of him, except there was another feeling mixed in. One that Isabel, as a mother, would not feel for her son.

Or would she?

A strange sensation suddenly crept over Liz. Before she could pursue the thought, however, Greta and Thomas appeared at the edge of the pool.

"If anyone here is hungry, there's a fantastic buffet next door!" Thomas called out.

Greta had brought several giant towels, which she handed to them as they climbed out of the water one after another. Liz retreated to her room to change into dry clothes. When she was finished, she ran into Isabel. She was already dressed, wearing her dress again and waiting for Calvin. Once he was ready too, they went together to the dining room, where exquisite food awaited them. The evening was completely un-Christmassy but very warm.

When Liz later said goodbye to Isabel, "she realized that although she now knew the feel of Isabel's thighs against her foot, she much more wanted to know how those soft curves would feel under her fingers.

The fact that Thomas casually offered that Isabel and Calvin could use the pool and hot tub anytime at least offered a little hope.

The roar of a monster echoed from the living room, met by Calvin’s battle cry. Metal clashed against metal with a clink. Liz shouted for Calvin to take cover, and then the thunderous roll of a powerful magic spell unfolded. Triumphant music followed. The two of them enthusiastically called out the stats of various items to one another.

Liz and Calvin had connected the console to the large TV and were completely absorbed in their game. It had something to do with a Holiday season and special loot.

They had only interrupted their play once when Isabel brought them some snacks. It was a nice feeling for her when her cooking skills were appreciated enough to pull the two of them out of their adventure for a moment. Even at the first sip of hot chocolate, Liz's eyes had sparkled with excitement. After devouring two muffins as well, she eagerly licked the crumbs from her plate with the tip of her tongue.

The sight made Isabel smile.

I wonder how she’ll react when she tastes the milk straight from the source? And that tongue! Quick and skillful…

For a moment, Isabel had an image in her mind of Liz leaning into her lap instead of over the plate, putting her talents to use there. A pleasant tingling spread through her center at the thought. Then she pushed the idea aside.

While there was hope, it was still a long road until Liz would feel comfortable with something like that. At least Isabel had the impression that Liz remained interested not just in Calvin, but in her as well. When Time comes, she would certainly find ways to show her what advantages she had to offer. As an experienced woman, far beyond a boy's clumsy attempts of making out.

Not that she had anything against the two of them getting closer. There were plenty of signs of that. A pretty, considerate girl like Liz was exactly the right person to teach her boy how beautiful proximity to a woman can be. But he was still just a boy. Liz’s needs surely went far beyond what he was capable of providing.

Greta is right. It’s a pity they met now and not in a few years.

Isabel interrupted her reflections and checked on the stove. No sooner had she cleared away the traces of the muffin baking than she was already busy with the next meal. A delicious dish was simmering, needing an occasional stir. Her gaze fell into the living room, where Liz and Calvin were huddling together to plan another move.

This is what I was made for. Who I am. Loving care.

Isabel was proud of it. She had found her purpose, her raison d'être, in it. It had been that way since the day she accepted that this little being was growing inside her and becoming part of her life. The periods of her pregnancies especially allowed her nurturing side to flourish. And when the mysterious neural chemistry after a baby's birth cried out to give love and care, she always had Calvin by her side to fill the void.

And now Liz too…

Ever since her first visit, Isabel had the impression that Liz hungered for closeness and attention. This was particularly evident in the way she engaged with the much younger Calvin. A few visits and the time shared here in the house had visibly allowed Liz to blossom. But the hunger didn't end there. Liz needed more, wanted more. Since the evening they had spoken openly about the pregnancy, Isabel knew she could satisfy Liz's appetite for something else. In a way that also met her own needs and preferences.

The game's theme music played in the living room. Calvin stood up and switched off the console. Liz stretched languidly after the session. The way she presented her assets in profile while doing so made Isabel even more eager to spend time with her.

The two of them came into the kitchen, and Calvin hugged Isabel spontaneously. As he always did, he was pressed firmly against her curves; there was no hint of restraint. Isabel scanned for a reaction from Liz out of the corner of her eye, but she didn't seem bothered by the physical affection.

"We made it to the finale, Mom!" Calvin cried enthusiastically. His attention then immediately drifted to the pots on the stove. "What's that? Smells delicious!"

Isabel ruffled his hair, a gesture she had picked up from Liz and which Calvin seemed to enjoy. "Hands off the pots, it needs another minute. But you can start setting the table."

Calvin's shoulders slumped in disappointment, and with an exaggeratedly suffering expression, he set about preparing the dining table.

"You've made someone very happy," Isabel said to Liz, gesturing toward Calvin.

"Yes, it's been a long time since I've had this much fun." Liz suppressed a yawn. "But it's also kind of exhausting. I'm surprised every time how long he can keep going with games."

Isabel chuckled. "Don't worry, it only looks that way. As hyper as he seems: give him something to eat after a session like that, and an hour later, he'll be fast asleep."

"Do you think so?" Liz raised her eyebrows skeptically. "He told me he was already looking forward to the fireworks."

"I know, but I doubt he'll still be awake by then. We'll see."

The food was even more delicious than the scent had promised. Calvin showed his helpful side, clearing the table and taking care of the dishwasher.

Isabel had settled onto the couch with Liz to relax. The usual New Year's Eve show was playing on the TV with the sound dimmed. When Calvin finished in the kitchen, he joined them and squeezed himself between the women. Isabel's protest was merely feigned. So was Liz’s, as Isabel quickly realized. Calvin was grinning from ear to ear, he seemed to enjoy cuddling up to both women at the same time.

Actually, this would be the perfect moment to spoil him with her very personal dessert. For a moment, Isabel had the image in her mind: Calvin at her breast under Liz's attentive gaze. The idea of such an exhibitionistic taboo-breaking was arousing. Of course, that was completely out of the question, and Isabel directed her attention elsewhere.

Calvin's head leaned heavily against her chest. Fortunately, she had pumped quite a bit in the afternoon. Because of that, the muffins and the hot chocolate were as fresh as possible, and she felt hardly any pressure now. She did, however, notice Liz’s fingers softly stroking Calvin’s thigh. It wasn't anything bad, more of an unconscious gesture. But still.

I wonder how it would feel for Calvin when he touches her breast someday. Will he compare it with all he knows from me already? How will he react to the different sensation?

Isabel shook her head inwardly. It wasn't Calvin's sensation that made her curious. She herself wanted to know what it felt like to feel Liz, to smell her and to taste her.

The way they sat here on the couch was the perfect summary of the dilemma. Isabel felt eager passion and imagined she saw something similar in Liz. The only thing preventing it was Calvin, who was literally stuck between them.

It would be easiest to let him become a part of what is coming…

A shocking thought that surfaced completely out of the blue, and one which Isabel immediately pushed away.

Another act was announced on the TV show. It was a popular artist. Catchy music, but the name had slipped Isabel's mind. It helped drive away dangerous thoughts. However, the dancers' clothing and choreography steered Isabel's thoughts in an equally delicate direction.

Calvin followed the program with sleepy eyes. Thus, he didn't notice Liz watching, half fascinated and half shocked, as the dancers performed something that looked suspiciously close to copulation. She sought out Isabel's gaze, who smiled back with a regretful shrug.

Liz sighed. "Too few guitars for my taste. And too much... well, you can see it for yourself."

"Yes, but that’s just mainstream taste. There’s no room for individuality."

Liz nodded silently. Something seemed to be going through her mind. She glanced briefly at Calvin, who was drifting further and further toward sleep and seemed to perceive nothing of what was happening around him. Except perhaps the warmth and the touch from both sides.

"Can I ask you something, Isabel?" Liz began seriously.

"Yes, of course, what's on your mind?"

"It's about the... well, about the pregnancy. I have to write a term paper in biology for school. We can choose a topic." She paused. "I thought … maybe I could write about that? You know, how it works. Medically, what it does to you physically, and how it feels, all the emotional things. I could write about how following all that has an impact on someone my age. I mean, many in my class have never really given it any thought. Neither had I until now, and yet, the way they behave, it could happen at any time."

Isabel listened to her attentively and patiently. Liz’s cheeks were slightly flushed. No matter how skillfully she tried to hide it, there was more to this than just a school project.

"You want to write about me?"

Liz nodded. "Only if you agree. And only what you feel comfortable with. But you have experience. You're a nurse, you've carried several children, and I'm sure you know things that aren't in any article."

"The way you describe it, it sounds really interesting."

Isabel thought about it for a moment, but actually, there was nothing that spoke against it.

On the contrary, perhaps this is the opportunity…

"Why not? I'm sure I can provide you with a thing or two."

"Great!" Liz let out a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you'd feel too cornered."

"Not at all." Isabel reached her hand over the sleeping Calvin and stroked Liz's shoulder. "But I want you to know that you can ask me anything anyway. Everything you want to know. Even without a school project."

Calvin yawned and stretched abruptly. "Are you two doing nurse-talk? That’s boring."

It wasn't entirely clear what he meant: the TV program, the topic of their conversation, or the fact that no one was actively paying attention to him. Drowsy with sleep, he stood up and shuffled up the stairs to his room.

"You know ...," Isabel began a few minutes later, moving a bit closer to Liz.

She gave her a long, contemplative look. The longer the silence lasted, the more expectantly Liz looked back at her.

"... if you do this, meaning if you write about me, then of course I expect you to be fully involved."

"Yes, of course. Did you have something specific in mind?" Liz replied, slightly puzzled.

"Well, for example, you could accompany me to a check-up."

"Cool. With a real ultrasound, just like you'd imagine?"

Isabel smiled. "Yes, exactly. But it would also be good if you got an impression outside of that. I still have the data from my last body scan before the pregnancy. We can derive measurements and weight from that. But the ongoing changes have to be determined here, the classic way with a scale and measuring tape. Your body ..."

Liz’s eyes widened. She understood what Isabel was offering. "Yes, of course, as directly as possible ..." She bit her lip. "Perhaps I should additionally log how the body of a woman who isn't pregnant changes over the same period. Meaning mine. That would have to be recorded just as directly."

Isabel grinned and softly stroked Liz's arm. "That sounds good. I see we both share a similarly thorough, scientific mindset."

Liz cast a quick glance toward the hallway. Then she also moved closer, cuddling up to Isabel, who placed her arm over her shoulder.

"Maybe it would be best if we started with that when we don't have to worry about Calvin bursting in here at any moment," Liz said.

Isabel nodded. "Yes, that would be good."

"I could come over whenever I have a few free periods. I can also get excused from classes for the project work."

"That sounds like a good plan," Isabel said. "And thinking about it: I could try some swim training. Or accept your father's offer and relax in the hot tub."

"Yes, please do. Unfortunately, my parents are away quite often during the week. If you don't mind me being home alone ..."

Isabel chuckled. "Don't worry, sweet princess, maybe I'm counting on that too."

The mood was suddenly strangely charged. The plan was out there, thrilling and tingling. But how exactly things would progress in this moment was uncertain. Liz gently stroked Isabel's thigh, just as she had done with Calvin earlier. Isabel's hand, still resting on her shoulder, played with her hair. This must be how teenagers felt—wanting to, but not quite daring. Plus, there was still the danger of Calvin showing up at any second.

The countdown on the TV show highlighted the final 15 minutes. Clips from around the world showed impressive fireworks in other time zones.

"Should we wake him?"

"No, if we drag him out of sleep now, he'll be cranky. I'd rather endure his whining tomorrow morning when he complains that we let him sleep."

"Okay. Whatever you think. And the two of us?" Liz had sat up and was looking down at Isabel. She straightened up as well. "The two of us slip outside, agreed?"

They stood up, quietly put on their coats and shoes, and walked down the driveway. The wide street led toward the savings bank, behind which lay the school and other public buildings. A few neighbors had come out onto the street, but everyone was far enough away that no one could be recognized.

The final minute began. Unstoppably, the countdown ticked away; somewhere, someone was counting along. But Isabel and Liz paid no attention to it. They stood at a corner, in the darkest spot between two streetlamps, huddled arm in arm as closely as their thick winter coats allowed.

The final seconds arrived. Isabel pulled Liz even tighter against her. It was a wonderful moment. They looked at each other. In Liz's eyes, she could see that she was happy too.

Three.

Two.

One.

"Happy new ye ..."

The exclamation was drowned out by the touch of Isabel's lips as they met Liz's mouth.

Not a real kiss, more of a fleeting touch. Liz's eyes flew open in surprise, reflecting a thousand colorful lights, a second before the sound of the explosions reached them.

"Happy New Year," Isabel whispered. "And thank you for everything. For your time with Calvin, but also with me. This is going to be a fantastic year."

Liz's surprise turned into radiant joy.

"It certainly will," she said, and then her lips found Isabel's.

In the tingling magic of the moment, accompanied by exploding fireworks, Isabel had only one clear thought left:

Wow. The girl can kiss!

XXXXX

From: X-FAM Customer Service <noreply@x-fam.gen>

To: Eliaz <darkprincess@write2.me>

Date: Wed, 03 Jan 2035 09:42:17 UTC

Subject: Your test results

Dear Eliaz,

Thank you for your genetic genealogy order. We are sure you are eagerly awaiting the results. In the attached report, you will find everything we have discovered.

Visit us at www.x-fam.gen for further exciting research.

Best regards, your X-FAM Team

Attachments:

Report 1

Name: Eliaz

Gender: male

Order: Determination of paternity / relatives based on genetic analysis

Note: Sample of the mother enclosed

Results:

Father: No match*

Mother: No match*

First-degree relatives: 17

Would you like to know who you are related to? Book our contact service today at www.x-fam.gen.

Your privacy is guaranteed with us.

We only establish contact after the consent of all parties involved.

*Results are simplified for better clarity.

End of report

Report (2)

Name: Eliaz

Gender: male

Order: Extended Scan Package

Result: No abnormalities. No measures required*

*Results are simplified for better clarity.

End of report

Michelle

From: Michelle <squirrelm@place4.me>

To: Eliaz-Eliza <darkprincess@write2.me>

Date: Wed, 03 Jan 2035 11:27:43 UTC

Subject: Strange results

Hello Eliza,

Michelle here, the lab technician from X-FAM. We spoke on the phone. I'm reaching out this way because something very strange happened while processing your sample.

By now, you should have received the official email with the results. I was surprised myself when I read the report. The first surprise was the lack of a match with the mother. I repeated the test specifically, but the result stands: the reference sample from the mother does not come from the genetic mother.

Then something even crazier happened. I am absolutely certain that the system had found a father. When I went to evaluate the data, I was suddenly called to see my supervisor. She instructed me to stop work immediately and take care of an allegedly very urgent other project. However, that project wasn't urgent at all. Once I was back at my workstation, the data for 'Eliaz' was locked and supposedly completely processed. I couldn't even access it anymore. This is very strange.

Fortunately, I had already copied the evaluation into a simple text program, as working with the measurement software is otherwise a nightmare. I made a copy of that immediately, which I am attaching to this email. You will also find detailed information regarding the comparison with the mother there.

Furthermore, the system claims that there are 17 first-degree relatives. I checked: if that's true, 'Eliaz' has 23 brothers. All of them come from the same father, whose data is now locked.

Finally, there was the test for anomalies. That one was also odd. Unfortunately, I hadn't copied those data, and they are locked for me just like everything else concerning 'Eliaz.' However, a quick glance let me recognize the term 'dissociative hypogonadism.' No idea what that is. Maybe you can do something with it.

I don't dare to investigate further. I've already received a few notifications from the system that access is not permitted. The last one even included a warning from IT.

I found our conversation so nice that I didn't want to leave you in the dark. Maybe this will help you move forward. I really would have liked to help you more.

If you have any questions, get in touch. I set up this email address specifically for communicating with you.

Best wishes,

Michelle

Attachments:

document_1

==========

X-FAM GENETIC ANALYSIS SUITE v4.7.2

Specimen ID: XFG 3412-0298-1-subject

Objective : genetic scan and comparison

Analysis Date: 2034-12-15 / 14:08:32 UTC

==========

GENETIC ANALYSIS

==========

Loci scanned compared: 21

Result : SCAN COMPLETE

SYSTEM NOTE:

Specimen 3412-0298-1-subject shows

anomalies extended scan recommended!

End of Report XFG 3412-0298-1-subject

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document_2

==========

X-FAM GENETIC ANALYSIS SUITE v4.7.2

Specimen ID : XFG 3412-0298-2-maternal

Objective: comparison (maternal, alleged)

Analysis Date: 2034-12-15 / 14:32:07 UTC

==========

MATERNAL VERIFICATION – PASS 2 of 2

==========

Loci compared: 21

Matching loci: 0

Mismatch loci: 21

Calculated probability: 0.00%

Result : NO MATCH

SYSTEM NOTE:

Specimen 3412-0298-2-maternal shows

no match with 3412-0298-1-master DNA.

Check Error Report for further instructions!

==========

ERROR REPORT: XFG 3412-0298-2-maternal

==========

SEVERITY: HIGH

CODE: E-42/NoMatch

DESCRIPTION :

Specimen labeled as "maternal" does not

share genetic markers with subject.

Possible causes:

- bad sample / mislabeling

- incorrect sample processing

- no common genetic ancestry

ACTION REQUIRED!!!

Marked for manual review by senior analyst.

Do not release results without verification.

End of Report XFG 3412-0298-2-maternal

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document_3

==========

X-FAM GENETIC ANALYSIS SUITE v4.7.2

Specimen ID : XFG 3412-0298-3-paternal

Objcetive: data base search (unknown)

Analysis Date: 2034-12-15 / 14:48:23 UTC

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FIRST DEGREE MATCH DATABASE SEARCH

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Loci compared: 21

Matching loci: 21

Mismatch loci: 0

Calculated probability : 99.98%

Result: POS. PATERNAL MATCH

==========

Matched ID Information:

[[redacted]]

[[redacted] IDENTITY REDACTED [redacted]]

[[redacted] SECURITY PROTOCOL FC-DH-001 [redacted]]

[[redacted]]

Prior match count: [[redacted]]

SYSTEM NOTE:

Access to this record has been restricted

Further attempts to view will be logged

==========

ADDITIONAL FINDINGS

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other first-degree match: 17

possible paternity: no (age mismatch)

End of Report XFG 3412-0298-3-paternal

==========

XXXXX

Shit!

An icy tingling crawled down her spine, accompanied by a burning heat in her face. With trembling fingers, Liz searched for a way to undo the action.

No chance.

For every other kind of contact, she used her messenger app. There, you could delete sent messages before the recipient read them. But she had received the test results via email and forwarded them to Calvin right during class. She had only read the message herself during the break. The words were burned into her retina.

"Father: No match

Mother: No match"

Frustrated, Liz shoved the smartphone into her pocket and looked around the hallway instead.

Where is Calvin? Has he already read it? Did he understand what it means?

Then she saw him. A single figure with his head bowed, his gaze absorbed in his smartphone, drifted past by other students who were all rushing somewhere. Liz hurried toward him.

"Calvin!"

The shout was louder than intended. A few heads turned in her direction. People weren't used to this kind of behavior from her; usually, she met Calvin outside the perception of most other students. She didn't care.

Calvin looked up. Shock stood in his eyes. Confusion. Fear.

"Did you see the results? I don't understand. What does this mean?"

"I think it means they can't help you find your father. I'm sorry!"

"No, that's not what I mean. The other thing. What does 'No match' mean for Mom?"

Liz raised her hands apologetically. "No idea. Maybe the sample was faulty?"

For a moment, Liz clung to this excuse. All other options were simply too terrifying.

"It was a blood sample, Liz. I googled it, there is no better sample. That can't be it. Do you think Mom has an explanation for this?"

The next wave of adrenaline flooded through her.

If Isabel finds out ...

But no matter how hard Liz thought, she couldn't come up with a way to stop Calvin from talking to his mother about these results.

"But then you'll have to tell her everything about the test ...," she said.

A final spark of hope that Calvin might let the matter rest.

He nodded and raised his hands resignedly.

"Then so be it. But I have to tell her. Maybe something terrible happened. Maybe I was switched as a baby and she doesn't know about it ..."

His face set with determination.

"I'm going home now. Are you coming?"

"Don't you have two more classes?" she asked.

"I don't care. I need to talk to Mom. As soon as possible."

Liz looked around. The hallway had emptied; most students had headed to their classrooms. No one was interested in them.

"Okay, I'm coming with you."

Isabel

Some fruit and fresh vegetables stood on the countertop. Unfortunately, the selection of local organic produce was limited at this time of year. Because of that, a row of cans with supplements stood next to them: vitamins, minerals.

Calvin was supposed to receive the richest and healthiest nourishment nature had to offer from her. But she also wanted to be perfectly provided for, for herself and especially for the baby.

Isabel was just wondering what she could prepare from the fresh ingredients when she heard the rattling of the key at the front door. Startled, she looked at the clock.

So early?

Calvin entered the house, together with Liz.

Both of them?

Something was wrong. Isabel dropped everything and went into the hallway. Calvin took off his jacket, and Liz did the same. Both had serious expressions on their faces.

"Hey, you two. Did something happen?" Isabel asked, alarmed.

Calvin hung his jacket on the hook without a word and took a deep breath. Then he looked at her with an expression in his eyes that Isabel had never seen in him before. Fear? Sadness?

"Mom, we need to talk."

That sounded more mature than ever before. An extremely uneasy feeling crept over Isabel.

"What happened? Liz?"

Calvin walked up to her and hugged her. Isabel noticed a hint of tears in his eyes, and she began to tremble.

"Come on, tell me what's wrong," she urged.

He took her by the hand and pulled her into the living room with him. There, he sat down in the armchair and waited until Isabel had seated herself as well.

"Mom, I did a test," he began. "And today I got the result ..."

"What kind of test? I don't understand ..."

"Liz helped me," Calvin continued, looking at his friend.

Liz swallowed. "It's a genetic test from an online service. You send in samples and find out who you're related to. Calvin wanted ..."

"I wanted to know who my father is. Why I'm so short, when you're much taller. Why I don't look like you."

Oh my god ...

Isabel felt dizzy. "No, Calvin, please. We talked about this. It doesn't matter, we have each other ... that's enough."

"It's not enough for me, Mom," Calvin said seriously. He took a deep breath and raised his hands in despair. "Today the result arrived, and it makes no sense at all. No match for a father ..."

"I'm sorry, Calvin." Isabel leaned forward and stroked his knee.

"And also no match for a mother. Even though I sent along a sample from you."

She froze.

"You did what?"

Calvin looked at her with wide eyes. "Do you remember the day you cut yourself and Liz and I were cooking? I kept a swab with the blood and sent it along for comparison. But the test says ..."

He dug his smartphone out of his pocket and opened an email.

"It says 'Father: No match. Mother: No match'. Do you know if something terrible happened when I was little? Was I maybe switched at the hospital?"

Isabel slumped down, powerless. A crushing weight lay heavy in her stomach, and she felt as if she couldn't breathe anymore.

Liz touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Isabel. I thought it was a harmless test, I didn't want to hurt anyone."

Isabel looked at her, wanting to give her a comforting smile. But all she could manage were tears filling her eyes.

"It's not your fault, Liz," she finally said her voice husky. "And you're right, Calvin. Something terrible did happen back then. But not the way you think. Wait here, I'll explain it to you ..."

She picked herself up, dragged herself upstairs to her room, and fetched an envelope that was buried deep within her personal belongings. Once she was back in the living room, she opened it and took out a few old photographs. These were pictures she hadn't looked at in many years.

"This is me, shortly after my fifteenth birthday." She placed a photo on the table, which showed a sturdily built teenager. The resemblance was clearly recognizable. But while the Isabel of today looked remarkably young, as a teenager in the photo, she seemed quite mature for her age.

"When you asked me recently how the pregnancy came about, Liz, I told you that I fell in with the wrong people in my youth. I always explained it to you that way too, Calvin. And that’s true, but it’s not what most people imagine it to be."

Isabel paused.

"I grew up in a nice family," she continued, placing another photo on the table. It showed a younger version of Isabel, surrounded by parents and siblings. "Very sheltered. My parents made sure I didn't have any bad friends. Their shock was all the greater when I got pregnant at fifteen. But my own surprise was even greater. I hadn't done anything with any boy. I hadn't even seen one naked. But nobody believed me. There were a lot of arguments, harsh words, and eventually, I left my family."

Calvin and Liz followed her every word, spellbound. The next photo Isabel placed on the table showed her clearly pregnant and accompanied by a pretty, young, dark-haired woman.

"That’s Aunt Carol!" Calvin exclaimed.

"Yes, that’s right. Carol was a young doctor back then, doing her training at a women's clinic at FemCom. That’s where I went when I had the first strange symptoms. She was the first to determine that I was pregnant. And when things got bad with my family, she took care of me. We've been very close friends ever since."

She stroked the photo absentmindedly.

"The baby I am carrying inside me in this picture is you, Calvin!"

He looked at the picture with wide eyes. Then his gaze fell on his smartphone, which still had the email open.

"But ..."

Isabel nodded. "Yes, but ...! Carol and her team at FemCom didn't just take care of me and you, Calvin. They also tried to find out what the secret behind my pregnancy was. And they succeeded."

"How ...?" Liz asked.

"As I said, I fell in with bad people. More precisely, a bad person, a doctor. My family didn't have much money. At some point, word got around that there was a new doctor's practice in our neighborhood. Once a week, they offered free check-ups for women. A lot of people went there. The waiting room was always full. Everyone was satisfied. But that wasn't all. As Carol and her friends found out later, this doctor was conducting experiments. He was obsessed with bringing children with specific traits into the world. From what I understood, he looked for women who fit his plans, harvested their eggs, and fertilized them. He then implanted these fertilized eggs into other women who had particularly good physical prerequisites for giving birth to healthy children."

Isabel patted her hips. "Even as a teenager, I had a wide pelvis, so obviously I was one of the suitable candidates ..."

She took a deep breath. "What he didn't expect was that I would become suspicious and visit one of the new FemCom clinics. Even there, I wasn't believed at first, but then a thorough examination confirmed that I was actually still a virgin. Carol even made a video of the virgin birth. My story was traced back precisely after that. However, when they went to catch the doctor, he had already destroyed most of the records and vanished."

Calvin and Liz stared at her in horror. "That’s terrible ...," Liz began.

Isabel managed a painful smile. "As bad as it was, I got the sweetest boy one could ever wish for. I would never give you up, no matter what any genetic test says."

Calvin swallowed. "This doctor, Mom ... Is he ... is he my father?"

Isabel nodded. "Yes, my sweetheart. But that doesn't matter. You are my boy, I am your mom. Everything else is unimportant."

Conflicting emotions played across his face.The corners of his mouth twitched briefly to a smile, but his eyes remained filled with pain.

"It does feel kind of important, Mom," he said. "You lied to me all these years. You didn't tell me the truth!" Tears gathered in the corners of his eyes.

"Calvin, no!" Tears came from Isabel too. "I wanted to tell you. At the right moment, when you're old enough."

"I'm almost fourteen," Calvin whispered. "Was there really never a right time for it?"

He stood up, and Isabel reached desperately for his hand.

"I think I need to think about this first. Alone." He turned around and went upstairs.

Isabel let her tears flow freely. Liz moved closer and silently stroked her back.

"Maybe he just needs to process it, Isabel. Give him time. If you want, I can talk to him too ..."

Isabel took her hand and squeezed it firmly. "Thank you. I ... I think you're right. I'm sure he'll calm down again. But he's also right, I didn't tell him the truth all these years."

"Isabel, this story is far too intense for a child. Even for a boy his age."

"Yes. Yes, you're probably right." Isabel slowly regained her composure.

"There is one more thing, though. Or rather, two." Liz said after a pause.

Isabel looked at her in alarm. "Even more? What is it?"

"The employee from the testing agency contacted me. Once on the phone and then via email. Something seemed strange there. For one thing, the system definitely recognized the genes of Calvin's father. It had even found seventeen other children with the same lineage. But someone wanted to prevent us from finding out."

"That does sound strange …"

"Yes," Liz said. "But that’s only one thing. The other is a genetic anomaly they found in Calvin. Does the term 'dissociative hypogonadism' mean anything to you?"

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Liz asked, looking at Isabel skeptically.

"Yes, absolutely, and I'm really grateful to you that this was doable on such short notice."

"No problem. So you're meeting with the client?" Liz looked at Isabel's belly and smiled.

"Yes."

She looked around, but there was no sign of Calvin.

"To be honest, my appointment is only tomorrow at noon. Normally, I would drive out in the morning and be back home late in the evening. But with the way things have developed over the last few days, it might do Calvin some good to have two days of distance. After all, he isn't even angry, just deeply sad. And I know it does him good to be with you. I hope it’s not too much for you."

"No, no problem." Liz raised her hands reassuringly. "We’ll have a nice free Saturday tomorrow, and you'll be back on Sunday anyway. I hope it doesn't bother you that my parents aren't around?"

"Oh, that worked out well during the autumn break too. I'm not worried about that at all. And if anything comes up, you can call me anytime."

Footsteps could be heard on the stairs now, and Calvin came down, packed with his travel bag. On his face was no sign of the cheerful boy Liz liked so much.

"Have fun, my big boy." Isabel leaned down to him and hugged him. A brief hesitation followed, and then he returned the embrace.

"Be good and listen to Liz," she tried a humorous goodbye, but Calvin remained serious.

"Yes, Mom." He didn't even roll his eyes.

"See you." Isabel said goodbye to Liz cheek-to-cheek. "And when I'm back next week, we'll finally take care of your school project."

"That would be great. Thank you. Safe travels!"

Calvin grabbed his bag and accompanied Liz. The last thing she noticed before the door clicked shut was Isabel's pain-filled eyes, which were filling with tears.

What a stupid mess!

For the umpteenth time, Liz blamed herself for getting involved in the whole genetic test thing.

She put her arm around his shoulder and matched his pace. They marched side by side in lockstep, something that had always made him smile on the way to school back in autumn. And even now, his mood seemed to lift instantly.

"I'm really sorry, Calvin. I didn't want to cause so much trouble for you guys."

"It's okay," he replied briefly. "I would have found out sooner or later anyway. It’s just... there are these feelings. I'm scared that Mom might not want me anymore. What if she drives away and never comes back?"

"Then I'll just keep you," Liz said, nudging him playfully with her elbow.

"But seriously, I know that sometimes you can have totally terrible thoughts out of nowhere. That’s happened to me too. But that doesn't mean they're true. You can fight them, even if it’s hard."

"How is that supposed to work?" he asked.

"Imagine them as monsters. The 'Mom-leaves-me monster'. The final boss of your current level. But you master a powerful magic spell that can defeat the monster. Should I tell you what it is?"

Calvin stopped. "Yes, please," he pleaded.

"Okay, close your eyes."

He did.

"The spell is called 'Memory'. For it to work, you have to remember three things very clearly. The most beautiful moments you've experienced with your mom. The best cuddling, the most delicious food she ever prepared for you. The most loving touch she ever gave you! Do you have it?"

Calvin nodded. "Yes," he whispered. "It all happened in one single moment."

"Good, then the spell is especially powerful. Hold onto the image, and then repeat after me: 'Mom loves me'."

"Mom loves me," he whispered.

"Louder, firmer!" Liz urged him.

"Mom loves me! Mom loves me!" he called out louder.

Perhaps they should have entered the house first! Liz looked around, but there was no one to be seen on the street.

Lucky break!

"Now open your eyes and tell me how it feels."

Calvin opened his eyes, blinked, and then smiled for the first time in days. "It works! The monster is gone!"

Liz ruffled his hair. "Told you that you're much more powerful. Let me know when the next monster appears, and we'll come up with a new spell, okay?"

"Yes, thank you!" All of a sudden, he stepped closer, stood on his tiptoes, and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Wow, thanks," Liz giggled. "I'd like more of that."

"You can have it ...," Calvin countered immediately.

"Hmm, we'll see." They entered the house.

"What do you feel like doing?" Liz asked once he had set his bag down. "Video games, swimming, hot tub? Spider-Boy and Mystique? Or... our own crazy costumes?"

At the last suggestion, his eyes sparkled.

"I think costumes are great. And I want to learn how to do the makeup."

"Are you sure your parents won't show up out of nowhere?" Calvin looked at her, the worried eyes emphasised by almost finished makeup.

The boy is clearly worrying too much!

"Yes. Mom is accompanying Dad to a meeting. They flew out yesterday. They won't be back home before Sunday."

"Okay."

Calvin seemed reassured and turned his attention back to the mascara. Or rather Cally, because the transformation was almost complete.

He was wearing a short little summer dress with thin straps and a floral pattern. At the front, it had a flat, straight-cut neckline with the tiny hint of delicate curves. At the back, it was cut even lower, but the crossed straps at least provided some support. At the bottom, it reached just about to the knee. However, as soon as Calvin sat on the chair in front of the vanity mirror, it had ridden up, revealing the white, soft padding he was wearing underneath.

Liz could still remember well the time when she had worn that herself. Her mother had insisted that she wear a top and cycling shorts underneath it. Because of that, it had actually only been a decorative cover-up, but she had loved it and only packed it away when the hint of breasts began to develop, for which the dress was clearly no longer suitable.

She had noted with pleasure that Calvin, as if it were a matter of course, had brought a few diaper packs with him. He had retreated to the bathroom to put them on, but still. The readiness for exciting, crazy adventures was there.

Her own supply was also ready, and she had helped herself too. Unfortunately, her own dress wasn't quite as summerly playful. Plain, black cotton, cut like a uniform. At least it featured a row of buttons across the chest, which she had deliberately left wide open, and it offered a contrast to her likewise white, soft panty alternative.

The only question left was what exactly they should do with each other now.

"How do I look?" Calvin asked, looking at her.

Awesome!

"As cute as anyone could ever wish for a pretty girl named Cally. I think you're the prettier one of the two of us!"

The playfully exaggerated compliment actually had an effect, and a delicate flush appeared on his face beneath the makeup.

Now it really was perfect!

"And we really don't have to wash this off before going to bed? I thought it makes stains..."

"No, Cally." It felt strangely exciting to use his game name. "This is waterproof. If we're careful, we can even go into the pool with it."

"Cool. But not right away, right?"

"No," Liz replied. "I've been thinking the whole time about what we can do..."

Calvin thought about it too. "What did you used to play with your friends when they stayed over at your place?"

Good question. But they weren't that far along yet.

"We would get our favorite snack from the kitchen and hide in various corners of the house. Always on the run from mysterious pursuers."

"Sounds good. Shall we do that?" he asked.

"Okay, but for that..." Liz moved closer and placed her arm over his shoulder, pulling him tightly against her and whispering in his ear. "...for that, we have to sneak through an empty, abandoned, dark house, get into the kitchen, and find the supply depot there."

They sneaked off through the dark rooms without turning on the lights. It actually had a spooky atmosphere to it all. Liz let him search the cupboards and drawers until they found a supply of chips and sweets. They grabbed a few things and made their way back, carefully avoiding any rustling and crackling.

Their hiding place was ultimately on the mezzanine in her room. In a niche between the bed and the wall, they sat huddled close together, nibbling on their plunder.

Calvin's creativity was fully sparked now. Their cosplay adventure's fantasy world was taking shape. For tonight, they still had to find a way to a 'hidden well' to brush their teeth. Tomorrow they would find out where it would lead them if they swam along the 'rushing river''.

The tension of the past few days had finally lifted from him. With his large wondering eyes, excited chatting about their imaginary fantasy adventure, he was once again the barely twelve-year-old he looked like. No trace that there was an honest almost fourteen-year-old inside. As if that mature side of him could be just switched on and off.

But the exhaustion was catching up with him. After brushing their teeth, he cuddled up with her in the nest in her bed, just as best friends should.

Liz lay awake beside him for quite a while, listening to his steady breaths. What was happening here between them resembled things she had already experienced a long time ago. It was exciting, mysterious, and forbidden. She could hardly wait to take the next step the following morning.

The bed was too small. Liz felt cramped on her side. Calvin lay beside her, curled up, with the blanket pulled all the way up to his ears. She couldn't bring herself to wake him. Their silly little game from the previous evening had ensured that he was sleeping deeply, peaceful and relaxed. He hadn't even woken up when she had carefully gotten out of bed and fetched her Polaroid camera.

It wasn't easy at all to find the right position. It was actually an innocent motif. Without the girly makeup, which had survived the night remarkably well, she might have even used her smartphone. But she stayed true to her principles.

No digital traces of what happens here.

She probably only had a single chance. Once she was satisfied with the image in the viewfinder, she pressed the shutter. The click of the mechanism was already louder than she had expected. Hastily, she pulled the camera back. The sound of the photo ejecting was more effective than any alarm clock.

Perhaps it was also her hasty movement that made the mattress sway. Calvin woke up, scrunched up his face, and opened his eyes, blinking.

"Good morning," Liz whispered to him.

For a moment he seemed disoriented, then he appeared to remember. He smiled.

"Good morning," he replied, closing his eyes again and cuddling up close to her.

Liz lay still, simply enjoying his proximity. However, she had no intention of letting him drift back into the realm of dreams.

"Shall I tell you a story, Cally?" she whispered to him.

It took a moment before he reacted. Then he smiled, his eyes still closed. "Yes," he breathed.

"Okay..." Liz moved as close as she could. "Once upon a time, there were two girls: Princess Eliza and her best friend Cally. One day, they embarked on a journey to experience great adventures. They explored a mysterious world, found delicious things to eat, and when evening came, a cozy nest high in the trees. There, huddled close together, they spent the night."

Calvin smiled. "A beautiful story. How does it go on?"

"The next morning they woke up, rested and full of energy. They had explored only a small part of the mysterious world and wanted to discover so much more. Eliza was awake first and watched her pretty friend Cally until she woke up too. As they did every morning, they greeted the day by cuddling and caressing each other..."

Liz had let her hand wander under Calvin's blanket, moving her fingertips beneath the T-shirt which was the only piece of clothing he wore besides his padded panties. Calvin understood the invitation and reached out for her as well. He was more awake than it appeared, because his hands moved with surprising purpose under her T-shirt and began to explore the edge of her breasts.

He's definitely in the right mood.

She had spent half the night thinking about the next part of the story. The idea had seemed more and more enticing to her. She now caressed his stomach with her full hand, moving up the sides higher and higher to his tiny, young nipples. She let her hand rest there and drew closer to Calvin's ear.

"But then, Eliza got a big fright. Something strange had happened: her friend Cally's boobies were gone! What could have happened? Quickly, she conducted further investigations..."

Now Liz’s hand moved swiftly downward, and with firm pressure, she stroked over the padding in Calvin's crotch.

"Something had happened in other places too. Some kind of spell had transformed Cally into a boy during the night. Eliza was startled."

Liz hastily pulled her hand back. Calvin didn't move.

"What happens then?" he asked after a second.

"Once Eliza overcame her fright, she became curious."

Once again, her hand found its way to Calvin, this time caressing his belly.

"Eliza had heard that there was such a thing as boys," Liz continued, "but she had never been with one before. And as far as she knew, neither had Cally. Perhaps this was the opportunity to find out what was so special about boys. They had often spent hours pondering that. No one would disturb them here, and they could explore everything very thoroughly. Cally could tell Eliza what it feels like to be a boy. And Eliza would find out what is so exciting about boys."

Calvin's breathing was heavier now. Liz noticed how he pressed his legs together. The story was clearly having the desired effect.

"That is an exciting story," he said.

"Exciting enough to make a game out of it?" Liz whispered.

"Yes." The heat in Calvin's breath and the heartbeat she felt on his belly told her just how excited he was.

Liz pushed the blanket aside. Calvin lay stretched out beside her. She slowly pushed his T-shirt upward and caressed the bare skin that emerged beneath it. Once the bunched fabric was resting across his chest, Calvin wriggled his arms out of the sleeves and she pulled it over his head.

He lay next to her, naked except for his diaper, and she noticed the goosebumps triggered by the cool air, the exciting anticipation, or her fingertips. Once again, she stroked his stomach and moved higher. When her hand rested on his chest, Calvin grasped it and held it tight.

"The spell is more powerful than Eliza realizes. Cally has even forgotten what it feels like to be a girl. She can't remember what it's like to have breasts...," he said.

He understands how the game works!

The corners of Liz’s mouth twitched into a smile, but she forced herself to maintain her expectant, innocent facade.

"Oh no, that's terrible! Perhaps Eliza can ensure that she remembers!"

Liz let go of him and pulled her own T-shirt over her head. As soon as her soft, firm breasts swung free, they captivated Calvin's attention.

"Cally is amazed at how exciting this is. She can't remember ever having had anything like this herself. But maybe it helps if she touches them..."

"Good idea!"

Liz swung her leg over Calvin and sat straddling him. She leaned forward, presenting her curvy front to him. Without hesitation, he reached out his hands and cupped them. His fingers wandered over the contours, exploring the areolas and playing with the nipples that thrust forward to meet the touch.

"Is the memory coming back?" she asked with a strained voice.

"No. It's thrilling, exciting, but nothing Cally has felt before," he replied.

"Perhaps Eliza needs to explore all the other secrets first."

Calvin looked at her questioningly. Liz was already sliding down on her knees, pushing his legs apart and kneeling between them. Then she reached for the fasteners on the side of the diaper and undid them.

He looked at her with wide eyes. His chest rose and fell excitedly as Liz slowly gripped the waistband of the diaper and pulled it down until it was completely folded down between his legs.

Calvin lay before her, his bared, boyish lap on display. Exposed and defenseless, with a plea for kindness in his gaze. No threat, no coercion to do anything. None of all that repulsive stuff Liz knew from pictures and videos.

"You are a beautiful boy," she said, and it wasn't clear whether she was saying it in her role as Eliza or as Liz. Just like the next question:

"How does that feel?"

Slowly she let her hands glide over his hips, stroking his lower abdomen and drawing closer and closer to the hairless penis that pointed toward his navel. With her fingertips, she traced its contours, up and down, and Calvin inhaled sharply.

The smooth shaft was at least the size of the vibrator Liz occasionally treated herself with. What it lacked in length, it made up for with a slightly larger girth. Especially at the tip, where a dark glans peeked out from beneath the light foreskin.

Calvin trembled, feeling himself tense up under the touch, and then his penis rose a tiny bit, as if stretching toward something with all its might. Liz took the opportunity and wrapped her hand around it. Gently, her fingers played with the unfamiliar sensation. Hot, pulsing, soft skin over a hard core; that was her first impression.

"Cally has...," Calvin swallowed, "...has never experienced anything like this. It feels fantastic. She never thought it could be so great to be a boy."

Liz looked down on him. "And that's just the beginning!"

While she kept her hand wrapped around his cock, she began to gently massage his balls with the other. Calvin sighed and tensed up.

"Eliza once heard a rumor that wonderful things happen when you play with boys this way. Do you think Cally would like to know what happens?",she asked

Calvin's breath came in spurts, and his face had taken on a healthy flush.

"Yes ...," he gasped. "Cally heard that too, but she's afraid it's something dirty ..."

"We're about to find out!"

Liz intensified her efforts. She alternately let his hot, hard cock glide through her fingers and then kneaded him, while her other hand played with his balls . He seemed more sensitive there than she had assumed, as he flinched a few times. As a comfort, she stroked along his thighs, then over his belly, and finally locked the fingers of both hands around his cock. Calvin's pelvis rose and fell in an ancient, slow rhythm that currently lacked its counterpart.

They were well on their way to the finish line. Aromas she had never perceived before hung in the air, similar to hers and yet completely different. Actual droplets were running down his tip, which was another surprise.

So quite a bit happens with boys too before they reach the end.

Together with Eliza, Liz discovered the fascinating, unknown world in her hands.

The entire time, she had made an effort to accompany everything with swaying movements, so that Calvin was at least rewarded with the sight of her swinging curves. That had kept his attention permanently captivated. Until he suddenly stared at the ceiling with a blank gaze, held his breath, and dug his hands into the blanket. Then he trembled. The swaying of his pelvis turned into a thrust, and he spilled hotly over her hands.

Suddenly his tension dropped. That too was one of the rumors Liz had heard but could never have imagined.

Calvin spotted the traces on her hands.

"Oh no, it’s exactly like I feared!"

He propped himself up on his elbows and looked around in a panic for a solution to the problem.

"No, everything is okay. Relax and stay down," Liz urged him.

She reached for her box of tissues, which happened 'by chance' to be next to her bed, and thoroughly wiped first her fingers and then his lap. The open diaper had caught some of it too, and Liz tossed it together with the wipes aside.

The changes showing in his cock as this happened were highly interesting. Hard just moments ago, it was softer now and also smaller, though not quite as small as she would have assumed. It remained a challenge to investigate it in every possible state.

Calvin pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Wouldn't it also be exciting for Eliza to find out what it feels like to be touched everywhere?" he asked.

Now things are getting interesting!

"Yes, but Cally already knows that. Eliza and she have done that lots of times before!"

Calvin's eyes widened at the thought. "But... Cally can't remember anything. She doesn't know what it was like, nor what she would have to do to make Eliza like it."

"Oh no, that's terrible! Then Eliza needs to try it out with her as soon as possible. But first they need to have some breakfast. What about Cally?"

"She's hungry too," Calvin replied.

"Then both of them will now head to the spring to freshen up, and afterward they'll search their mysterious realm for something to eat."

Calvin nodded and sat up. Liz leaned down until she was at his ear.

"And because they are all alone in their mysterious world, they'll stay completely naked the entire time!"

They sneaked through the house. Liz led the way while Calvin held her hand. The unlit pool house alone had a spooky atmosphere. The other rooms were slightly brightened by daylight, but being empty and quiet, they likewise exuded an eerie mood.

Added to that was the fact that both of them were completely naked. What had started as a silly game, they were now carrying through consistently. It felt doubly exciting.

For one thing, she was aware of every single one of Calvin's glances. His eyes were glued either to her breasts or, even more so, to her butt. Whenever the perspective allowed, his gaze also drifted to her lap. He rarely looked at her face and therefore didn't notice the frivolous smirk his staring triggered.

Exciting in a completely different way was the feeling of secretly, but together, crossing boundaries and doing something forbidden. Something as mundane as having breakfast became a thrilling adventure simply due to the fact that they wore no clothes.

There were, of course, also effects that caught them off guard. The heating in the house was not designed for a lack of clothing. Calvin had decided on cereal for breakfast. In his creativity, he called them 'sweet crunchy blossoms' that were doused with the 'magic potion of the ice trolls'—milk from the fridge.

Liz had filled a bowl for herself as well. When she took the first spoonful into her mouth and simultaneously became aware of the cool air in the house, goosebumps tingled across her body. Without any arousal; she was simply cold.

Calvin seemed to feel similarly. When he stood up after breakfast, she caught a glimpse of his remarkably small cock. The cool air had shown full effect on him too. He was even shivering as he stacked his empty bowl into the dishwasher.

Time to provide some heat.

"Now that Eliza and Cally were strengthened for the day, they could decide what they wanted to do. Should they find out how far up the rushing torrent they could swim? Or should they rather explore a cave where it was said there is a hot spring?"

Calvin thought for a moment. "It was a surprisingly cold day, so the hot spring is the better idea," he said. Liz noticed how pale he was and that his lips were taking on a bluish tint under the makeup.

This time Calvin marched ahead, and she had a clear view of his cute, round butt. By the time they reached the hot tub, they were both freezing. Every step into the warm water felt burning hot. Then they sat side by side, submerged up to their noses, and enjoyed the warmth that gradually permeated them.

Calvin sighed with relief. "Maybe Eliza and Cally should explore this magic world in the summer instead," he said with his eyes closed.

"Yes, maybe you're right," Liz agreed with him.

But there are a few things I don't want to wait that long for.

At least the warm water brought back Calvin's energy. He moved closer, and Liz felt his hand wander over her thigh and hips under the water. He even caressed her belly, though he didn't seem to dare go any lower.

The hot tub is not the right place to show him my secrets!

This realization was followed by a few thoughts on how she could satisfy his curiosity and her need for touch. As exciting as the prospect of staying naked all day was, the idea of freezing the entire time had absolutely nothing exciting about it.

"I think once Cally and Eliza have warmed up, it would be good if they left their mysterious realm and returned to the world with warm clothes. Maybe they can find a few cozy costumes that keep them from freezing. What do you think?"

He nodded. "Good idea."

Liz stood up, stepped out of the hot tub with swaying hips, and wrapped a towel around her body. Then she offered her hand to Calvin.

"Come," she urged him.

He got out of the water too, and she wrapped him in a towel as well. Then she led him to her room. The heating here was turned up high enough that they could take their time.

Liz stripped the towel off Calvin and rubbed his hair dry with it. As she did, the corner of her own towel, which she had tucked into a fold, came loose. It slackened and slid further and further down until it fell completely to the floor.

Calvin was visibly overwhelmed. For a moment, he enjoyed having his hair rubbed dry with his eyes closed. Then he watched the play of her swinging breasts, before

his gaze wandered lower. Every now and then, he actually looked her in the eyes, or at least in the face, and it was plain to see that he would have liked to kiss her.

When she had wiped him as dry as possible with the towel, she draped it around his shoulders and pulled him close. His body pressed against hers, and he looked up at her in surprise.

"Can Cally remember by now how Eliza likes to be touched?" she asked him.

He shook his head. "No. I think you have to show her. Now that she's a boy, it's so exciting for her that she's almost a little scared..."

"Yet it's really quite simple." Liz let the towel drop, so that they stood naked facing each other. "Perhaps she should start with Eliza's boobies."

Calvin understood the invitation and raised his hands. He cupped her firm curves, let his fingers wander over the areolas, and twirled her nipples. The moisture from the hot tub was still on her skin, and drops of water still falling from her hair. Together with Calvin's touch, this once again brought on goosebumps, which this time were primarily caused by arousal.

"Cally is doing great!"

Liz put her arm around Calvin's shoulder and maneuvered him alongside her to the couch, where she let herself fall back and pulled him to her side. With her other arm, she covered her breasts, leaving only a tempting cleavage visible.

"Now keep going exactly like that, and don't stop at the boobs now!" she whispered.

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes, and made sure to keep her legs slightly apart. Calvin's fingertips wandered with a ticklish touch across her skin.

"Caress, don't tickle!" she murmured without opening her eyes.

He paused, and then he finally dared to truly touch her. Like a warm wave, his hands traveled over her arms, shoulders, hips, and thighs, back to her belly, drawing closer to the most mysterious spot between her legs.

"Is it okay like this?" he asked, and she could hear the uncertainty in his voice.

"Yes, exactly right. How does it feel for Cally-boy to touch a girl?"

"It’s fantastic," he whispered in awe. "This is ... this is the most exciting thing he has ever done."

"And you aren't even at the finish line yet. Keep going." She guided his arm downward, just a little, to show him the direction.

After that, he dared to do more. His hand caressed the inside of her thighs, back up over her belly, then down over the curve of her vulva and the edge of her trimmed hair.

"Caress, don't tickle!" she reminded him.

And then his full hand rested on her vulva with light pressure. His fingers glided over the lips, the ball of his hand brushing over her clit. She sighed deeply and had to fight the impulse to press her legs together. Calvin froze.

"Exactly like that ...," she groaned. "Keep going, play with me. Like I did with you this morning ..."

He began to move his hand slowly. Every bit of skin, every fold was felt by his searching fingertips. Tingling, electrifying shivers chased through her body, radiating from the spot of his tender touch.

Liz swallowed hard. "How ... how does it feel to you?"

"It’s hot. And soft, and so different from boys ...," again that amazed whisper, but with a husky tone to it.

Liz still didn't open her eyes. She was completely focused on his touch, which she had longed for with breathless anticipation. His hand dug deep between her legs, fingertips right before her rest entrance. The ball of his hand pressed against the lips, then he drew it back, brushing roughly over her clit, sending intensely tingling jolts through her body. The groping fingertips wandered over the edges of her outer lips. They grazed the cleft without penetrating deeper. Then they found the clit, circled it, and there he squeezed it, just as he had done with her nipples.

She twitched and a hoarse "Haaah," escaped her throat.

He let go immediately. "Sorry, I didn't want to hurt you."

"No ... everything's okay." She pressed her fist into the couch cushion beside her until the pleasurable throbbing slowly subsided.

"Keep going, but carefully. That’s the most sensitive spot a girl has. I'm especially sensitive there. Please keep going, I like what you're doing, but do it gently."

Once again his hand circled over her inner thighs, her belly and then her vulva, as if he were taking a new approach. This time he touched her clit so gently it was almost a tickle, and wandered along the lips.

"You ... something is leaking out ...," again he hesitated.

"It’s supposed to be that way. Everything's fine. That’s my body telling you that you're welcome. It wants to make it easier for you to enter."

"You mean here?" His fingertip found the entrance to her cleft and pushed playfully through the folds of the skin.

I really have to explain everything to him ...

"Yes, exactly. Go deeper, use your fingers, it's okay, that's what it's made for."

Slowly his hard fingertip bored between her lips. Without resistance, her pussy seemed to open for him all by itself. Or rather, it was dripping wet with no resistance at all. As if it had no standards as to what came inside, just that something was finally happening! His fingers wandered deeper, turning as they did, and the tip groped around inside her searchingly.

Curiosity had never felt so hot before.

His thin finger was inside her up to the knuckle, and apparently he didn't know what to do next.

"Use two fingers," she instructed him therefore. "And then go in and out slowly, over and over."

Only the promise of more kept her pussy from clamping around his finger when he pulled it out. Still, her inner walls twitched instinctively. When he finally penetrated with two fingers, her pelvis eluded her control, thrusting toward him and virtually devouring his fingers. As desired, he worked her in a steady in-and-out rhythm, which was soon accompanied by wet, smacking sounds.

Liz couldn't hold back a groan. Instantly Calvin slowed down, but she egged him on.

"Keep going! This is so hot. Better than any finger-fuck Emma has ever given me."

Finally she opened her eyes. Calvin was sitting close beside her, propped up with one arm on the couch, while with the other he concentrated on working her pussy. His eyes were wide open, a heavy flush coloring his face, and his breath came in spurts. He had his legs propped up, and from his crotch, his smooth, hairless cock stood hard and full, with a wet glistening on its tip.

Liz reached out her hand and wrapped it around it. Calvin inhaled in shock and lost his rhythm.

"Keep going," Liz demanded, and began to massage him in the same tempo.

For her, it could have gone on like this for a long time. But with Calvin, a reaction showed more quickly. He gasped for air and trembled. His hand inside her twitched uncontrollably. All of that was enough to give her a nice, little climax too. Nothing special, no groaning, no screaming, no wild twitching. Just the familiar, hot wave that engulfed her from head to toe.

Calvin didn't dare to move. Whatever he had ejaculated, it was running over her hand and down his legs. It was much clearer than what Liz knew from all the videos and pictures. Another riddle she would worry about later.

There were still towels lying next to the couch. She grabbed one of them, wiping first herself and then Calvin with it.

"Thank you, Cally," she whispered to him, kissing him on the forehead. "Congratulations, you just finger-fucked a girl for the first time. I thought it was wonderful!"

Calvin swallowed. The crude f-word caused his ears to turn red.

"I... it was great for me too. But Liz… you did that before? With your costume friend, Emma?"

They were still naked, but the mention of Emma had pulled them both out of the game.

"We did a lot together. That too," Liz said to Calvin.

It was plain to see how he was trying to picture it.

"And much more besides. We were as old as you are now and curious. Unfortunately, there weren't any boys who suited us. So we tried everything girls can do together. Maybe I'll show Cally some of those things one day. But for now, let's find some clothes, because I'm getting cold."

Liz picked out fresh underwear from her closet, and Calvin dug through his travel bag. Once she had her panties and bra on and was considering what else to wear, Calvin suddenly came closer.

"Does that mean we don't have to invent these games completely from scratch? We could also play things that someone has already experienced before?" he asked.

Liz turned around and looked at him. He was wearing underwear and a T-shirt, but no pants.

He's up to something...

"Yes, sure. Do you have something in mind?"

"Maybe. But we need the right costumes for it."

He looked around searchingly, past her toward the closet.

"That over there," he pointed to a pair of leggings. "And a big T-shirt that fits loosely here," he tugged at his own at waist level.

"Okay." Liz smiled.

That sounds like plan. I'm curious...

She squeezed into the skin-tight leggings and picked out one of her loose oversized T-shirts that she sometimes wore as pajamas. While she was putting these things on, Calvin dashed up to the mezzanine and then came down the stairs. In his hand, he held a pillows from her bed. He looked at her critically and then nodded.

"I think that will work. You need to sit here." He pointed to the couch.

Liz took a seat.

"I'll be ready in a second," Calvin said.

He turned around and rummaged through her wall closet. Apparently, he knew his way around there better than she had thought. When he found what he was looking for, he turned around and held his hands behind his back so she couldn't see what he was holding.

"Be right back, wait here," he called out and dashed out of the room.

Shortly afterward, he was back and came over to her. He took the pillow and stuffed it under her T-shirt.

"The game is called 'Cuddling with Mommy'," he explained with a serious face.

All of Liz's alarm bells started ringing.

This is serious! What is he planning?

He adjusted the pillow until her T-shirt was stretched tight over it.

"Okay, the game goes like this: you are a mommy who is having a baby. But you already have a child, a boy, who you cuddle with on the couch every evening."

Calvin lay down next to her on the couch, stretched out long, his head on the improvised pregnant belly.

I don't think that's comfortable for a Real pregnant woman.

But Liz understood the idea.

"What is my job in the game?" she asked.

"You touch him, hold him tight. Maybe you caress him too, because you love him very, very much."

The tone of his words told her that this was much more than just a a made-up fantasy. He was starving for affection, attention, and love. Liz began to stroke him gently, over his head, shoulders, and chest, as harmlessly as possible.

If this is what I suspect it is, you'll have to tell me what you want ...

Calvin kept his eyes closed, as if trying to summon the memory of a long-past day.

"On the day this game took place, it happened," he whispered. "Something was different. Mommy was especially sweet to the boy. At least, that's how it felt. He had always known what Mommy looked like, how she felt when they cuddled. But it was as if, for the first time, he noticed how warm and soft and wonderful her breasts felt. It was much more exciting than all the days before. So exciting that something happened to him."

During his narration, Liz had gently cupped his head and pressed it against her breasts, which were right in front of his face. His hot breath hit her through the fabric and caused a tingling sensation on her skin.

"Mommy notices that something is different than usual," Calvin continued. "She makes a special effort to be sweet and tender, and caresses him. She probably wants him to calm down."

Hopefully, that was her intention!

Liz had no clear idea where all this would lead.

"She makes a real effort and touches him... everywhere," Calvin whispered.

So Liz followed his wishes. She caressed him over his belky as well as his thighs, grazing the hard outline tenting his panties.

"The boy wants to show Mommy how much he loves her. He... touches her."

Calvin's hand found its way to Liz's breasts and cupped them timidly.

"He had already touched them plenty of times, it was always completely normal. Never anything special. But on this day it's different, much more exciting... and Mommy makes even more effort to calm him down."

"Something like this?" Liz asked, her touch more deliberate now. She no longer even tried to avoid his crotch. Gently, she let her hand wander over the hard length outlining itself beneath the fabric. Calvin's breath grew hotter and came in spurts.

"Yes," he whispered.

In contrast to their previous encounters, Calvin's touches on her breasts were awkward now, somehow clumsy. He was fully immersed in the experience, just as it had happened back then. There was only one way it could end. However, he had already come twice today.

I thought boys couldn't do that so many times in a row. Can he really manage a third time?

Liz became a little more active to support him as best as she could. She wanted to find out if the game really ended the way she suspected.

"Mommy wants her boy to be happy," she tried to blend into his game.

With the hand that had just been caressing his crotch, she reached for the collar of her T-shirt. It was wide enough that it usually slipped over her shoulder on one side. She pulled the front far down until the edge rested tight behind her neck, revealing her breast in the stretched neckline. Then she reached into her bra, lifted one breast out of a cup, and adjusted everything around it so that it lay completely free.

Not exactly comfortable, next time I'll skip the bra!

With her other hand, she still held Calvin's head. A gentle push and a twist of her body, and she pressed his face against her bare breast. He kept his eyes closed, but his blissful smile revealed that he knew exactly what was in front of him, brushing against his cheek.

Her hand wandered back across his body, circling over his thighs, and then rested once more on the hot, hard, and pulsing mound.

Time seemed to stand still. All the contradictory impressions of this moment reached their climax simultaneously. Calvin's cheek against her breast, the most primal symbol of maternal and childlike closeness and affection. At the same time, it represented the eternal symbol of a man's fascination with a woman.

The contradiction continued where her hand touched him. She had the choice between protective care or demanding desire.

Then she no longer had to make that choice.

Without her doing anything, she felt Calvin tense up. His cheek rubbed intensely against her breast, his hot breath brushed in spurts across her skin, and his pelvis arched upward in her resting hand, thrusting toward her. Calvin whimpered, a helpless, plaintive sound escaping him, and then the hot moisture spread beneath her fingers inside his underwear.

Liz kept Calvin pressed against her chest until she could feel him relax. As she did, she noticed his hot tears running down her breast.

"Hey, my baby, everything is going to be alright. Mommy is right here." She rocked him in her arms, which caused even more tears to well up.

"Shhh, don't cry," she tried to comfort him. "You don't have to be ashamed of that, it was just a little accident. What do you think, should Mommy help you and clean you up?"

He nodded. "Yes."

With gentle pressure, she sat him up until he was sitting beside her. He sniffled, swallowed, and once he had regained his composure, he provided the direction for the next step of the game.

"We should go into the bathroom. Mommy can take care of everything there."

Liz wanted to wipe the hair from his forehead comfortingly, but she caught herself at the last second, because his cum was still glistening on her fingers.

"Come," she said, offering him her other, clean hand.

She led him into the shower room and looked around, puzzled.

"What would be the best way for Mommy to do this?" she asked thoughtfully.

Calvin came to her aid immediately. "She kneels in front of the boy and takes off his briefs."

Liz followed the recommendation. He stepped in front of her with his semi-flaccid cock right before her face.

"Mommy cleans him up, with tissues and a warm washcloth," Calvin whispered and watched with bated breath as she did exactly that.

"Then she has an idea, she finds something behind the towels ..."

Liz looked around. On the bench next to the door, there actually was a stack of towels. She stood up and examined the stack more closely. Hidden behind it lay a flat, white package. A diaper. One of her diapers! She picked it up and turned around with a questioning expression.

"It's one of hers, but Mommy uses it for the boy." Calvin's gaze seemed to search for some sign of approval.

"Look what I have here, baby. This is just the right thing for these kinds of accidents," Liz continued the game.

She unfolded the diaper, laid it on the floor, and urged him: "Sit down on it."

Calvin found exactly the right spot. Liz kneeled between his legs, reached around him, lifted the back of the diaper, and then fastened it to the front.

"See, all safe and snug. Now we don't have to worry about accidents at all anymore."

She was obviously close to reality with that remark, as he nodded enthusiastically. Liz placed the soiled underwear in the laundry basket, washed her hands, and then offered her hand to him again.

"Come, after that scare you deserve a little cuddling."

He willingly let himself be led back to her room. Before they sat down on the couch, Liz took off her T-shirt and her bra as well.

Regardless of whether that belonged to his version, I want to reward him!

Shortly afterward, she was sitting on the couch again with Calvin's head resting in her lap. He looked up at her while his fingertips played with her firm breasts, which hung in his field of vision.

"That was a wonderful game. Thank you for playing it with me."

"Yes, it was great," Calvin whispered bashfully.

Liz gently brushed the hair out of his forehead. "You really know exactly how it goes. Have you played this often?" she asked.

Calvin shook his head. "It only happened a single time." He swallowed. "But I never forgot it. I think about it every day."

"I believe you."

Liz meant it. She also had her memories that she thought about almost daily.

"But there's one thing I don't understand. If Mommy put her diaper on the boy, how did it come about that he started using ones in his size?"

"She had to get those first," Calvin replied. "But the very next day she showed the boy. Just once. After that, he always had to do it by himself."

"I see." Liz thought for a moment. "But you know what? We're only playing this. We already have everything right here. We can do this together as often as you want. Right now. Or tonight before going to bed. What do you think of that?"

Calvin looked at her with wide, enthusiastic eyes. "Oh yes, that would be great! Do you enjoy it a bit too?"

Liz smirked. She pulled him into a tight embrace against herself until his face was pressed against her breasts.

"What do you think? I enjoy everything we've done together so far. And who knows ..." With her free hand, she caressed the padding between his legs. "... maybe Eliza and Cally will want to try that out sometime too. Or Spider-Boy and Mystique."

The drive through the sleet dragged on. Isabel had joined the convoy of cautious drivers, as she was in no hurry. On the contrary. At the moment, the weight of guilt had the upper hand, and she wanted to delay the moment when she would face Calvin again. Of course, this feeling could flip at any time, which she had already experienced several times during the trip.

Sometimes I'm just a normal pregnant woman.

Mood swings were just as much a part of that as the spontaneous, intense need for hot sex. A need that Becky had already served for the third time now. This time, they had met in a hotel.

The Saturday appointment with the clients had been unspectacular. Isabel was even a bit annoyed by the woman's emotional outbursts, but she had managed to maintain a professional demeanor. Still, she had kept the meeting as brief as possible. Afterward, she had passed the time in a café and strolled through a few expensive boutiques. Then she had messaged Becky. They had met at Isabel's hotel, and then they had done everything one typically does in an anonymous hotel.

Isabel had barely brought any equipment, and Becky had also foregone elaborate gear. A simple plug-dildo with an average attachment had sufficed. And if not, fingers, hands, lips, and tongues helped.

A tingling wave rushed through Isabel at the memory, ending in a burning sensation between her legs. She checked the settings in the car, but the heated seat was already turned on. That at least provided a bit of relief for her strained crotch. Furthermore, the soreness had distracted her from her brooding. Both when Becky had fucked her so hard that she lost herself in screams, and now during the drive.

Is Calvin still distraught?

This question had occupied her the entire time during her trip. Now that she was nearing home, she could no longer ignore it. Initially, she had planned to show up unannounced at Liz's place, which no longer seemed like a good idea to her now. At the next opportunity, she pulled into the parking lot of a rest stop. She was pregnant, after all, which meant she had to use the restroom frequently. Afterward, she sat in the car and wrote Liz a message, announcing her arrival time.

The reply followed immediately:

[Liz] "Don't worry. Everything is perfect, we're having a lot of fun. He's looking forward to seeing you!"

A huge weight fell from Isabel's heart, one she hadn't even been aware of. At the same time, she grew curious.

How did Liz comfort him so that he's no longer sad?

The message from Liz had kept her calm until now, but as she walked up to the house, traces of her guilt were still present.

Bad Mommy.

Becky's dirty talk echoed inside her.

Am I a bad mother? Is there something missing in me? Something I can't give him, just because he grew inside me from another woman's egg?

Isabel took a deep breath. This was the wrong time for such reflections. Right now, only love and an irrepressible desire for closeness to her boy mattered.

Liz waved her through the open door and closed it before they greeted each other.

"Hello, Isabel." The embrace was warmer than Isabel had expected. More confident. There was something in Liz's sparkling, smiling eyes that Isabel couldn't quite place. A trace of knowledge.

Knowledge about what? And did she just grab my butt on purpose? Are my hormones going haywire?

There was no time for further thoughts, as Calvin came toward her with open arms.

"Mom!"

One word that said it all: joy, happiness, love. No more restraint. There was no longer any sign of the reserve from when she had left.

Isabel felt a comforting warmth rise within her. The feeling of having an infinite amount to give.

"Hey, my big boy, I missed you!"

Isabel couldn't have been more honest.

"I missed you too," Calvin whispered. "I'm sorry I was mad at you."

That was the confirmation she had lacked, the one she had yearned for without knowing it. Isabel pressed him even tighter against herself.

"That doesn't matter anymore. We can talk about that later if you want," she whispered in his ear.

Calvin nodded and kept his arms locked around her.

She would have loved nothing more than to tear the clothes off her body right there to feel his skin against hers. To be connected to him, to feel him absorbing her with every gulp. However, the mere thought was enough for a wet sensation to make itself felt on her breasts.

I'm leaking!

For now, no one would notice, because she had lined her bra with absorbent pads. But like her milk, time was running out. And the painful pressure reminded her that she had intended to give Calvin as much as possible.

"Did you two have a nice couple of days?" Isabel asked, gently pushing Calvin back.

A quick glance into the mirror behind him told her that no stains were visible yet. She was all the more aware of the heavy aroma of her milk.

Did Liz notice?

Another quick look out of the corner of her eye revealed that Liz only had eyes for Calvin right now.

"We played fantastic games," he said with full enthusiasm. "We..." He hesitated and looked at Liz.

"We explored a few new, mysterious levels that were new to me too," she came to his aid, ruffling his hair. "With plenty of magical rewards that are really rare."

Isabel looked questioningly from Liz to Calvin. "You played your game the whole time?"

The two of them just looked at her with a broad grin in response. Liz shrugged her shoulders, but guilt was written all over Calvin's face. As if she had caught him doing something.

"Well, we also did a few laps in the pool, if that makes you feel better," Liz interjected.

Isabel shook her head with a smile.

You give them all the freedom in the world and they play games the entire time. Then again, what I did last night is hardly an alternative for those two!

At the thought of it, her guilt knocked on the back door of her mind, but Isabel had no intention of letting it in.

"The main thing is that you two had fun doing it!" she said, looking around. "Do you have your things packed?"

Calvin nodded and slipped on his jacket.

"Thank you so, so much again, Liz," Isabel said, embracing her once more.

"Sure, anytime. It was fun having someone here for a sleepover again. He's welcome to come back anytime." Liz pressed her cheek against Isabel's.

Isabel sighed theatrically. "Now that you've said it out loud, he won't give me any peace. So don't complain when he takes you up on it!"

All three had to laugh at her feigned seriousness, and then Isabel set off with Calvin.

"You like her, huh?" Isabel asked once they were a little way from the house.

"Hmm," Calvin nodded, a dreamy look on his face.

"And what about me?" Isabel asked. It sounded teasing, but a part deep inside her wanted a completely serious answer to this question and was simultaneously terrified of it.

"I love you even more," Calvin said, giving her a spontaneous hug.

A wave of relief flooded through Isabel.

"Thank you, that's so sweet of you. You know what? I have something for you. Saved it up the whole weekend."

Calvin's eyes widened and bit his lower lip in anticipation.

"I hope you have plenty of an appetite. I want you to take all of it, down to the very last drop. I mean it, this isn't a game!" She tried for a stern tone, but Calvin giggled.

"Don't worry, Mom. I've been looking forward to it."

They walked the rest of the way with quicker steps; they could hardly wait to get home. Calvin dashed upstairs and got ready in record time, and Isabel was ready just as fast.

At the beginning, he showed a remarkable appetite, almost greedy. But that didn't last long. Soon he lay at her breast, swallowing steadily. Finally, the cozy, happy connectedness set in that she had yearned for ever since Calvin had found out her secret.

We are one. Nothing can separate us.

With every drop of her milk flowing down Calvin's throat, this certainty grew.

And something else grew too. Isabel tried to simply ignore the bulge in Calvin's diaper.

No wonder, spending the weekend with a pretty girl like Liz.

That excuse was welcome, but in a deep corner of her mind, she knew there was something else.

XXXXX

The icy wind drove the finest snow dust through the valley, even though there were hardly any clouds in the sky. The fine flakes came from the vast snowfields above the steep cliffs that bordered the valley a short distance behind the buildings.

Nastya stood at her office window. Decades ago, it had been the refuge of the mine owner, and despite its checkered history, the building and especially this wood-paneled room had retained its charm. Time-honored and dignified. At first glance, nothing revealed the modern equipment she had installed throughout the

entire complex in Copperlode Valley. That was exactly how Nastya liked it. Restrained. Inconspicuous. Yet, everything you needed was always right at hand.

A knock at the door pulled her from her thoughts. Lance entered, her personal assistant.

"Carol and Nia are waiting outside for a meeting. I can't find any entry for it in the calendar, should I prepare anything?"

"No. It’s... rather informal. I won't need you for this. You may leave."

A twitch of his eyebrow told her that he didn't entirely agree with that.

"Do you have any objections?" she asked in a sharp tone, walking slowly toward him.

Instantly he lowered his gaze. "No, Miss Anna."

"Good. Look at me!"

He raised his gaze and looked into her eyes.

"The meeting might become exhausting. Stand by and wait for me. Think of something that might please me. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss Anna." The sparkle in his eyes contrasted with the submissive tone of his words. They had been dancing this dance long enough now that the boundaries between game and reality blurred more and more frequently.

That's exactly how I like it!

Lance too, as she knew all too well. He turned around and left the office. Through the open door, Carol and Nia entered shortly afterward.

"Did you send your stallion back to his stall?" Carol asked mockingly.

She wore a custom-tailored lab coat that perfectly emphasized her racy figure and Irish heritage. No wonder she was so successful in her encounters. Under the guise of the "Copperlode Women's Retreat," she ran her very special research program as a doctor.

Nastya found it interesting enough to provide her with the necessary funds, although she personally had little fascination for all the processes surrounding pregnancy and childbirth. A brief note in her file had revealed to Nastya that Carol was denied these things by natural means.

Maybe that's why she is so obsessed with it...

Nastya shook her head and raised a finger in warning. "Careful. I'm still the boss. You don't want to show disrespect to me, do you?"

Carol waved her hands defensively. "Alright, none of my business," she said.

Her grin revealed that she was certainly thinking her own part about it.

"I think he's quite handsome," Nia said.

Nastya raised her eyebrows in irritation and looked at the tall engineer with dark skin and a striking, clean-shaven head. Her outfit was the finest variation of workwear. At first glance practical, at second glance full of baffling details that either served purely as decoration or had purposes no one else could fathom. A perfect mirror of Nia's enigmatic, sometimes contradictory personality.

It was rare for her to comment on human relationships. Her focus was usually on the technical gadgets from which a whole assortment of lucrative products had emerged. Supposedly, she preferred the enjoyment of her carefully programmed toys over being with real people. But perhaps she was just selective. Not everyone had the urge to use all the possibilities for alternative communal living that FemCom offered with its wide boundaries.

"What is this about?"

Three growled words from Katarina, who just entered the room. She got straight to the point as usual. Her harsh accent matched her coarse appearance. It was also a sign that she was relaxed. An elegant way of expressing herself was entirely possible for her, but she found it a tedious torment. Usually, only people she was tracking in her disguised role as a security consultant got to enjoy that. Katarina had known Nastya the longest. Her sister from the orphanage. Loyal friend and companion since their youth.

"One moment...," Nastya said, but was interrupted.

"Sorry, am I late?" Erin seemed rushed. She came hurrying in wearing her typical wide, lightweight garments that fluttered with her movements, playing around her very sensual body.

"I just quickly pulled the latest updates." She placed her notebook on the table, opened it, and immediately began typing away.

"Then we are all here. Take a seat," Nastya said.

The women sat down on the comfortable chairs around the large conference table. Nastya checked to make sure no one was visible in the hallway, then closed the door.

"It’s an informal meeting. Drinks?" she asked, walking over to the bar.

The women stated their preferences, and she prepared something for each of them. In this setting, they were primarily friends, not parts of a hierarchy. Except for any personal barbs aimed at Nastya's relationship with her assistant. She took no jokes regarding that.

Once a drink stood at every place, an expectant silence spread. Nastya had to admit that she thoroughly enjoyed the little staging.

"As you all know," she began, "this wonderful facility at the end of the world offers us a lot of opportunities to pursue our projects without curious outsiders asking uncomfortable questions."

A slight nod was visible here and there, and approval was reflected in all faces. So far, it was nothing new.

"Over time, however, we have also pursued one or two goals that would cause bewilderment even within the ranks of FemCom. One of them has become unexpectedly relevant. Erin, if you would be so kind?"

The IT specialist with the bright red hair and the irresistible smile on her round face brought up a document on her notebook. Afterward, she looked around the room.

"As you know, one of my projects is the decentralized collection and backup of all FemCom data. I scanned a lot of paper documents and had them evaluated and archived by my AI beforehand. In the process, an alarm was set automatically for certain terms that were already marked accordingly in the old documents. However, our AI now accesses gigantic amounts of data, which is why it also found this..."

She tapped the touchpad and turned the notebook so that everyone could catch a glimpse of the screen.

Case DH-001

Erin looked around the room as if she expected recognition. But she was met with questioning faces all around.

"What is that? I've never heard of it," Carol said.

Nastya smiled. "I think you have. Give us a few details please, Erin."

The computer scientist turned her notebook back around and began to read aloud:

"Name: Calvin. Male. Father: redacted. Mother (egg cell): unknown. Mother (natal): Isabel. Project DH. Targeted Induction of Dissociative Hypogonadism..."

"Oh. That story," Carol interrupted her.

"Right," Nastya nodded thoughtfully. "That story."

"Where is problem?" Katarina interjected, annoyed by the abundance of information. "We did not do. Only investigated." Her strong Eastern European accent made the words sound like a rumble.

"Perhaps I was too dramatic internally," Nastya backpedaled. "However, I have followed this matter ever since the incident. Not only to investigate it, but also from, well, a scientific perspective. We never found out what the doctor intended with this targeted fertilization."

"You caught him?" Carol stared at Nastya in disbelief.

The latter shrugged her shoulders. "Yes, we did. He is in a place where he is useful to us. I think given the damage he caused to so many women, the restriction of his freedom is justified. Tell us about the latest findings, please, Erin."

"Well, it's like this: Among the systems our AI monitors are various databases. Among other things, we have access to the databases of companies that offer ancestry via genetic analysis. Genealogy. At one of them, X-Fam, a query had recently been submitted, and there was a clear match with the doctor. I tried to eliminate all clues linking to him, but a very dedicated employee named Michelle was faster. She saved the results externally. Unfortunately, she also understood that she had stumbled upon something unusual. While I was monitoring the official communication, she quietly and secretly forwarded the results through private channels. To someone named Eliaz."

"Who is Eliaz?" Katarina asked, irritated by the amount of information.

"Eliaz is a fake name. The person's name is Eliza, also called Liz. And that is the girlfriend of... Tadaaa: Calvin. Case DH-001."

"And what does that mean now?" Carol asked.

"Let me guess," Nia spoke up for the first time. "He wanted to find out who his father is? He's been pestering Isabel about that for years..."

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It felt strange to walk up the driveway all alone. The absence of Calvin's cheerful voice, or at least his footsteps beside her, left a hollow feeling. The only sound was her heavy soles breaking through the frozen slush and the thin layer of ice that had formed over the puddles overnight.

But it wasn't loneliness that Liz felt. It was anticipation. Today, a gap had opened up in her schedule in the middle of the morning. Enough time to finally get started on her project with Isabel.

Isabel was wearing a knit dress with a turtleneck and half-length sleeves. It was cut to hang straight, but the fabric pulled taut across her chest and stretched gently over the soft curve of her belly. She greeted Liz with a kiss on each cheek and a warm embrace, and for a brief moment Liz felt the soft, yielding warmth of her curves press against her body.

"Would you like something to drink? Tea? Coffee? Hot chocolate?" Isabel asked.

That sounded tempting.

"Since you're offering, hot chocolate," Liz said. "I haven't found anything that good anywhere else."

"That makes me happy. I love spoiling you," Isabel replied with a wink and began to prepare it, making tea for herself.

Liz watched her every movement. The dress clung close to Isabel's body, its stitches visibly straining wherever they covered a curve. Belly, hips, breasts, everything beneath the coarse weave looked full and inviting, as though it were simply waiting to be touched.

Soon they were both sitting at the dining table with steaming cups in front of them.

Isabel leaned back and spread her arms wide. "So, your project. What would you like to know?"

"Everything." Liz sighed and pulled a notepad from her bag. "Personally, I already find it exciting just to look at you. But turning all of this into a written report is harder. Maybe we start with what it feels like when you suddenly realize you're pregnant?"

Isabel smiled softly.

"I've only experienced such a sudden surprise once. That was with Calvin. Everything after that was planned. So for me it's never a shock, but rather an intense listening inward. A searching for signs, and then the growing certainty that everything is unfolding exactly as nature intended."

"Right." Liz made a few notes. "What kind of signs?"

Isabel thought for a moment.

"From the pregnancy itself, I notice almost nothing at first. But I feel my body shifting, as though it's switching into a different mode. I become more sensitive. To smells, sounds, every kind of sensory impression. A kind of heightened awareness. And it isn't just danger I perceive differently. Everything beautiful becomes more vivid too. Food and taste grow much more intense, and so does touch. The full range. Though the intensity can fluctuate quite a bit, which is rather disorienting."

"I think I know that feeling a little," Liz said, writing eagerly. "I'm highly sensitive to a lot of things myself. This hot chocolate, for instance. Whatever you put in it, it's making me a little crazy. In the best possible way. Incredibly intense. And at the same time it stirs up other feelings I can't quite name. Is that something like what you experience?"

"Yes." Isabel nodded. "That describes it quite well. And on top of that, the hormones. Sometimes it's pure emotional chaos. One moment there's a deep, quiet fear that something might go wrong. The next, pure euphoria. It's so exhausting."

"I can imagine." Liz added a few more notes. "And when do you first sense that something is actually growing inside you?"

"That's difficult to say." Isabel ran both hands slowly over her belly. "At first it's only the faintest hints. The ghost of a pull, a low, deep tension. You could easily overlook it if you weren't paying close attention."

"And then you can see it already?"

Isabel smiled. "That comes later. But the certainty arrives well before that. Sometimes it hits me like a freight train. I wake up and my breasts are so sensitive that the bedsheet feels like sandpaper. Or I'm standing in the kitchen and the smell of my favorite food makes me throw up, and thirty seconds later I can't get enough of it. Sometimes I'm just sitting quietly and tears well up for no reason at all, because some completely ordinary memory drifted through my mind. It doesn't matter whether it's something happy or something sad. Everything is just so intense." She shrugged lightly. "Things like that. They add up, and suddenly you simply know."

"And then?" Liz had stopped writing and was watching Isabel with quiet attention.

"Then comes the moment when my hand rests on my belly and I'm certain I can feel it below my fingers. I'm growing. My body is forming the shell that protects and shelters a new life. Long before anyone else can see it, I can sense the signs clearly. A feeling of presence. As though something inside me is saying: Here I am. Keep me safe. But it doesn't stop there."

Isabel cupped her full breasts and let them sway gently.

"Other things change too. I could show you. Would you like to see?"

She looked at Liz with a brightness in her eyes that went far beyond any school project.

Liz felt the heat spreading across her face.

"Yes," she said, her voice slightly unsteady.

"Good. I was hoping you'd say that. Come."

Isabel's smile as she held out her hand sent a soft, electric shiver across Liz's skin.

"Help me."

Isabel had turned her back to her, her arms stretched upward. The request was formulated unequivocally. Wordlessly, Liz stepped closer, leaned down, and caught the hem of the knit dress. Then she pulled it slowly upward. Her fingertips glided over Isabel's thighs, her hips, and her waist until the fabric was gathered beneath the chest. At no point had she felt the resistance or presence of underwear.

Isabel was completely naked under the dress.

"Further."

Not a command, not an order. An invitation that Liz willingly followed.

Reaching around Isabel's body from behind, she stretched the bundled knit fabric and pushed it over the ample breasts. Warm and heavy, they fell out of the dress one after the other, accompanied by a sigh from Isabel. After that, it was a simple matter to slip the dress over her head.

Isabel then turned around and presented herself without a hint of shame. On the contrary. It was Liz who suddenly felt uncomfortable and self-conscious in the presence of Isabel's lush femininity.

Isabel paid no heed to this and suddenly began to busy herself with Liz's clothes.

"It's unfair if I'm the only one stripping down, isn't it?" she whispered.

The very next moment, she had opened the pants button and the zipper of Liz's jeans. A little tug, and the pants slid down to knee level. Isabel was already busy slipping the sweatshirt off her.

While Liz was still wondering how to react, her arms lifted as if on their own, and Isabel pulled the garment off. Then she squatted down. It was a fluid movement, faster than her curves would suggest. Liz felt Isabel's hot breath on her thighs as she pulled the pants down to her feet.

It was too late for resistance. There was no reason for it anyway. Stepping out of her clothes, she stood before Isabel clad only in socks, panties, and a bra.

Isabel directed her to the edge of her bed. Even though the air in her bedroom was quite cool, Liz just felt heat. Her own and Isabel's as well.

For a moment, she envisioned the image of herself and Isabel rolling in the sheets, intertwined.

Do I want this? Am I ready for it? This is all happening so fast…

"Sit down!" As if she had felt her tension, Isabel gave her a gentle push and stepped back two paces.

Taking a tape measure from the drawer of a dresser, she handed it to Liz.

"We want to be as thorough as possible and document all the changes, don't we? I can look up my pre-pregnancy measurements for you later from my last scan data. Then you can compare that in your report and also document the future development. Would that help you?"

Liz nodded, still overwhelmed by the casual nature with which Isabel moved completely naked in front of her.

"One would think that during a pregnancy, it's mostly the belly that grows..."

Isabel placed the tape measure around her waist and stepped closer so Liz could read the numbers.

"But actually, I gain weight here first," Isabel continued, giving her own rear a resounding slap. She handed Liz the tape measure. "I hope you can make it around my fat ass."

She stepped even closer, so that Liz felt the heat of her belly and crotch against her face. Added to this was the scent that Isabel radiated.

Liz took the tape measure and embraced Isabel's hips. She actually had to stretch to reach all the way around her. In doing so, she tried to focus as best as possible on the measuring process. That was difficult. She brought the ends of the tape measure together at Isabel's front, at the level where her buttocks had the greatest curve and where her thighs transitioned into the slight valley at the front, with the edge of a small grove of dark curls on a gentle hill, and right in the middle, the beginning of her...

Liz forced herself to take a deep breath, concentrated on the tape measure, and stated the number.

"Really that much?" The dismay in Isabel's voice was clearly audible and stood in contrast to the giggle with which she looked down at Liz.

Liz swallowed. "I... I think you look great." She leaned back while her gaze shot upward, taking in all the other curves. "You aren't fat!"

Isabel grinned. "I know. I just wasn't sure if I fascinate you or if you like me."

"I think you are beautiful." The spontaneous reply flew from Liz's lips without thinking.

"Thank you." Isabel gently stroked her hair. "You know, sometimes I miss sharing this part of my life with someone. A quick glance at the clinic is enough, when I see other couples. Partners accompanying and admiring their pregnant women. Those belong to the moments that can make me sad all of a sudden. That's why I was so happy that you are interested in me, and especially in this."

She stroked her other hand over her belly, but did not stop there. The hand wandered further, deeper through the dark curls between her legs. Then she stroked upward across her belly and brushed against her heavy breasts.

Liz was captivated by the gesture, following the movement and absorbing every detail offered to her.

"Yes, I am interested in all of it!"

"I know." Isabel reached for the tape measure hanging loosely in Liz's hand. "Come, one last measurement, and then you can find out what else there is to discover. Things that can't be captured with numbers..."

Taking Liz by the hand, she pulled her up, and once she was standing, Isabel thrust her massive chest toward her.

Once again, Liz had to stretch to reach around Isabel. Their bodies touched. Liz felt Isabel's belly on her skin and their thighs brushing against each other.

The number on the tape measure was even more impressive, and at the same time, meaningless. Liz was fascinated by the opulence Isabel presented to her.

Veins stood out on the golden skin, partly as a dark pattern underneath, partly as ridges on the skin. This was something completely different from her youthful boobies. These were tits. Breasts in their most primal form. Shaped by multiple pregnancies, on the verge of udders. The areolas were as large as the palms of her hands, wrinkled, lined, and full of little ridges and indentations. In the center were the huge nipples.

Isabel took the tape measure from her hand, let it drop to the floor, and then guided Liz's hands to her breasts.

"Weigh them."

Liz cupped them, each hand feeling right on the limit of overflowing. She lifted them, feeling the weight, and her eyebrows shot up in astonishment.

"They are so heavy. How do you even stand it?" she asked quite seriously.

Isabel shrugged, a gesture that transferred directly into Liz's filled hands.

"I exercise. A major part of my workout consists of training all the muscles that literally keep me in shape. After all, I am only a perfect vessel for new life if I feel comfortable in my own body. And then, of course, there are the Greens..."

Liz was confused. "Aren't those for birth control? How does that fit together?"

"The basic version is, that's true. When preparing for conception, I have to leave them out completely. But there are modified variations that I take now, and also during the time afterward. That belongs to the perks that FemCom offers me."

Liz bit her lower lip, her gaze still fixed on Isabel's curves. "The effect is impressive. I've already noticed that myself."

"I'm wondering where you found that out." Isabel's fingers playfully pushed down the strap of Liz's bra.

She blushed, tensed, as Isabel slid the straps over her shoulders. First one side, then the other. Afterward, she slowly and infinitely tenderly slipped the cups off the breasts.

Perky and firm, they stood out from her body, degrading the garment to mere decoration. Isabel cupped them, weighed them, and brushed her thumb over the puffy nipples, which were suddenly shaken from their resting state and stood up curiously.

Then she let them go, embraced Liz, and pulled her close. The rosy tips of Liz's firm mounds were at the exact same height as Isabel's dark areolas, which sagged down like huge, pear-shaped drops. Small, smooth, pale-pink nipples met large, mature, dark-brown ones. Liz's firm breasts pressed into the ample, soft curves of Isabel. Skin against skin, heartbeat against heartbeat, fingers intertwined, and finally lips against lips.

Liz was overwhelmed. By Isabel, who was simply there—so present, immense, and self-confident. By the hands that let go of her fingers, wandered down the sides and toward the back, until they groped warm and firm onto her butt cheeks, pressing her against the hot lap. By the lips whose tentative kiss grew more and more demanding and searching, finally clearing the way for a tongue that felt for her own.

A shiver, goosebumps spread across her entire body. Finally, a twitch followed, a minimal flinching back. Enough to break the contact and gasp for air. Enough to make Isabel pause.

"Am I too fast?" Isabel asked. Her hands caressed Liz's arms and found their way to her shoulders to gently draw her closer. The sensual embrace turned into a closeness full of security.

"No, it's not that. I... I've just never been with a woman like this before..."

Isabel leaned back and looked at Liz in surprise. "With a man?"

Liz shook her head and blushed. "Oh, I thought you had mentioned something of the sort during the examination at the clinic back then."

"Yes, well, I have, but not like this."

Liz now let her hands wander over Isabel's sides too, finding her ample backside and then the base of the lush breasts.

"We were girls. Almost still children," she continued. "Full of curiosity and hidden secrecy. Silly. This here... you feel different. Like another league. So mature, grown-up, complete, and... I don't know. I know that I want this, but I don't know if I'm good enough. I..."

"Stop!"

Isabel kissed her. Long, restrained, until the desire for more grew so strong in Liz that she took the initiative herself. She began to play with Isabel's lips, exploring them with the tip of her tongue and gently nibbling on them. Isabel showed her the direction, opening the way for her, where there was always the opportunity to go one step further.

Meanwhile, Isabel had undone the clasp of Liz's bra, so that it only remained wedged between their bodies pressed against each other. Then her hands wandered to Liz's panties, beneath the waistband, cupping the bare cheeks and pushing the fabric down bit by bit. When Liz needed another pause at some point, a tiny movement sufficed, and the remnants of her clothes fell to the floor.

With them, the last barriers fell too. It had long ceased to be just about the project. For the first time, Liz dared to admit to herself how much she was fascinated by Isabel as a whole, as a woman. And Isabel let her feel that this was mutual.

They fell onto the bed together. Neither had to take the initiative; it was exactly what they both wanted at this moment.

Liz lay on her back, Isabel above her. The heavy breasts hung down, their hard nipples brushing across Liz's body. Isabel lay almost completely on top of her—heavy, lush, warm, and wonderfully fragrant. Everything about her meant touch: hands, arms, thighs, belly, breasts. It didn't matter; every contact was tingling and exciting.

Once again, an endless kiss passed in an embrace with twisting and turning, until finally Isabel lay on her back and Liz on her soft, spread legs. Liz was fascinated by the full breasts, which suddenly looked completely different: flatter, heavy, and slid to the side, while the skin stretched in the middle. She began to play with them. Her hands caressed, kneaded, and let her fingers sink into the soft tissue that felt so different from her own.

Isabel enjoyed it. Liz had slid down a bit, her lower belly resting on Isabel's crotch, and she felt the warmth, the hot moisture, and the scent emanating from there—similar to what was happening with herself.

Before her eyes, she had the huge areolas and the large nipples, thick as the tip of her thumb. Instead of using her hands, she began to explore the full curves with her lips. Isabel looked down at her, tenderly, lovingly, and invitingly. Liz let her lips wander in circles over the soft roundness, closer and closer, until she reached the dark zone. The feeling of Isabel's skin on her lips was wonderful. The difference between the smooth breast and the texture of the areolas was clearly noticeable. Finally, Liz approached the nipple. The scent and taste of her skin were intoxicating.

Then, she suddenly had Isabel's nipple between her lips. None of her games with Emma or Calvin had prepared her for this moment. This feeling between her lips was fascinating and mysterious. At the same time, absolutely familiar, firmly anchored in ancient instincts.

There it was again. That scent, that taste that hadn't let go of her since her first encounter with Isabel. Warm and sweet, it spread in her mouth. Her instincts advised her to swallow, and then she felt it in her throat too. Only upon the third swallow did she realize what was happening right then.

I'm drinking her milk!

Horrified, she snapped her eyes open, wanting to detach from the breast. But Isabel had placed her hand on her head and pressed her even tighter against herself. Didn't she notice what was happening right now? Liz sought her gaze. But the way Isabel looked at her, she knew exactly what was happening.

"Drink," Isabel whispered. "Enjoy it, that's the best I have to give!"

The milk flowed into her mouth as if on its own, and Liz couldn't help but swallow. Gulp by gulp—her own world seemed to consist only of Isabel's closeness and her taste. It took a while before the flow subsided. Without sucking, Liz kept the nipple enclosed with her lips and only let go when nothing more flowed.

Then she raised herself and looked down at Isabel, who returned her gaze with an affection so deep that Liz had never felt anything like it before.

"Wow," Liz said, playfully touching Isabel's breast. It felt significantly lighter and softer now than the other one.

"That was..." She shook her head. "I didn't expect that."

Isabel's hands caressed Liz tenderly, everywhere she could reach her.

"Did you like the taste?" she asked, smiling.

Liz thought about it. Had she? She nodded.

"Yes, very much so. The crazy thing is: it tastes like that secret ingredient you haven't revealed to me yet. Your milk tastes like that... I don't know, spice? The one you use when you make your pancakes and muffins and even the hot chocolate."

Isabel let out a giggle that turned into a laugh. Her entire body shook wonderfully because of it.

"Oh sweetie, you have the right nose, but you're also so far off at the same time. What ingredient do you think all those things have in common?" Isabel asked, emphatically raising her eyebrows.

Liz didn't have to think long. Now that Isabel had shown her the direction, it was obvious. But the thought was so absurd. Had she really...

"Milk?" Liz asked, her eyes wide with disbelief. "You use your milk for that?"

Isabel nodded. "Yes. As you can see for yourself, I have more than enough of it." She sat up, propping herself on her elbows. As the breasts slid back to their usual place, Liz could clearly see that one was slightly smaller.

Isabel noticed her gaze. "If you like, you can have more later. But first..."

She gave Liz a gentle push, causing her to fall onto the bed beside her. Stroking, Isabel's hand wandered over her body, approached the spot between her legs, and brushed with gentle pressure over her vulva.

"First, there are other needs." Triumphantly, Isabel held up her hand, which glistened with Liz's moisture. "Wait here."

Isabel stood up and busied herself at her closet. When she finally turned around, she held a strange thing in her hand. The whole thing looked like a fairly lifelike dildo, with a odd organich shaped part on its lower end.

Isabel looked at her with a lustful smile. "Ready for the real fun?"

Without waiting for a reply, she bent her knees a little and spread her legs apart. Then she placed the odd part between her legs, and Liz watched with astonishment as it vanished completely inside her. Isabel sighed while a brief hum sounded. When she took her hand away, the dildo protruded between her legs. Just as nature had intended. By men.

"That is a crazy piece of gear!" Liz exclaimed in surprise.

"I'll explain the details to you later. All you need to know is that this part here..." She swung her hips, making the artificial penis sway. "...is made to bring you pleasure."

She crawled onto the bed to Liz, knowing how to move so seductively that the apprehension triggered by the sight of the dildo subsided.

Isabel was gentle and patient, and Liz's body was more than ready to receive her. Nevertheless, the expected pleasure did not set in immediately. As with many first times before, Liz was focused more on exactly what was happening rather than just enjoying it.

How could all of this happen so fast? Actually, I only wanted to move my school project forward...

Now she lay in this bed. Isabel lay on top of her, inside her, moving in the exact way that promised joy and ecstasy. Liz felt her body responding to the stimulation and a wave of desire building up, but her mind simply could not let go. Something was missing.

At least I'm not doing anything wrong...

Isabel groaned and sighed, accompanying her gentle thrusts with this strange dildo with kisses and caresses that Liz found thoroughly pleasant.

But what is my job in all of this?

She felt passive, lying there, reacting when it was obvious, and otherwise just letting everything happen.

The climax was no surprise; it built up slowly. It was clearly more intense for Isabel than for Liz. It was beautiful and hollow at the same time.

Afterward, they lay cuddled up together on the bed. Isabel held Liz in her arms, and it happened quite naturally that Liz suddenly found herself at her other, still full breast.

With Isabel's milk, a feeling of safety, security, and relief rushed through her.

What is wrong with me? Why is this nicer than fucking?

Isabel enjoyed the closeness during nursing as well. Gently, she stroked Liz's forehead, looking down at her with a blissful gaze.

"It is so rare that I can share this with someone," Isabel said after a while. "I had the feeling during our very first encounter that something connects us. I knew that you needed this."

Liz remained silent. The steady flow of milk left her no opportunity to reply.

"And then I met your family, your mother. She is nice, but it became clear to me quickly that I can give you from my abundance what was lacking with her. I bet she raised you on the bottle."

Could that be? Was Isabel right? Is the fact that I enjoy this proof that I've been lacking it until now?

A strange feeling crept over Liz. It was a duel of sensations. The comfort of maternal security fought against the arousal of physical closeness, both triggered by the exact same impressions.

Why am I not allowed to feel both at the same time?

The thought had something scandalous about it and instantly felt forbidden.

Isabel did not seem to have a problem with that. Literally on one side, she nurtured Liz in the most maternal way possible. On the other side, her fingers played with her, touching her in a most unmaternal manner.

"I am glad we met," Isabel said while her hand drew gentle circles. "That the project gives us the opportunity to spend time together. There is so much I would love to show you, so much I want to experience with you."

These words swept away a major part of her doubts. If it was okay for Isabel, then she could just have fun. She already had Isabel's nipple between her lips. Now she began to tease it with her tongue. The reaction followed immediately. Isabel sighed and leaned back, relaxed.

Seems like I'm on the right track.

Liz let herself drift and get carried away by the moment. Although what they were doing with each other defied any definition, in the end, it was simply beautiful. They parted with an unspoken agreement that these encounters would continue.

Only when Liz was quite a way on her walk to school did a thought strike her, one that had been lingering in the background of her mind for a while.

If this special aroma comes from Isabel's milk, why does Calvin have it on him too?

Long after Liz had left, a smile still played around Isabel's lips.

That was hot!

It had been a long time since Isabel had been with a woman who was so obviously inexperienced and innocent.

Did I push her too hard?

Finally, she dared to ask herself this question. In her thoughts, she rewound back to her bedroom, to her bed and the moment she had brought out the plug-dildo.

No! Liz was surprised, but not overwhelmed.

Isabel shook her head as if she could get rid of the last troubling thoughts that way. She did not succeed. For every excuse, a new doubt crept in.

And afterward?

No! Liz had been wet and willing. She hadn't resisted in any way, just like a willing student letting herself be guided. And ultimately, she came beautifully!

Nevertheless, the encounter had left Isabel with a strange feeling. Something was missing. That was something Isabel could not exactly put into words.

In any case, she had enjoyed the subsequent reward.

Isabel froze for a split second.

That could definitely become a problem! What if she finds out that I nurture Calvin the exact same way?

A creeping unease settled over Isabel and settled like a heavy stone in her stomach.

How could I be so stupid! For years I've been drumming into Calvin that this is something special between us and that nobody else must know about it, and then I shove my milk tits down the throat of the very first girl.

Isabel's thoughts raced in search of a solution to something that wasn't actually a problem yet.

Perhaps...

A daring idea began to emerge. A risky picture formed before her mind's eye. If it worked, that could be the salvation. For the next encounter, she had better think of a precise plan.

Isabel brooded over her thoughts, considering various options and variations of the same theme, and almost missed her smartphone announcing an incoming message.

Is that already the reaction from Liz?

Hastily, she reached for the device. With relief, she noted that the message did not come from Liz.

[Nia]

Hi Isabel. Long time no hear. How are things? I'll be on the road for the next few weeks, accompanying upgrades for the SCAPIs at the clinics. I noticed that you're currently living along my route. What do you think about me stopping by your place? I could even stay for one or two nights and bring you a few new toys.

XX

Nia

Isabel typed a reply immediately. Of course Nia was welcome. Her visit promised a pleasant break from her routine. And she would bring new toys... The smile returned to Isabel's face, this time because of what lay ahead.

Liz

The two lessons for which she returned to school were pure boredom. Liz could have just as easily skipped them. At least she finished at the same time as Calvin, so they set off on the walk home together.

That distinct taste still lingered on her tongue.

Breast milk!

A quick search on the internet had revealed that while drinking breast milk as an adult was an absurd thought to most people, she also found that there were certainly people with a fondness for it. The spectrum ranged from curiosity to intense, intimate bonding in a partnership all the way to hard fetishes.

With this knowledge, she could finally admit to herself that she had liked it. However, she did not know which direction her interest leaned toward.

Definitely curiosity. But bonding? We don't even know each other that well. Fetish? I wouldn't go that far. Maybe a kink. A small one.

The more she thought about it, the more tempting the idea became to experience more of it. And the other part too.

Isabel had explained the function of the plug-dildo to her. Only then had Liz understood why it had felt so different from all her attempts with Emma, where simple objects had served their purpose. Isabel, on the other hand, had clearly been more stimulated than a simple dildo justified. As she explained to Liz, the plug-dildo system had transmitted a lot of stimuli from her to Isabel. At the same time, Liz couldn't even remember being particularly active. She had simply been tense and tight.

Even now, with every step she took next to Calvin, she felt a sore burning sensation.

To greet Calvin, she had hugged him as far as was permissible around the school grounds. In doing so, she had carefully sniffed.

Does he smell like Isabel's milk, or is that me?

In any case, a trace of the scent was clearly perceptible.

Should I bring it up with him? Or is it better to say nothing?

Maybe none of it mattered anyway. The way Calvin kept looking at her from the side with beaming eyes told her that he had no reservations whatsoever and could hardly wait to be alone and undisturbed with her. Perhaps that was the best thing: just enjoying the moment...

As they walked through the park, which was deserted at this time of year, it didn't take long for Calvin to stop at the first sheltered spot. Wonderfully shy, with an expectant look and delicately reddened cheeks, he gazed up at her. Liz knew all too well what he wanted. She felt the exact same way. On his tiptoes, he reached up toward her, and Liz leaned down until their lips touched. Their hands glided over the thickly padded winter jackets, beneath which contours were to be guessed rather than felt.

That didn't matter. She knew well enough how he felt, and she would do whatever it took to pass the time with him as soon as possible without any annoying clothes in the way.

The fact that it might take a few days until then only made the whole thing more exciting.

"Mom, don't you have another one of your appointments with the baby's parents coming up soon?" Calvin asked casually, stuffing a bite of pancake into his mouth.

"Nothing is planned at the moment. What makes you think that?" Isabel replied, setting a cup of hot chocolate on the table.

After Liz had found out what the main ingredient was, she had briefly considered not drinking any of it anymore. But then she had consciously chosen to do so. She cupped the mug from below, as if she were lifting something much larger and heavier. As she brought the cup to her mouth, she sought eye contact with Isabel.

Her lips touched the rim of the cup. With emphatic slowness, she drew in a tiny sip. She raised her eyebrows just a fraction. A tiny gesture that said it all.

It could be your breast I'm holding, and your nipple I'm drinking from.

Isabel understood the gesture. She acknowledged it on her part with an appreciative nod, squaring her shoulders. Liz understood the statement instantly.

Any time. As much as you want.

But not right now, because Calvin was sitting at the table, just explaining why he was interested in his mother's schedule.

"Well, I thought if it works out, I could stay over at Liz's again."

So that's what this is about!

Isabel smiled. "I see, so you can hardly wait to leave your poor mother just to have fun with your girlfriend?"

Calvin blushed and focused intently on the pancake on his plate.

"Don't worry, something actually has come up, " she continued.

Now he looked up curiously.

"An old friend of mine is going to be passing through town soon and wanted to stay with us for a night or two. I don't think you have much desire to listen to the two of us swapping old stories."

"Who is it?" Calvin asked.

"Nia. Do you still remember her?"

"Yeah sure, she set up my console, don't you remember?"

"Oh yes, that's right. So would you rather stay home?" Isabel asked.

Calvin shot a quick glance at Liz. "I don't know, I'll have to think about it."

"When would that be?" Liz now joined the conversation.

"She arrives on Friday afternoon and stays until Sunday. She has to perform some upgrades at the clinic on Saturday."

Liz thought for a moment. "Sounds good. I' M completely open this weekend."

Now it was Calvin's turn to widen his eyes. He had obviously understood that completely open meant she would be home alone.

"Mom, then I could stay at Liz's on Friday. You guys can tell each other your old stories, and on Saturday I'll be back home, and then maybe Nia can do a few upgrades on me too."

The women grinned at each other at his phrasing.

Before she does, I'm going to do a few upgrades on you!

Liz already had a few ideas about how she could enjoy the evening with Calvin. Isabel seemed to ponder it briefly, then sighed theatrically.

"Oh, very well. If you want it that much, and if Liz agrees?"

Liz nodded.

"Good," Isabel said, "then you may stay over at her place."

On Friday, they walked home together after school. Only a brief stopover was planned at Calvin's place so he could grab his things. As Liz stepped into the hallway behind him, she heard Isabel and another voice greeting Calvin.

He dashed upstairs to get his bag. Isabel came into the hallway, followed by another woman. She was at least as tall as Isabel, though slimmer but by no means skinny. Alert eyes from a dark, clean-shaven head looked back at Liz.

"Hi, I'm Nia!" she greeted Liz with a faint accent that Liz had never heard before.

"Hi, I'm Liz."

"Thought so." The woman beamed at her with a disarming smile. "I've already heard quite a bit about you."

Isabel grinned at the remark, and Liz felt the heat rush into her face.

What did she tell her?

"Maybe we'll see each other over the next few days...," Nia remarked as Calvin came down the stairs with his bag and put on his shoes.

"Yeah, maybe..."

Liz didn't know what to make of the statement. Strangely enough, Isabel just stood there in silence, a slight grin at the corners of her mouth.

"Tell me, Calvin, is your password still the same as before?" Nia asked once Calvin was ready to march.

"Yes. Why?" he replied.

"I'll take a look at your console later, maybe there's still something to be gotten out of it..."

"That would be awesome! Thanks!" Calvin stepped toward her and gave her a hug. Surprisingly affectionate, as Liz noted.

Then they set off. She didn't think about it any further. Her thoughts were occupied instead with what games she and Calvin could play this evening.

It was somehow nice to see how familiar Calvin had become with her home by now. Nothing was left of the hesitant, cautious looking around. He knew exactly where they were going, and when they reached her apartment at the end of the pool house, he put his things away in their usual place.

As if it's like a home to him, just like his house has become to me

That was a comforting thought, triggering a warm feeling. Even warmer, however, was the sensation that Calvin's glances in her direction caused in Liz. He was clearly in the mood for some adventures. The determination with which he had taken the initiative for his sleepover at her place revealed quite a bit about that.

That deserved support!

"Let me help you," Liz said.

Calvin had only undone the zipper of his jacket upon entering the house. Liz slipped it off his shoulders and tossed it carelessly to the side. Her hands were already busy with Calvin's Sweatshirt and she pulled it over his head along with the T-shirt underneath.

He looked at her with wide eyes, surprised and thrilled, but also a little shy. His gaze wandered over her figure, which was still fully dressed.

"Go ahead!" she encouraged him. "We strip each other."

A sparkle in his eyes, for a moment entirely free of any shyness, revealed how much he loved the idea. He pulled her jacket off as well, and his hands wandered over her body. It wasn't quite clear whether he was looking for ways to unveil her or exploring every detail of her body, as if he wanted to memorize everything for a comparison with and without clothes.

There was something naive, unpracticed about his efforts, but they were no longer nearly as innocent and overwhelmed as a few weeks ago. It was exactly this mixture that Liz found so exciting. She could guide him, maintain control, could show him the way, and he showed just the right amount of initiative. Both got what they needed.

Is this how it feels for Isabel when we are together?

Calvin had found the clasp of her pants first and slipped them down. As she stepped out of it, his hands cupped her butt, lingering a little longer on the cheeks than would have been necessary. Liz enjoyed the warmth of his fingers and noticed his tentative attempt to caress her in an even more thrilling spot. She dropped to her knees in front of him, which Calvin took as an invitation to pull off her hoodie.

She knelt before him, clad only in panties and a bra, while he still had his pants on. Leaning forward, she began to cover his body with kisses. Purposefully, she worked her way downward, from his shoulders across his chest to his belly.

Once she reached below his navel, she hastily opened his pants button. Just like with the top earlier, she pulled down the underwear along with them. But only a little way. His backside was bare, but at the front, the hem had just barely exposed the root of his cock, trapping the rest. Liz continued her kisses, wandering further, and pressed a final kiss right on that spot.

Calvin drew a sharp breath. "What are you doing?" he cried.

"What does it look like?" Liz asked coquettishly, looking up at him.

"But that's... that's what I pee with!" Dismay was written all over his face. "That's totally gross! How can you put your mouth on that?!"

Liz didn't share that impression. Granted, after a day in clothes he didn't exactly smell fresh, but he didn't smell dirty either. Even so, she had no intention of asking too much of him.

"I think it's fine," she said. "But if it's that important to you, we'll take care of the proper preparation."

She leaned back a bit and, with a powerful tug, pushed his pants and underwear down to his ankles. His semi-erect cock sprang up like a spring.

"Out of your clothes and into the shower!" she ordered strictly.

He obeyed instantly. Stark naked, he led the way, and she admired his cute little Pale butt while quickly ridding herself of her own underwear. Then she followed him.

In the shower room, Calvin looked at her uncertainty. He seemed aware that she was planning something new with him. His nervousness was closer to fear, as there wasn't much sign of arousal at the moment.

"Which one do you prefer?" Liz asked, holding out two bottles of shower gel to him.

Calvin sniffed both and selected one. Liz turned on the shower, put some of it on his shoulders, and spread it over his body.

"Do me too," she prompted him, and he helped himself to the shower gel as well.

Showering together was something they had already done a few times, so Calvin had no inhibitions about it. However, up until now, she had always paid very casual attention to the area between his legs. Today it was the opposite. Liz soaped Calvin down quickly everywhere, but devoted extra attention to his tender cock. Once she was sure that literally every spot had been thoroughly massaged, she stood up and spread her arms.

"Your turn now," she encouraged him.

When it came to the places familiar to him, there was no sign of shyness. His enthusiasm for her breasts was clearly visible, he couldn't help but soap them down extensively. Then he worked on all other areas just as quickly as she had on him. and finally, he took care of the hairy mound and all around. He did it so gently, tenderly, and thoroughly that Liz was glad they were standing under the shower. That way, the wet trace along the inside of her thighs was barely noticeable.

Once they were prepared in this manner, only one thing remained. Liz activated the strong spray of the shower and pulled Calvin with her under the steaming stream. With plenty of caresses and rubbing their bodies together, they ensured that even the last remnant of shower gel was washed away.

Afterward, she threw a large towel over his shoulders and handed him a second one to dry herself with. That, too, was done by him with the utmost thoroughness. Then she wrapped him in his own towel and rubbed him dryas best she could.

Wrapped up as he was, she then led him into her room, up the stairs to the mezzanine, and over to the bed. Here, she undid the towel and gave him a gentle push so that he sat down on the edge of the bed. She directed him further into the middle of the bed and crawled toward him on her knees.

"Lie down, relax, I won't hurt you."

Calvin swallowed and stretched out. The tension was visible on him.

"I want to try something," she said, stroking his chest and belly in the process. "Something new. One of the secret things that Cally and Eliza do to find out how much fun girls and boys can have. Is that okay with you?"

Calvin nodded, but a trace of fear could still be seen in his eyes. Mixed with curiosity.

The mention of their Cally-and-Eliza game visibly stirred his cock to life. Liz ignored that for the moment and gave him a long, passionate kiss. Long enough for him to gasp for air when she detached her lips from his. Liz kissed his shoulder again, his chest, working her way downward kiss by kiss until she could feel the heat of his now significantly larger cock against her cheek.

She went further, deeper. Ignoring the hard length for the moment, she kissed the base of his thighs, breathing in the scent of fresh shower gel along with a trace of something else. Gently, she pushed his legs apart. She kissed the inside of his right

thigh, then the left, and then the firm, small sac. With her lips, she felt the contours of his two balls.

Calvin trembled and groaned. His hands shot in her direction. His fingertips touched her hair but paused as if he weren't sure whether to encourage her, slow her down, or do anything at all. His pelvis tensed, causing his cock to twitch.

Now or never!

Liz grabbed his hands, pressing them down onto the bed to his left and right. His fingers sought hers and intertwined with them, as if he needed confirmation that what she was doing was really okay.

Her face was still buried between his legs. Slowly, her lips traced his shaft, kiss by kiss, until she reached the tip. The delicate aroma she had noticed before grew stronger here.

His breathing came in gasps. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed his belly rising and falling frantically.

She touched his tip, taking the tender rim of his foreskin between her lips and sucking on it. Calvin whimpered, and his grip on her fingers tightened.

Liz extended her tongue, finding the opening of his skin, where the dark glans flashed through. She touched him, kissed him, licked him, feeling the smooth, slippery surface, and explored the inside of the rim.

Calvin tensed again, inhaling deeply and holding his breath. His fingers developed an astonishing strength.

Liz enclosed his tip with her lips, pushing toward him and finally taking him into her mouth. His glans rubbed against her palate. Warm, smooth, slippery. She paused,

feeling him with her tongue, a pulsating heat, alive, filled with his taste. The aroma of the shower gel was now only a trace.

Slowly, she let him sslip free. Calvin relaxed as she did, as if he were relieved that it was over.

Not yet!

When she was only touching his tip, she pushed toward him again and let ring his cock dive deep between her lips.

This time, she enclosed him a bit more firmly. His soft skin shifted on the hard shaft, and she felt the foreskin recede completely from his glans. Again, she felt him with her tongue, exploring every fold, every indentation, and noticing the slightly bitter taste.

Calvin groaned again. His hands twitched, but she kept his fingers firmly clasped. She allowed neither his hands nor his pelvis to break free from her grip.

Liz worked his cock up and down, doing what she thought was right. Just as she had seen in the videos. The few that hadn't repulsed her but had instead sparked her curiosity.

Calvin's half-hearted attempts to withdraw from the action lost the battle against his instincts. He pushed his pelvis rhythmically back and forth, meeting the up-and-down motion of her head. His breath still came in gasps, but there was no more panic in it. The occasional groaning and whimpering were no longer an expression of despair either.

Then the twitching of his loins changed, he lost the controlled rhythm.

Is it time?

Liz intensified her efforts and quickened her pace. She played with him, sliding him along her cheek, right, left, flicking her tongue around and pressing her lips together.

"Ngghhwaaahh..." Not a groan, but something raw. Calvin lost control of his voice. His hands suddenly let go, just like everything else. His body twitched, his hips arching toward Liz. His pelvic muscles contracted rhythmically, and his cock pulsed.

Hotly, he released into her, a powerful jet that splashed against her palate and filled her mouth. More than expected, less than feared.

Although she had anticipated it, she was surprised. In a split second, her instincts took control.

Spit or swallow?

Before she could consciously decide whether she liked or hated it, her instincts made the choice for her. She felt his fluid run down her throat, warm and stickyt. She hadn't even found out what it actually tasted like.

Calvin immediately went limp in her mouth and across his entire body.

"Oh no!" He had propped himself up halfway on his elbows, looking down at her in dismay. "It happened, Liz! I... where is it? Liz, I went in your mouth! I ejaculated!"

With a smacking sound, she released his softening cock from her mouth and smiled at him.

"Don't worry, Calvin," she said, caressing him. "That can happen. To be honest, I even expected it. I've always wanted to know what it's like."

"Really? It's not gross to you?" He looked at her doubtfully.

Liz paused and licked her lips. "No." She shrugged. "It's fine, I'd say."

"I thought...," he swallowed. "I thought it was dirty because Mom bought the diapers for it..."

Liz grinned. "I don't think that's what it was about. She probably just wanted to make sure there wasn't a mess on the couch and in your clothes. And maybe she just didn't want to see what happens. But in itself, it's not dirty."

Calvin fell back onto the bed and remained silent for a moment. Liz sat next to him, caressing him. Her fingers played with the wetly gleaming, semi-soft cock, which needed no further cleaning.

"Liz?" Calvin asked after a while.

"Yes?"

"Then it's okay that I just thought that was amazing?"

"Yes, of course. That's the whole point. I wanted you to experience a beautiful, special moment."

"Thanks."

Calvin lay there, his breathing growing steadier, and smiled at her. Then he raised himself a bit, moving closer until his lips were right next to her ear.

"That was the best game of all, Liz," he almost whispered to her, before falling back onto the bed.

"For me too," Liz replied, continuing to caress him. "Would you like to do that again sometime?"

Calvin's eyes were wide open with enthusiasm. "Yes, I'd love to!"

"Great."

Liz leaned forward and gave him a kiss on his belly, a little way from his cock, which was an almost innocent gesture.

"The next time you put on your diaper at home to hide, remember that I can hardly wait to unpack you!"

Calvin giggled. "Yes, I will!"

He looked at the ceiling, lost in thought. Something else was still on his mind.

"Liz, I... I didn't think you could do something like that. With your mouth and all..."

She stretched out beside him and cuddled up to him, one leg hooked over his hips, holding him tight.

"You know, Calvin, actually it's quite simple. It's just like with my boobs. It's fantastic when you stroke them and play with them with your fingers. But when you use your mouth, your lips, and your tongue, it's way better."

"Really?"

"Yes, honestly. And think about how I played your naked cock with my hands läßt time. How was that compared to just now?"

"Today was much better," he agreed.

"See, it's that simple. And who knows, maybe you'll discover even more ways to let your mouth continue where you started with your hands."

Calvin froze in her embrace and gasped for air.

"You mean I should do that to you too? Down there...?" The shock in his voice was unmistakable.

Liz drew him closer. "Don't worry. You don't have to do that. Only if you want to. I understand if that sounds weird to you. It was strange for me too, experiencing a boy this way. I'm glad you allowed me to."

"Yeah, it was fun but also wierd..."

"Ihad fun for sure. And I can reassure you, I happen to know exactly what it's like with girls. It's been a while, but back then, I found it..." She let the pause linger. "...delicious. I think you'd like it."

She cuddled tight against him, naked skin against naked skin, and pulled her blanket over them both. Calvin said nothing, but a subtle stir told her that her words already triggered a reaction.

Saturday morning reminded Isabel of days long gone. Many years ago, when she was pregnant with Calvin, when Carol and then Nia had become a permanent part of her life. The relationship with Carol had grown more complex over time, but with Nia, she shared a simple, solid friendship. The evening before had ended with old stories,

and the morning began with news about mutual acquaintances. Nia had checked Calvin's console and then driven to the clinic to do her actual work.

Isabel would follow later. Accompanied by Liz, ideally. That was why Isabel had sent her a message asking her to bring Calvin home a little earlier.

They came just before noon. Calvin was somewhat irritated that his sleepover at Liz's had come to an earlier end.

"What's going on, Mom?" he asked.

"I told Nia about Liz's school project on the topic of pregnancy, and she offered to help us out with a few scans."

"Oh." It was clear from his tone that he wasn't very enthusiastic about the topic.

"Don't worry, Calvin, she improved your console. I don't think you'll be getting bored anytime soon."

"Really? Awesome!" He was about to run upstairs, stopped, said goodbye to Liz and Isabel with a quick hug and dashed up the stairs to his room.

"See you later!"

The echo of his goodby rang through the hallway

"And what are the two of us doing now?" Liz asked, shaking her head in amusement.

"The two of us, sweetie, are driving to the clinic. I'm sure you'll like it." Isabbel said, taking her hand.

Liz

With the illumination of the FemCom logo switched off, the clinic blended in with the other plain buildings on the street. Isabel steered her car into the parking lot behind, and Liz followed her to the back door. A short call on the smartphone, and moments later Nia opened the door for them.

"Come on in, I've already prepared a few things," she said with a broad grin.

Liz and Isabel followed her through narrow hallways and past unlabeled doors and staff rooms until they reached the area she recognized. The reception area lay dark and deserted, which gave the whole thing a strange atmosphere. The doors to the treatment rooms stood open. From one of them, another woman stepped out.

"Hey, do we have visitors?" she asked, approaching them.

"Yes, friends. For a plug-scan," Nia replied. "I don't think anyone else will show up, but if they do, could you please make sure we're not disturbed?"

"Yeah, sure," the woman said. Her gaze scanned Isabel. The corners of her mouth twitched into a subtle smirk. "Have fun."

Then her gaze wandered over Liz. The smirk turned into a knowing smile, her eyes widening just a bit. "Let me know if you need any help!"

After that, she went back to her work.

Nia led Liz and Isabel into the most modern examination room. In the center stood the examination chair with its distinct leg rests. Above it hung the scanner, like a sleeping scorpion.

The sight triggered conflicting emotions in Liz. Discomfort and the fear of exposure mingled with the excitement of the unknown. Knowing Isabel as she did by now, even the most clinical procedure would contain an element of pleasure. Something about Nia intensified this impression.

"We have all the equipment at our disposal," Nia explained, gesturing widely around the room. "Everything is running in maintenance mode. None of us will leave any data in the system here, but I have access to everything we need."

The woman turned around to face Liz and Isabel.

"So, the topic of the school project is pregnancy?"

Liz nodded. "Yes."

"Good, then it makes sense for us to do a complete scan on Isabel first, agreed?"

"Yes, gladly," Isabel said.

Without any shame, she began to take off her clothes. Down to only her bra, which was struggling to contain her full breasts. Liz was somewhat more familiar with the sight. But since their first 'check' for her project, Isabel seemed to have grown a little rounder.

"Here you go." Nia pointed to the chair, and Isabel lifted herself on the seat.

"We're doing an external scan," Nia said, looking at Liz. "You'll get the data as a printout. No need to take notes, just watch."

She started the device. As if the scorpion were awakening from its slumber, all the legs and arms twitched.

"Ready?" Nia asked

Isabel nodded.

"Please don't move!"

A few keystrokes followed, and then the machine set itself in motion.

It beeped a few times, and Nia nodded.

"External measurements and weight are recorded, up next is the ultrasound."

One of the device's auxiliary arms lowered and spread lubricating gel across Isabel's belly. Two other arms with rounded tips moved along both sides of her belly. On one of the monitors, an image began to appear, significantly sharper and more detailed than anything Liz knew from her research. The tiny human being in the center was clearly recognizable.

"Wow." Liz was deeply moved. It began to dawn on her why a growing child inside a mother was called a miracle.

"Yes. Wow. I say that to myself every single time, too." Isabel smiled. "I am helping to create new life, to start a family, even if it isn't my own."

Liz stared at the monitor and then back at Isabel.

It is so tiny! And Isabel is so strong, so powerful, so much shelter to it!

"Don't the new parents miss out on something essential if they don't get to experience this part?" Liz asked, lost in thought.

"Perhaps. Maybe." Isabel shrugged. "But in return, the desire for a child is all the greater. That guarantees the baby the love and affection it needs."

Liz nodded thoughtfully. "I understand. I think it's good that this option exists for families like that, but still... it feels somehow incomplete."

"I know what you mean. We even tried once to make the future family a part of the process. It... we had to call it off, it was emotionally too much for everyone. The way it is now, I take care of my part in peace," Isabel touched her belly. "And afterward it's the parents' turn."

The arms of the scanner had returned to their resting position.

"Taking care of things is a good cue," Nia chimed into the conversation. "The scientific part is done with that. How about it, are you guys ready to take care of the fun?"

Liz's questioning gaze shifted back and forth between Isabel and Nia

"This here you already know, as far as I'm aware," Nia said, opening a case and taking out an object that indeed looked familiar to Liz.

"Um, yeah, is that yours?" Liz asked Isabel, who was still sitting completely relaxed in the examination chair, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to show others her spread legs.

"Yes, that's my Plug-Dildo."

"Isabel suggested fitting one for you as well. How about it, are you interested?" Nia asked.

Liz swallowed. "I.. This is…kind of sudden…I don't know. I'm curious, sure, but isn't that quite expensive?"

"Oh, don't worry. I manage the prototype program and as a good friend of my good friend, I can register you as a test subject. Then the plug is free of charge for you. You only have to get the dildos yourself, but I'm sure you'll find something to your taste in our shop."

"Well, I don't know if that's suitable for me. The thing is so huge."

Liz was still staring at the object in Nia's hand.

"This one? Oh, this is for Isabel. For you, we'll use a smaller base. I just have to recalibrate this one. You can watch how it works and decide afterward."

"Yeah, okay..." Liz still didn't know what to make of it.

Nia was already typing on the computer keyboard. "I'm restarting the scanner."

All the arms of the device twitched briefly. Some of the tiny lights changed color, and the long tail, to which the device owed its resemblance to a scorpion, uncurled very far downward. Nia worked on its end and attached a smooth, long extension. A device that certainly had a complicated acronym. For Liz, it looked like a plain vibrator.

"This is the measuring probe for the plug system. You know the drill, Isabel, same as last time. Ready?"

Isabel nodded. "Sure, can't wait."

Another keystroke from Nia, and the tail set itself in motion. It curved as if searching for something and approached Isabel's crotch until it stopped just in front of her labia. Another arm came down, the one that had applied lubricating gel during the ultrasound. Now it spread some on Isabel's entrance and also on the probe. It was so much that it dripped down to the floor between her legs.

"Heads up, here we go," Nia commented.

The tip of the scorpion tail began to move. This time it touched Isabel's pussy, paused briefly again, and then pushed forward. Isabel sighed comfortably as the probe slowly penetrated deeper and deeper into her. Despite the considerable length, it vanished almost completely inside her, stopped, and glided back out. Then the process repeated itself.

By the third round, Isabel could no longer suppress a groan. "That feels so hot. Just a little faster would be nice..."

Liz smirked.

She's right! A first-class machine-fuck in slow motion!

A window opened on one of the monitors, showing a percentage display progressing rapidly. It reached its end when the probe arrived at its deepest point.

"Sliding phase completed. Up next is the expansion. Relax, Isabel!"

A hum sounded, and this time it didn't take long for Isabel to groan uninhibitedly. Liz got the impression that it was no longer just pleasure.

"Okay, all clear. Maximum expansion level reached. In three, two, one, done."

"Wow, that felt larger than the last few times," Isabel said between sharp breaths.

"Hmm..." Nia studied her displays. "Not really, only minimally. The shape changed a bit, I'll transfer that to your Plug afterward. But we should sync you. Can you manage that?"

"Yeah sure," Isabel replied. "Tell me when to start."

Nia typed on her keyboard, half turning toward Liz.

"The plug can execute functions activated by muscle patterns. But since vaginal muscles are rarely used in a conscious way, we help ourselves with a simple method. You can already think of two images, scenes or situations that help you trigger a defined muscle tension. Everyone has something else in mind, I don't even want to know what. The only important thing is that you remember this image well and can assign it to function one and two when using the plug."

She turned to Isabel. "Ready? Good, then one! ... Once more ... And once more. Thanks. Now two..."

It went on like this for quite a while. The process reminded Liz of how she had registered her fingerprints on her smartphone. Over and over again, until the device had clearly recognized the pattern. After a lot of repetitions and cross-checks, Nia was finally satisfied.

“Very good. All that's left is the cum-switch. If you want!”

"Yeah sure, I want the full program," Isabel replied.

The exertion of the past few minutes was audible in her voice.

"Machine or one of us?" Nia asked.

"The machine, please," said Isabel, ridding herself of her bra as well. "I'm curious to see what these programs can do."

"Challenge accepted," Nia said, grinning as she started another program on the computer.

Now the whole scanner came alive. Almost all the arms lowered. Lubricating gel was distributed, now also on Isabel's breasts. One ultrasound probe started to circle Isabel's nipples, the other headed between her legs toward her clit. But this time it wasn't an ultrasound. On the contrary, a deep, steady vibrating hum filled the room.

Liz saw the plug probe moving in Isabel's pussy with very short thrusts. It was barely perceptible, more of a steady shifting of the load.

If that was a machine-fuck before, this is the accompanying orgy!

She shook her head in confusion. "What... is that?" she asked.

Nia grinned broadly at her.

"Exactly what it looks like. We're bringing Isabel to orgasm and measuring the pattern of her muscle contractions at the plug. From that data, another trigger point is programmed for whatever function the user wants to activate at that moment."

Fascinated, Liz followed the events. The sight of the giant insect-like machine touching and copulating Isabel was disturbing and awakened ancient flight instincts. Isabel's body language, on the other hand, was pure physical pleasure, focused on

manipulation and stimulation. Just sex. That was at least as attractive as the insect image was repulsive. Perhaps even more so!

As soon as Isabel was finished, the question of whether she would like to take a seat in the chair as well would hang in the air. Exposing herself to something for which words were lacking. Deep down, Liz already knew she would agree.

Plug-scan. What an understatement!

Nia was fully focused on the process. She followed everything with high concentration, moving closer, even stroking Isabel's thighs. Not to give her pleasure. Focused on her monitors, she was aiming for the perfect scan, the best possible data.

Isabel was concentrating on herself in the midst of it all. She lay in the chair with closed eyes, letting herself be pampered by probes, extensions, and tools that normally all served a different purpose.

Just like fingering!

Liz had to suppress a giggle. The comparison helped her not to get overwhelmed by the bizarre brutality of the image. Fingers, vibrator, dildo, or this SCAPI, as the lettering on the side revealed. In the end, it was all the same and replaced the one thing to which nature had annoyingly always attached a man.

On the chair, Isabel was now groaning uninhibitedly. It sounded different from what Liz had experienced with her in her bedroom. Rougher, one-dimensional. Mechanical stimulation programmed for perfection, which was in a way inferior to even the most clumsy, genuine human touch. Here, the objective was simply to trigger the desired physical response.

Isabel's body trembled. Her full curves rocked and wobbled, revealing an intense climax. Yet the machine did not stop. Two, three aftershocks followed until Isabel

slapped the armrest of the chair with her flat hand. Nia interpreted this as a desire to abort and stopped the machine. It quickly moved back to the starting position, and the scorpion tail slowly pulled the probe out of Isabel's pussy. It was inflated, much larger than before when entering. Liz felt a painful tug in her lower abdomen just at the sight of it.

Isabel didn't seem to have a problem with that. Her breathing came in gasps, her pelvis rocking and pumping. It wasn't certain whether she wanted to force the probe out or swallow it. In any case, her entrance was immensely widened. As the probe glided further and further out, it looked for a moment as if it had no end at all.

With a smacking sound, it left Isabel's body, leaving behind a gaping slit. A gush of some fluid spilled out, and Liz could see Isabel's reddened inner walls twitching while her pulsing entrance slowly closed up. As if it first had to learn all over again that this state was possible.

When Nia was satisfied with the displays on her monitors, she turned to Isabel and handed her a box of wipes. The gesture was so matter-of-fact. This bizarre scan was an absolute routine for Nia.

Isabel wiped herself down.

Liz would have liked to help her, but she was frozen.

I'm next!

She shivered.

When Isabel had gained enough control over herself, she stood up. She slid the wipe over the padding of the chair and then turned to Liz.

"Do you dare?"

Nia also made an inviting gesture and waited for Liz's reaction.

Liz nodded and then spoke what she had already known the entire time: "Yes."

"Well then, out of your clothes!" Nia prompted her enthusiastically.

Liz took her time. Every piece she stripped gave her a chance to back out. When she finally stood naked in the room, she hadn't chosen to. A little shy, excited, but not aroused, she stood there. Instinctively, one arm lay across her chest, the other hand hovering in front of her crotch.

"Please, take a seat," Nia invited her.

Liz sat down on the chair, where she felt a remnant of Isabel's warmth. And of her moisture.

"I found scan results of you in the system," Nia said while typing. "I'll use those as a basis for the plug-scan."

The machine above her hummed and buzzed. The scorpion tail set itself in motion, and Liz felt a hint of panic.

"Raped by the machine." Now that would be a crazy movie title.

The probe stopped between her legs.

"As you can see, I've reduced the initial size and adapted it to you," Nia explained. "After all, not every woman is as well stretched as Isabel."

“Hey, you try having five kids first!” Isabel called out from the side of the room where she was putting her clothes on.

Nia didn't address that further, focusing only on Liz instead.

"So, the first test is for the sliding check. The probe will penetrate you. You should be as loose and relaxed as possible for this. We want to determine what a pleasant in-and-out is for you. After that, I'll explain the next step to you. Ready?"

Ready is not the word I would use.

Liz nodded. "Yes."

Nia activated the system. The arm with the lubricant lowered, faster than Liz remembered from Isabel's scan. She felt the cold gel between her legs, and the thick scorpion tail was already twitching. The probe touched her entrance. As pressure increased, she fought harder against the instinct to stay closed. The pressure grew stronger and she gave way. Something smooth, round, hard, and completely dead parted her, pushed forward, intruded inside her.

Instinctively, Liz slid back in the chair as far as she could.

"Hey, it's all good, relax," Nia said, touching her knee gently. The gesture actually helped her to wind down. "We're moving on. This is the part of the scan that is more pleasant than science requires. Just let it happen."

Liz closed her eyes, dreaming herself back a few years, to when Emma had first pleasure her with a dildo. Or rather, when she had first gave up her resistance to Emma's countless attempts to convince her to try it.

It is just a game, a new first time after so many others. Sooner or later, they all bring pleasure.

The memory of past adventures helped her body to adapted to the situation. She relaxed and felt the lubricated probe glide back and forth. This happened more frequently than she had observed with Isabel.

"Yes, now I'm getting values I can work with," Nia called out enthusiastically.

A few thrusts later, the probe stopped at its deepest point. Liz felt filled, a tight stretch, but everything still within the bounds of pleasure. However, her nerves and muscles expected movement, whereas now there was suddenly rigidity. She felt her inner walls contracting and trying to grip whatever had gained access there.

"Perfect, remember that; that's already a pretty good value for the trigger scans," Nia commented. "I'm starting the expansion now. This can feel quite uncomfortable. Maybe it'll even hurt a little. No matter what your feelings tell you, it won't harm you, we aren't taking any risks here. Just try to stay loose."

She didn't wait for her reaction but started the next program instead.

Instantly, the probe swelled inside her. A feeling nothing ever could prepared her for. The tolerable feeling of fullness gave way to the impression of being pushed apart from the inside out.

"Oh my gosh!" Liz gasped, catching her breath and staring at her belly. Nothing was to be seen, even though it felt as if an alien was nesting down there right now. "Stop!" she cried in a sudden fit of panic.

Nia deactivated the process immediately but did not reverse it.

"That's too much! What are you doing to me?" Dismay lingered in Liz's voice.

"Everything is within the limit, Liz. The sensors are delivering acceptable values. Just a little more, then we'll have the complete impression. You can handle this, okay?"

The way she looked at her, she would only settle for agreement. Isabel had also come closer and reached for Liz's hand.

"This feels worse than it is, believe me. That part of us is made exactly for pushing large, hard things through. Nothing is going to happen!"

Liz swallowed. Her mind, her feelings, and her instincts were in agreement as never before, demanding in unison to remove the foreign object. She inhaled and exhaled deliberately.

"Okay," she whispered to Isabel, then said a bit louder in Nia's direction: "Okay, carry on."

"All right!"

Nia pressed a key, and Liz felt the pressure increase. In most places, everything remained just as it was. In another spot, something happened. It felt as if something stuffed, filling areas where she hadn't realized she could take anything into herself.

Then it was already over. Nia pressed a few keys, and the pressure subsided. But only a tiny bit, just enough to feel a little relief. Together with a corresponding sensation that Liz found highly confusing, a warm tingling spread through her body, entirely unexpected given all the technology inside and around her.

"Now it's up to you, Liz," Nia said. "We need two clear patterns that you can consciously control. I'll just call them one and two. What you associate with them is your business. First, try to get a feel for it."

Liz nodded. She felt deep inside herself, searching for muscles that enclosed the foreign object and would respond to her command. There was that instinctive twitch that simply wanted to force the probe out.

Probably not such a good choice if I want to work with the plug later!

Liz tried to ignore this impulse and kept searching to see if anything would respond to her efforts. In doing so, she remembered physical education class. An image rose in her mind.

Gymnastics, core stability, exercises where the teacher, amid the kids' silly giggles, had explained that the girls in particular profited from this exercise.

Pelvic floor muscles! That was the term.

Liz tried to tense this part inside her. She succeeded, then repeated it, and then did it again. It felt similar every time.

"I think I've got one," she said.

"Yes, I see that here. Before we scan it, try a second pattern!"

Liz closed her eyes once more, searching for a way to communicate with her body.

There was something. A pressure. Nothing about pleasure, but her bladder. Ever since Isabel's scan, the pressure had been building. The excitement and the probe now stuck inside her intensified everything.

Liz felt for the corresponding muscles. With the first pattern, she had tensed her buttocks as well. Now the muscles in her lower abdomen were working. It was the same tension she felt when clenching as tightly as she could, accompanied by

exactly that image in her mind. Except that her bladder was actually full, and the inflated probe inside her. That made the tension uncomfortable and painful. She instantly had the urge to pee and could only restrain herself with difficulty. But it was a pattern.

And if I really use this plug later, I'll just go to the toilet beforehand!

She tensed it again, let go, and tried it once more. A clear, recurring pattern.

"Does that work?" she asked Nia, who was following the process on her monitors.

"Yes, great. That gives us image one and image two. I'm starting the recording. Image one!"

Liz tensed the muscles.

"Image two! Image one! Two! Two! One!"

It went on like this for quite a while until Nia was finally satisfied.

"Very good, you can let go now," she praised Liz.

It was a relief to finally let go. The huge probe inside her had long ceased to be the biggest problem.

Hopefully I can hold it in until it's over!

She was too embarrassed to draw the two women's attention to the pressure in her bladder.

"Still leaves the cum-switch," Nia said.

Oh, I forgot that!

"Machine or...?"

"May I?" Isabel interrupted her.

Liz looked at her in surprise. "Really? How did you imagine doing that...?"

"Just let it happen," Isabel said, her hand already stroking the inside of Liz's thighs. Unstoppably, she wandered further, circling the reddened skin of her stretched labia, from between which the probe protruded.

It was a burning and a tingling at the same time, like glowing ice crystals wandering electrifyingly over her most sensitive parts. Every fiber in her tunnel longed for movement, and Nia did her the favor by activating the mini-thrusts, just as she had with Isabel before.

Isabel touched her clit, which was irritated and highly sensitive from the friction of the probe. Like an electric shock, an impulse shot into the center of her body, releasing waves that completely flooded her. Isabel didn't need to do much more. A few caresses, a few touches in the rhythm of the probe inside her, and then the wave of desire broke over her like a tsunami. It simply washed away all doubts, restraint, and shame.

Liz let out a sharp cry, followed by a whimper, while her entire body trembled and shook. The only purposeful movement was her pelvis, which she instinctively threw toward the probe. At the same time, Liz felt that this time something deep inside her actually met with resistance.

Pressure, pain, pulling, tingling. Iit was all one. The greatest of all feelings and completely meaningless at the same time.

Then it was over. Stillness, silence. She opened her eyes and closed them again immediately because everything around her was spinning. The first thing she heard was her own pulse, her breath, the humming of the machine, and the clicking of keys.

The pressure in her crotch subsided. Something shrank inside her and then slid relentlessly out of her. A part of her was relieved, another yearned for more.

A few breaths later, she dared to open her eyes again. This time the world around her was stable.

Isabel stood next to her, holding her hand and smiling down at her with amusement.

"That was impressive!" she said.

Liz wasn't quite clear on what she meant. She looked at Nia, who was busy with her computer. Carefully, Liz lifted one leg out of the stirrup, then the other, and stood on the floor. Fluid ran down her legs, and she noticed a large puddle under the chair. A hot wave shot into her face.

I pissed on the chair. How embarrassing!

"Oh no... was that me?" she stammered.

Isabel was still smiling. "Don't worry, that kind of thing happens sometimes. I don't have a problem with it."

"I am totally embarrassed!"

"No need to be," Isabel said. "I've met people who actually did it on purpose..."

That caused even more redness in Liz's face. Isabel handed her the paper towels.

"You can clear up the worst of it with these. If you like, you can use the shower here at the clinic."

"Yes, I think that's a good idea."

Liz wiped the worst of the traces from her legs, took her things, and followed Isabel, who showed her the way to the shower.

When she returned, showered and dressed, Isabel had already cleared away all the traces. The scanner was turned off, and Nia had packed up her things. With a broad grin, she handed Liz a case.

"Here is your plug. I'm sure Isabel will instruct you thoroughly on how to use it Have fun with it."

Liz accepted the case. "Thanks. Though I'm still not even sure if I really want to use it."

"Oh, don't act so shy now." Nia patted her shoulder. "By the way, I upgraded your account for the FemCom shop. As an official tester, you have access to the entire

range and discounted prices. You've already ordered under 'Fun and Care,' but now you'll also find all available dildos for the plug system in the menu."

A few days had passed since the scan at the clinic, and Calvin had finally expressed a desire to come over for a swim once again. For Liz's taste, he took the sport far too seriously. He had been fighting the current for quite a while now.

She would have preferred to have him in her room. Behind a locked door, entirely to themselves, without Greta bursting in, who was surprisingly home again on this day.

Maybe that's exactly what he wants to avoid. Did I scare him off with the blowjob?

Liz had taken extra care getting into her swimsuit. She had readjusted all the laces to highlight her figure as best as possible. Calvin had noticed, she was sure of that. When she had demonstrated a few improvements to his swimming technique in the water, they had been close enough.

But he had said nothing and thrown himself into the pool's current, highly motivated. Liz had been standing at the edge of the pool watching him for quite a while. She had dried herself off, but the damp swimsuit clung to her skin. Although the room was well heated, she was gradually getting cold.

"Lizzy?" Liz looked up and saw her mother standing in the doorway to the pool area.

"Yes?" she asked.

"I have to head out again, might be late. Have fun, you two!"

She glanced at Calvin, who was fighting the current in the pool.

"And make sure the poor guy doesn't drown."

She turned around and left. The slamming of the door as it clicked shut threw Calvin off his rhythm. He let himself be carried by the current to the shallow end of the pool. Standing there with the water up to his chest, he looked at Liz inquiringly.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" he asked.

Instead of an answer, Liz walked slowly toward him and squatted at the edge of the pool. She noted with pleasure that Calvin did have eyes for her after all. His gaze wandered along her thighs, and he could hardly tear himself away from the narrow piece of swimsuit between her legs.

Placing her hands on the edge of the pool, she leaned forward.

"Mom left. Now it's just the two of us. Enough splashing around in the water for today! Let's do something else, yeah?"

Calvin naturally noticed the well-filled cleavage. Liz had laced it a little too tight. She could feel more and more of her breasts slipping out of the tense fabric. Only her nipples, hard from the cold, barely kept them in place.

A sight that seemed to fascinate Calvin. He swallowed and nodded.

"I think you're right."

He fought his way through the water to the steps and climbed up slowly.

"And what do we want to do now?" he asked, wiping the water from his face.

Liz reached out her hand, pulling him the last step out of the pool straight into her arms. Willingly, he allowed her to press him tightly against herself. His skin was cold and smooth from the water in the pool.

Time to find out what else is cold and smooth and firm.

"First of all, we need to get out of these wet clothes. After that, a hot shower. And then we'll decide what to wear. Or whether to go without. What do you think?"

Calvin nodded, and the delicate flush on his face revealed that hot thoughts were already running through his mind. But the rest of his body was covered in cold water droplets, beneath which goosebumps were now forming, and he kept shivering.

I'm not missing out on the fun of warming him up thoroughly!

In the shower room, she invited him with open arms to take her clothes off. This was a game he knew and enjoyed immensely, and he became forward in just the right measure.

Her swimsuit was tight and stuck to the skin. Calvin really had to struggle to free her from it. His hands wandered under the fabric, cupping her breasts and lifting them out of the cups. Shortly after, they touched her butt under the swimsuit, and Liz was certain that this wasn't just about strip her from the clothing.

"My turn now," she said as she stood naked before Calvin.

Without waiting for his reply, she bent down and slid her hands under the waistband of his swim trunks. Only at the side, but she felt the smooth, firm skin beneath her fingers. Calvin didn't move, letting her proceed. She slipped his trunks down and instantly had his cute little cock right in front of her face. Now she could feel his body tensing up.

As if he's afraid of this moment!

"Don't worry, my little prince. Today it's your turn," she said as coquettishly as possible.

Calvin's face turned a shade darker. His gaze revealed a mixture of shock, surprise, and something else.

Liz turned around, started the shower, and set it to a temperature so hot that it stung against her cold skin. She reached her hand out to Calvin, and when he took it, she pulled him toward her, embracing him and pressing him against herself. He flinched under the hot jet of water, but she held him close and didn't allow him to step back. She could feel the cold gradually leaving his body. With the warmth, his desire for more returned too. Or perhaps it was because she was still pressing him against her.

When he stood directly in front of her, his forehead was level with her lips, his chin over the base of her breasts. He had to lean forward a tiny bit to touch her with his lips.

That was exactly what he did now. First he kissed one curve, then the other. Then she felt his lips and tongue on her nipples.

Until now, he had stood so close in front of her that the hot water only reached her from the side and the front. Now a pleasant warmth spread across her front as well, though it had very little to do with the jet of water. Calvin's hands caressed her sides, over the edge of her breasts, then her waist, and finally over her hips, backside, and thighs. His face, however, remained level with her breasts.

Liz placed her hands on his shoulders and gently pressed him downward. He slowly gave in, kissing the underside of her breasts on both sides, then her belly. But Liz pushed him even further, feeling his lips on her navel, then below it, and finally on her...

...hip bones? Why not in the center?

"Hey, my prince, we are in the shower. Don't worry, we are as clean as we can possibly be. If you like, I'm all yours."

Deliberately, she moved first one foot, then the other slightly to the side and stretched her pelvis toward him.

Calvin's face had a very intense color now, which was definitely also due to the hot shower. He caressed her once more. His hands already found the right direction, his fingertips gently gliding over her mons pubis, circling it, and finally finding her wet slit. But that was only his fingers. She had hoped for more.

"Is something wrong?" she asked, turning off the water. "Do you find me... ugly?"

She was actually a bit unsettled by his hesitation.

"No!" Calvin countered immediately. His startled flinch caused the first segment of his finger to slide between her folds. That was arousing, and nice, but not what she wanted.

"What's going on?" she asked directly now.

"It's just... this feels really amazing. It's the most exciting thing I've ever done when you let me touch you there. But..." he hesitated and swallowed. "I... I'm sorry. You have... well, you have hair there. I don't like that. If I get a hair in my mouth, I have to gag. It's always been that way. I can't help it. I'm really sorry! I would really love to do what you did to me, but I don't think I can."

Liz was speechless for a moment.

Damn! I didn't think about that at all!

Her thoughts raced. Suddenly, she had images in her head.

Emma.

The first pussy she had kissed and licked hadn't had any hair either. Her memories were extremely vivid. Warm, soft, fragrant and, above all, smooth.

It had stayed that way until the end.

The poor boy! No wonder he doesn't move. But if it's only that...

Liz squatted down and brushed the wet hair from his forehead. His discomfort because he hadn't fulfilled her wish, and his fear of not being enough for her, were clearly written all over his face.

"I understand that, Calvin," Liz said.

The panic in his eyes subsided a little.

"I'm sorry I didn't think about that. I find you more appealing without hair too, after all. Why should it be any different for you?"

"You're not mad?" Calvin asked. Tears were already visible in the corners of his eyes.

"No, not at all," Liz corrected him, shrugging. "It's not a problem at all anyway. I can just shave."

Calvin stared at her in disbelief now.

"Shave? Like the men with their beards in the commercials?"

"Yes. In the commercials, you only see women shaving their legs, but believe me, a lot of them do it in other places too. It's completely fine if you don't want to have hair there. I do it sometimes too. If you like, I'll show you how it's done. You can even help me with it."

She went over to the shelf with the towels, which also held a few baskets of accessories. She took one and set it on the floor beside Calvin. Then she spread out one of the large towels, sat down on one end with her legs spread, and motioned Calvin over to kneel in front of her.

Liz reached into the basket for a can of shaving cream.

"Hold out your hand," she prompted Calvin, spraying a large portion of cream onto it.

"Now spread it!"

Liz leaned back. She watched Calvin distribute the cream between her legs as carefully and thoroughly as possible. They were both still completely wet and heated from the hot shower. Calvin's tender touches ensured that yet another, more comfortable warmth now spread through the center of her body.

"Very good!" Liz praised him once everything was distributed. "Now we'll let it sit for a moment. Please fill this cup with warm water for me."

She handed him a large plastic cup. He stood up and filled it at the sink, and when he gave it back to her, she placed it beside her and dipped the razor in.

"Come on, watch!" she invited him, waiting until he knelt between her legs again.

Liz took the razor and placed the blade at the upper edge of the hairy area. Her pubic hair was more like a lawn than a bush, always carefully trimmed, just short enough to shave directly. She drew the razor in short strokes, stopping just before the tender hood at the top of her cleft, that covered her clit. Calvin watched in awe as her skin was revealed bit by bit.

Not bare enough!

Liz could feel the rough stubble left beneath her fingertips

A second round seems necessary. That would be something for my little prince …

"Would you like to try too?", she asked Calvin.

He looked at her with surprise. "I don't know. What if I do something wrong?"

"Oh, come on. It's really easy! Watch …"

Liz took some of the cream that Calvin had applied far beyond the area where she actually had hair. She spread it onto his forearm and handed him the razor.

"Place it flat and then draw it over the skin with gentle pressure. The only important thing is that the blade doesn't move sideways."

Calvin looked at her hesitantly.

"Go ahead." Liz smiled. "Come on, it's totally harmless. Millions of people do this every day!"

That was the argument that convinced Calvin. He applied the blade just as she had instructed and drew the razor through the cream on his arm.

"Well? How does that feel?", Liz asked.

"Strange …", Calvin said thoughtfully. "Actually, I don't feel anything at all, but at the same time I know that a very sharp blade is scraping across my skin …"

"Perfect! If you keep that in mind, you will always work carefully enough. So, how about it, do you want to help me? This area here needs a second round …"

Liz spread some of the cream from the edge over the spot she had just shaved. Calvin swallowed. For a moment, she almost thought he wouldn't dare. A sparkle shone in his eyes, however, which she had seen often enough by now. It always appeared when he tried something new with her for the first time. He nodded.

"Okay. Is this right?" He placed the razor on her lower abdomen.

"Yes, go ahead. Just one stroke at a time, then rinse it out."

Very carefully and slowly, Calvin drew the razor through the cream, rinsed it out and started again. After a few strokes, he had shaved the entire prepared area.

"Okay, that's enough", Liz said. "Feel it with your fingers."

He gently stroked the bare skin. Liz inhaled with surprise and bit her lower lip. The touch of his fingers felt worlds more intense and direct than before, sending goosebumps over her arms and back. Calvin didn't notice her excitement; he was completely focused on the spot where his fingers touched her skin.

"Wow! Totally smooth! I can't even tell there used to be hair here!" He seemed genuinely impressed.

"Then let's keep going. I'll do the rough work first because that's a bit tricky, and you can do the second pass."

Now that Liz knew a second shave was needed anyway, she quickly did the first run, slowing only around her labia.

"See? The skin always needs to be pulled tight. If necessary, you have to stretch it a bit with your fingers. Never shave over any folds or loose skin."

"I understand." Calvin followed her progress with fascination.

Afterward, he changed the water in the cup while Liz spread the remaining cream over her skin once more. Then she handed Calvin the razor.

"Do you think you can handle it? Can I trust you?"

Determination and enthusiasm showed in his look. "Yes, I think so!"

"Okay, let's go. Just leave this area for me." She ran her finger along the edge where her pussy lips met, up to the hood covering her clit.

Then she leaned back. Supporting herself on her elbows, she spread her legs as wide as possible and let Calvin do the work. It turned out he had grasped everything he needed to know. She could finally just focus on how it felt.

Another first time. No one has ever has done this to me!

In her time with Emma, it hadn't been necessary. Until the day Emma disappeared, she had only grown a small patch of soft, light fuzz. Later, it had just been a matter of personal grooming. She had tried shaving a few times, but what for? It required touch-ups every few days. Her trimmed lawn was much easier to maintain.

Until today.

Liz shivered at the gentle touch of Calvin's fingertips as he softly pulled her skin tight. The blade didn't worry her. It was made to be as safe as possible, and with Calvin working so carefully, there was no risk at all. Still, she had avoided shaving the last, most sensitive part herself.

This time would be different. But from now on, this has to be repeated every few days. And since he expressed the wish for smooth skin, it's only fair that he will take care of it.

The thought brought a smile to Liz's face. Calvin noticed it because he was finished with his part.

"Does that feel good to you?", he asked.

"Yeah, very much. Are you finished?"

"Yes." He handed her the rinsed razor.

Liz sat up and took care of the delicate rest with a few cautious strokes. Afterward, she ran her fingers over the shaved skin of the smooth, soft mound. Hairless and bare, just like it hadn't been in years.

Childlike. As if I were thirteen again...

The impression fit right into the mosaic of the past few months, during which she had so often picked up with Calvin exactly where things had left off with Emma three years ago.

I was waiting for a man to do things men and women do. Looks like I've become the little girl instead and will find out what boys and girls can do together...

Liz brushed the thoughts aside, but an echo of the familiar feelings remained. A mix of childlike, naive, carefree curiosity, along with the vague awareness of doing something forbidden in all secrecy. At the same time, she had to push aside with all her might the crushing certainty of which taboos, which boundaries, she was already crossing.

It doesn't matter. There is no turning back. It is far too exciting. For both of us.

She stood up and cleared away the shaving gear. Then she stepped under the shower and waved Calvin over to join her. Running her finger over a remnant of shaving cream on her thigh, she held it in front of his mouth.

"Taste it", she challenged him.

He cautiously extended the tip of his tongue, touched the cream, and immediately made a face.

Liz smiled. "How does it taste?", she asked him.

"Strange, like soap and a little bitter", he replied, looking at her with confusion.

"Thought so."

Liz turned around and turned on the shower. The warm water made her realize how chilled they had become. The excitement of the shave had prevented them from feeling it. She pulled Calvin close under the stream of water and enjoyed the naked touch of their bodies for a moment, while the cold skin slowly grew warmer. Then she gently pushed him half an arm's length away.

"Now that you know how the cream tastes, it's your job to let me know when the last trace of it is gone."

"What …" Calvin's question was cut short as she pressed down on his shoulders with both hands.

"Oh …" Understanding flashed in his eyes, mixing with a sudden blush spreading across his face.

He dropped to his knees in front of her, and shortly after, she felt his lips. A bit below her belly button, he continued the exploration that had previously led him to her pelvic bones. This time, he stayed right in the center and moved lower and lower with his lips and tongue. Even when she was certain that no trace of the cream could possibly be left and she turned off the water, he did not stop kissing and licking. More than once, he brushed against her clit, but he didn't dare take the final step to dive into the exploration of her moist heat.

That was probably for the best, because more than once, Liz felt dizzy as the tingling and the hot waves in her center grew stronger.

Time for something more comfortable.

Gently grasping his head with both hands, she pushed him back. He looked up at her questioningly.

"Come on. Let's find a more comfortable spot!"

The pillows in her bed formed a cozy nest. Liz had leaned back, relaxed. Supported by the padding and with her legs bent and spread, she let Calvin proceed.

He lay halfway on top of her, having retreated to familiar territory. With kisses and caresses, he pleasured her breasts, his lips playing with her nipples, sucking on them. Every single touch added to the tingling inside her.. Liz could hardly wait for him to continue where he had left off in the shower. When she couldn't wait any longer, she gently pushed him downward.

Calvin understood exactly what she wanted from him. He kissed her belly, wandering down from the navel to the mound of her pubis, which was now bare and smooth. She could feel the heat of his face between her legs, his hot breath as he explored her from up close, kissing and finally licking her. His tongue traveled along her labia, first on the outside and then further and further toward the center. Over and over, he licked her from bottom to top, finally finding the tender bud.

He pressed it between his lips, teasing it with the tip of his tongue. Then he began to suck on it. He did everything he normally did to her nipples.

Liz trembled and groaned. Her hips pushed toward him uncontrollably. Finally, he dared to move his tongue along the edge of her labia, but cautiously avoided diving into her. Liz inhaled sharply, her hands clenching into fists.

Further! More!

Driven by her craving, Liz reached down, placing her fingers alongside her labia and pulling them apart, offering herself to Calvin. He hesitated briefly, then complied with the wordless request, and finally—finally!—she felt his tongue in the deeper areas.

Liz clasped his head, pressing him against herself, and felt him penetrate just a fraction further.

"Yesss," she groaned in a hoarse voice.

Nothing more was needed to fire Calvin up. He became bolder, more curious, and cheekier. A few times he resisted her firm grip to gasp for air, only to dive right back into her immediately. His warm, nimble tongue darted around inside her tunnel, leaving a tingling with every touch, building into a massive wave.

Her own aroma hung in the air. Heavy and rich, it told of the arousal that had gripped her, more intense than anything in the past months. With the pace of the strokes of his tongue, Liz heard smacking sounds and felt Calvin swallow. She was not just wet, she was overflowing.

Calvin was not just licking her and eating her out. He drank her, as if he had never done anything else. Liz trembled and twitched. Warm moisture squirted out of her, something she hadn't known she was even capable of.

He briefly lost his rhythm, then continued to suck and swallow, drink,and lick her.

My own little lapdog. Literally! The horniest puppy in the world.

The next wave pushed that thought away and made Liz twitch again. She lost control; her thighs trembled, snapping together and trapping Calvin between her legs. Liz grabbed his hair, pressed him firmly against her hot, wet slit. Her back arched, her ass rising and dropping heavily back down. The entire time Calvin was right there, continuing without pause, pushing his tongue between her labia and chasing with his lips after the last drop she gifted him.

Liz lost all sense of time and everything around her. Tense from the last shiver that had gripped her, she held her breath while ecstatic waves raced through her body. Only when her survival instinct kicked in and she gasped for air did she perceive her surroundings again.

Calvin was wedged between her legs. Instantly, she let go. He looked up at her, his face flushed and his cheeks wet from her fluid. In his eyes, she saw a sparkle, happy and content, perhaps also a little proud.

She took a few deep breaths and was finally able to speak again. "Thank you, little prince," she said, smiling at him.

"I did everything right?" he asked.

"Yes, more than that! That was fantastic! Come here!"

Liz was still lying on her back. Calvin crawled up between her legs, gave her a brief kiss on her belly, and a longer one as soon as his lips reached her nipples. Then he lay on top of her, heavy, cuddled into her arms. Liz enjoyed the closeness, feeling his heartbeat and stroking his back. In the process, she felt something hard brush against the inside of her thighs. A glance down told her that it was suspiciously close to her entrance.

I could just fuck you right now. The thought was tempting. At the same time, she knew that it wasn't the time for that. Nevertheless, she wanted to do something with him now, for him. Simply because it felt right to give him something after she had just received so much from him.

Calvin's head lay on her chest, beneath her chin. "Can I try something with you?" Liz whispered into his ear.

He looked up at her. "Sure. What?"

Liz stroked down his back and his firm, small backside to his thighs. Then she patted the mattress beside her with her hands. "Slide higher. With your knees next to me," she prompted him.

He sat up, shifting one leg after the other over her hip until he was sitting over her crotch.

A clear view between his spread legs. His pretty cock was hard and plump, and of a considerable size. The tip gleamed darkly from the rim of the foreskin. Liz wasn't sure whether the wet traces came from him or from her.

"Further!" She grabbed his backside with both hands and pushed. He scooted further, his thighs sliding past her sides, rubbing over her breasts until he was right in front of her face.

Liz pushed his butt upward, just a little bit, and then she had him exactly where she wanted him. She licked along the length of his cock, from root to the tip, just as he had done to her before. Calvin drew a sharp breath and trembled. Liz looked up. He had his eyes closed, his hands clenched into fists. Apparently, it wouldn't take much more.

She leaned forward, enclosing his tip with her lips. Her hands kept his butt cheeks firmly gripped. Slowly, she pushed his hot tip across her palate, feeling the pulsing shaft between her lips. She took him deep into her mouth, very slowly, exploring him with her tongue until he filled her out. Only a tiny bit of him was kept outside, but any further wasn't possible.

Mouth yes, throat no.

Liz could think of nothing more repulsive than risking the gag reflex. Or worse. Just the brief thought of what would happen if he came that deep in her throat made her push Calvin's hip away a little.

He groaned and tensed, but he wasn't quite there yet. His arms hung down loosely, as if he didn't know what to do with his hands, and so Liz could see how he tensed up, clenched his fists, and then let go again. Depending on what her tongue was doing to his tip. She enjoyed the game, occasionally pushing him deeper into her mouth and clasping him with her lips, then out again while sucking at the same time. Calvin gasped for air.

He's right there!

She grabbed his butt cheeks even more firmly now, digging her fingers into the soft skin, and massaged his cock with her lips. Just a little bit back and forth, with firm pressure. Again Calvin tensed, and this time he didn't let go. He took a very deep breath. She saw his stomach muscles tense, and his entire body trembled.

An "Oh" escaped him. The tone was soft, childlike, almost like a surprised "Oh no!," but it remained that single syllable accompanying the hot gush that now poured into her mouth.

Hot cum filled her mouth, a consistency between cream and honey, and a taste that was simply Calvin. She swallowed, massaging and sucking him until she had drawn out every last drop and he was already going limp. With a smacking sound, she let him slide out of her mouth.

"Did I do everything right too?" she asked him, looking up at him with a smile.

Calvin nodded. His face was flushed with excitement; he looked happy and at the same time exhausted.

"Com here, cuddle me," Liz said.

Calvin slid to her side, nestling his smooth body against her skin and caressing the places he could reach with his hands.

My boobies! Of course…

Like he was searching for something. No caressing and finger games, even now, when he was familiar with her pussy and she had introduced him to the pleasures of a blowjob. It all didn't matter. Calvin slid lower and lower until his face was level with her breast. His lips sought and felt their way across the areola until they found her nipple, enclosing it, and he began to suckle on it.

He's really suckling!

No gentle play with lips and tongue, no curious feeling around, but a proper, firm and rhythmic suckling just like a baby. As crazy as the thought was, she felt a deeper connection during it than in everything they had just done.

"You like that, don't you?" Liz asked, gently stroking his hair.

Calvin nodded without letting go of her nipple.

"Better than with your mom?"

The question was spontaneous and unintended, born out of this feeling of incredible closeness. Only after she had spoken it aloud did Liz become aware of what she had just said.

Calvin's reaction was just as spontaneous. He shook his head, then briefly let go of her nipple. "Just different." Then he continued.

The realization of what he had just admitted hit Liz with a delay, but all the more violently.

So it's true! Isabel lets him… let him suck her tits!

She didn't need much imagination to picture Calvin latching onto Isabel's breast. Liz looked down at herself. By comparison, everything about her was smaller: the cup size, areolas, nipples.

The whole boobie package!

And of course, there was no trace of milk. Calvin did not let that deter him, however, continuing to suckle contentedly and seeming to grow more and more peaceful, almost sleepy.

She felt his heartbeat, his steady breath, and something of his deep tranquility transferred onto her. Just moments ago, she had been fighting with all her might against the urge to fuck him right then and there. Now, the thought of grabbing his cute cock felt somehow wrong. She just wanted to hold him tightly, keep him safe in the security of her embrace, and never let go.

What on earth is wrong with me?

Calvin grew even quieter. He let her nipple slide out of his mouth, shifted his head into a comfortable position and cuddled up to her with closed eyes and a slight smile on his face. He fell asleep.

A comforting sensation washed over her, accompanied by an inner voice saying, 'Everything is fine, baby. You are safe here, little one!'

Where did that come from? Was this what... maternal instinct felt like? And if so, how did it fit with the desire and craving to do boy-and-girl things with him while simultaneously doing mother-and-child things?

Liz closed her eyes, breathing deeply and steadily as she waited for the chaos of her emotions to settle. In the end, what remained above all was the awareness that she was lying here in her bed, naked, with a cute boy she had just had sex with. Her desire ultimately triumphed over all other sensations.

Slowly, her hand wandered to her breast, to the nipple Calvin had just been sucking on, only a tiny distance from his lips, still large and firm. She took it between her fingers. Irritated from Calvin's work, it was highly sensitive. It burned and pinched, while at the same time the touch sent an electrifying tingle between her legs. Liz

played with and massaged herself only in this one spot, and was carried away by a gentle, peaceful wave. A small, quiet climax as a bonus, without waking Calvin.

When she was finished, she felt the cool air against her wet nipple.

Strange... Calvin had been so thorough after all...

She drifted off into a twilight state as well, only awakening when her smartphone announced a new message somewhere in the room.

Liz looked at the clock and gasped.

So late already!

Calvin stirred sluggishly, and she shook him gently awake.

"Calvin, wake up, you have to go home. Your mom is probably already worrying."

"What? How...," he woke up slowly, taking in his surroundings.

Then he widened his eyes in alarm, jumped out of bed, and began to get dressed. Liz hastily threw something on as well. She walked him to the door and said goodbye to him with a quick, passionate kiss.

"Do you have everything? All your clothes on? Everything in the right place?" she asked him.

Calvin giggled. "Yeah... and if not, I can always say I changed too fast after swimming."

With that, he turned around and started his walk home. Liz stood in the doorway, watching him go.

Her thoughts were still scattered. Because of that, she noticed the faint smell of cigarettes only belatedly.

Odd. Wasn't it just like that a few days ago?

She looked around; nobody was to be seen. As far as she knew, none of her neighbors smoked. She closed the door, her thoughts returning to the exciting things that had happened this afternoon.

A part of her was jealous of Calvin.

He has Liz around him all the time, and yet he has no idea how much fun he could have with her!

On the other hand, Isabel was happy for him. Calvin seemed happier and more alive than he had in a long while, and the disaster with the genetic analysis was no longer an issue at all.

Nevertheless, Isabel could not stop thinking about Liz. How she had lain in the chair at the clinic, her young pussy stretched to ecstasy by the plug-scan. How it had felt to touch her. Her climax, wet and hot and unhinged.

That one evening last week, when Calvin came home, Isabel even had the impression that she could perceive the scent of Liz on him. Although he had only been at her place for swimming!

Isabel shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts. The fact that Liz was on her way over to her place was not exactly helpful in doing so.

Another gap had opened in her schedule. Isabel might as well put Liz's interest in her pregnancy to good use. Her gaze fell upon her bed. She had spread a protective mat over it, one that was pleasant to the skin but waterproof. Various lotions and oils stood ready. The question remained whether the massage would have a relaxing effect or quite the opposite.

This secrecy is so tiresome! There must be another way. If I talk to Calvin gently, maybe he'll be fine with it. I just hope he doesn't feel like I'm taking his girlfriend away from him...

Liz

Half an hour later, most of the bottles stood untouched beside the bed. Next to them lay Liz's notebook, in which she had hastily jotted down Isabel's current measurements. After that, she had agreed with great enthusiasm to the massage Isabel had suggested.

Liz had turned her attention to Isabel's heavy, full breasts first. Something was triggering a heavier flow in Isabel on this day than usual. While Liz was trying hard at one breast not to waste a single drop, it was flowing freely from the other. The milk turned out to be a good substitute for massage oil. Besides the fact that Liz found the taste irresistible.

Drop by drop, she licked across Isabel's body, covering her in sucking kisses.

Don't waste a thing!

Isabel recognized her intention and deliberately distributed a few splashes in places to which Liz hadn't paid much attention so far. The full breasts and the plump belly were familiar to her by now. Now she tasted the flavor of arms and legs, noticing how much Isabel's taste changed in different areas. From the neck, she worked her way along the arms to the thighs and knees, all the way to the calves. At the feet, Liz held back. She knew that others found pleasure in that too, but the thought of licking feet and toes made her rather uncomfortable.

But maybe, if they're freshly washed. Just like Calvin with my freshly shaved pussy.

The thought of Calvin fueled her passion, and she brought Isabel to sighing and groaning. Then Isabel joined in, and so they found themselves tangled on the bed in something that remotely resembled a sixty-nine. The milk was also suitable as a lubricant, as they found out later. Though there was no necessity for it, because by the time they were ready to insert fingers and things into each other, they were both soaking wet.

"Have you already ordered extensions for the plug?" Isabel asked when kissing and licking were no longer enough and she rolled to the edge of the bed to get some toys.

Liz bit her lip embarrassedly and shook her head. "No, not yet."

She hadn't even looked into the online shop for the dildos yet. The thought felt so final. Like an important step in a direction she still wasn't sure she wanted to take.

"But you have your plug with you?"

Liz nodded. "Yes."

"Do you want to try it out?"

That was exactly the question.

Do I?

Liz hadn't unpacked it since she received it. "I don't know..." she said.

Isabel grinned broadly. "How sweet! You're not usually this shy. I'd really love to be pleasured by you. How about you use one of mine? This one, maybe?"

She took a dildo out of her drawer that came very close to natural human anatomy. Liz felt an expectant tingle through her entire body.

"Are you sure you want me to do it?" she asked.

"Yes, of course!" Isabel replied enthusiastically. "It's quite different from satisfying myself with it."

So Liz let herself be persuaded and fetched her plug out of the inconspicuous packaging. Isabel attached the dildo to it.

A moment of silence followed. Liz sat hesitantly on the bed, while Isabel knelt between her legs with the toy in her hand.

"May I?" she asked with a lustful look.

"Mhm," Liz agreed with a murmur. Supported on her elbows and with her legs spread wide apart, she leaned back and watched. Isabel pressed the end of the plug against her entrance. With only little pressure, but Liz felt herself widening and taking the tip deeper into herself than she had expected.

"See, it works!" Isabel said enthusiastically, moving the plug back and forth. She fucked Liz, pushing the thing deeper into her with every thrust.

Liz felt herself widening, being stretched. The girth of the plug was impressive even when turned off. She felt a slight tug, close to pain, nothing what she associated with pleasure. Another thrust, this time she really thought she was torn apart. Then there was a jolt. Something huge slipped deep inside her and filled her out, while her labia was still irritated and stretched by the shaft for the extension.

Instinctively, her muscles clenched to grip the intruder and wanted to get rid of it, to push it out.

Isabel held the dildo between her legs. With a firm grip, she kept the plug in place.

"Breathe," she whispered, looking between Liz's legs with greedy eyes. "Yes, that's it. Relax, accept it. Let it become a part of you. In a moment you'll have overcome the reflex, Just a little moment."

Liz concentrated on her breathing to relax her tensed muscles. In a distant corner of her mind, she became aware that this was a perverse reversal of a birth. Where normally the pregnant woman was guided with breathing exercises and encouragement to push something out, Isabel was helping her to take something in.

The twitching of her inner walls and the muscles subsided. The feeling of fullness remained. A foreign, unfamiliar weight hung between her legs, and depending on which direction she moved, the motion of the dildo levered to the plug.

Is this what it feels like for boys?

Isabel caressed her lap. She let her fingers circle the wet edges of her labia and stroked her clit.

"Are you ready?"

Liz nodded.

With skillful fingers, Isabel found the hidden button to activate the plug. All at once, Liz felt a sudden inflation inside herself and was even more filled. The pressure increased, almost like earlier when she had felt the uncomfortable penetration. It stopped barely just before pain.

Isabel let her fingers wander over the dildo, and parallel to that, Liz felt a soft tingling travel through her inner walls. From way back deep to the edge of her labia. That stimulated something, and she felt moisture squeezing past the plug despite the tightness. She sighed, unsure whether it was meant to make the expulsion easier or whether her body was demanding even more.

When Isabel leaned forward and enclosed the tip of the dildo with her lips, Liz felt something completely foreign and new inside her. Her head couldn't exactly align it with what Isabel was doing to the dildo. It was definitely in sync, though.

A wave building inside Liz and crashed over her immediately. She shuddered, primarily because her body wanted to respond somehow to these strange impressions, and only to a small degree because Isabel had brought her to her first climax of this encounter.

"I'd say it works," Isabel said with a broad grin.

Liz lay on the bed, breathing heavily and listening to the echo of her overloaded senses.

"Is it... always this intense?" she asked between gasps of air.

Isabel shrugged. "Maybe. I've long since gotten used to it, though. It's definitely good enough to make you want it over and over again. I can hardly wait..."

She slid onto the bed next to Liz. With her legs bent and resting on one arm, she caressed the upright dildo between Liz's legs with her other hand.

"Whenever you want," Isabel whispered in a husky voice.

Liz could recognize the desire in it very well. She sat up, letting the new sensations do their work while gently stroking Isabel's curves at the same time. Her hands wandered over the breasts with the dripping nipples and across the plump, wet glistening belly.

Then she stood up to give Isabel what she craved. It wasn't easy to find a position that worked. The plug-dildo hung heavily between her legs. She got the impression she could even feel the cool air at its tip. For a moment, it would have almost been enough for her to play with herself.

Isabel had shifted in a comfortable position, looking at Liz with a gaze full of anticipation. She lay on cushions on her back, her hips ready at the edge of the bed, while her legs were wide apart, the feet barely resting on the bed.

Liz knelt down between her legs. The bed was low enough, and her hips were level with Isabel's. But the angle of the dildo didn't quite fit. It rose up between her legs, and the tip pointed at Isabel's huge belly.

Five months! And with every day it looks even hotter!

Perhaps another position would have been more comfortable or sensual, but Liz wanted to see exactly what was happening. And maybe she wanted to see Isabel's curves jiggle, too.

She grabbed the dildo, pushed it down a little and was instantly aware of the tight fitting plug in her pussy again, which she had briefly forgotten.

I got used to it that quickly!

Liz stroked the inside of Isabel's thighs, who sighed comfortably in response and pushed her hips toward Liz even further.

There was no reason left to hesitate, but Liz held back. She needed a moment to accept that she was on the other side of the act. In all her fantasies, she had always seen herself where Isabel was. Ready to receive, ready to take.

She grasped the dildo, feeling the touch being transmitted inside her. Perhaps with this variant, the classic roles were obsolete?

I'm not acting the guy. We are the same, two women inside each other!

Suddenly, she understood the appeal of exotic dildos. The lack of resemblance with human masculinity had something liberating about it. Seen this way, she viewed the dildo on her plug through different eyes, and the thought helped her overcome the final hesitation.

She pressed the shaft against Isabel's pussy, rubbing it between her glistening labia.

Isabel groaned, drawing the knees of her bent legs upward and clasping them with her hands. Her hip tilted a bit, aligning her entrance with the tip of the dildo.

"It's okay," Isabel sighed in a kind of encouragement.

But Liz was pretty sure she meant: What are you waiting for?

She leaned forward, without any force, just a tiny bit. But instantly the tip of the dildo buried itself in Isabel's pussy. Halfway in with the first stroke. then back out again. Whatever technical mysteries were built into the dildo and the plug, they worked. Liz felt the tingling that started in the front half of her vagina subside when she glided out of Isabel, only to increase to the same extent upon entering again.

Isabel offered no resistance at all. On the next thrust, Liz penetrated her completely and groaned as her own interior tingled fully as well.

"This is... insane," she said once she found her voice again.

"I know," Isabel said. "And now stop talking and make something of it!"

Liz was fucking Isabel for the first time. It was the very first time she actively ever fucked anyone. The tingling of the sensory transmission and the plug, which shifted additionally inside her due to the awkward angle of the dildo, made for an incredibly intense experience. After just a few thrusts, she had to pause because it became too much. It wasn't a climax announcing itself, but an uncomfortable, almost painful sensory overload.

In slow, flowing, rolling movements, she pushed back and forth, fucking Isabel's juicy pussy as carefully as possible. Isabel moaned and shivered. Her hands twitched, and she let go of her knees, which she had pulled back.

Liz smirked. She reached for Isabel's calves, draped them over her shoulders, leaned forward, and supported herself with outstretched arms. Due to the wide spreading of Isabel's legs, Liz went deep down inside her all the way to the hilt.

"Yeees... aaah...," Isabel groaned in a high voice.

She reached for Liz's arms, grabbing her wrists and pulling her close. Without the support, Liz fell forward, suddenly lying with her full weight on Isabel and the plump baby belly pressing against her between Isabel's thighs.

Liz felt the rub of Isabel's hot, wet pussy against herself, the dildo buried inside her the same way as the plug inside Liz. There was no more thrusting, no back and forth. Only a circling, rolling movement. Wet friction, accompanied by smacking sounds and the mixture of their two aromas.

Isabel pulled Liz close with a firm grip. At the moment of her climax, her legs twitched, her thighs clamping around Liz, and Isabel pressed her against herself, into herself.

The plug transmitted everything. The insistent, tingling sensation turned into something indescribable at the moment of Isabel's climax, so intense that it robbed Liz of her senses. Her own climax was not an oncoming wave, but a sudden hurricane she could do nothing against.

It took a moment before she could make out separate noises. Gasping breath, shrill cries, groaning. It was difficult for her to distinguish which was hers.

Eventually, she had slid next to Isabel, cuddled against her in a tender, tight embrace. She felt her own heartbeat, Isabel's, and where she touched the pregnant belly, something else too.

"Wow. Someone is quite active in there!" Liz said, looking up from Isabel's breast.

Isabel smirked. "Yeah, well, we did everything to wake it up."

Liz grinned and then turned her attention back to the delicious nipple. They were back where they had started, and Isabel still—or already again—had plenty of milk. For a while, Liz lay smacking at her breast, enjoying the quiet, the closeness, and this feeling of connection.

"You really seem to be into this," Isabel said, gently stroking Liz's hair.

Liz nodded, letting go of the nipple for a second.

"Yeah, just like Calvin."

Afterward, she continued playing with the delicious source.

The spontaneous reply was not as thoughtless as it seemed. Liz was watching Isabel's reaction closely.

Isabel froze, tensed up, then went limp and let out a sigh.

"How..." She gently pushed Liz away and sought her gaze. "How do you know?"

"He always has the scent of your milk on him. I could smell it even before. It drives me almost crazy, especially since I know what it is," Liz said.

Isabel nodded thoughtfully. "I see..."

Liz acted seemingly naive, but her thoughts were racing.

Should I dare...?

For one or two breaths, she focused on Isabel's closeness, on the warmth of her skin against her own, her scent, and the feeling of safety she felt when lying in Isabel's arms.

"...Besides, he's incredibly skilled when he latches at my nipples. That has to come from somewhere," she added.

Isabel froze again and remained silent for far too long.

Did I ruin it?

"Has he... done something inappropriate?" Isabel asked cautiously.

So that's what she's worried about!

Liz had to suppress a giggle.

"No, on the contrary. I offered it to him," she said. "Showing off a little is just part of wearing a swimsuit, even more when swimming. Eventually, I couldn't take his longing looks anymore. I thought if he wants to see my boobies so badly, then he should go right ahead. Looking turned into touching, and well... then he showed his talents. You obviously know that yourself."

Despite her cool act, Liz only now dared to look Isabel in the eye. She saw no judgment there, no horror, but...

Fear?

"Did you..." Isabel swallowed. "Did you tell anyone about this?"

"What? No! Of course not," Liz countered. "That's strictly between you two. I'm not interfering."

Isabel looked immensely relieved.

"...Though," Liz continued thoughtfully.

Isabel looked at her inquiringly. "Yes?"

"I do think this very hot. It would be even hotter if I could watch sometime. Maybe… join?"

A broad grin spread across Isabel's face.

"Oh, so that's what you'd like? Hm, let's see, maybe. Probably not anytime soon, but if I prepare him gently for it, why not..."

"Honestly, that would be so hot," Liz said. "Just imagine it. Him here...," she began pinching one of Isabel's nipples with her fingers until milk flowed out, "...and me here." She took the other nipple into her mouth and suckled.

Isabel sighed, closing her eyes and pressing Liz's head even tighter against herself with one hand.

"You dirty little thing. You're even cheekier than I thought." With her other hand, she found Liz's fingers on her breast and pressed them tighter against herself too.

Warm milk ran from the corner of Liz's mouth and between her fingers. She stood no chance of catching it all. Instead, she surrendered to the effect the scent and taste had on her.

The nest of Isabel's embrace was everything she craved at that moment. She cuddled for quite a while longer until it was time to freshen up and continue the day at school.

As she left Isabel's house and walked down the driveway, she suddenly smelled the cigarette smoke again that she had been encountering everywhere for days. She looked around, but nobody was to be seen. The memory of the hours just spent with Isabel and the burning between her legs kept her thoughts occupied and she didn't think about it any further.

Later in the evening, when she was at home and undisturbed, she finally looked around the Fun And Care online shop. Just as Nia had promised, new sections were now unlocked for her. Liz had expected many things, but not such a wide selection of attachments and dildos for the plug system. The mere sight of some already caused pain, while others made her turn wet instantly.

She placed a few interesting pieces into her shopping cart and almost overlooked the most exciting item. Small and inconspicuous at first glance, it was all the more devious upon closer inspection. Liz's eyes widened at the description of the possible additional functions. The options for personal customization and sizes were astonishingly diverse.

When I present this to Isabel...

A grin spread across her face and turned into a dirty giggle.

But what size?

The selection was finely graduated. The description promised a particularly realistic feeling for this model, and Liz wanted to make sure. Did she have anything around by which she could take measurements? She looked around her room and in the bathroom, but nothing resembled the dimensions she needed.

In the end, she found what she was looking for in the kitchen. In the vegetable compartment of the refrigerator lay a bunch of carrots, all of varying length and thickness. Liz took them in her hand, feeling them with closed eyes until she was sure which one came closest to nature. She took the measurements and hurried back to her room. Lastly, she compared the options for different skin tones until she found the one that best matched her own. At the end of the order, a notice popped up stating that such custom-made items required a few days longer. Liz confirmed and leaned back with a grin.

This is going to be fun! I'm curious to see how Isabel reacts to it! And Calvin!

Now that she had finished everything, it was quiet for a moment, which was why the scratching sound at her window caught her attention. She turned around, seeing only the bush in front of it shaking. However, there was hardly enough wind blowing to cause that. Alarmed, Liz stood up and walked slowly to the window.

Nobody was to be seen. A strange feeling crept over her.

Mom and Dad are away all week. Is a burglar hanging around here?

As inconspicuously as possible, she walked to the door, her phone in hand and the emergency number on the screen. A single touch would be enough to activate the call. Liz slipped out of her room and into the pool house. The blinds were completely lowered, all windows firmly locked. Liz started her smartphone camera. Whatever happened, she wanted to have proof.

Carefully, she opened the door from the pool house to the garden. Nothing was to be seen. But the smell of cigarettes was back!

Someone is here! A stalker?

Liz was about to close the door when it was suddenly ripped out of her hand. Standing before her was a mane of blonde curls, from beneath which sparkling eyes gleamed, and a glowing cigarette.

"Hello Peach," a raspy voice said, which she remembered as being much sweeter, blowing smoky breath into her face. At the same time, Liz felt a hand at her waist, slowly wandering downward until it gripped her butt firmly. Only then did Liz become aware that she had feared that touch equally as she had missed it.

Finally, she swallowed and found her voice.

"Hello Emma."

Emma is back!

Liz still couldn't believe it. She didn't know whether to be happy or whether to give in to the other feeling that Emma's unexpected appearance provoked in her. Fear.

Once the shock of her proximity and the smoke from her cigarette had vanished, Liz had quickly noticed that things weren't going particularly well for her former friend.

"Can I freshen up at your place?" Emma had asked, staring at Liz so piercingly that she had just steppd out of her way.

"You still know where the shower is, right?"

Emma nodded.

"There are towels there as well."

"Thanks!"

Emma had marched past her into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. Shortly afterward, she had opened the door again and dropped a bundle of her clothes in front of it.

Liz had picked up the items with the tips of her fingers. Wherever Emma had spent the past few days, she had been wearing these clothes. Liz put them into the washing machine. Quick power cycle, maximum performance, an extra amount of detergent.

Afterward, she came into Liz's room. She walked slowly through the room, which had changed significantly since their last encounter.

"Not the secret hiding place anymore, huh? Yours now?" Emma asked.

"Yes. Mom and Dad thought it would be a good opportunity for me to show responsibility..."

"I could use a drink." Emma interrupted her. "A beer at least."

"You smoke and drink?" Liz asked, confused.

Emma turned around with a jerk and approached her with quick steps. "Yes, I smoke! I drink! And if you get me a beer, I'll tell you what else I do!"

Her tone made it clear that this was not a request.

Liz hurried away. At first, she thought about getting one of the bottles from her mother's house bar. However, she had no idea which of them Emma would like. So she checked the kitchen and found an opened six-pack of beer.

When she opened the door to her room, Emma startled. Liz only needed a brief moment to see that several things on her desk were moved.

Emma is snooping around! Why?

"Here, your beer." Liz handed Emma the whole pack.

Emma took out a can, opened it with a practiced ease, and took a large gulp. "Ah, thanks."

She dropped onto the end of the couch. The towel she had knotted over her chest slid up, exposing her thighs. Liz had to force herself not to stare at the bruises.

Liz sat down carefully on the other end of the couch. "Do you want something to wear from my clothes?"

Emma responded with a snort. "Look at that, the moment we're alone, you want to continue with the dress-up games." She sighed theatrically and drank from her beer. "I'm just afraid I've outgrown your things."

"No, I didn't mean it that way."

Damn, why did Liz feel so blindsided by every single one of her sentences?

"Where were you, Emma? What happened?" burst from Liz uncontrollably. "I was so desperate, nobody wanted to tell me anything."

"You were desperate? What do you think it was like for me?" Emma had straightened up, her hand clenched into a fist. Her eyes sparkled, but not with anything friendly. On the contrary, she seemed like a wild cat that had been cornered.

"I don't understand," Liz said. "Are you mad at me? Do I have anything to do with this?"

"Everything," Emma replied, sinking back into the cushions. Then a wistful smile appeared on her face. "And nothing. This place..." she made an expansive gesture around the room, "...brings back a lot of memories. You couldn't have known, but this is where it all started. Back when this was still our secret hiding place and we played... silly childhood games."

Liz felt her cheeks glowing. "They weren't silly childhood games," she countered fiercely. "To me, it was always something special. You were special! And then you were just gone, without a word!"

Her voice trembled. From anger, frustration, excitement. An uncontrolled mix of emotions. For the first time, she spoke aloud what she had felt for years and kept to herself.

Emma gave her a long, appraising look. "You really don't know, do you? Yet I was right there when my mom talked to your mother..."

"Damn it, what are you talking about? What the hell happened back then?" Liz grew louder than she had intended, and Emma raised her eyebrows.

"Then I guess I have to start at the very beginning." Emma gathered her thoughts. Then she looked at Liz. "Do you remember the photos?"

A wave of cold dread gripped Liz. "You mean..." She couldn't bring out any more.

Emma's face distorted into a broad grin that held hardly anything friendly. She spread her bent legs, the towel falling to the side and exposing dark blonde curls between her legs.

"Exactly, I mean those photos," Emma said, pointing her chin down.

Liz swallowed. "What... what about them?"

"Come on," Emma countered, "you surely noticed that some are missing, right? Do you still have them?"

Liz nodded. "Um, well..."

"I knew it! You dirty little beast!" Then she shrugged. "Whatever, I was part of it too. You wouldn't believe how often I thought about the taste and how you feel. Especially since my memories were all I had left. But I'll get to that in a moment. Back to the photos. I had taken a few with me. Just like that, because I wanted to have something of yours with me."

Emma paused, and for the first time, a hint of her wonderful smile hovered around the corners of her mouth. The moment didn't last long, though.

"Do you remember Gerry, my mother's partner at the time?"

A chill crept down Liz's spine. "Yeah, why? What does he have to do with it? Did he... do something?" she asked.

Emma shook her head. "No, he was far too harmless for that. Far too boring. I... I had this idea. I thought it would be fun to play a prank on him. Mom had him completely under her thumb, and I thought I could do the same with the right leverage. So I put one of those photos in his wallet. I wanted to catch him with it! Unfortunately, it didn't work."

Liz had followed her explanations with wide eyes. "What happened?"

"Well. Mom was faster." Emma emptied the beer can with one last long gulp and then crushed it with her bare hand. "She lost her mind," she continued. "Locked me in my room and ranted and screamed. Gerry was kicked out that very same evening. I've never seen him again. That wasn't what I had hoped for, but well, I could live with that..."

Emma paused, playing absently with her wet curls, which were drying only slowly after the shower. For a split second, the sight of her recalled the innocence of a few years ago, and Liz felt an echo of long-past sensations. Then the moment was over, and Emma went on.

"I hadn't expected Mom to overreact like that. I told her a hundred times what happened. That Gerry hadn't touched me, I literally assured her, swore it with tears. She didn't believe me. Carried me off to some shrink instead, who was likewise of the opinion that I was traumatized. As a result, Mom got it into her head that I needed a change of scenery, a fresh start. First we went to her parents' place. I never told you about my grandparents, did I?"

Liz shook her head.

Emma rolled her eyes. "You didn't miss anything there. Totally religious, completely strict, and Mom was so frantic that she had rediscovered her faith as well. They put me in a boarding school, for my own good, of course. Protected from all the evil of this world. No cell phone, no internet, Bible TV all day long. It was hell."

"I'm so sorry! Honestly, I knew nothing about that."

Liz had moved closer and placed her hand comfortingly on Emma's knee. For a long, motionless moment, Emma stared at the hand. Then she looked at Liz, with an unreadable expression.

"That was the only good thing about it. My mom didn't have the imagination to picture that the whole thing came from me and you. The mere sight of a young pussy in Gerry's wallet was enough for her to flip out..."

"Wait a minute, which picture are we talking about here?" Liz asked.

"I thought you knew which one I meant. Do you remember when I brought those porn magazines and we copied the pictures?"

A hot flush shot into Liz's face. "Yes, I think I know which ones you mean."

The childlike costumes had lost their appeal back then. The pictures in the magazines had offered plenty of inspiration for games completely without clothes. It was new, exciting, and held the irresistible appeal of the forbidden. They had laughed until they cried that day because they couldn't imagine why anyone would let themselves be photographed in such silly and uncomfortable poses.

"I took one of those, not of myself, of course. If Mom had recognized me in the photo, a murder probably would have happened. I took the one of you. Do you remember? The one on the couch, leaning back, legs apart, and a close-up..."

"Oh my god, Emma! How could you!" In her horror, Liz had gripped harder than intended, her fingers digging into Emma's thigh just above the knee.

Emma brushed it off with a cheeky grin. "Don't worry, there was nothing by which you could be identified in any way. A hairless, far too young pussy. And a cute, smooth ass with a little bit more peeking out from underneath. Anonymous, but enough to make Gerry look like a secret pedophile."

"Emma! That is incredibly mean!"

Emma sighed. "Yeah, probably. But it's too late to change anything about it now." She shrugged. "Anyway, that was the reason I vanished so suddenly. I tried running away from the school a few times, but they caught me every single time before I could get in touch with you. I counted the days until I turned eighteen, because from then on, they couldn't keep me against my will anymore."

"So you've been out of there for two weeks?" Liz asked.

"Yes. Of course, my mom was against it and refused to give me any support. I was standing there with no money, no clothes, no phone, nothingl."

"And how did you get here?" Liz asked.

"Hitchhiking."

"Wow. Isn't that dangerous?"

Another careless gesture from Emma followed. "Sure. Probably every single one of the guys who picked me up was hoping for a quick lay. I managed to keep them off me, though, even if a few of them got a bit forward." She casually ran her hand over the bruises on her legs.

"That's crazy. That could have gone horribly wrong, though. Why didn't you get in touch?"

"Because I couldn't remember your number. It's in my phone, which is bunkered at my mom's place along with my other stuff. No chance of getting to it. And besides..." Emma opened another can of beer and took a large gulp. "...besides, nobody could do anything to me that I hadn't already experienced at the boarding school."

"Emma, no...," Liz whispered, completely numb, as tears filled her eyes. "What did they do to you..."

"Well, what do you think. Imagine a house full of stubborn girls who need to be brought onto the right path by oh-so-pious and kind brothers in prayer. That involves a whole lot of chastisement. It didn't take long before the first one pulled out a cock instead of the whip..."

Liz froze. Her mind refused to imagine the horror Emma must have experienced.

"Oh, look at you," Emma said mockingly, setting the beer aside. "My sweet, little Princess Peach is totally shocked by so many bad stories." She leaned forward, coming closer, and began tugging at Liz's clothes.

"Nobody calls me that, Emma!" Liz objected.

"Oh yes! I call you that." With a forceful grip, Emma fumbled with Liz's belt. "I've always called you that since the first time I licked your plump, wet fruit. That was my only comfort when the monks stuffed their cocks down my throat or mercilessly into my ass. They always made sure that all signs of virginity remained intact in their little

sheep. Most of them, at least; I was lucky that nobody lost control with me. And whenever they came to get me, I dreamed of your sweet peach..."

She had unbuttoned Liz's pants and yanked them down.

"Come on, Peach, let me at it. I've waited for this for so long. The other girls at the school were far too prudish for this kind of fun. Come on, let's pick up right where we left off!"

"Emma, please! Don't..." Liz tried weakly to defend herself.

Just moments ago, she had been shocked by Emma's story. Now, she was disgusted by the smell of beer on Emma's breath and completely blindsided by her rough approach. She tried weakly to push Emma aside. Without success.

"Don't act like that. I know you! I bet you've dreamed of me often enough. Do you still have the dildo? Did you think of me when you pushed it inside yourself, huh?"

Liz's resistance faded entirely. She wanted nothing of what was happening right now. At the same time, Emma was right. She had dreamed of her. She had imagined over and over what it would be like if she returned. But in her dreams, it had always been beautiful, not like this. Nevertheless, she felt a completely inappropriate tingle in her center.

"What..." she swallowed. "What do you want, Emma?"

"I want you! I want your peach in my face until you scream and squeak and I finally know that there are still things in life that mean something to me. And then I want your fingers and your tongue in my pussy!"

"Emma... I don't know... it doesn't feel right..."

"What? Are you taken? Is something going on?" Emma asked, suddenly menacingly calm.

"No, I..."

"Does it have something to do with the cute boy who keeps coming over here? Like last week, when he was at the pool for half an hour while you strutted up and down in front of him in a skimpy swimsuit? I wonder what you two were doing in your room for hours afterward."

Liz was speechless.

Emma had been spying on me!

"Do you have all your clothes on? Everything in the right place?" Emma mimicked Liz's tone theatrically, before switching to one that was clearly meant to represent Calvin. "Yeah... and if not, I can always say I changed too fast after swimming…"

An icy spike pierced through Liz's chest.

"Emma, what is this? What are you trying to say?"

"I'm not trying to say anything. Maybe none of it meant anything, and I'll forget all about it as soon as I have my next climax..."

The threat stood in the room like an iceberg. Then Emma's expression changed, and she looked at Liz sadly.

"Please," she said. Softly, as if she were suddenly someone else. "I just want to experience our girls-play again. To be touched by someone I like. To feel something beautiful, to be happy. We had all of that back then, didn't we?"

Her words dissolved the last of Liz's resistance.

"Yeah, maybe you're right. I've dreamed of it so many times myself, after all."

During all the commotion, the towel had slipped from Emma's body. She knelt before Liz, naked, beautiful, and far more womanly than Liz remembered her.

Why not! She is my best friend, and she wants it so badly!

Resolutely, she pulled off her T-shirt and slipped off her bra.

"Wow. Those are some cute tits!" Emma commented, cupping them with both hands.

"Boobies. I call them boobies," Liz said, flushing as Emma's hands sent a wave of warmth between her legs.

They actually picked up right where they had left off a long time ago. Their fingers knew which spots were sensitive, which ones were ticklish, and which ones fueled their desire.

Nevertheless, it wasn't the same. Liz had to overcome her disgust at the cigarette and beer breath over and over again. Up close, she also discovered signs of neglect and of violence.

At least no needle tracks.

The thought was macabre and dark, and she immediately felt ashamed of it. It wasn't far-fetched, though.

Emma threw herself eagerly onto the part she called Peach. She licked Liz's labia, pushed her tongue between them, and nibbled tenderly on her bud. Liz met her as best she could. She wanted so badly to give her friend the pleasure she desired, and ignored the rough fingers, the harsh grip, and the demanding threat for it. It was, however, completely different from what she had experienced in the past months with Calvin and Isabel.

Was it different with Emma in the past?

Her climax came quickly, inevitable due to the intense mechanics Emma applied. Hardly had Liz recovered from it when Emma crawled over her, pinning her arms to the bed with her knees and pressing her crotch into Liz's face.

In videos, it was called facesitting. That was one of the things she wanted to do with Isabel sometime, or with Calvin. Once they were familiar enough with each other for it to be beautiful for everyone. With what Emma was doing to her right now, something was missing. The closeness. The pleasure.

Emma's blonde curls scratched across Liz's face. She felt the hot pussy, far too dry for what they were doing to each other. So Liz used her tongue, discovering the familiar taste of Emma, which even in this spot was tainted by the aroma of cigarettes.

Emma groaned. More out of frustration and desperation than out of lust, but she didn't let up. She sat heavily on Liz's chest, and her crotch left her hardly any room to breathe. Liz chose to forge ahead, trying everything possible with her lips and tongue, and additionally used her hands to stroke and pleasure Emma wherever she could. A brief twitch of Emma's thighs was all she achieved. No comparison to the ecstasy with Isabel. Even the plug-scan at the clinic would have given her more. But Emma was not to be blamed.

It's definitely because of everything she's been through!

Eventually, they lay on the couch. Half behind, half on top of each other. Emma held Liz entangled from behind with a tight embrace, as if she were afraid of losing her. Liz permitted the closeness for as long as she could bear it. Then she freed herself.

"Are you hungry? Pizza?" she asked.

Emma's eyes lit up. "Yeah, love to. Do you still order from the same place as before?"

"Yes."

"The usual then."

That was another one of those moments when Emma sounded like her former, innocent self. However, it only lasted for a few seconds again.

"So? Are you fucking the boy?" Emma asked later, while trying on some of Liz's clothes.

"What? No!" Liz countered, a bit too hastily.

Emma grinned all over her face. "But you suck his little cock, right?"

"Why do you say things like that?" Liz countered.

Emma burst into loud, raspy laughter. "Oh, Peach, you're so easy to read. Can the little guy even get it up?"

"Stop it, Emma, I don't want to hear that kind of stuff!"

Emma was still laughing, shaking her head. "I can hardly believe it. But well, we experienced our first adventures together at that age too. Is he good? Does he taste sweet?"

"Stop! It!" Liz shouted, this time a bit louder.

"Okay, okay," Emma raised her hands in mock surrender. "Is the pregnant woman he lives with his mother? What are you actually up to with her when you visit her, even though you're supposed to be in school?"

Liz struggled to suppress the rising panic.

What else has Emma found out?

"We are friends. She's helping me with a school project."

"Uh-huh, a school project. So that's what they call it these days..."

The ringing of the doorbell offered an escape from this troublesome conversation.

"That's the pizza, I'll get it." Liz hurried to the front door, accepted the food, and brought it back to her room.

Emma had finally put together an outfit that didn't look quite so shabby anymore. Apparently, she had a soft spot for the dark boots Liz had worn until she met Calvin and Isabel. Emma was hungry. She wolfed down her pizza. At least that kept her from making further provoking remarks.

Liz had lost her appetite. She still had most of it left in the box when she turned to Emma.

"I can organize some help for you if you'd like."

Emma paused while chewing. "Help? With what?" she said indistinctly with her mouth full.

"Because of what happened to you. At the school and with your mom. So that you at least get your things back. A place to live, maybe also to finish school."

Emma looked at her suspiciously.

"I am absolutely not going back to some shrink. I can just stay here with you for now, you have plenty of room anyway. And we could do our girls-play whenever we want."

Every single one of her statements was troublesome on its own. Together, they painted a terrifying picture.

Emma really needs help!

"That wouldn't go well for long, you know that. At the latest when my parents come home on the weekend, they'd ask uncomfortable questions," Liz said.

"Uncomfortable for you or for me?" Emma interjected.

"Come on, Emma, I'm serious. I know people who can help you. With all the things I mentioned to you."

"Oh yeah? And who is that supposed to be?"

"The organization is called FemCom..."

"Good grief, Liz!" Emma sounded horrified. "Have you joined the lesbian cult?"

"What?" Liz was shocked. "What do you mean?"

"Well, FemCom. They had a really nasty reputation at the church school!"

"So what? Isn't that all the more reason for you to be open to it? Besides, they aren't a cult, but an organization that does an incredible amount for women and the disadvantaged."

"You've already learned that by heart from the promotional flyer!" Emma countered mockingly. Then she paused. "Rumor said, they have wonder pills for firm tits? Is that why you're so firm and well-shaped?"

Liz blushed. "Maybe. But I take them for my period cramps."

"Yeah, yeah, blah, blah," Emma cut her off. "What about the promise of those super crazy sex toys? Is there any truth to that?"

Liz felt even more heat rising, and Emma looked at her in astonishment.

"Say no more, so it's true. Well, then we have a whole lot of things we can discover together."

The conversation was not going at all in the direction Liz had intended.

"Emma, this isn't going to work. I like you, but with the state you're in... you can't stay here."

"What? I've barely arrived and you already want to get rid of me?"

"I want to help you, Emma. But I can't do it alone. When I ordered the pizza, I called a friend. She gave me a contact..."

Emma jumped up, dropping the pizza box. "I'm not letting anyone lock me up!" she snarled like a tiger about to pounce.

The reaction was instant and wildly overblown. In a corner of her mind, Liz noted with regret that she had leverage for an emergency if Emma escalated further.

"Easy, Emma!" she said. "That's exactly what I mean! Nobody wants to lock you up. Emma, I only have a contact. You can meet with her, talk to her, and then we'll see. Her name is Nastrya. She works in security for FemCom. That school you were at isn't the first of its kind they've dealt with. They can also help you get your things out of your mom's place."

Emma seemed to calm down a little. She snatched the pizza box from the floor and stuffed another slice into her mouth, keeping her eyes on the door.

"What's the price?" she mumbled between two bites.

"There is no price," Liz countered. "They just want to help, that's what they do. Helping people, helping women who couldn't afford help if it had a price."

"Do you really believe that?" She still seemed guarded.

"If you think you're so smart, Emma, then find out for yourself. It's a contact. Talk to her, that can't be so bad, right?" Liz noted down the number on a piece of paper and handed it to Emma.

She looked at the paper and set it aside.

"Okay, because it's you. Maybe I'll call them sometime. But not now. Are you going to eat the rest of the pizza or can I have it?"

The food, the beer, and perhaps everything of the past few days caught up with Emma at once. She insisted on sharing the bed. Liz was already fearing another attempt at their girls-play, but Emma simply cuddled up close to her and was soon fast asleep.

Liz, on the other hand, lay awake for a long time. The impressions of the day mixed with her memories, and in the end, she could no longer say with certainty when she had done things together with Emma and when Emma had simply done them to her. A small difference that changed everything.

The next morning, she awoke with an empty space beside her in bed. At first, Liz thought Emma was in the bathroom. When she didn't hear anything from her for a while, though, Liz got up and looked around. The clothes were gone. The closet stood open. A cold suspicion crept over her. She hurried over and looked inside.

Everything was rummaged through, and right in the middle lay the box with her secret photos. The ones of Emma and her, but also the ones from her games with Calvin. Hastily, Liz searched through the pile of pictures. Once, twice.

None seemed to be missing except for the most harmless of them all, the one where Emma had smiled cheerfully into the camera. But even if Emma had only chosen this one, she would have seen the others as well. What had been a vague threat the night before was now confirmed. Liz's heart hammered in her throat.

What is she going to do with that knowledge?

She turned around and looked around the room. The note with the contact for Nastrya was missing too. At least, maybe Emma would give it a chance. Liz put on her clothes and searched the whole house for a trace of Emma. She had taken her old things with her as well. Had Emma really vanished again, without a word?

When Liz came back into her room, she noticed the beer can on her desk, the last one from the six-pack. Tucked underneath it was a note.

Thanks for the pizza and beer.

And the night. I'm afraid time

can't be turned back.

I'll be in touch.

Em.

PS: Have fun with the little guy!

He's cute!

March already. How time flies!

Isabel looked thoughtfully at the calendar on the refrigerator. Calvin's birthday was just a few days away. Fourteen years with my sunshine! She smiled at the memory of all the beautiful moments.

"Good morning, Mom." Calvin gave her a brief hug and filled a bowl with his favorite breakfast cereal.

"Hey, my big boy." Isabel gently stroked his hair. Like a cat, Calvin stood still for a moment, surrendering to the tender touch.

"Do you already know what you want for this Saturday?"

Calvin nodded. "Yeah," he said enthusiastically, "Burgers! Maybe there's a great burger restaurant here just like on my last birthday."

"I'll see what I can find," Isabel said with a smile. Except for the one year he had wished for hot dogs, Calvin had always chosen burgers.

"I'll ask Liz later if she wants to come along..." Calvin said, starting on his breakfast.

Isabel closed her eyes for a moment, took a deep breath, and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sure it would be a lovely day with Liz, Calvin. But you already spend so much time with her that I feel a bit left out sometimes. I know you two have a lot of fun together, but I was hoping we could spend this day together just like in the old times. Just the two of us. I'd love to have my boy all to myself again, just for one day. Maybe we can do something with Liz on Sunday instead. What do you think?"

"Hm." He didn't say anything at first. It was clear to see that he was thinking. Then he looked at her with a look she hadn't seen in a long time. His eyes lit up and a smile spread across his face. "Does that mean I get two special days then?" he asked.

"Yes, if you'd like..."

"Great!" He slid off his chair and hugged Isabel. "I'm already looking forward to it. So I can ask Liz about Sunday?"

"Yes, go ahead."

Isabel felt heat rising in her face. The touch of Calvin's embrace caused a tingle in her center, deep below her plump baby belly.

These damn hormones!

It had to be the hormones. Why else would the innocent touch of her son make her suddenly and intensely aware of his body toned from swimming, his pretty face with the soft lips and those beautiful large eyes, his soft, smooth skin, and the wonderful scent of his hair?

One day, Calvin would become a wonderful, sensitive man who would make all the women in his life happy. Isabel came to this conclusion as she observed Calvin over the following days. Her remark about feeling left out by him seemed to have made a big impression on him.

When she served him a small portion of her milk in the mornings, he was affectionate and tender. Over the next two afternoons, he refrained from visiting Liz, and in general, he spoke very little of her. On one hand, Isabel felt guilty for keeping him away from his girlfriend; on the other, she savored his attention. It was like old times, back when there had been only her and him. And just like back then, Calvin showed no signs that he was missing anything.

On Saturday morning, she knocked on his door and carefully opened. He was already awake and sitting on the bed fully dressed, ready for the day. And here Isabel had been looking forward to waking him up with full maternal ceremony.

"Oh, you're already up?" Isabel crossed her arms beneath her chest, gathering her robe over her full breasts.

"Yeah. I couldn't sleep anymore."

"I was just about to wake you," Isabel said, making her breasts jiggle with her arms.

Calvin's eyes widened. "Oh. Can we wait a bit with that? I... well...," a faint flush crept into his face, "...maybe so that they're really full tonight?"

Now Isabel widened her eyes. That was new!

Wherever had he gotten that idea?

"Yes, of course, we can gladly do that."

"Great, thanks Mom!" He had jumped up from the bed and hugged her. Firmly enough for her to feel the pressure of his face against her full breasts.

Oh boy! If we wait until tonight...

Calvin let go of her again. "Um, Mom. Since today is my birthday... can I wish for something?"

"What? Do you want something other than burgers after all?" Isabel asked.

"No Mom, I want those. I meant something else, a special wish."

"Okay, what is it then?"

"Thanks Mom! I'll tell you once we're back home tonight, agreed? I'll go make breakfast..." He squeezed past her and dashed down the stairs, while Isabel went back into her room.

She felt the familiar pressure in her full, heavy breasts, which were waiting to be emptied. Sighing, she picked out a large, sturdy nursing bra from her wardrobe and put the playful piece back that she had picked before. By evening, the pressure would increase painfully. Even now, there was a risk of a few drops squeezing out. Isabel placed a few nursing pads inside the bra and wrestled her massive rack into shape. A glance in the mirror confirmed perfect functionality at the expense of any excitement.

Whatever. At least his birthday is in the summer; I can hide this pretty well under my clothes.

She looked through her things for a loose top that draped fluidly over her lush curves. Her round baby belly was the perfect alibi. After all, nobody knew that her milk breasts had already been there before.

It became the wonderful mother-and-son day Isabel had wished for. Calvin had put on what he considered dressy, and Isabel had dolled herself up as well. As usual, they went on a trip. Since they had only moved here last summer, there was still quite a bit left for them to discover.

A short drive brought them to a magnificent zoo. Although the outdoor enclosures felt like they were in hibernation, there were plenty of heated houses with exotic animals and a gigantic aquarium. In some spots, there wasn't another visitor to be seen except for them. They had everything to themselves and could look around in peace. Whenever Calvin discovered something exciting, he tapped her shoulder eagerly or took her hand and pulled her along. Isabel loved these remnants of childlike enthusiasm.

At the same time, he was very concerned about her well-being and the baby. More than once, she had to assure him that she was feeling fine. When the baby then grew restless and gave her a few kicks, he was immediately ready to wait with her in a quieter area until it calmed down again.

After the zoo, they drove back, though not home, but to an upscale burger restaurant Isabel had picked out the day before. While Calvin studied the menu, Isabel was aware of the glances from the other guests. She could tell by their expressions how

long they kept searching for her presumed partner, until they finally understood that Isabel was there alone with Calvin. It was plain to see that this confused some of the guests. Others, mostly men, clearly looked like they would have gladly filled that gap.

The food was fantastic. Calvin got a huge burger with all the specials he had picked out from the menu. Isabel was likewise pleased with her fancy cheeseburger. They barely managed to finish the dessert.

Only as they were approaching their home did Isabel remember Calvin's mysterious request again.

What does he have in mind?

Her suspense rose with every minute as she slipped into more comfortable clothes in her room. It was already quite late in the evening. Just the right time for some extended cuddling.

And that is highly overdue now anyway!

As feared, she felt a dull, tugging pain in her breasts, along with the sensation of pressure signaling a highly overdue milking. It became manifold more uncomfortable when she took off the functional bra and her breasts hung heavily on her for a moment. As she stuffed her curves back into the ornate bra she had set aside that morning, she winced with pain.

For a moment, she regretted granting Calvin his wish this morning. Even so, she couldn't have done without it. Their birthday ritual deserved this decoration. The ornate housecoat she put on reached just above the knees and had the same design of the bra. She also wore simple, comfortable panties that weren't supposed to play a role here, since it was unlikely that Calvin would become active in that area.

Isabel went downstairs to the living room. Calvin was already waiting on the couch. He was still wearing a long, white T-shirt, and underneath it, Isabel could see the edges of the diaper he had put on.

Very good. No danger of accidents of any kind!

She wondered how he handled that with Liz? There was no time to think about it. Calvin came toward her and led her to the couch. He had draped all the pillows and blankets they might need. Isabel took a seat and Calvin adjusted the pillows and laid her back on them.

The baby gave her a few kicks due to the sudden pressure on her belly. For a brief moment, Isabel considered whether she should choose a different position, but then calm returned, and she could focus entirely on her boy, who looked up at her expectantly from his pillow.

"I love you, Calvin!" Isabel said, gently stroking his forehead. "Fourteen years ago, you were growing inside me. When you were born, that was the happiest day of my life!"

"I love you too, Mom!" Calvin whispered.

Slowly, Isabel unbuttoned the clasp of her bra. It wasn't a boring nursing bra, but one of those models that had a front closure for more exciting reasons. As the last of the three hooks gave way, one breast immediately spilled from the cup while the other hung loosely in the curve. Calvin's gaze fixed on her nipple, which was slowly rising within the massive areola.

"Are you going to tell me why you wanted to wait until tonight?" Isabel asked.

It was cute how Calvin blushed at that.

"I... um... well, I like it when you can tell how full they are." He gently stroked the swell of her breast, beneath which prominent veins stood out. His soft touch sent goosebumps over her entire body. "It's best when it runs all by itself..." he added.

"That could very well happen today." Isabel shook her head with a smile.

Who would have thought he would develop such preferences!

"Now, before I grant your wish, let me tell you, it's quite uncomfortable when I'm this full all day long. So enjoy it. This is something special that won't happen again anytime soon."

"Yes, Mom." He nodded. Each of his movements sent a twinge of pain through her breasts.

"Do you want to tell me your special wish now or afterward?"

"Afterward!"

So it has nothing to do with the cuddling.

Isabel was relieved. "All right then, are you ready?"

He nodded again.

"Okay, latch on!" She pushed the heavy breast in front of his mouth, and his lips enclosed the nipple.

"Eyes closed and hold still," Isabel instructed him.

Calvin obeyed. Isabel reached for the smartphone lying next to her on the couch and activated the selfie camera. She panned her arm back and forth, up and down, until she had the perfect framing. Calvin with his face at her breast. his lips enclosing her nipple. The exact same picture she had been taking on this day for fourteen years. With a tap of her finger, she triggered a series of shots. Then she set the phone aside and was once again entirely there for her boy.

"Bon appétit," she whispered.

Immediately, Calvin began pleasuring her nipple with his lips. It wasn't a clumsy sucking, but the ancient reflex, perfected through years of practice. Instantly, her milk rushed into his mouth, and just as he had wished, he didn't have to do anything else but swallow.

For a while, Isabel thought of nothing at all, simply enjoying the closeness of her boy and the certainty that no other girl in the world could offer him the same. Not even Liz, no matter how close those two might still get.

Then she realized that the overfull udders held another advantage. It took significantly longer. She felt that the bonding closeness she experienced while nursing became even deeper because of it. With every swallow, the pain decreased and the feeling of happiness grew. She became a part of Calvin, and he thereby a part of her too.

Finally, he had finished the second breast as well. Isabel felt literally lighter, but also emotionally uplifted. Calvin was tired, just like always.

"So, tell me," Isabel prompted him with a smile. "If it's at all possible, I'll grant you your wish." In this single moment, she would have done anything for him.

"It's nothing big, Mom. I...", Calvin beat around the bush as if he were embarrassed, "...I want to sleep in your bed tonight, Mom. Just like back then, when I was still small."

Isabel had not expected that. Her thoughts raced.

Of all things!

"Calvin... we talked about why that isn't a good idea. When boys get bigger, they don't sleep in their mom's bed anymore. Why do you want to?"

"I don't want to every day. Only today, Mom. So that you don't feel left alone and know that I'm always there for you."

His words touched her more than she cared to admit.

"That is totally sweet of you, Calvin. But you're old enough to have accidents…", she gently stroked the diaper package outlining itself beneath his T-shirt, "...that's not something that should happen to boys with their mom."

"I know, Mom. That's why I'm wearing the diaper. I'll put a pair of plastic pants over it. If an accident happens, it's definitely not on purpose and we can just ignore it."

It seemed to be truly important to him. Isabel had to admit that she was the one who had set these thoughts in motion in the first place with her remark about being left alone.

"All right then. But put a fresh diaper on, I don't entirely trust this one anymore."

She gave him a pat on the package. Quite light, but enough to feel something firm underneath.

"Thanks, Mom!" Calvin was suddenly in a hurry and vanished upstairs.

Isabel sighed.

What on earth am I doing here!

Restlessness took hold of her, along with an excited surge of adrenaline. Secretly, she was all too well aware of what she was risking, which boundary she was about to cross. Most of all, however, she was worried by the part of her mind that could hardly wait to have Calvin in bed.

Isabel went upstairs and looked around her room. A waterproof pad was stretched across the entire mattress. Just to be safe. After all, her breasts didn't just leak during the day. In addition, there was the night with Liz, where the pad had likewise come in handy. A hunch crept over Isabel that it would pay off in the coming night.

Calvin still wasn't ready.

What applies to him works for me too.

The practical realization caused her to rummage through her closet until she pulled out a very specific box. She opened the lid and looked at several rows of fresh disposable diapers. She kept this supply for the exact purpose for which it is normally used. After giving birth, it sometimes happened that she didn't have her bladder under control. Or after the excessive use of certain toys. And depending on whether she was currently pregnant or not, she needed different sizes.

The box was the same one from which she had provisionally fitted Calvin with one many years ago. She grinned at the memory.

A little lesson wouldn't hurt him.

She fetched two diapers from the box. One in the smallest size and one in her current size.

Since Calvin could show up in her room at any moment, Isabel went into the bathroom to put on the diaper, pulling a pair of normally looser panties over it to secure it in place. When she came back into her room, Calvin was already waiting for her. He was still wearing only the loose T-shirt, with the fresh diaper package underneath. With wide eyes, he noticed that Isabel had prepared herself in exactly the same way.

Then his gaze fell upon the unused diaper package on the bed.

"Mom, what are you up to?" he asked.

"Well, since this is a special occasion, I really want to make sure," Isabel explained. "So I'm going to add this layer for extra security. Lie down on your back, legs apart."

Calvin obeyed, and Isabel unbuttoned the plastic overpants.

"Bottom up," she instructed Calvin, "and hold it like that."

She set the plastics aside, sliding the unfolded adult diaper underneath his backside.

"Very good, bottom down."

Calvin let himself sink into the diaper, and Isabel fastened it over his hips. It was almost of his size. The fit was passable despite the feminine cut, but overall it sat somewhat loosely.

"Up with the bottom once more," she commanded Calvin.

Then she pushed the plastic pants under his backside, and as he lay down upon them, she flipped up the front part and fastened the snaps. The smooth material sat snug now, plumply filled out. Isabel let her fingertips wander over it without Calvin being able to see. No reaction, he didn't seem to feel anything of the touch.

Good, that should be secure for now.

By this point at the latest, she was glad to be wearing a protective package herself. The feel of the plump plastic pants had something strangely arousing about it, of which Isabel was very well aware.

Maybe I should find out sometime what is so great about that...

But not today. Calvin was packed as securely for the night as he could possibly be.

"Scoot over a bit," Isabel prompted him. Then she lay down beside him and pulled the blanket over both of them.

"Satisfied, my big boy?" she asked him. "Is this what you wished for?"

"Yes..." His tone of voice revealed that this wasn't all. "Can I cuddle up to you, Mom?"

That was the moment when the eager part of her mind took control.

"Yes, sure. I have to sleep on my side, though. You can move up from behind, okay?"

She had no idea if Calvin knew what spooning was, but it was exactly what he did.

Initially, his hand still rested on her hip, then it wandered further over her plump belly until he enclosed her breast. Isabel felt every single contact in full intensity. His knees at the back of her thighs. His arm on her waist, his head behind her shoulder, and the soft breath he blew across her neck. And, of course, the plump package right against her bottom. It was crazy, wrong, the next step on a path she never wanted to take, and yet, at this moment, it was simply beautiful.

She actually fell asleep. Only later in the night did she startle awake from her slumber. The glowing display of the clock beside the bed showed single digits.

Something's wrong! Right, Calvin!

The fright subsided. Probably Calvin had moved in his sleep, no cause for alarm.

Yet he was moving again! Only now did Isabel notice that he had been moving the entire time. Slow, but rhythmic, like his breathing, he was rubbing the firm bulge of his diaper package against her bottom.

In alternating succession, Isabel was confused, shocked, amused, and aroused. Partly all at the same time. She had counted on accidents, but never thought he would do it intentionally.

So she remained lying there, silent and motionless, pretending to be asleep, listening as Calvin's breathing grew heavier and his movements faster, until he finally relaxed with a deep sigh.

The smartphone buzzed. Another message. Liz picked it up and looked at the lock screen. The light from the screen blinded her eyes, which had grown accustomed to the dark room, and she placed it face-down on the bed. That glance had been enough to tell her that this message was from Calvin too.

Liz sighed. By now, her guilty conscience was becoming stronger than her desire to hide.

A few days had passed since Emma's appearance and her sudden disappearance once again. The weekend had been the worst. Her parents had been home; hiding was not an option. Liz had shown her face briefly at breakfast, pale, hair unwashed, one hand pressed to her stomach.

"I'm not feeling well, I need some rest."

That had earned her sympathetic looks, and later her mother had brought her something to eat. It had been a long time since Liz had faked period cramps to get some peace and quiet, but it still worked.

On Monday morning, Greta had asked anxiously if she was coping. When Liz assured her that she was already feeling better but would prefer not to go to school for two days, had taken care of everything. After that, she and her father had said their goodbyes for another busy week.

Liz was left behind alone in her dark cave. She hadn't even managed to reply to Calvin's enthusiastic messages from the weekend. On one hand, she would have liked nothing more than to flee into the cozy safety of Isabel and Calvin's home. On the other hand, all of this had already come way too close. Someone only had to look closely to see the signs. Someone like Emma.

A knock on the door to the pool house pulled her out of her dark thoughts.

Is Emma back?

Liz's pulse shot up. A cold prickle ran up the back of her neck.

Another knock followed.

Carefully, Liz went into the pool house. All the curtains were drawn, the room lay dark and uninviting before her. As quietly as possible, she crept to a window with a view of the door and pushed the curtain aside a tiny bit. At that moment, there was another knock, and a bright voice called her name.

"Liz? Are you there?"

Calvin!

The relief was so overwhelming that Liz felt dizzy. She steadied herself against the window front, made her way to the door, and opened it.

"Hey, Liz...," the joy in Calvin's voice gave way to horror, "...are you sick? Should I get Mom?"

She managed a tiny smile. "It's fine, everything is okay. Come in."

He stepped inside and she closed the door behind him.

"What happened? It's so gloomy in here..."

"Long story...," Liz muttered. "I just had a few bad days."

Then she remembered it was Monday, and still early in the day.

"What are you doing here? Why aren't you in school?" Liz asked.

"I was in school," Calvin replied, "but you weren't there. So I skipped out to check on you."

"Really? You're playing hooky because of me?"

"Yeah. You didn't reply to my messages, and it was my birthday after all..."

Shoot! His birthday!

In the dim light, Liz could see tears in the corners of his eyes. Something released in her chest, and her eyes filled in a similar way.

"Oh, Calvin. I'm so sorry. I..."

"I was really scared that something bad had happened to you." Calvin swallowed. "Are you sure I shouldn't get Mom? She's a nurse, and if you're not feeling well, she can definitely help."

Liz couldn't hold back any longer. She pulled Calvin close and hugged him tightly.

"That is so sweet of you, Calvin. But this isn't something Isabel can help with. I... I had a visitor. Someone from my past, and it stirred up a lot of painful memories that made me really sad."

"So you're sad? Nothing hurts?"

"No. But sometimes even being sad hurts..."

"I know," Calvin said softly.

They had reached Liz's room, and he looked around. "Wow. What a mess."

Coming from the boy, it sounded cute and embarrassing at the same time. Liz viewed her room through his eyes. Clothes lay scattered everywhere, it was dark. Empty plates and cutlery stood on the desk, and the air was stale and musty. Or was it her? As discreetly as possible, she sniffed her sleeve. Three days without a change of clothes had left their mark..

If Calvin had noticed, he was tactful enough not to say anything. He began stacking the dishes. "I can take these to the dishwasher if you like."

Liz nodded. "Thanks."

Somehow, his appearance had pulled her out of her lethargy, and she was suddenly motivated too. Through his presence alone, he managed to make rather cheeky thoughts instead of gloomy ones cross Liz's mind.

While Calvin collected the dishes, she switched on the light, opened the curtains, and threw her the clothes scattered around onto a pile. When he brought the dishes into the kitchen, she made a snap decision to head for the shower.

"I'm in the shower, feel free to follow!" she called out after Calvin.

When Calvin returned, his eyes went wide as he saw her just slipping out of her panties.

"I need a shower," Liz said, throwing her very last piece of clothing onto the pile of dirty laundry. "Would you mind handing me the shower gel and the shampoo?" she asked him, then added, "Or if you dare, take off your clothes and come in here."

Calvin hurriedly took off his clothes and was beside her side just a second after she turned on the water. He hugged her, stroked her, and each of his touches made her... what, exactly?

Is horny the opposite of sad?

Liz grinned at the thought. Calvin was so eager for her closeness that his hands initially glided over her body without any shampoo. Liz didn't mind. After a while, however, the need for actual cleanliness won out. Before things went any further.

The scent of fruity shower gel filled the room, and together with the warm water, it formed a smooth, slippery film on their bodies. Perfect condition for unhinged touching and rubbing against each other. Once the water rinsed the soap from their bodies, their lips came into play.

Calvin was enthusiastic about her breasts as always. He stroked them, kneaded them, and then his lips found her nipples to do what he always did. Liz sighed and enjoyed it. She cupped his firm butt, lifting him up so that he stood on his tiptoes in front of her and could please her even better. His hard, little cock rubbed against her body, brushing her thighs and the gap between her legs.

It was an incredibly liberating feeling to simply be uninhibitedly horny for a moment after all the worries and gloomy thoughts. She would have loved to take him right then and there. Instead, Liz detached herself from him and turned off the water.

"Can you get me a towel, please?"

Calvin hurried to the shelf, took one for her and one for himself. Then they rubbed each other dry, just as they had done many times before. Calvin seemed practiced, he knew what he was doing. The thrill of the novelty and unknown had long since faded.

Liz wanted something new, something more.

Just going wild together, no teaching and guiding…

The shower was too uncomfortable for that. She had to come up with something else.

Liz took the hairdryer from the shelf and started drying her hair. Calvin watched her attentively and with interest.

Well, that's at least something new.

She let him hold the hairdryer while she combed her hair. It was short enough that it didn't take long. For Calvin, a few moments in the stream of hot air were enough, and then his hair was dry too.

Liz watched him as he held the device.

He was so sweet. So… not innocent, since he had already experienced too much with her for that, …but fresh and unspoiled. After all, he had pulled her out of her dark hole with his visit.

That deserves a reward!

"After a thorough shower like that, the skin needs some care. How are your massage skills?"

With that, she had Calvin's full attention immediately.

"Good!" His answer came a bit too hastily. "I mean, I think I can manage that..."

Perfect!

"Come with me!"

She was still wrapped in a towel. Liz grabbed a bottle of body lotion and led the way into her room, up the stairs to the mezzanine. There, she let the towel drop from her shoulders and spread it out on the bed.

"You're going to put lotion on me. Everywhere," she said, lying down on her stomach.

By the time his hands reached her feet for the third time, Liz turned over with a sigh of contentment. None of it was feigned. She felt more relaxed than she had in a long time.

"Can you handle the front too?" she asked coquettishly.

Calvin nodded. His cheeks were flushed. Whether it was from his work so far or from the view wasn't entirely clear.

Liz lay on her back, closed her eyes, and let him proceed. With the tenderness of butterfly wings, he applied lotion to her face, then his hands traveled downward. Naturally, he lingered far too long on her breasts, but she granted him the pleasure and enjoyed it herself as well. Eventually, he moved on, past her waist and hips.

With another sigh, Liz parted her legs, just a little bit, enough for Calvin to reach the inside of her thighs too. He crawled around her on his knees. Once he reached her feet, he slowly worked his way up again. Liz spread her legs a little wider, and at some point, he knelt between them.

By now, she had half-opened her eyes again and was watching him. He was completely serious about his task, fully focused. His body gleamed from the lotion, which had spread across his own skin in the process. Slowly, hesitantly, he approached her vulva, but didn't stop just yet. Even more tenderly than with her face,

he touched her between her legs, spreading lotion and massaging, massaging, massaging...

Liz felt heat rising inside her, a tingling sensation rushing along her spine. She opened her eyes, and Calvin noticed that something was changing. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Come here," Liz said, reaching her arms out to him.

He understood what she meant instantly, grasped her hands, stretched out, and was suddenly lying on top of her.

What he had begun with his hands, he now continued with his body. With sliding movements against each other, they distributed the lotion across their skin, though that was becoming more and more of a sideshow.

Liz felt his hard cock, pinned between their bodies. She rubbed against him, shifting him back and forth. After several slow, wandering passes, she felt him right where she wanted him. His cock brushed against the triangle of week-old stubble. The contact drew a sharp breath from him.

This really is new, isn't it?

She circled her pelvis, grabbed Calvin's firm little backside, pulled him closer, pressed him down, and all the while she remained aware of that hard tip. Then he lay on top of her, his legs on her thighs, his little cock in between. She pressed her legs together and held his hardness captive in her embrace. He groaned, tensing up, but didn't resist.

She loosened her grip, circling her hips, and he followed suit, as if trying to match her rhythm, joining in a common dance.

There was his hard tip between her legs again. Had she not felt the heat and tingling there, the scent they both exuded would have told her that she was wetter than she had been in a long time.

The thought of her juices spreading over his cock only made her hornier. She rubbed against him, her fingers digging into his tender backside, and she pressed him tightly to her. His hard tip touched her, sliding and slipping between her wet legs. Forward, backward, up, down...

...inside!

Liz caught her breath sharply as she felt his surprisingly not-so-small tip force its way into her. Hard, hot, and pulsating, he was suddenly inside her.

Calvin froze. "Liz... oh no! What... I..."

"Shh!" she silenced him and kept him held fast, pressed tightly against her.

Nothing matters anymore anyway!

The thought was even more liberating than everything before.

Liz began to move. But not to release Calvin, on the contrary. With rocking, rolling hips, she kept him gripped, pressing against him, taking him deeper and deeper into herself. He trembled all over his body, but joined in. This time, they didn't need long to find their common rhythm.

Once she was sure that he knew what to do, she let his backside slide from her hands. Her fingers wandered higher, stroking his back, and finally, she held him locked in a tight embrace. Calvin's head rested against her shoulder, his hips rocking and thrusting.

This is so intense! So alive!

After all the toys she had tried, all the fingering and licking, this was her real, first time with a boy.

With a man!

Calvin's breathing grew heavier, faster, just like his thrusts. The thought that she was the one bringing him to a climax while keeping his cock clasped inside her was at least as arousing as the pure stimulation between her legs.

"Ohhh, Liz!" he gasped, with a hint of panic in his trembling voice.

"Let .. it … happen," Liz whispered hoarsely between his thrusts.

As if on their own, her hands wandered downward to his backside again. She gripped him, pressing him tightly to herself. This touch was all he needed. With a deep sigh, he shuddered, lost the rhythm, shuddered on top of her, inside her, and then she felt him spreading hotly within her.

She herself only needed a few thrusts, not many at all. Then it was her turn, losing control of her body and voice. Without thinking, she wrapped her legs around him. Her thighs trembled, and she kept him pressed tightly against her until the last of countless waves finally subsided.

"Liz?" he whispered after quite a while, cuddled up tight against her.

"Yeah?"

"Did we just have real sex?"

"Yes." She gave him a kiss on his forehead.

"I didn't think that would happen today..."

Liz smiled. "Me neither, little prince..."

The scent of fresh coffee reached her nose, then Carol entered the room, carrying a tray with two steaming cups and setting it carefully on the table.

"Here you go, Isabel. I hope I still know how you like it!"

Isabel took a cup, tried a sip, and smiled. "Perfect, Carol. Thank you very much."

Carol took a seat on the other side of the desk. She casually took a sip from her cup and typed something on her laptop.

"So, Isabel," she said, studying the screen. "I have the current results here, and everything looks excellent with you."

Not that there had been any reason for concern. But it always felt good to hear that everything was going well with her pregnancy.

"Three more months and you will bring another healthy, strong baby into the world. I've already blocked out the time and will, of course, be there again. You are making a few people very happy with this. Good work, Isabel."

The praise felt good.

"Thanks, Carol," Isabel replied, shrugging her shoulders. "To me, it doesn't even feel like work, but more like... I don't know. I feel comfortable with it."

"I know." Carol grinned. "That's why I absolutely have to tell you about my new project. But before that..." She typed on the laptop again and then looked at Isabel seriously. "Before that, we need to talk about Calvin."

"What about him?" Isabel asked, alarmed.

"Nothing serious." Carol raised her hands placatingly. "I have the results of his last examination here. That was the week before his birthday?"

"Yes," Isabel said. "I know how uncomfortable the whole thing is for him. He complains every time that he has to sit in the gynecological chair. So the trip for his birthday is exactly the right compensation."

Carol smiled. "The scanner doesn't care whether it's boys or girls. By now, there are quite a few classic practices that use it for general check-ups. And in Calvin's case, it actually makes a lot of sense. As you know, the scanner also records measurements and proportions. With Calvin, it's noticeable that he has barely developed further over the past few years." Carol studied her screen. "Increased muscle mass, consistent with regular athletic activity. But his growth and bone structure has hardly changed from last year's readings."

Isabel had listened intently. "But isn't that normal for him?" she asked finally. "I mean because of his genetic anomaly..."

"Yes, I know what you mean, Dissociative Hypogonadism."

Carol nodded in agreement, pushed the laptop aside, and turned fully toward Isabel.

"I want to be completely open, Isabel. The research on this is still in the early stages. You know it took us a while back then to find out exactly why the doctor created Calvin and implanted him in you to carry to term. Over time, we've found a few more of his children. And even clues about his family, where the genetic defect is passed down quite naturally. In all those affected, we observe delayed puberty. However, delayed in the sense of slow, not a complete standstill. Calvin is a striking exception

here. Even with the DH diagnosis, there should be more signs of physical development visible in him."

Isabel needed a moment to process this information.

"I hadn't quite realized that. I mean, sure, he is petite, but to me, he's just my baby. And often enough, I have the feeling that he is a big boy and is growing more mature."

"Yes, I can well imagine that," Carol said. "But he is fourteen now and still looks like he's eleven. And I don't just mean physically. In the psychological evaluation, we also found a confusing duality in his levels of maturity. Sometimes he comes across as very childlike, and then again as surprisingly mature."

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean," Isabel agreed.

"At least," Carol grinned mischievously, "in one area, he behaves like a completely normal teenager. Were you there during the examination?"

Isabel shook her head. "No, he was too embarrassed by it."

"I see." Carol smiled. "You see, I have an internal note here stating that he shows a healthy, completely normal physical reaction to female charms. I assume he didn't tell you about that?"

Isabel felt herself blushing. "No. Those conversations aren't as easy as they used to be..."

"I can well imagine. But at least we know he is capable of sexuality. That's good. Other DH candidates aren't quite as lucky. And that brings me to my actual concern. I want to find out what is different about Calvin. We took a closer look at his blood values again and came across a few interesting results."

"What are they? Is it something bad?" Isabel asked.

"No! Not at all!" Carol smiled. "We found elevated levels of HMOs and a very specific lipid pattern. That is completely harmless in itself..."

"What are HMO lipids?"

"Oh, sorry for the technical jargon. They are Human Milk Oligosaccharides and a very distinct pattern of lipids. Simply put, sugars and fats that, in this specific composition, only occur in breast milk..."

"Oh..."

Carol's words left Isabel speechless, and with every second, their significance grew heavier.

Carol took a deep breath. "Isabel, I know this is a delicate, sensitive topic. But I can remember very well the time when we were, well, closer, and I know that your body... that you nursed Calvin for a long time until the birth of your next baby, and after that, you had plenty of milk again..."

Isabel felt a surge of panic rising inside her, along with an incredible defensive reflex. Heat spread across her face, her thoughts raced, and she was on the verge of snapping back at Carol.

What bonds me and Calvin is nobody else's business.

"Isabel, could it be...," she heard Carol say softly, "...that you use your surplus breast milk for his nutrition?"

"Carol, I don't want to talk about..." Only now did she notice the way out that Carol's statement offered her.

Nutrition, not nursing. That might be just about acceptable to appear in the records…

She sighed. "Oh, what's the use. Why beat around the bush. Yes, you're right. I simply have so much of it, and it's the best thing I can give a boy..."

"I understand that, Isabel!" Carol stood up, walked around the desk, and rested a hand on Isabel's shoulder.

"I really do understand you. You gave your boy something very special. I can understand your caution. Many people wouldn't know how to handle this knowledge. Perhaps it's best if I don't make any official notes about it. But now that we are speaking openly about it, I would like to look into the matter. To see what interaction it has on his hormone balance and thus on his physical development."

Now Isabel understood what Carol was getting at. The thought was shocking.

"You think my milk is causing him to develop at a delayed rate?"

"I can't say for certain," Carol said, "but I would really like to investigate it more closely."

"So you want to work with me again?" Isabel asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes. But not like back then!" Carol added hastily, and for the first time during this conversation, she didn't seem entirely sure of herself. "Copper Lode is different from the old mission. We, meaning you and I, it would be mostly about the project. As friends, of course. However..."

"What?"

Carol had regained her confidence. "...there would be an opening for an assistant role as part of a training program. In case you want to bring along a certain young woman who apparently means a great deal to Calvin and you."

"Can we play a game later?"

There was much more hidden behind Calvin's innocent question. His tone, the way he looked at her while asking, and where he looked, told Liz exactly what he wanted.

She felt the same way.

"First a round of swimming," she replied.

If Calvin was disappointed by this, he didn't show.

"Okay."

Compared with before, he had lost much of his earlier shameful reluctance. Calvin let his pants fall, shrugged out of his T-shirt and slid into his trunks with the casualness of someone who no longer felt shy. The brief flash of skin made Liz want more.

We'll have plenty of time for that later.

It had been a casual observation over the past few weeks. If she went straight to bed with Calvin, he was usually finished much too quickly. If he swam a few laps in the pool beforehand, however, he lasted longer. And today, she was in the mood for an extended session.

She watched him in the pool, swimming against the current with full concentration. He had made decent progress. The counter-current system had long since been moved past the lowest setting. Although he was still much too petite for his age, he now had defined muscles. When he cuddled with her and she felt the closeness of his body, it was exactly this mix of tenderness and nascent strength that incredibly aroused her.

Conversely, she was just as attractive to him. His enthusiasm for her breasts had remained, but to that was now added his growing curiosity about the other areas of her femininity. Lately, it had never taken long for them to end up naked and intertwined in her bed.

A bit of variety would be nice...

Liz thought for a moment and cast a critical look at Calvin in the water. He looked steady, in control. She hurried to her room, picked something out of her closet, and came back to the pool. In a corner from which she could keep an eye on Calvin but he couldn't see her, she followed his efforts while changing.

The straps of the tight swimsuit pinched her quite a bit. It was the model she had worn during his very first visit a long time ago. Back then, it had already been tight, but now it was strained to the absolute limit.

Have I gained that much weight?

She wouldn't be able to wear the piece for long, but she didn't intend to anyway. Liz stepped slowly into the pool, at the shallow end behind Calvin. When the water was deep enough, she threw herself into the current and began to swim. After a short warmup, she accelerated her rhythm and swam past Calvin.

They touched in the process. He briefly lost his rhythm, went under for a second, and resurfaced, spluttering.

"Hey, what are you doing?" he asked.

"Catch me! And if you catch me, you can do whatever you want with me."

With powerful strokes, she swam ahead and heard Calvin throw himself into the water behind her. He pushed himself. Liz let him get close a few times and then increased the distance again. By the time her energy began to wane, Calvin was a full lap behind. As far as she could tell, his swimming efforts were becoming increasingly exhausted. Inconspicuously, she slowed her pace and let herself drift toward him. He noticed, paddled harder, and his hand brushed her foot..

"Got you!" he called out, completely out of breath.

Liz surrendered to the current and let herself drift in his direction until she reached the spot where the water was deep enough that she could barely keep her chin above the surface on tiptoes. Calvin stood no chance of standing, but that wasn't his intention either.

He came swimming toward her with a grin and wrapped his legs around her waist. Because of this, his head rose a bit further out of the water than hers. He smiled at her. There was no trace left of his former shyness. With wide eyes, he took note of which swimsuit she was wearing.

"You said I can do whatever I want?"

It was more of a statement than a question, and with nimble fingers, he slipped the straps of the top off her shoulders.

Liz had to maintain her balance with slow swimming movements and thus couldn't defend herself against him, which she didn't plan to do anyway. The loosened fabric of her swimsuit and the movements of her arms caused the stretched cups to slide sideways. Pale and round, her breasts swung freely in the water. Calvin was thrilled. That was betrayed by the gentle stirring right where his crotch touched her belly.

It was high time to get into a position where she could become more active. Lizz let herself be carried by the current until they reached shallower water.

Calvin didn't notice, he was far too occupied with her breasts. Finally, she had solid ground beneath her feet and a secure footing. Liz made sure they were at the same height above that water as before. With her now free hands, she grabbed Calvin's butt, her fingers digging beneath the hem of his swim trunks, and then she pulled them down.

Calvin giggled. He loosened his legs around her, she pushed the swim trunks down, and he kicked until they were hanging from only one leg. He wanted to clasp her again, but Liz had other plans. She grabbed his naked butt and pressed his front against her.

In the water, Calvin carried barely any weight; it was easy to lift him up. She raised him, let him sink back down, rubbing his stiff cock across her front. With every swing, she pushed him higher until his thighs were suddenly pinned beneath her armpits and his hard cock rose between her breasts.

The water made their skin smooth and firm, yet slippery enough. Liz balanced Calvin on her forearms while pressing her breasts with her upper arms. It was just the right amount to feel the full friction of his cock. Up and down, Calvin's tip kept popping up between her breasts.

He was fully invested. There was no trace left of his exhaustion from swimming. Once he understood what she was up to, he tried to meet her with thrusts of his hips. She only had to direct him a tiny bit, and then it was perfect. Calvin's focus on her breasts multiplied, he seemed to perceive nothing else anymore. Liz didn't know what was more arousing: his passionate surrender, what she herself felt, or the fact that this was happening right here in the middle of the pool.

She knew him well enough to recognize the signs. A bit more tension, the soft sway shifting to hard thrusts, a sudden twitch running through his entire body. Then there was that wonderful blend of groan and sigh that intensified the tingling inside her every single time.

Liz watched him come. The dark-red tip peeking out from the foreskin between her breasts. She saw something shoot out of him beneath the water. Clear liquid that immediately dispersed in the water without leaving a trace. That was a mystery she still had to solve.

Why doesn't it look like it does in the videos? Where's the creamy white stuff you always see in those?

But this was not the moment for that. As always after a climax, Calvin's strength noticeably faded. Liz let him slide down slowly. He wrapped his arms around her neck while she slowly carried him toward the exit of the pool. There she set him down, and they climbed out. Both were literally out of breath. Only after they were wrapped in towels did Calvin break the silence.

"That was awesome. I didn't think you could do something like that with your boobies..."

"I'm glad you liked it." Liz ruffled his hair, and he giggled.

"Does it have a name?" he asked.

At this point, he always turned into an inquisitive student. Whenever she tried something new, he wanted to know what it was called. Cunnilingus, fellatio, fingering; he knew a lot of new terms by now.

"I think it's called a titfuck," Liz said.

Calvin's eyes widened in astonishment. She normally didn't allow him to use crude words. In her opinion, that ruined the special mood between them.

"That's just what it's called." She shrugged. "Or can you think of something better?"

Calvin thought about it seriously. "I don't know. Maybe boobiesticking? Then it doesn't sound so bad."

Liz smiled. "Call it whatever you like. The main thing is that you enjoy it."

"Yes, very much. Can we do that without water? In bed too?"

Now Liz actually had to laugh. "Yes, of course. But before we try that: do you have any idea how you can do something nice for me?"

"I'd love to do you doggystyle!" he shot back.

"Oh, so you'd rather look at my ass than at my face?"

"No!" Calvin blushed. "It's just, I don't know, it feels great. And you like it too!"

"It's fine," Liz ruffled his hair, "you're right..."

"I'm just afraid," Calvin began somewhat hesitantly, "I'll need a moement..."

He was probably right about that, but that was no problem. On the contrary, the prospect of taking her time with his soft cock was highly tempting for Liz. Of all the things they did together, one of the most intense sensations was feeling him slowly grow big and hard beneath her hand. Or in her mouth.

"Don't worry, little prince." Liz stepped behind him, placed her hands on his shoulders, and steered him in the direction of her room. "Just let me handle it, and you'll be my big, hard prince again in no time..."

It should have been a one-time thing. Something special for his birthday.

And yet here we are...

Just like every Saturday over the past few weeks.

Isabel sat on her bed, leaning back comfortably into a few soft pillows. Calvin lay beside her, his head resting on her pregnant belly, looking up at her expectantly past the swell of her breasts. She gently stroked his head.

"Go ahead," she said and smiled.

Instantly, she felt the tickle of his lips at her nipple. Her breathing grew shallower as his lips closed around her and began to suck gently. Next came the movement of his tongue, skillfully circling, pressing, and brushing over her nipple until her milk began to flow. Isabel closed her eyes and surrendered completely to this bond. She felt a part of herself flow into his mouth and spread out inside him.

I'd love to give him something in return!

If only if it had been possible to have something of him inside her too, to connect with him, become a part of him…

She felt a dangerous tingling and heat between her legs, which was immediately joined by damp arousal.

Stop it! Don't even think about it!

Isabel had to force her thoughts onto something else. She gently stroked Calvin's chest, feeling his steady heartbeat beneath her fingers and his deep, contented breaths.

My baby! My little one!

Even if Carol wasn't entirely certain, Isabel found it logical that she had somehow contributed to Calvin staying the way he was. The theory of highly complex metabolic processes sounded reasonable. But perhaps also because of something else she hadn't mentioned to Carol.

A hunch, intangible, nothing that would withstand a scientific evaluation. And yet. Her deep, heart-felt wish for her little boy to stay her baby, as petite and small as he was now. Ever since she had become aware of this desire, he had barely grown. He didn't lack anything as she held him at her breast, as happy as he could possibly be.

Calvin smacked his lips with relish and even used his fingers to help. Carefully, he stroked and kneaded her breast, getting everything she had to offer.

Once the first breast was empty, she shifted him gently to the other one. He suckled, licked, and played with her without a second thought.

Her free hand grabbed the first breast, her fingers brushing over the sensitized nipple. The double stimulation made her shudder and she sighed. Her other hand, which had previously been stroking Calvin's head and back, was suddenly lower, touching the padding around his hip. She thought she felt a gentle stirring there, but that couldn't be; after all, she had packed him up tightly.

Afterward, they lay close to each other, on their sides, face-to-face. Calvin was still playing with her breasts. Drops of her milk had spilled onto the sheet between them and gleamed at the corner of his mouth. She had bent one leg and placed it over him, as if claiming him for herself. He cuddled up as tightly as he could, his body curled around her baby belly. She felt his skin everywhere, his fingers resting on her emptied breasts, his stomach against her huge belly, his legs tucked under hers. They were as close as they could be. As close as she dared.

"Mom, can I ask you something?"

Calvin's voice jolted Isabel out of her dreamy sense of security.

"Yes, my sweet, of course!" She tenderly stroked his head, wondering what kind of wish he might have. In this moment, she would have granted him any of them.

"Mom, is it possible that what we're doing is … wrong?"

Isabel froze. Internally. She forced herself to keep stroking his head as not to betray herself. The panic in her head, however, was all the greater.

It's over! We've gone too far. Why now? What changed?

"What... what do you mean by that?" she asked cautiously.

"I mean this." Calvin took her hand and guided it to the plump diaper package at his hip.

I shouldn't have done it; it was a bad idea from the very start...

Isabel felt as if the world around her were falling apart. Her heart was in her throat, her voice failing her.

Calvin didn't seem to notice any of it.

"You know, Mom, I've been thinking and searching the internet. About how mothers can show their children that they love them, and how children can show it to their mothers. What's allowed and what's forbidden."

No. Please, Calvin, don't...!

"And that's how you found out that this here was wrong?" Isabel felt as if her hand weighed a ton on Calvin's hip.

"I wanted to know what the difference is. Because a mom is a woman too, and a son is a man too, in a way. So why aren't they allowed to do everything that men and women usually do?"

Every word from Calvin felt like a stabbing dagger, yet he continued lightheartedly.

"It was really complicated to understand. I didn't dare ask you; I wanted to find out for myself, but then it did make sense..."

Isabel felt hot tears streaming down her face.

It's over! We'll never cuddle like this again...

"I had never heard of that before, Mom. It was completely interesting, but also a bit creepy. I read some really bad things there about what happens when a mother has a baby with her son."

Only with great effort did Isabel manage to suppress a tremble in her voice.

"Yes, Calvin, that's right. Something like that can turn out very badly..."

"But then, Mom, I wondered: what if they don't make a baby at all, but just love each other?"

What?

Isabel was wide awake now.

"And did you find an answer to that?" she asked.

"Well, I think it's still forbidden, you know, those men-and-women things. Most people find it even disgusting. But somehow I couldn't stop thinking about it. What if it only looks or feels as if a woman and a boy are mom and son, but in reality they aren't? I mean, not really."

"What do you mean by that?" A strange hunch came over Isabel.

"The genetic test, Mom. Isn't that exactly what it said? That even though it looks like we're mom and son, and it has always felt that way too, genetically we aren't at all. I think we've been doing this all wrong. There's nothing bad about it if..." Calvin had grown quieter and quieter.

"If what...?" Isabel asked gently.

"If we're naked," Calvin whispered. "Mom, maybe it isn't even necessary for me to hide my accident with a diaper. Maybe nothing is wrong if we see each other…, all of it."

Isabel let out a long, deep sigh. From relief. From exhaustion. This conversation was not one she had wanted to have, and she didn't know what to think of the direction it had taken. With her reason. Her feelings had a clear opinion on the matter.

"But Calvin," she said, stroking him again, "even if you're right. There is still the matter of your age..."

"That doesn't matter," he said resolutely. "Nobody needs to know, Mom. And by now, I'm almost grown up anyway."

Oh, my sweet precious baby!

Isabel stroked Calvin's back, pressing him close to her and kissing him on the forehead.

"You are a wonderful boy," she said softly, "and one day you will be a great man. But to me, you will always be perfect!"

"Thanks, Mom," Calvin whispered, cuddling even closer to her. For a while, they lay silently side by side.

Then Isabel heard a popping sound, followed by another. The edge of plastic brushed against her belly.

"What... what are you doing?" she whispered.

"I want to get rid of this. It pinches," Calvin answered. He fumbled with the plastic pants until he pulled them off."

Now there was only the thick padding of the diaper left. Then she heard another sound. Fasteners coming undone.

Isabel reached out her hand, found Calvin's, and held it tight.

"Is that pinching too?"

"No. I just thought we could cuddle without..." Calvin pulled his hand back as if caught doing something wrong.

"Not so fast," Isabel said kindly but firmly. "Give me some time to think about it."

Calvin's hands found her breasts again. There, he had no inhibitions, and never had.

Isabel's hand still rested on his hips.

Why not... It's only fair if I have a little fun too. Just a harmless touch, there's nothing wrong with that...

Her fingers found the waistband of his diaper, sliding slowly underneath, feeling the heat that had built up there and how Calvin got goosebumps. He pressed himself toward her, making it easy for her. Finally, she cupped his small, firm butt in her full hand, drawing him in a most intimate embrace.

Six months into pregnancy looks huge!

The thought shot through Liz's mind as Isabel opened the door for her. The impression was amplified by her t-shirt. Actually a normal, loose model, it was now stretched tight over her full breasts, and the bottom hem had slid upward over her belly like a crop top. The skin-tight yoga pants did the rest.

The sight caused an additional tingling between Liz' legs, where she had already been feeling a distinct pressure for quite a while. That was mostly due to the prospect of a few undisturbed hours with Isabel.

Isabel smiled warmly at Liz. "Good to see you. It's been a few weeks since the last time."

"Yeah, they changed my schedule. It wasn't exactly easy to find a gap where we can work on the project... undisturbed."

Isabel smiled. "Then we'd better get started right away. Come on in."

Liz followed her upstairs.

"What's with your outfit and your hair?" Isabel asked once they reached the bedroom. "Why the style change?"

Liz shrugged. "Oh, I just felt like trying something different. I used to walk around like this all the time."

She tried for a casual tone and brushed her hand through her hair as if in passing, that she had pinned it up so it looked like the boyish short cut she used to wear.

Apparently, she succeeded in masking her excitement well, because Isabel didn't dwell on it any further. She obviously had clear ideas about how the project work should proceed.

"Will you help me, please?" she asked, reaching her arms upward.

Liz willingly peeled the t-shirt from her body and let it drop. Just as the clear contours of her nipples had suggested, she was wearing nothing underneath. The invitation was clear. Instantly, Liz's fingers found their way to Isabel's curves. They were soft and warm, yet well-defined.

Isabel got straight to the point as well. She knew exactly where to grab hold and pulled Liz's dark hoodie off with a fluid movement. Underneath, Liz was wearing a simple black bra, which formed a nice contrast with her pale skin.

When Isabel's fingers went for her pants, Liz took her hand and stopped her.

"Wait. Schoolwork first."

Isabel sighed. "Yeah, you're right..."

The measuring tape, scale, and notebook were ready. Liz documented how Isabel's body had changed. In doing so, she skillfully used everything she'd learned about her so far. She knew the spots where Isabel was particularly responsive to touch and took care to caress each of them gently or brush against them as if by accident.

The effect was immediate. By the time Liz had noted down all the measurements, Isabel's breathing was heavy. Her nipples had hardened and gleamed at the tips. Her body radiated a warmth that wasn't just caused by the pregnancy.

"Satisfied?" Isabel asked.

Liz nodded. "Yes. Now we can..."

Isabel didn't let her finish. With a gentle stroke over her shoulder, her hands wandered directly to the button of Liz's pants and opened it. Liz held onto the waistband of her pants. When Isabel noticed this, she looked at her inquiringly.

"What's wrong?"

"I have a surprise for you, Isabel."

Until the very last moment, Liz had wondered whether she should warn Isabel or surprise her. Now it was a mix of both. She slowly let the loose black baggy pants slide downward, revealing the waistband of a pair of simple, white briefs. Well filled men's briefs, as was becoming increasingly clear with the move.

"What is that? What happened?" Isabel stepped back a pace and stared at her with an puzzled smile.

Liz let go of her pants, which slowly slipped down past her thighs and knees. With a swing of her leg, they fell to the floor, and she stepped out of them. That gave Isabel time to get used to the sight of the plain white ribbed fabric with the distinct bulge at the front.

Liz couldn't hold back her grin any longer. She had placed her hands on her hips, presenting herself to Isabel with her legs set apart in a masculine stance. A ladylike pose wasn't even possible with the piece between her legs anyway.

Finally, Isabel understood. "Is that your plug dildo?" she asked, her eyes wide.

"Yes."

"I have to see this!" She dropped to her knees in front of Liz, carefully grasped the waistband of the briefs and slowly pulled it down.

Liz felt the cool air on the naked skin of her pubic mound. She had taken care to freshly shave. Just like with the natural counterpart, the hem of the underwear initially caught on the shaft. With gleaming eyes, Isabel pulled the fabric further, past the resistance, and thus revealed a smooth, flaccid, and incredibly real-looking, youthful penis.

"It's so cute!" Isabel cried out. "But why this model? It seems so... I don't know, can you even do anything with it?"

"Of course!"

Liz felt around the underside of the dildo, found the spot with the hidden switch and activated the device.

"Full sensitivity in this mode too, even on the flaccid cock. That's why I had to turn it off earlier. The friction in my pants was too much over time. No idea how guys endure that..."

Isabel giggled.

"If I do this, can you feel it?" She took the flaccid penis in her hand, pressing her thumb over the soft foreskin.

A tingling shiver spread between Liz's legs. "Oh yes, and how! Go slow..."

So Isabel continued slowly. She touched, explored, and felt the soft piece. The foreskin concealed a real-looking glans, and once Isabel had studied it thoroughly, it was no surprise that she wanted to taste it. Unfortunately, the plug dildo didn't transmit any perception of wetness or dryness, and the warmth of Isabel's mouth barely had an effect either. But the sight of her working at the soft piece between her legs was highly arousing for Liz. Besides, Isabel found plenty of ways to play with different kinds of pressure and friction. Those were stimuli that were transmitted very clearly.

With a smacking sound, Isabel finally let it slide out of her mouth.

"This is amusing, but what's the point of it?" she asked.

"I can disguise myself as a boy with it. I can even attach a catheter and use the men's restroom with it, and nobody would notice."

"Okay… that explains your outfit." Isabel thought about it. "I wouldn't have guessed you were into that kind of thing..."

Liz shook her head. "No, that's not what it's about for me. But there seem to be a lot of women who want to try out the male side for once. This model comes in incredibly

many sizes and gradations. No other dildo has so many realistic options. And to be honest, I was curious about how it feels for guys. Now I know why they always sit around cross-legged..."

Isabel giggled. "I can imagine. And you've been wearing it with the plug all morning?"

"No, that would be too much. Maybe if I practice. Over time, the plug gets uncomfortable. I tried it out a few times over the past few days and just put it in before coming here."

"And that's it?" Isabel asked, getting to her feet heavily. "All just to play a little boy's adventure?"

"Don't be fooled! It can do a bit more than that," Liz replied with a broad grin. "Like all the other plug dildos, it has two regular functions and a climax. I'll show you."

She closed her eyes and focused on the one mental image that helped her engage exactly the right muscle groups. Her practice over the past few days paid off, and she succeeded on the first try.

"Oh my goodness!" Isabel cried out in astonishment as the flaccid dildo slowly began to stiffen.

"Crazy, right? That makes the boy's adventure a whole lot more interesting, doesn't it?"

Isabel had taken hold of the piece again, keeping it clasped in her hand as it grew firmer and slightly larger. Finally, it stood hard and upright between Liz's legs, just as they were used to from conventional dildos.

Isabel swallowed. "I can't explain it, but you have no idea how horny this is making me right now."

I have a pretty precise idea, actually!

Liz kept the thought to herself. Shortly, she would have certainty about whether her assumption was correct.

"In this state, it's even more sensitive. Just like the natural counterpart," she said with a meaningful smile.

Isabel's eyes went wide. "We should definitely make use of that."

She started rubbing up and down on the dildo, and Liz sighed. "Yes, that's good..."

Isabel maneuvered her to the edge of the bed, giving her a gentle push, and Liz fell onto her back. Immediately after, Isabel's lower belly lowered over Liz's face. In a classic 69 fashion, they pleased each other.

What Isabel was doing with her tongue on the dildo would never have reached this deep deeply into Liz in the natural way. And yet, through the plug, Liz felt every bit of it even deeper. Conversely, Isabel's dripping wet, swollen pussy told Liz that she really was as aroused as she had claimed. Smacking, licking, gasping, groaning, sighing, and trembling filled the room for the next few minutes.

Liz was on the edge a few times, but Isabel seemed to sense it and slowed down at just the right moment every time.

"This is so hot! I want you!" Isabel muttered at some point.

She lifted her dripping crotch from Liz's face and shifted around so that she was sitting on Liz's thighs. The dildo jutted upward at an angle, brushing against her stomach from below.

Isabel cupped it, rubbing its tip against her belly, and then slid forward a little. In tiny increments, she sank down until the dildo disappeared beneath her stomach. Then her wet pussy rubbed over the shaft. At least that was what Liz assumed.

All she could see were Isabel's massive curves rocking up and down. Isabel rode her, with an ecstatic expression on her face and her eyes closed. Her focus was entirely on that single spot between her legs.

The sight made Liz incredibly horny too.

Then the moment arrived. The tip of the dildo was positioned directly at Isabel's entrance. She straightened up a tiny bit, and once the angle allowed for it, the dildo slipped into her perfectly lubricated slit. With a deep sigh, Isabel lowered herself down and sank onto Liz's lap with her full weight.

"Oh baby, this is so hot," Isabel sighed with her eyes closed, as she rode Liz, bearing her down into the mattress again and again with her full weight.

"Isn't it... too small... for you?" Liz whispered in rhythm, while tenderly stroking the curves of Isabel's belly and breasts, as far as she could reach them.

"That's the crazy thing," Isabel replied, still with her eyes closed. "It's perfect!"

I bet you think so! And if you don't look at me right now, I'm sure you're fucking someone else in your mind!

"I really thought long and hard about what size to get..." Liz replied, watching Isabel's reactions closely.

She was well on her way to a powerful climax.

"...but when I came across the perfect natural model, the choice was easy. The cock you are riding is exactly Calvin's."

For a split second, Liz got the impression that Isabel was going to collapse. She slumped heavily onto her, losing all tension, and Liz feared she would fall onto her uncontrollably. But the impression was misleading.

A long time ago, out of curiosity, Liz had clicked on one of those videos that supposedly showed a 'leg-shaking orgasm' where women completely lost self-control. It was so silly that she had dismissed it as fake and never thought about it again.

Until now. It was exactly what she was witnessing with Isabel, and it was real.

Isabel shuddered again, her trembling voice releasing an unarticulated, hoarse "Haaah…!"

She flinched, gasped and then revealed where her thoughts really were: "Hah-halvinn..."

Her legs shook, her knees flailing uncontrollably against Liz's side before pressing her tightly against herself again with immense strength. Isabel arched her back, straightening up, and by doing so, pressed the dildo even deeper into her lap. This, in turn, intensified the massive climax. Her breasts bounced in sync with her trembling body, and Liz noticed more and more milk dripping from her nipples. She fell forward, catching herself with her arms, which went slack but still managed to support her just barely.

The most striking thing, however, was what was happening to her pregnant belly. For the first time, Liz became truly aware that it was a real muscle.

The soft, full roundness twitched, revealing shapes and contours underneath. It looked hard, almost alien-like for a second. Then it relaxed, turning back into the known, soothingly round bulge. This happened several times, and it was no wonder the baby did get restless from it. Added to the sounds of pleasure was another painful moan from Isabel as she hastily felt for the spot where movement showed on her belly that Liz assumed to be kicks and punches..

Liz was far too fascinated by what was happening to pay attention to her own sensations. Yet the stimuli transmitted by the plug were more than clear. Isabel's pussy muscles were apparently releasing tremendous forces on the dildo, making the plug deep inside Liz tingle, tickle, and pinch intensely. Enough to finally bring her to a nice, neat little climax.

When the fog of pleasure cleared in her mind, she noticed Isabel, breathing heavily, who was pinning down Liz with outstretched arms.

"How..." Isabel asked, still out of breath, "how do you know..?"

Liz took her time answering. "To be honest, it was just a hunch." She reached out her hands and stroked the full, heavy breasts hanging in front of her face. "I quickly suspected that there was more to it than just this milk thing..."

Liz licked Isabel's dripping nipple and then massaged it with her thumbs. Instantly, the flow of the dripping milk increased.

Isabel sighed, cupping one breast with her hand and squeezing it until the milk sprayed in a stream in Liz's direction. Liz tried to catch the deliciousness with her mouth, but most of it ended up splattered across her face and made her giggle.

"When I noticed today…" Liz continued, "...how much my boyish disguise fascinated you and how thrilled you were with the little cock, I was certain enough to take a shot in the dark. I mean," she added in feigned indignation, "you've completely ignored my boobies until now."

In fact, Isabel hadn't made a single attempt to do anything with the black bra Liz was wearing.

"Am I really that easy to read?" Isabel asked.

"Well, there are a few other details. The way you speak to Calvin, look at him, and touch him. When you know what to watch out for, it's impossible to miss..."

Isabel froze. "Is it that obvious?" There was barely hidden panic in her voice.

"Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me; I'm pretty good at keeping things like that to myself," Liz tried to reassure her. "Besides, I find him just as hot. Enough to have some wicked thoughts."

"Those are clearly more than just thoughts if you know what his cock looks like."

"You'd know too if you didn't hide him in a diaper," Liz let slip.

Isabel rolled her eyes. "So he told you about that too?" She shook her head.

"Are you fucking him?" she then asked quite directly.

No point denying it now...

Liz looked Isabel intently in the eyes to catch the exact reaction to the answer.

"Yes."

Ever since she knew that this moment would come eventually, Liz had been preparing herself inwardly for it. She had expected everything. Outbursts of anger, rejection, and contempt. But not the lustful spark in Isabel's eyes when she confessed that she was fucking her boy.

"You're... okay with this?" Liz asked in astonishment.

Now a broad grin spread across Isabel's face as well, adding to the lustful spark in her eyes.

"Yes, sure." Isabel began to rock her hips very slowly back and forth.

It didn't feel like a ride with a goal in mind. Just a slow massage that gave the moment an intimate touch. Liz joined in, tenderly stroking the heavy, round belly resting on top of her.

"You know, that's the thing I noticed right from the start," Isabel said. "Since the first time I saw you with him, I wished a girl like you would notice him and make him a man."

"Really?" Liz was genuinely surprised.

Isabel shrugged. "The only problem for me was that I wanted to have you for myself as well. But that has been settled now. You are enough for me and my boy."

She did something inside her with the dildo, and Liz suddenly felt a tingling jolt deep within her. It was surprisingly intense, briefly taking her breath away. Perhaps there was a goal to Isabel's resuming ride after all.

"Wow, I didn't think you'd react so calmly to the fact that Calvin had his first time with me," Liz said.

"Oh no, not his first time. Not the way I see it!"

Isabel's words sent Liz's thoughts spiraling in an alarming direction.

"What... what do you mean by that? Did you actually..."

"No!" Isabel interrupted her fiercely. "Never. I never came close to him, not like that. That's exactly why there was all that theater with the diaper."

"How am I supposed to understand that then?" Liz was having trouble concentrating on Isabel by now, as the ride had taken on a brisk pace in the meantime. Yet they were still able to talk.

"Do you remember the story I told you about Calvin's pregnancy?"

Liz nodded.

"I was literally a virgin. The crazy doctor implanted Calvin inside me as gently as possible to avoid leaving any traces. With some thin, fine instrument. During the birth, when I brought Calvin into the world, when he carved his path through my body from the inside, he was, so to speak, the first man to penetrate me. Just from the other side. I was terribly afraid; it was so painful, and I was so helplessly at his mercy. But as he pressed himself through me and out of me, it was the first and hottest sex of my life."

Liz was speechless, shocked by what she had just heard.

"Do you understand, Liz? It was my pussy that my boy filled out first. Before he was born, we had our first time together! Even if he doesn't remember it. I'm happy that you are the first other woman to take him. But no matter what you two do, I will always be his first."

Throughout her story, Isabel's riding became more and more passionate. That eliminated the last remaining doubts about whether she truly meant it the way she said it. As crazy as all of this was, it actually made sense to Liz. In the minutes that followed, she didn't think about it at all anymore. She let herself be taken and fucked by Isabel, who came down upon her like a hurricane - a furious goddess of fertility, motherliness and desire.

Two days had passed.

Two days since she had spoken aloud what she hadn't dared to even think for years before. Just like a volcano the day after an eruption, where the black crust conceals the glowing lava beneath, her desire burned hotter than ever beneath her calm facade.

Her thoughts circled endlessly.

How far can I go? What am I allowed to… grant him his wish?

After her soft rejection while cuddling, he hadn't made any further attempts. She felt like drifting back into a daily routine that was hollow and unsatisfying to her.

"I'm going over to Liz's later for swimming!"

Calvin's voice echoed through the house as the door slammed shut behind him and he stomped up the stairs. His enthusiasm for the visits to Liz was only too understandable to Isabel.

He'll forget about me. I'm being replaced by a pretty, young bunny...

A grim feeling spread deep within her. It was a kind of desire to protect her boy, to shield him. But in a deep corner of her twisted mind, she knew it was something else. Jealousy. The desire to have him all to herself, to possess him.

I can't just leave him to her like that. Not without showing him what I have to offer...

"Calvin?" Isabel called into the empty hallway.

"Yeah?" came the reply from upstairs.

"You can go, but before you do, you finish your homework and come downstairs for your feeding!"

She heard the door open and caught his footsteps on the stairs. Then he turned the corner.

"Now?" he asked, looking at her inquiringly. "Don't we do that when I get home…?"

"Not today. You're always so tired from all the swimming that you barely get anything done. That's why I want my turn first today."

"Oh..." Calvin made a thoughtful face. "Yeah, you're right. Swimming makes me pretty tired. I'll be right down, I only have a little bit of homework." He turned around and went back up the stairs.

"But pack yourself properly, do you hear me?" Isabel called after him, earning an annoyed, "Yeeees."

Shortly after, they were sitting on the couch as usual. Calvin's head rested on her belly and, perfected through countless repetitions, they found the most comfortable position without a word.

What had been intended as an excuse actually worked. Calvin was much more energetic and active. His lips and tongue on her nipples brought her more pleasure

than on any day before. If it hadn't been for the voice in her head, it would have been the perfect cuddling moment.

But the desire wouldn't let her go; she couldn't ignore it. The gentle caresses became more purposeful. Her hand found its way under the hem of Calvin's t-shirt, right where the gathered waistband of the diaper would leave an impression in his skin. She followed the edge, found the fastener on the side, and opened the top one until the material relaxed a little. Then she moved back, stroking his naked belly beneath the t-shirt, and then wandered downward. She found the hem, her fingertips feeling their way forward, exploring the crinkled surface, and then they slowly slid underneath.

Calvin's head jerked around, but she pressed him even tighter against her breast. He didn't manage more than a muffled, questioning "Mmmh-o-mmmh?", then the pressure sent a fresh stream of milk into his mouth and he had to swallow again.

"Shhht," Isabel soothed him, pouring all her promises into the look she gave him. He kept the eye contact, widening his eyes even further as her fingers found the root of his semi-hard cock that grew harder under her gentle touch.

So I was right! My closeness alone makes him horny. What a mess if we hadn't used our makeshift protection…

Isabel grabbed him, feeling the hot shaft as it grew harder and larger in her fingers. Calvin found a new rhythm at her breast, in sync with his hips thrusting back and forth into her hand.

"Slow down, my big boy," Isabel whispered, leaning forward and kissing him on his forehead.

She squeezed her fingers together and held him firmly until he actually quieted down.

That's it.

Slowly, she loosened her grip. Calvin took a sharp breath and shuddered. She could feel how hard he was trying to do nothing. Softly, she rubbed him up and down.

I should have thought of lube...

A crazy idea shot through her mind.

Why not?

Isabel pulled her hand back out of the diaper. She kept Calvin's head pressed against her breast. He watched with wide eyes as she used her free hand to massage her other breast, stroking over the nipple and areola, starting the flow of milk.

Due to the massage, a great deal of it spread over her fingers, and she even tried to catch some of it in her cupped hand. Carefully, in order to keep as much of the precious liquid as possible, she reached out and slid her hand beneath the half-open diaper again. Calvin's cock felt even hotter and harder now, and maybe it was a little larger too.

The plan worked. As she massaged up and down with her wet hand now, a smacking sound could be heard. Calvin could no longer control himself and pressed his crotch against her hand.

"Calm down, my sweet boy," Isabel whispered, keeping him clasped motionlessly just like before. "We have plenty of time..."

He twitched a few more times, but that was just raw instinct, he was still a ways off from a climax.

"Are you okay?" Isabel asked.

Calvin nodded, and she slowly resumed the wet massage.

Gently but firmly, Isabel worked his cock.

Every bit the mother who knows best what is good for her boy...

She had to smile at the thought, but in the end, that was exactly it. He needed a girl like Liz to understand how wonderful women can be. And he needed the experiences with herself, which would never let him forget how special their bond was.

It became increasingly difficult for Calvin to keep still. He rocked back and forth. More moisture, this time from Calvin, mixed with the milk on her hand. Her breast was empty by now, yet he licked and kissed and caressed it, completely absorbed in the pleasure this touch brought him.

Then he suddenly gasped for air. He trembled, thrusting fiercely into the firm grip of her hand, and something warm and hot spilled across the back of her hand. Isabel pulled him tightly against herself, between her breasts, wanting to feel him as intensely as possible. She held him that way until the shudders subsided and he grew quiet again.

"You liked that, didn't you?" she asked tenderly.

Calvin nodded. "Yes... Is it okay with you too?"

Now Isabel had to smile. "Of course, what do you think?"

"I always thought you found that disgusting and dirty..."

"I'm sorry about that!" Isabel kissed his forehead and adjusted him so that he could comfortably reach the second, still full breast. "You're right; I didn't realize that this packaging could create that impression. I enjoy it, believe me."

She released his softening cock from her grip and pulled her hand out. Thin, white traces revealed where her milk had spread. On the back of her hand, clear wetness gleamed.

My milk looks more like cum than what he splashed! Is that what Carol meant by functional, but delayed?

Under Calvin's horrified gaze, she brought her hand to her mouth and licked it off. She recognized the taste of her milk immediately. And for the very first time, she captured another, new taste. That of her boy.

I could get used to this.

"Mom, isn't that disgusting?"

"Why? You swallow everything you get from me, too!"

That argument silenced Calvin, even making him blush.

The double pleasure of the relaxed feeding and the fading climax made Calvin sleepy. Isabel let him rest against her breast. She enjoyed the peaceful atmosphere, the closeness, and the bond she had always thought nothing could ever surpass. And yet now, they were a step further. It was the small step that crossed the boundary, and beyond it lay a giant world for her and Calvin to discover.

"Weren't you going over to Liz's?" She gently shook Calvin awake.

"Yes!" He started out of his sleepiness with an enthusiasm that caused Isabel's jealousy to flare up once again.

"How about I tag along today? I've been wanting to see for a long time what Liz is teaching you in her pool..."

Ever since they had crossed the final boundaries, encounters with Calvin at school had become something special. At the sight of him, Liz instantly felt that tingling sensation she otherwise only knew from the daring games in her room. With Calvin, and also previously with Emma.

It took a great deal of self-control not to betray herself through gestures, touches, or words. Calvin seemed to feel the same way. They still had fiery glances left, which nobody around them knew how to interpret. At least, that was what Liz hoped.

The fact that her parents were barely at home during the week fit perfectly with her heated mood. Added to that was the uncertainty of what Emma would do with her knowledge. It could be over at any moment. All the more Liz threw herself into the pleasure that seeing Calvin promised her..

He should have been here a long time ago...

Liz looked around her room. The couch was comfortably decorated, there was no need to go upstairs to her bed. Another glance at her smartphone. He had said he wanted to come over right after school.

What was keeping him?

Suddenly, she heard voices. Calvin's voice, as he came through the garden to the side entrance of the pool house as usual. And another voice.

Isabel?

Liz slipped into her bathrobe, which fortunately lay nearby, and went to the door.

"Hey!" she greeted Calvin, who smiled at her a little embarrassedly. Isabel beside him was grinning from ear to ear, especially after noticing that Liz was wearing next to nothing beneath the bathrobe.

"Hello Liz, I thought I'd just tag along today..."

"Yeah, um... Hi. Welcome. Come on in."

While she let Isabel and Calvin enter, her thoughts raced. It had taken a little while for her to realize what Isabel had confided in her. What she truly felt for Calvin, how she had experienced his birth. The image was disturbing and exciting all at once.

"See, I told you, Mom," she heard Calvin urging Isabel. "Liz doesn't even have her swimwear on yet. We want to train; I don't know what there is for you to see..!"

Liz had a pretty good idea of what Isabel was hoping to see. Had Isabel actually decided to give in to her secret passion? This was all happening much too suddenly.

But the little one would have to find out eventually.

"Looks like we can get started right away." Isabel didn't dwell on Calvin's complaints any further, but instead regarded Liz with a frivolous smile.

The bathrobe had slipped, revealing the skimpy bikini Liz was wearing underneath. Of all days, when I'm trying out something new... On the other hand, the hungry look Isabel shot her as she stripped off the bathrobe was very promising. Calvin fell silent too, staring at her.

"Wow. You look... pretty!" The harmless word had probably only occurred to him at the very last second.

"Oh, just say it like it is, Calvin," Isabel said. "She looks damn hot in that, don't you think?"

Calvin blushed.

"So, um, the pool is ready. We can go whenever you're set." Liz blushing as well.

Why is her compliment throwing me off so much?

Calvin headed for the shower room, where he had stored his swimwear. For a moment, Liz and Isabel were alone.

"Why are you here?" Liz asked directly.

"What do you think?" Isabel stepped closer with a smile, brushing her hand over Liz's bare arm, her shoulder, and the edge of the bikini top. "Just do what you two always do, and don't mind me. For now, I just want to watch."

"For now?" Liz pressed. "And later?"

"I've prepared myself for anything," Isabel replied, starting to unbutton her clothes.

As usual, she was wearing stretch garments, and underneath, a bikini came to light as well. The bottoms almost vanished beneath her huge belly, and the cups struggled to hold her full breasts.

Liz nodded appreciatively. "Then I can only return the compliment. You look hot too."

"Thanks," Isabel said.

"Do you want to take a lap in the pool?" Liz asked.

Isabel looked toward the basin. "I don't know, maybe. Is that hot tub still around, actually?"

The question was phrased casually and harmlessly, but Liz knew instantly what Isabel was getting at.

"Sure, we haven't used it in a while, but I can activate it so it heats up in no time."

While Liz started the system, Calvin came back, clad only in his swim briefs.

At the sight of Isabel, his eyes went wide with astonishment. "Mom... I didn't even know you had something like that..."

"I just haven't had an opportunity to wear it in a long time, my big boy. Do you remember our first home in California? I loved the pool, though you were probably too young to remember."

"No, I know what you mean, Mom. I just can't remember any swimwear."

"True," Isabel ruffled his hair, "we usually left those off."

Liz had followed the exchange and stepped closer. "Maybe that would be something for later?" She nodded in the direction of the hot tub.

"What do you mean?" Calvin asked.

"Without clothes..." Isabel replied. "But now I really want to see how good Calvin is at swimming."

In a mix of pride and embarrassment, Calvin slid into the basin, and Liz activated the current.

Liz was surprised herself by how powerfully he fought against the current. The fact that he had taken the swimming training quite seriously was paying off now. She could even turn the system up a notch and he still made very good progress.

Isabel had stepped beside her and seemed equally impressed. "Looks like you two really did some swimming training."

"Of course, what else?" Liz countered.

"'Well, finding that out is exactly why I'm here," Isabel shot back with a grin, grabbing her firmly by the buttocks. Liz felt her hot hand and the fingers sliding beneath the edge of her skimpy bikini bottoms.

Liz swallowed. "Is this... really okay with you?"

Isabel giggled. "A bit late to ask that, isn't it? We are all long past the question of what is appropriate."

The allusion did not escape Liz. Her eyes went wide in surprise. "You and Calvin..."

"...we had a 'hands on' experience, to put it that way," Isabel finished the sentence.

"Wow. That went fast."

"Well, you're right about that. As far as I'm concerned, it could have taken quite a bit longer."

"No, that's not what I meant..." Liz shook her head. "Though, now that you mention it. He really is always finished pretty quickly. Too bad there's no way to prolong it somehow."

"As far as I know, there actually is something for that..." Isabel muttered.

By now, she had shamelessly slid her other hand into the cup of Liz's top, playing with her nipples while rubbing her heavy belly against her.

"Isabel, don't," Liz groaned. "What if he sees us..."

"That is exactly the show I have in mind for him," Isabel replied hoarsely, trailing kisses across Liz's ear, cheek, and neck..

If Calvin weren't here right now... in the water!

Hastily, Liz broke free from Isabel's grip and turned toward the pool. Calvin was fighting desperately against the current. Apparently, he was intent on impressing his mother and refused to give up. Liz yanked her bikini bottoms out of her butt crack and tucked her bare breast back into the tiny top. Then she turned off the pool's current.

While the water calmed down and Calvin slowed his pace, Isabel came over to her.

"I'll be waiting for you two in the hot tub," she said, giving Liz a slap on the butt, sending a jiggle through her curves.

In the pool, Calvin had reached the edge by now. He looked exhausted but was grinning from ear to ear.

"Did you see, Mom? That was a record!" he called out to Isabel.

"Yes, impressive! You have clearly earned some relaxation after that."

Isabel walked toward the hot tub, while Liz crouched down and extended a helping hand to Calvin. As he climbed out of the basin, he stumbled into her embrace with trembling knees.

"You're right, Calvin," Liz said, stroking his back. "That really was a record. We've never had the current set that strong before."

Calvin was completely wiped out. His muscles shook, he fought for his balance, and he leaned heavily on Liz. It was exactly the level of exhaustion during which they had shared their most beautiful and extensive sex so far.

Whether Isabel's presence would top that or put a damper on it was about to be revealed.

The sight offered by the bubbling hot tub was spectacular.

Isabel had leaned back with her eyes closed. Beneath the water, her lush curves gleamed golden-bronze. From time to time, her belly or her breasts broke through the surface of the water, plump and shimmering wet. Due to the reflection of the undulating surface, her bikini was barely visible. It looked as if she were floating naked and seductive in the water.

Liz felt a strong urge to fling herself at her and cling to her. Just as Calvin's little cock had been her first encounter with true masculinity, this was the first time getting this close to someone in the hot tub. Back then, she hadn't dared to do that with Emma.

Liz climbed into the hot tub, and Calvin followed directly behind her. The current made it easy for her to glide next to Isabel. Calvin looked for a spot opposite them, right next to the steps. Isabel had noticed the two of them and opened her eyes.

"This feels so good..." she sighed.

"I bet it does!"

Liz couldn't hold back and stroked over Isabel's belly, which was just breaking through the water again. As it sank back down, her hand continued underwater, quickly finding Isabel's breasts.

The first impression was confirmed, Isabel had at least removed her top. The touch of her floating, full curves beneath the water was a completely new experience. Only after Liz had spent quite a while doing this did she glance toward Calvin, who was following the events with an open mouth and wide eyes.

"Do you want to help me pleasure your mom?" Liz asked coquettishly.

"Or Liz..." Isabel added, starting to work at Liz's bikini top.

The piece was designed more for taking off than for clothing anyway. The moment Liz's breasts were freed, the small piece of fabric slipped away and vanished underwater.

"Oops, sorry," Liz said.

Calvin fished it out, but instead of the expected bikini top, it was the matching bottoms. Speechless, he stared at Liz, who had risen far enough her bare breasts swayed above the water. His gaze wandered over to his mother.

"Mom..." was all he managed to get out.

Isabel smiled. "What's wrong? I thought naked women in the pool were more familiar to you than clothed ones?"

He blushed. "Yeah, when I was little... but now..."

"Come on, little prince, don't be so shy!" Liz called out, stretching her hand toward him.

Calvin tossed the bottoms onto the edge of the basin and then grasped Liz's hand. She pulled him closer, steering him right between herself and Isabel. Water currents and air bubbles caressed their bodies, but it wasn't long before hands and fingers joined in. The turbulent water still made it impossible to tell what belonged to whom.

When the aimless making out became more specific and Liz reached for Calvin's swim briefs, she met Isabel's hands there. The two women smiled meaningfully at each other over Calvin's shoulders. He stood between them, facing Isabel. Her breasts touched his front, while Liz pressed against him from behind. The redness of his face was certainly not just a result of the warm water.

They had pulled Calvin's briefs down. As Liz felt for his cock now, she encountered two surprises. First, it had grown to a remarkable hardness and size, and second, Isabel was already keeping it clasped in her hand. Liz ducked under for a second, pulling his briefs completely off underwater. When she surfaced, she tossed the garment triumphantly onto the edge of the basin, where the other pieces were already lying.

As the fondling continued, they finally found an interesting position. Isabel sat at the edge in a seat of the hot tub, her legs closed. Facing her, Calvin sat riding on her thighs. He pressed himself against her belly, and as far as Liz could feel, his hard cock disappeared beneath it without reaching the actual target. She embraced him from behind, rubbing her breasts against his shoulders, wrapping her arms around him, and alternately stroking Calvin's front, Isabel's belly, or her breasts floating in the water.

Exciting as it was to rub against each other in the warm water, weightless and buoyant, it ultimately wasn't very productive. Therefore, Isabel's question came as no surprise.

"Do you have a cozier spot somewhere around here?"

"Sure, in my room. Come on!" Liz climbed out of the hot tub first, grabbed a towel, and handed one to Calvin and Isabel as well. They were all naked. Calvin's arousal was impossible to miss.

"It took me a while to work up the courage for this, my big boy," Isabel said, lovingly stroking the wet hair from Calvin's forehead. "I hope you are satisfied. It was your arguments that made me reconsider."

For a moment, Calvin straightened up, proud and delighted. Then his sense of being overwhelmed by the situation took over again. Hastily, he wrapped himself in a towel.

Liz led the way into her room. Without the buoyancy of the water, Isabel was exposed to the burden of her lush pregnancy once more, and she dropped onto the couch, exhausted.

"Come here," she said to Calvin, patting the free space next to her. He sat down beside her, and Isabel guided him until his head lay on her thighs, one cheek resting against the plump belly. She stroked his forehead and chest, then leaned to the side until she reached his smooth, hard cock as well. After a few grips and one or two massaging strokes, she let go of him.

"I think you should take care of that," she turned to Liz.

"You really want to see it?" Liz asked, though she already knew the answer.

"Yes. Everything." Isabel's eyes gleamed. "You don't mind me watching, do you?" she asked Calvin.

He stared at her with wide eyes. "Mom! Do you really want to watch while Liz and I have sex?" he asked, shocked.

"Yes, my big boy. That's exactly what I want!"

Liz approached from the other end of the couch. Calvin lay on his back, stretched out fully, and she climbed on top of him, straddling him just above his knees.

She felt a little sorry for him. It was a surprise seeing him overwhelmed by female curves, considering his usual fondness for breasts. Now she could detect a hint of panic in his gaze as his eyes darted back and forth, unable to rest anywhere. He looked from Isabel's belly and the underside of her breasts resting upon it, toward Liz and her apple-like, firm breasts perking up cheekily. Then his gaze wandered to her hips, her firm thighs, and the wet slit that was relentlessly approaching his cock.

Liz tried to take it slow, reaching for him and simply holding him firmly. He twitched and pulsed beneath her fingers, almost as if he were on the verge of a climax already. Liz waited until he quieted down a little, then she moved a bit higher, and then a bit more. Finally, her soft, wet labia slid over his shaft. She began to roll her hips, massaging him and getting him wet with her juices.

In one fluid motion, she lifted her pelvis, and without any further assistance, his tip found her entrance. With a blissful sigh, she let herself sink onto him, taking him entirely inside her. The tip rubbed against the upper side of her inner wall, just like

always when she rode him, hitting that one spot that made her see flashing happiness and stars for a moment.

Calvin gasped. He was completely tense. No wonder, considering he had to perform under his mother's watchful gaze. Even Liz was far from the relaxation she normally felt when she was together with Calvin.

On the other hand, she had the feeling that he was harder today than ever before. Perhaps the tension had a good side to it.

She began to ride him. Slowly, in small movements up and down, back and forth. She rocked her upper body with exaggeration, setting her breasts swinging as if it were a wild gallop. That gave Calvin something to fix his gaze upon. He reached his arms out toward her, and she did him the favor, leaning far forward until he cupped her breasts with trembling fingers.

"Great, my big boy. Yes, that's the way," she heard Isabel whisper.

Her gaze was caught by the spot between Liz's legs where Calvin's smooth, engorged cock sank all the way to the hilt again and again.

Slowly, Liz got into the mood. This was no longer just a performance. She began to truly enjoy it. Not that she would want it this way every time. But right now, in this moment, it was simply hot to be watched by Isabel while she fucked her boy.

The ride grew fiercer, her bottom hitting Calvin's thighs with a slapping sound, louder and harder. Calvin's hips returned the thrusts, and this time Liz didn't feel like it was just raw instinct, but that he was deliberately trying to match her rhythm.

Like an unexpected gust of wind on a still summer day, her orgasm announced itself. Just a moment ago, there had been no sign of it, and by the time she perceived the warning signs, it was already there. She lost control for a moment, falling forward into Calvin's outstretched arms. His hands squeezed her breasts with painful

strength; she twitched and clamped his cock tightly with her slit. That was enough to send him over the edge too.

The next thing she perceived clearly was Isabel's encouraging voice.

"...superbly done. That was great. I'm proud of you, Calvin. And I hope you appreciate what Liz is giving you..."

Liz had to smile.

That's one way to look at it...

Calvin lay beneath her breathing heavily, his eyes closed. His face was deeply flushed from exertion, shame, or whatever else. She arose, letting him slide out of her dripping cleft. Then Liz lay down beside him. She cuddled up to him, stretched out long on the edge of the couch, resting her head on Isabel's leg as well.

While Isabel distributed tender caresses over the shoulders and heads of them, Liz reached for Calvin's cock.

I love it when I can feel how it changes...!

The touch counteracted the fading hardness but couldn't prevent it from going soft after a job well done. Just like his cock, everything else about Calvin seemed to relax.

Liz's thoughts began to drift.

This is the craziest thing I've ever done here...

A smile played around the corners of her mouth as it became clear to her that this was only the beginning.

Dusk had only just set in, but Isabel was already awake. She had barely slept all night. The impressions of the past few days had agitated her too much. This time she had only watched, only played the harmless, passive part of the union. She had thought that would be enough.

That was a mistake. The craving for more had only grown larger, and Isabel knew that she could not resist it in the long run.

Isabel looked at the clock. It was early, but not too early. Time for the conversation she had been putting off all night. She picked up her phone and dialed the number.

"... Yes?" a sleepy voice came from the other end.

"Hello Carol, this is Isabel. I need to talk to you." Isabel looked around once more. The house was quiet; there was no sound from Calvin yet.

"Isabel? What... give me a moment... Why are you calling so early? What happened?" Through the phone, Carol could be heard sitting up in bed.

"It's about our last conversation..."

"You mean Copper Lode? Are you in?" Carol suddenly sounded wide awake.

"Um, yes. Yes, I think so. I definitely want to take a look at it. But that's not the main reason. I'm calling about Calvin's diagnosis."

"What about him? Is he okay?"

"Yes, don't worry, he's doing great." Isabel smiled.

Better than you can imagine.

"But you mentioned something about examinations because of his... special condition."

Isabel still found it difficult to clearly name the delayed development.

"Okay. What about it?" Carol asked.

"I, um, how should I put it, there are clear signs that he is active. Well, it's just like you said. He functions, but the quality seems to be different. At least that's what it looks like. I think I could get him to provide a sample that you could examine."

"Isabel, it's too early to beat around the bush. What do you mean by sample? A sperm sample, perhaps?"

"Yes."

"Oh." Carol paused. "And you think you can get a usable sample from him?"

"I think so. My nursing training has to be good for something, after all..."

"I'm sure of that, I remember now." Carol hesitated. "Oh, whatever, I don't even want to know how you obtain the sample."

"Fine, and then what?" Isabel asked. "I'd rather not go to the clinic here in town with it. That would only raise uncomfortable questions..."

"I understand. Let me think for a moment." Carol took another pause. "What do you think of the fertility clinic you visited back in October? We have the equipment there to evaluate the sample immediately as well. I can prepare an anonymous data set for a research project, things like that happen from time to time."

"Sounds good. A little trip sounds tempting," Isabel said.

"Great, I'll send you the code for the sample as soon as I'm in the office. We'll see each other by July at the latest, when you're due. And thank you for giving my project a chance."

They said their goodbyes, and after Isabel hung up, she took the latex gloves and the sample cup she had set out. On her way to Calvin's room, she pondered the cleverest way to get the sample.

When she entered the room, the curtains were drawn and Calvin lay in bed, curled up in his blanket, appearing to still be asleep.

"Calvin? Are you awake?" Isabel asked quietly.

"Yes. What is it?" His eyes gleamed in the dim light.

That doesn't sound sleepy at all!

Isabel stepped closer and sat down next to him on the edge of the bed.

"I just wanted to see if you were awake already..."

He threw the blanket back a bit and looked at her intently.

"You don't usually do that either. Is something wrong?"

Clever little guy!

"Well, I need your help with a... medical matter."

"Oh. Something bad? Aren't you feeling well?" he asked curiously.

"Don't worry, nothing bad. And it's not about me."

Isabel began to pull back the blanket back even further. As suspected, he had worn a diaper during the night just to be safe.

Probably soaked with cum, after all the impressions of the past few days!

She stroked over it and felt the firm bulge on the front.

That is very promising to start with!

"Calvin, do you remember the annual examinations recently?"

He nodded. "Yes, what about them?"

"You're old enough now that something else should be examined. Now that you're getting closer and closer to Liz and me..."

Calvin had propped himself up on his elbows and looked at her hand resting on the front of his diaper.

"What... what do I have to do for that? Do I have to undress at the clinic?"

Isabel smiled. She hadn't even thought of that variation.

"No, my big boy. We can take care of it right here. All I need is a sample of your ejaculation in this cup." She showed him the container.

"Oh. In there? Just like always when I give a pee sample?"

"Yes, exactly."

While Calvin was still thinking about it, Isabel pushed the blanket completely aside and began to open the fasteners of the diaper. Calvin froze.

"Mom! Do you want it right now?"

"Yes, my darling."

Isabel had opened the fasteners. The loose front of the diaper lifted a tiny bit. She wasn't sure whether it was because of the announced sampling or his personal morning ritual.

So he's ready for action. Good!

Isabel took the latex gloves and pulled them on. Calvin watched with wide eyes.

"Why the gloves?" he asked.

"So that everything happens medically correctly. The sample is supposed to be examined; I don't want it to be contaminated by me."

She flipped the diaper open with one hand. Calvin's cock had already grown to full size and hardness. With the other hand, Isabel reached for the cup.

"How about it, my big boy? Should I take hold, or will you do it yourself?"

Her free hand gently stroked his thighs, her fingertips brushing his balls.

Calvin's hands had instinctively covered his erect cock.

"Mom... this is... totally embarrassing. Really!" he cried out in agony.

"It doesn't have to be, my darling," Isabel reassured him. "Would you prefer it if a stranger supervised this?"

He shook his head. "No," he whispered.

"See? And besides, we've done this before, except last time everything was covered up. And looking at that diaper, you know exactly how it works."

Calvin blushed.

"Mom, that's different. I've never... I mean, it always happened when everything was packed away. I've never just done it like this and watched directly. I didn't touch myself; I only rubbed... from the outside like that..."

How cute! So mommy has to teach you how to wank, too…

Isabel stroked over Calvin's hip, wandered higher to his chest, and left her gloved hand resting there. In doing so, she made sure not to touch his cock yet.

Not yet!

"Then it's a good thing I'm here to help you. I bet you watched when Liz touched you, didn't you?"

Calvin's eyes went wide with alarm. "Did she tell you about that?"

Bullseye!

Isabel grinned. "No details, just a few hints. But from the way you two did it on her couch, you've had plenty of practice. So, you or me?"

"I... I want to do it myself," Calvin whispered.

He let one of his hands fall to the side. With the other, he enclosed his cock. Carefully, he rubbed up and down.

"This feels totally weird..." he muttered.

Isabel even got the impression that his erection was slowly fading.

"Imagine it's Liz doing it," she whispered.

Calvin closed his eyes, and immediately after, the hand movement became more rhythmic.

"Yes, that's it," Isabel encouraged him, using her hand to stroke his thighs.

"What else does she do when she pleases you, Calvin? Do you get to slide your fingers into her pussy?"

Calvin shuddered, his hand twitching.

"Sometimes, Mom," he panted.

"And do you like it? Does it feel good?"

"Yes..."

His hand had taken on a proper pacing. Fascinated, Isabel watched the dark glans, shimmering wet, peeking further and further out of the taut foreskin. There wasn't much left.

"If you do this well, maybe you'll get to do that to me sometime too," Isabel whispered, holding the cup ready.

"R-really?" Calvin stammered, arching his back.

Isabel gripped his hand, which was massaging the cock, with an iron hold. With the other, she kept the cup in position. As she slowly loosened her grip around his cock, she felt it pulsing, and at the same time, his load shot into the cup.

As she had suspected, it was a clear, gel-like fluid. When he was finished and no more aftergush remained to catch, she sealed the cup and set it aside. Then she pulled off the glove and moved a bit toward his feet.

"What... what are you doing, Mom?" Calvin asked.

"The medical part is done; I'm just taking care of the rest."

She leaned forward, slid her tongue along the entire length of his cock, and then took it into her mouth. As always after a completed performance, it lost its firmness, but that didn't stop her from thoroughly licking and sucking it. With a smacking sound, she let him slip from her mouth.

Calvin stared at her flabbergasted.

"What is it? Isn't this what you wanted?" she asked him.

"Well, yeah..."

"That's good. I'm already quite excited to see what will happen during our next cozy afternoon. But we'll sort that out tomorrow."

Isabel stood up and took the cup.

"Today I have to take this away; it might get late. Perhaps you'd like to stay over at Liz's? I think she would be happy, and you'll surely have lots of fun. If you want, you

can tell me about it, just like just now. Now get ready, clean yourself up, and come downstairs for breakfast."

With an elegant turn, she let all her curves swing. Her bottom, her massive baby belly, but most of all her full breasts. Calvin understood the prompt and jumped out of bed.

It was an astonishingly warm Friday afternoon. Calvin finished early, and under the pretext of their project work, Liz accompanied him home. The prospect of having him all to herself was simply too tempting.

After Calvin had told her about his plan first thing in the morning, Liz had checked with Isabel just to be safe, asking if he was really allowed to stay over at her place. The answer was clear:

"Yes. Have fun. Make him happy. XX"

Some fruit emojis followed that left no doubt about what she meant.

"I will!"

Liz added a launching rocket to her reply.

The rest of the morning, she couldn't stop thinking about what to do with Calvin. Much of what they had done before somehow seemed boring, ordinary to her. When she had fucked Calvin in front of Isabel's eyes, something had changed. It was as if she had pushed open a door that until then had been sealed. Beyond it lay a world without taboos. With Isabel, but also with them.

"What would you do if I suck your cock?" Liz asked Calvin, who was walking beside her.

He grinned and didn't have to think long.

"I would lick your pussy!"

This game was new. One person made a suggestion and the other had to think of something appropriate to go with it.

"And finger you. That's the right word, isn't it?" Calvin added.

"Yes. But where did you pick up that expression?" Liz asked, ruffling his hair.

"Heard it somewhere," Calvin said, without elaborating. Well, look at that, he's starting to inform himself.

"How do you actually know so much about sex?" Calvin asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you know how it works, and things like what they're all called and so on..."

Liz smiled. "Shall I be honest? Most of it I got from videos on the internet."

"Really?" Calvin stopped, horrified. "Even though they are for eighteen and older?"

"Yes, exactly." Liz shrugged her shoulders. "My friend Emma started that back then. She had the clips on her smartphone, and, well, we copied a lot of them. Most of it doesn't work, that's just for show. But some things, well, the best of it you've already experienced."

Calvin walked silently beside her for a while. "Tell me, Liz, can I see a video like that sometime?"

Wow!

"Sure, I'd love to. But only if we try out everything in it that is new to you!"

"Is there a lot?" Calvin asked hesitantly.

If you only knew!

"There are bound to be a few new things. But you've always had fun so far, haven't you?"

"Mm," he nodded, "okay, let's watch videos."

They had been sitting on the couch for quite a while, clad only in underwear, which created an exciting, aroused atmosphere while being comfortable at the same time. Calvin held Liz's smartphone in his hand, following the events in the video clip with wide eyes. Liz had wrapped her arm around his shoulder, pulling him close. From time to time, she commented on the action, but otherwise she noted with a smile that the videos were serving their purpose with him. The hard bulge in his briefs was impossible to miss.

Her video collection was clearly defined. Clean, elegant, and artistic, and well enough acted to create the impression that the performers were having fun or feeling

genuine passion. It hadn't been easy to find more unusual practices in this style, but over time she had collected a number of videos.

Calvin was breathing heavily, intensely following the close-up of a woman whose tongue was pampering every detail of a truly pretty pussy until it twitched in a climax. It was the conclusion of a of a scene that had taken its time, and it seemed to turn him on more than a similar scene earlier where a man had been the active one. He shifted restlessly on the couch, and Liz could see a spot spreading at the highest point of his briefs.

Should I relieve him?

The thought was tempting, but instead she kept still and waited for his excitement to die down a little.

Later, when he has watched enough…

Calvin had already started the next video.

A man and a woman in a room flooded with soft, white light that showcased their smoothly toned skin beautifully. The usual foreplay followed, and with every touch, the woman became more willing and the magnificently endowed man more urgent. She lay on her back, her legs spread and lifted, and he got ready for the first thrust.

"Liz... Liz, look, he's doing it wrong!" Calvin suddenly called out excitedly.

Liz looked at the screen and caught a glimpse of the guy burying his tip in the woman's asshole. At that exact point, Calvin finally found the pause button, and the image froze with a close-up of the shaft inside the woman's butt.

He really is clueless!

"Sorry, Calvin, that is actually something I wanted to show you later on..."

"But Liz! That's totally gross. I mean, he... he... he's in her butt!"

"So what? Look closely. Is anything dirty there?"

Calvin actually leaned closer to the screen. "No... but I don't understand."

Liz pulled him tighter against herself with her arm around his shoulder.

"Look, Calvin, that's one of the advanced things in sex. Like a really high level in a game. It's not for everyone. But if you prepare for it properly, it's supposedly really hot."

"Supposedly? Does that mean you've never done it?"

Liz shook her head.

"No, not really. To be honest, back then with Emma, maybe a fingertip went in that direction. But this..." she nodded toward the smartphone, "...I haven't done that either."

"Oh, I see." Calvin looked thoughtfully at the frozen image. "And... do you want to try that sometime?" he asked shyly.

Liz shrugged. "Maybe. If I find someone to join in. In that case, I've got everything I need to get cleanly prepared."

"Really? How?" Calvin's questions came a bit too quickly now.

Look at that, someone has gotten curious!

"Well, I have another video for that. But not like the others. Watch this."

Liz took the smartphone and started a different video. It was a whiteboard animation, highly simplified with drawn figures, but with enough detail to understand the principle.

"See, it's not that complicated," Liz said as the promotional video ended with a real image of the enema kit.

"Hmmm," Calvin sounded thoughtful, shifting restlessly back and forth on the couch. "Well, if you want to do that, I would try to help you."

I'm surely not the only one with something up my butt, that much I can promise!

"We can both do it, you know," Liz replied.

Calvin froze. "What? How is that supposed to work?"

"Oh, we will see. After all, you have plenty of fun sticking your fingers into my pussy. So surely you'll allow me to play with your butthole for once, won't you?"

Rinsing the butthole had absolutely no appeal in the sense of 'doing it together.' They used the bathroom one after the other, Liz first. The instructions from the video were clear, and she managed to finish the process without a mess. The intimate cleansing left a strange sensation, and she couldn't quite understand why some people would find this exact process and the accompanying feeling exciting. She left the bathroom to Calvin and prepared her room.

Bed or couch?

She decided on the couch and draped the waterproof pad over it.

Just in case.

After all, she had no experience with this whatsoever herself, and it seemed like a good idea to protect things beforehand.

Calvin appeared a little later, and his very gait revealed that something was different.

"All good?" Liz asked.

"Yes, but it feels totally weird. Somehow the water doesn't stop leaking out…"

Liz had just experienced the exact same thing herself.

"True, next time we should keep some diapers ready. That reminds me..." a grin twitched around the corners of her mouth, "...how about this: if you like this, I'll give you a prep kit to take home, and you can prepare yourself there. Just to be safe, you pack yourself into a diaper, and once you're here, we can immediately do whatever we want. Because somehow this puts a damper on the mood, doesn't it?"

Calvin nodded. "Yes, you're right about that..."

"Though, now that I think about it, the thought of you being cleaner than ever before has its appeal too. Onto the couch!"

Liz pointed toward the piece of furniture with an outstretched arm, and as Calvin took a step in that direction, she yanked away the towel loosely wrapped around his hips.

He paused briefly, then sat down stark naked.

Liz dropped her towel as well, and stood in front of him. He looked up at her expectantly. As always, his gaze found her firm breasts, whose areolas had recently developed an especially distinct contour. Perky areolas, that was the term she had found for them.

The clinical preparation had killed the mood enough that Calvin's cock lay small and flaccid between his legs.

I can change that!

With gentle pressure, Liz pushed Calvin until he lay stretched out on his back. Then she climbed on top of him in a reverse riding position and lowered herself until she had him right in front of her face. Without using her hands, she leaned forward and captured his cock until she had it between her lips. Meanwhile, Calvin had her pussy directly in front of his face, and he didn't need a second invitation.

The 69 session brought them both back into an aroused, expectant state in no time. Even without saying it out loud, they were both aware that it wouldn't stop there today. When Liz felt that Calvin was pulsing with sufficient hardness in her mouth, she let go of him. He was successful as well, because as soon as he detached his tongue from her labia, she felt the cool air confirming how wet and ready she was.

She sat down next to Calvin, who sat up as well. They caressed each other, and their fingers found their way as if on their own to where they had just been busy with

lips and tongues. Liz allowed herself a moment to catch her breath and gather her thoughts.

"Do you remember, Calvin, back when you asked how exciting it would be to be a girl?" she asked casually.

"Yes, of course. And we made a game out of it, too. The girl who is suddenly a boy..."

"Yes, that was hot, wasn't it?" Liz kept her hand gently clamped around Calvin's cock, and his twitch at the question was faster than his answer.

"Yes, why do you ask? Do you want to play that now?" Calvin looked at her questioningly.

"No. Well, maybe a little. It occurred to me that there might actually be a way for you to feel the exact same thing as a girl. For example..."

"Really? How is that supposed to work?"

"Well, down here we might be different..." Liz pressed her slit with her hand, placing her other hand over Calvin's hand, whose fingers were feeling for the entrance of her slit, "...but a little further back, boys and girls are the same."

"Oh..." Calvin lapsed into a thoughtful silence. "And how is that supposed to work?" he then asked hesitantly.

"I'll show you. Lie down and spread your legs!"

Liz stood up, and while Calvin got into position, she fetched a bottle of lotion, which would have to suffice as lube for nowt.

She pulled on a pair of latex gloves and spread some lotion between her fingers. Then she reached for Calvin's cock, which was still towering hard. He flinched at the touch.

"Stay relaxed, no need to be afraid."

With one hand she twisted and rubbed around the smooth shaft, and with the other hand she caressed his balls. She proceeded as carefully as possible, because she knew how sensitively Calvin reacted to this touch. The twitching of his cock, which immediately intensified, and his heavier breathing revealed to her that she had found the right measure.

Liz massaged him as tenderly and thoroughly as possible. The hand at the cock worked its way down toward his balls, while the other hand also wandered further south. Calvin tensed as she rubbed over the delicate stretch of skin between his balls and his anus.

Upon closer inspection, it was one of the most hidden areas of the body. No wonder Calvin was so sensitive there. His reaction intensified when she circled his small rosette with her fingertip for the first time. His breath came in gasps, his cock reared up even harder, and he shuddered all over.

"Should I stop?" Liz asked.

"N-No..." Calvin sighed.

He had already presented himself in this pose many times, ever since the day they had first integrated putting on the diaper into their play. And she could easily put herself in his position. The feeling of defenseless exposure, together with the trust that everything that happened would lead to cozy security.

Although it was almost the same pose, it felt completely different. Fascinated, Liz watched how he reacted to her touch. The closer she got to the anus, the more she could see him tensing up. It was as if he were instinctively bracing himself against penetration. Without hope for safety, he tensed up, bracing himself against the unknow.

"Relax," Liz whispered, letting her lotion-smeared finger circle closer and closer around him. "Think of the video, how much she enjoyed it. Let's try it out. I'm sure you'll like it. And if not, I'll stop immediately."

Her words helped him to relax. She had reached the point with her finger where all his senses were concentrated. She pressed against the warm and surprisingly firm resistance.

"Relax...!" she whispered once more, and then he grew softer, more yielding, and finally the tip of her finger sank inside him.

Calvin drew a sharp breath and Liz held still.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, breathing in gasps.

So Liz continued. Gently, her finger bored a little way into him and pulled back again. Always in such a way that she went deeper with every thrust. It didn't take long before she was in him up to the knuckle. She fucked him, very slowly, as if in slow motion, pulling out to her fingernail and then pushing the full length back in.

Calvin arched his back; at the tip of his cock, the glans shimmered dark and wet. That was the moment Liz slid completely out of him and leaned back.

Was I too fast?

Critically, she watched as he slowly calmed down. Calvin's face was intensely flushed, and she could see his heartbeat in his neck.

He swallowed hard, opened his eyes, and asked, "Why are you stopping?"

"Because that was only the foreplay. Just to see if you like it," Liz replied, stroking the less sensitive area of his thighs. "Do you want some more?"

"Yes!" Calvin nodded eagerly.

"Wait," Liz said, getting up. When she returned, Calvin looked at her with irritation.

"I know that. Mom has a case like that too!"

"Oh. And do you know what's inside it?" Liz asked as she opened the lid of the plug-dildo case.

Calvin shook his head. "No, Mom's case is always locked. I think she has things in there that she uses when a friend comes to visit. It's always very loud in her room then..."

So much for discretion. Maybe I should give Isabel a hint...

"Good deduction, Calvin," Liz praised him, lifting out the prepared toy.

"What... what is that?" Calvin asked, staring at the device in Liz's hand.

"I think you know this part..." Liz said, running one hand over the dildo that hung flaccidly. "And the rest is for you."

She stood in front of Calvin with her feet slightly wider apart so that he had a clear view between her legs. Then the young woman bent her knees a little. After one last glance that confirmed Calvin was following everything attentively, she closed her eyes. A breath later, she felt relaxed and loose enough. She was wet anyway after all the variations of foreplay.

Liz placed the plug at her entrance and pressed. She found it difficult to relax properly; the idea of what could happen with Calvin today was too exciting. Two deep breaths later, she was wide enough for the rounded end of the plug to enter her. Everything else was a matter of concentration and relaxation. Finally, there was a nudge, and the rest slid inside her as if on its own.

Instantly, she had the feeling of being filled and stretched, but that was only the beginning. With her finger, she felt inside herself and found the hidden button that activated the plug and inflated it inside her. Now she was indeed filled and stretched to the limit. Liz gave herself a few more breaths and then opened her eyes.

Calvin looked at her, shocked.

"Liz! How... that thing is huge and it just went inside you like that...!"

Liz smiled. "I wouldn't say 'just like that,' but yes, it is inside me."

She raised her arms and wiggled her hips, causing the flaccid dildo to swing back and forth.

"Why are you doing that?" Calvin asked, visibly confused by the sight.

"This makes us equal," Liz explained. "Watch!"

She closed her eyes, squeezed her legs together, and focused on the image that helped her trigger the function. As she tensed her muscles, the desired reaction occurred. A brief vibration confirmed the activation, and then the flaccid dildo reared up firmly while increasing in size.

"See?" she said with a bright smile, as the stiff dildo wiggled significantly less with the swing of her hips.

"I don't understand... why do you want to play a boy?" Calvin asked.

"Oh, that's a misunderstanding." Liz shook her head and stepped closer until her hips were directly in front of Calvin's face, who was still sitting on the couch. "This is a toy; I remain a girl with this. But it allows me to have a bit of fun. Touch it!"

"I don't know..." Calvin hesitated, sliding back uncomfortably on the couch.

"Come on, I've touched you plenty of times too. It's just a toy. It could have any other shape, but this is the only one I have at the moment. Everything that happens to it, I feel deep inside me. Please, let's try it!"

Calvin still hesitated.

Liz came closer, stepping onto the couch with her legs to the right and left of him, and the dildo finally touched his chest.

"Isn't this what you wanted? For both of us to experience the same thing?"

"I... no, not like this..."

"You will like it, trust me." She gently stroked his hair, pressing herself even further toward him as she did.

Finally, Calvin gave in, raised his hand, and shyly reached for the dildo. He enclosed it, letting the sensation work on his hand, and then he began to massage it, just as he had experienced so many times through Liz.

An electrifying tingling shot through Liz's core, originating at the deep end of the plug. She gasped for air and stretched, while Calvin froze in surprise.

"Keep going!" Liz urged him.

He obeyed. The sight of the dildo in front of his face seemed to make him uncomfortable, as his gaze wandered to every other part of Liz, anywhere but directly in front of him.

Warmth spread throughout Liz, all the way to her hair roots, and her nipples perked up in no time. Despite the firm anchoring in her vagina, she felt how her increasing wetness gave the plug slightly more play. But the movement of his hand was enough; the depth directly transmitted was sufficient to bring her to the brink of a climax very quickly.

Unlike the natural equivalent, with the dildo she could afford to experience several orgasms in a row, and so she allowed it to happen.

Similar to Calvin when he came, yet somehow different, her hips began to twitch. Calvin had to grab tighter to keep from losing her, and Liz kept pushing the shaft into his hand until she shivered all over her body and collapsed onto him.

"Wow. So that's what it feels like..." she said, once she was capable of speaking again. "That was awesome. Thank you."

She gave Calvin a long, passionate kiss.

"If you like, I'll show you how it feels for you..." she whispered to him afterward, watching his reaction closely.

Calvin's eyes went wide.

"How..." he asked, his wide eyes betraying that he already had the correct idea.

"With this," Liz said, enclosing his hand, which still held the dildo clasped. "We'll do it just like in the video!"

"But... but I thought I was supposed to do that to you like in the video, didn't the boy..."

"Shh," Liz placed a finger on his lips. "We can try both variations, after all. We have the whole evening to ourselves. Let's try it and then we'll see how you like it. Agreed?"

"And you're sure it's not gross?" Calvin asked, doubtful but curious.

"Yes, absolutely!" Liz stood up. "How would you like it? Do you want to know how doggy style feels from my end?"

Calvin thought about it for one last second, then he nodded. "Yes, I would like to know what that's like."

"Well then, on your knees. Be a good little doggy!"

Calvin followed the prompt and positioned himself on all fours at the end of the couch. Underneath him was plenty of room for Liz, who also approached on her knees. What a sweet butt! And I'm the first to take it! The thought that not even Isabel could claim this first moment for herself later on heightened the excitement that the anticipation and the sight of Calvin's smooth, bare skin had already aroused.

Liz reached for the bottle of lotion. "Watch out, this feels slippery," she warned Calvin, and then let it run generously into his backside. With her fingers she distributed it gently but thoroughly, and the touch made Calvin shudder. Liz leaned forward, bending over him, and reached down. As suspected, he had grown to full size and hardness in anticipation.

"Are you ready, Cally, to play the girl?" Liz whispered. Calvin nodded, and the twitching in his cock confirmed how exciting he found the idea.

"Yes," he breathed.

Liz straightened up and leaned back a little to have a clear view of the action. She slid the dildo through her lotion-wet hands, thereby spreading enough lubricant everywhere. Then she let the tip of the dildo wander through Calvin's backside. On his back and buttocks, she could see goosebumps forming. He's fully into it. Our real, shared first time!

Liz pushed her hips forward and drew the dildo with a bit more pressure over his rosette. Calvin flinched briefly, then relaxed again. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer herself and brought the toy to the right spot.

"Relax, just like with the fingering earlier!" Liz said, continuing to pat the closed anus. She leaned against him, and it took an astonishing amount of pressure to achieve even a little movement.

"Let loose, Calvin!" she called out again.

Calvin took a deep breath, and upon exhaling, he finally cleared the way. Despite the plentiful lotion, she had difficulty penetrating. He was so tight that the plug transmitted intense impulses from the tip of the dildo. Liz let loose and then tried again. She didn't get much further than before. Calvin groaned and pushed his entire body forward under the pressure on his bottom.

Liz gave him a resounding slap on his bare buttocks. "Hey, hold still, or this won't work!" she called out. Then she grabbed him by the hips and pulled him back. Another attempt followed.

This time, the tip of the dildo penetrated completely with a nudge. Calvin whimpered, tensed up, and for a moment nothing worked at all—neither out nor in. When he let loose, Liz pulled out and gave him a moment before she tried again.

Calvin groaned as the tip sank into his buthole once more. But then it wouldn't go any further again. Liz tried with a bit more pressure. Just a little, but it was enough for Calvin's body to push her forward as well. He had supported himself with outstretched arms on the armrest of the couch.

"Come on, let it happen!" Liz muttered, fully focused on the penetration.

She pushed with a groan and let it penetrate a tiny bit further before he tensed up again and leaned completely forward. Too far, because in the next instant, he lost his balance. His arms slipped, and his upper body fell onto the armrest.

Liz hadn't seen that coming. She followed his movement uncontrollably.

"Aahhh-hoooo!" Calvin let out a bone-chilling cry of pain that turned into crying.

Liz took a moment to understand why. She lay on top of him, her breasts pressed flat against his back, her thighs on his, her pelvis against his bottom... and the dildo was completely buried in his butt.

"Li-hiz...!" he sobbed like a little child with a tear-choked voice. "That hurts! It's so huge. It's poking in my stomach! Oow...!"

"Sorry, Calvin, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that." Liz tried to scramble up. Her lotion-smeared hands slipped, however, and she fell right back onto Calvin. Her breasts slapped against his back and were painfully squeezed, and the dildo moved even a bit deeper.

"Aaahhaa!" Calvin cried out again. "Liz!"

"Yes, sorry, I'm trying... wait." She tried again to sit up.

This time she proceeded more carefully, and she actually succeeded. However, that set the dildo in motion once more.

"Aah... Ooh-H-Ngh!" Calvin's groaning suddenly sounded different.

"All okay?" Liz asked.

"Yes! Yes," he called out jerkily. "Liz... it hurts, but it's also really weird..."

He twitched, and now Liz noticed that the grip of his bottom around the dildo triggered a firework of sensations on the plug.

Could it be that he likes it?

Calvin lay stretched over the armrest of the couch, offering his bottom to her perfectly. Liz had slipped out of him a bit. Carefully, she increased the pressure and pushed toward him. It didn't take much, then she overcame the resistance and slid inside him. First only a tiny bit, then deeper. Calvin gasped for air and sighed. It sounded like pleasure.

"Do you like this?" Liz whispered, carefully pushing back and forth.

Calvin breathed in gasps.

"Yes. Yes!" In between, he let out sounds that meant pain and pleasure, or probably both at once.

Liz grew bolder and fucked him with longer and longer thrusts. The lotion that had gathered on his bottom threw up small bubbles with every stroke. Calvin groaned and wheezed. For the first time, he didn't sound like a child, but almost adult. Or like an animal. Liz worked herself into a wild ride with rolling hips. Again and again, she pulled out to the tip and then buried the dildo to the hilt once more, and her pelvis slapped against his buttocks.

To her surprise, Calvin joined in the rhythm, pushing his bottom toward her with every stroke. He wheezed, and she herself was already out of breath. A deep roar she would have never expected from him rose from his throat.

Liz leaned forward, caressing him with her breasts and snuggling close to him while only her hips moved, banging him like a real dogs She reached down, found his extremely hard cock buried beneath him, and grabbed it. It pulsed violently in her hand. Right after, he shuddered and poured out over her fingers, gush after gush. His twitching butt simultaneously transmitted signals to the plug that she had never felt before. They came with an intensity that left her no choice and forced her into a powerful orgasm.

The warmth of Calvin's skin was the first thing she consciously perceived again. Her breasts lay on his back, her hips on his bottom, her legs on his thighs. Her hand still enclosed his cock, slick with lotion and his own cum.

When Liz moved, Calvin groaned. She felt a resistance. The dildo was wedged firmly deep inside his butt. Liz pulled her hips back, but it was as if it were being held fast inside him. Then Calvin loosened up, and she could see the dildo sliding slowly but

continuously out of his anus. It was pushed out as if on its own. In the process, it transmitted a completely new, gentle stimulation to the plug, which spread as a cozy heat in her core.

With a slight smacking sound, the toy finally slipped out of him. For a moment, she had a clear view of his dilated slit, which slowly closed under her gaze. Plentiful lotion was smeared on the dildo, just as it was on Calvin's bottom and between her legs. Quite a bit had distributed itself on the pad beneath them as well.

"Wait, don't move!" Liz whispered, stroking Calvin's shoulders. That wouldn't really have been necessary, because he hadn't stirred for quite a while.

Liz fetched a few wipes and cleaned up the mess. Relieved, she noted that it really was only lotion and her juices, so the preparation had worked perfectly. Calvin flinched at first, then relaxed under her hands while she cleaned his intimate area with the wipes.

"This feels weird, Liz," he said. "Like a little kid being taken care of."

Liz smiled. "Then it fits right in with your other games like diapers and breastfeeding, doesn't it?"

"Yes, maybe..." She could see the back of his neck beneath the hairline turning dark red.

"Done!" she said, tossing the last wipe aside.

A shower wouldn't hurt, but she felt that leaving the room now would be a mistake. Calvin turned over carefully, his expression showing that he didn't quite trust his body yet. His gaze fell with unease on the dildo protruding between Liz's legs.

"Can we put that away?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, sure."

At least until next time!

Liz deactivated the plug, spread her legs, pulled the toy out of herself, and set the smeared device aside. Calvin seemed relieved.

"Can we cuddle a bit?" he asked.

Looking closer at his face, she could see the red rings of tears around his eyes, and she instantly felt a desire to comfort him.

"Of course," she said, lying down beside him on the couch.

Calvin turned toward her, snuggling his front against her and curling up, seeking protection. As if on their own, his lips found her breasts, his tongue her nipple, and he licked and sucked while appearing to grow calmer and calmer in the process. Liz held him tightly, pressing his head against her breast, draping one leg over his hip, and making the embrace complete.

"That was wonderful!" she whispered to him.

Calvin said nothing. His lips still enclosed her puffy areolas, but he looked at her with large, almost sad eyes.

Maybe it wasn't quite so wonderful for him.

For a moment, Liz felt bad, but then she pushed it aside. This was their moment, her moment. Their first time, unique, shared only between the two of them. For this

triumphant feeling, she was ready to accept a little guilt along with it. Maybe Calvin was a bit overwhelmed by the whole thing, but the size and hardness of his cock when she had fucked his butt had been a clear sign that he was enjoying it. While he now lay curled up, suckling at her breast and pressing against her, Liz could already feel him growing hard and large again.

Calvin's hip pressed toward her. Her pussy was still stretched from the plug, and as his cock slid over her labia, it found its way inside her with ease. It was more of a deepening of the embrace than a fucking. Seamlessly they found a rhythm, but it was not an in-and-out, but rather a tight swaying that connected them deeply. That was the most intense way to share comfort.

The exhaustion that set in afterward was to be expected. A light blanket lay just within reach so that they didn't have to detach from one another, and Liz spread it over them with one hand. Tightly entwined and drifted into each other, they drifted away.

Later, in the darkness, when they were both awake again, she could even motivate Calvin to try the reverse variation. With a lot of patience and lotion, she guided him, and now she understood how her body first offered painful resistance and when he thrust his hard cock deep inside her butt, she experienced the same ecstasy that made her moan and groan with sounds she had never produced until then.

The drive to the fertility clinic had something relaxing about it. Calvin was at school, and Isabel knew that Liz would take good care of him. When she reached the clinic, Isabel found a text message on her smartphone from Liz, asking if she was really okay with Calvin staying the night at her place.

Isabel confirmed it. The hope for a free day and a free night had suddenly become a certainty. An idea that she had previously considered only vaguely suddenly became not just a serious option, but a need.

I need a fuck! If Liz and Calvin are having fun, I can too...

She sent Becky a message.

Afterward, she made her way into the clinic and followed the signs to the laboratory. There was a reception desk, and the young, exceedingly attractive nurse took the sample to enter it into her system. When Isabel gave her a code instead of a name, she raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Oh, a research project. We rarely have that here," she commented, looking closer at the sample cup. Her eyebrows rose even further as she glanced questioningly at Isabel. "I'd love to know the story behind this," she said, swirling the cup with the clear liquid.

"I'm sorry, I'm only delivering the sample because I had business nearby," Isabel replied with a regretful shrug. "But as far as I know, the project has a rather high priority."

The nurse looked at her screen once more and nodded. "True. I will arrange the analysis immediately. Thank you for your cooperation and all the best with the baby!"

As Isabel headed toward the parking lot, she saw the reply that had arrived from Becky on her smartphone.

"Have a day off today. Come on over, but prepare yourself for surprises."

That sounded mysterious, and it legitimized her statement to the nurse. Now Isabel actually had something to take care of here.

The prospect of a hot night with Becky put Isabel in such a good mood that she strolled buoyantly through the malls and parks near the clinic. But no matter where she looked, everywhere she saw men, women, and things that aroused her sexual fantasies. Becky's mysterious hint did the rest.

When the time finally came, she opened the door with a promising grin while her gaze scanned Isabel from head to toe.

"One might think you're due any moment," Becky said with an appreciative nod as Isabel stepped past her into the apartment. "That makes you damn hot!" she added, wrapping her arms around Isabel from behind.

Her hands caressed her plump belly, stroked over her hips, and wandered into the crease between her thighs and belly before she pulled them back.

That touch alone accelerated Isabel's pulse. She looked around attentively, searching for the promised surprise. Only then did she become aware of Becky's outfit.

She wore a white suit that at first glance had many similarities to a nurse's outfit. Upon closer inspection, it seemed more like a strict and at the same time skimpy business suit. Yet that didn't quite capture it either. The slit on the side of the short, white pencil skirt was far too high, and the tight blouse emphasized her curves more than it concealed them. And then there were the patent leather boots, also white, with a high, heavy sole. Together with her pinned-up hair and slightly dark makeup, everything about her seemed perfectly staged. A sight between alluring and threatening.

Becky acknowledged Isabel's scrutinizing look with a mocking smile.

"Come!" she urged Isabel, leading the way into the living room.

There Isabel finally encountered the surprise in the form of a young man sitting on the couch, his legs together, his hands demurely placed on his knees. His facial expression was friendly and controlled.

"May I introduce? This is Grey." Becky pointed to the young man, who was still sitting motionless. "You may stand up and greet my guest."

Only then did he rise, making a brief bow that was silly and exciting at the same time. "Pleased to meet you, Ma'am."

"Thank you, um, very pleased..." Isabel was at a loss for words.

This was also due to the play of muscles visible beneath Grey's figure-hugging clothes.

What have I gotten myself into here...

Grey's shirt and jeans conveyed the impression of a craftsman. Someone who knows how to tackle a job. But upon closer inspection, Isabel noticed details. The cut was too tight to be comfortable during real work. The shirt was unbuttoned one button too far, exposing a hairless, muscular male chest. The hands at the end of the rolled-up sleeves were far too well-groomed for hard labor. The signs of wear on the trousers were too even to come from actual use. A costume. Some bizarre game that was about to begin...

And that crotch! Impressive!

Isabel felt a hot tingling spread in her core.

If he doesn't have padding in there and it's all real... then, oh my goodness...!

She had stared a moment too long. Grey and Becky both noticed her gaze. Grey raised an eyebrow with a smile and then sought Becky's gaze.

"Sit down," she said in a stern tone, and he immediately took his seat again.

The roles were clearly assigned. Becky was the boss. Isabel had secretly hoped for that. The thought of surrendering herself to Becky had excited her ever since she had received the message. She just hadn't counted on another player.

"Um, Becky," Isabel stammered. "Before we start anything. I... um... Well, it's part of the terms of my surrogacy that I don't have intercourse during the pregnancy. I mean, none with men."

Becky approached her with a smile, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"Don't worry, Isabel. I booked Grey for me. He won't put anything anywhere inside unless I allow him to. Besides, this isn't the first time I've worked with him. Believe me, he's an absolute professional. If there are ways to please you that your terms permit, he will find them."

Her hand wandered along Isabel's arm, brushed her waist, her hips, and finally rested on her ample bottom.

"Maybe you'd like to freshen up a bit in the bathroom?" She gave her a firm slap right in the middle of her bottom, and suddenly Isabel realized what she was hinting at.

"In the meantime, Grey can get me in the mood. On your knees!" she commanded him, and he obeyed immediately.

Isabel was still shocked and speechless. It had been a very long time since she had tried this variation. Then a corner of her mind chimed in with the reminder that despite her contract, this was entirely permissible.

Her suspicion was confirmed in the bathroom. She found everything needed to prepare all body openings in the most thorough way.

When she returned to the living room later, it was deserted. She followed the distinct noises and found Becky with Grey in her bedroom, where he was currently taking care of her with a first round.

Isabel stood in the doorway and watched for a while. Becky lay on her back with her eyes closed. Her legs rested on Grey's shoulders, who took her slowly and steadily. Nothing about him suggested a typical man taking what he wanted. On the contrary. He delivered, he served. And from the way Becky groans were sounding, he was providing a lot of pleasure.

Isabel grew envious. She imagined herself being taken by this considerate and, as she now saw, magnificently equipped man. As if on its own, her hand found its way between her legs, and she began to massage her hot, wet slit with her fingers.

Becky noticed her and waved her over to the bed. As Isabel climbed beside her, Becky pushed Isabel's hand aside and began to finger her herself. Meanwhile, Grey continued with what he had been doing all along. An appreciative nod and a hungry lick over his lips revealed that he liked the view.

In the following hours, he didn't stop at watching. Becky hadn't promised too much. He demonstrated remarkable restraint as well as skill, bringing Isabel to climax multiple times with fingers, hands, lips, and tongue.

For Becky's plug-dildo, there were no restrictions, and finally Isabel lay in Grey's strong arms while Becky fucked her. It was a tremendous experience that robbed Isabel of her senses. It was topped only when, in the next round, Grey made Becky's hint come true.

Isabel was riding Becky, who lay on her back. Suddenly Grey was behind her. But instead of caressing and massaging her belly and breasts as before, he gently pushed Isabel forward until she lay halfway on Becky, far enough for the plug-dildo to barely remain inside her.

Gently, he began to explore her butt with his fingers. In doing so, he was so careful that Isabel needed a moment to realize that it wasn't his finger drilling deeper and deeper into her ass, but his magnificent cock. (*)

The next morning, Grey had already left when Isabel woke up. She hadn't gotten much sleep during the night, and no rest either. Nevertheless, she was awake and dragged herself exhausted and yawning into the kitchen, where Becky handed her a coffee with a grin. She drank it in cautious sips, wincing at the kicks with which the baby made its dissatisfaction known. Added to that was the burning of her sore vagina and an unfamiliar sensation at the other end. Pain didn't quite cover it, nor did sore; perhaps "heavily used" was the right term.

Still, it was worth it...

Beneath the aroma of coffee, a hint of sex still lingered in the air, causing a slight tugging in her crotch. For a moment, she wondered if that really had been all. Becky's thoughts were running along a similar line.

"You were great, Isabel. A real wild, naughty mommy! Let me know when you feel like continuing from here." She gave Isabel a slap on the bottom and turned to leave. "I have to go; please just pull the door shut when you leave."

Isabel gathered her things in the empty apartment and made her way home. Before driving off, she took a quick look at her smartphone. In her inbox was an email from Carol.

A screenshot of the lab examination. Isabel skimmed over it and quickly found the relevant information:

Basic Check for Sexually Transmissible Diseases

No infections detectable

Extended Check for Fertility

Seminal Fluid: juvenile

Sperm Count: n/a

Note: Check sampling method / request new sample

Isabel had to smile. Everything had been fine with the sampling, and the result didn't surprise her either. She just wasn't entirely clear on what this information meant for her and Calvin.

She almost missed the note from Carol:

"Regarding stamina: We actually have a pill for that. Ask for Sustex at the internal pharmacy in any clinic. Have fun! XX Carol"

That sounded interesting. Before heading home, Isabel made a detour to the fertility clinic. Here she was anonymous, one among many, and nobody would draw any conclusions here. She visited the pharmacy and asked for the preparation.

"Yes, sure, we have that in stock," said the nurse at the counter, tossing Isabel a knowing smile. "Are you familiar with the Reds?" she asked as she handed Isabel the package.

"Reds?" Isabel replied.

The nurse smiled. "I see, you're trying it out for the first time. We call them Reds because they're dyed red, similar to the Greens for women. Well, and they make sure he stays ready for a long time," she added. "You have to be careful with the dosage; if it's too much, nothing works at all anymore. Then just take a bit less next time. It also depends on your partner's body weight. Maybe try half a tablet for starters."

"Thank you," Isabel said and took the package.

The rattling of the key echoed through the deserted house, amplifying the feeling of emptiness that had grown stronger during the drive home.

It was confusing. Becky and Grey had stretched and filled her like she hadn't experienced in a long time. Normally, Isabel felt saturated in every way and on every level after such an intense night. Not this time. With every step she took through her house, she came closer to certainty, and by the time she had stowed her things in her bedroom, it was clearer to her than ever before. What she desired, wanted, and needed, she would find in the room across the hall. As soon as Calvin came home.

Fear mingled with her craving. A growing restlessness made her feel insecure. What if Calvin chose Liz? What if she was no longer enough for him?

With trembling fingers, she wrote him a text message. No pressuring or begging, simply the information that she was back home.

Gradually she calmed down. So far, he had always been happy to come to her, and recently he had wanted to sleep by her side on the weekends. His appetite for her milk was unabated. Nothing indicated that he wanted to detach himself from her; on the contrary.

When the panic faded, Isabel looked around. It was Saturday, the weekend. No matter how hard Liz tried, this night belonged to Calvin and her.

The smartphone buzzed. A message from Calvin announced that he would be heading over soon. Time for a few preparations.

When Calvin finally came home, Isabel greeted him with a heartfelt embrace, much longer than usual. And she felt that Calvin sought refuge in her arms just as greedily.

For a moment she worried. Had something unusual happened? His hair exhaled the scent of a shampoo she didn't recognize, just as everything else about him smelled of a shower gel she didn't have in the house. Still, the scent was familiar. From Liz.

What did those two get up to that he had to shower before coming home...?

Isabel pushed the thoughts aside. It didn't matter. Now he was here, and the way he clung to her and sank into her soft curves made everything else unimportant.

In the kitchen, the food Isabel had prepared was waiting. To her questions about how the sleepover at Liz's had been, he answered only briefly. He probably felt uncomfortable telling her in detail how he had fucked with Liz.

As inconspicuously as possible, Isabel observed whether Calvin actually drank the entire glass of red lemonade she had placed next to his plate. A quarter of a Sustex tablet had been dissolved in it. Isabel hadn't dared to use more.

After eating, they sat on the couch. On TV was one of the series they occasionally watched together. Instead of the plot, however, Calvin was more interested in cuddling up to her. At first it was simply cozy, but after a while it was clear that he wanted to work his way toward her breasts.

Isabel didn't mind, though not in this way. Her nipples had already perked up the moment he stepped through the door, and she could hardly wait for him to relieve her of the painful pressure in her full breasts. She wanted to feed him, to connect with him, just as she always had.

"Are you hungry for more?" she asked Calvin.

He looked up at her and shyly pulled back his searching hands.

"This is all for you," she said, nodding toward her full breasts. "I saved everything for you. Come..."

She stood up and offered Calvin her hand, who followed her up the stairs in confusion.

What she had to do was clearer to her than ever before. The final deciding factor had been the results in the email from Carol. Calvin was healthy as a horse. As safe as he could possibly be for her pregnancy. For his quality, since he could hardly be considered a man in that respect, he wouldn't violate her contract. And he wasn't genetically her son, there was no reason to stop on that front, too. When she focused on these facts, everything else faded into the background. Nothing stood in the way of the closeness she needed. And Calvin as well, she was convinced of that by now.

"Mom, what are you up to...?" Calvin asked as she led him by the hand to her bedroom.

Isabel turned around and looked deep into his eyes. "Can't you guess?" she asked him, seeing in his eyes at the same time that he understood.

Isabel pushed him into her room and closed the door behind her. Next, she took off his T-shirt. Then she got down on her knees in front of him and opened his trousers. Goosebumps formed on his bare upper body as she reached into the back of his underwear with her hands and cupped his buttocks. Slowly she pushed his clothes down to his feet, and with two small steps he stepped out of them and stood naked in front of her.

He shivered, perhaps from the cold or in anticipation. As he twitched under her touch, his cock stirred and swung, though it hadn't yet reached its full size.

The Reds seem to be working...

"Mom, I thought we were going to cuddle and feed..." he muttered shyly.

"We will, my big boy. But today we'll do it a little differently than usual. I think you're ready for more. Would you like to help me?"

Isabel spread her arms and Calvin began to help her out of her clothes. First, his hands wandered under the loose, long shirt she was wearing until he found the waistband of the tight yoga pants and peeled them off her ample bottom and thighs. Once that was done, Isabel sat down on the edge of the bed, and Calvin took care of the loose top.

Underneath, Isabel wore her most playful lingerie set that just barely still fitted. It was a glossy white with silvery floral ornaments.

"Wow, that looks great," Calvin whispered, admiring the delicate patterns on the cups of her bra. Or he was simply staring at the full breasts spilling out of them. It wasn't possible to tell for sure.

Isabel raised her arms. "This is in the way too, can you manage that?" she asked coquettishly.

He nodded and climbed behind her. With nimble fingers he opened the clasp, and the bra immediately fell forward. Her heavy breasts fell painfully down on her belly.

"Stay there," Isabel said and stood up. "Slide back!"

Calvin moved to the end of the bed and leaned half-seated against the piled-up pillows, not taking his eyes off Isabel.

With a swift movement, she slipped off her panties and let them fall to the floor. That piece of fabric had been the last barrier, and was now gone. Nothing was left standing between her and her boy.

She climbed onto the bed and crawled on her knees toward him. Calvin had his legs stretched out, and Isabel pushed herself over them. Her plump, heavy belly pushed over his legs; she felt his feet against the inside of her thighs, then his calves and his knees. Her thighs touched his cock, which had raised a little more by now, but was still soft. She swayed her hips, rubbing against him, and Calvin sighed while widening his eyes at the same time.

"Do you like this?" Isabel asked, smiling at him encouragingly.

"Yes, Mom."

Isabel crawled further forward, pressing his thighs between her belly and his own, leaning forward far enough at the same time so that he had her first breast directly in front of his face.

"All for you," she said, and Calvin understood that she didn't just mean her milk by that.

He latched on, and the familiar feeling of his lips on her nipple provided a wave of cozy serenity.

Finally...

Until it pinched for the first time. This time Calvin wasn't satisfied with the flow that streamed out of her on its own. He suckled hungry, eager, with strong gulps, while

simultaneously massaging her breast with both hands. Isabel felt her milk being sucked out of her painfully. For the first time, she had the feeling that he was taking something instead of being satisfied with what she gave him.

This is clearly more than just the feeding of my boy...

Conversely, that wasn't what Isabel wanted to settle for either. She reached for her other breast and began to massage it. Full and heavy as it was, it didn't take long before milk began to flow there as well. She kneaded her areola and stroked out the nipple, accompanied by a pleasant, painful tugging. But it was worth it.

First she squirted her milk over Calvin's face, making him look up at her in surprise; then she leaned back far enough so that a gap opened between their bodies, and she distributed her milk there as well. At the same time, she pressed Calvin's head against her breast with her other hand.

He understood the gesture and continued with what he had started. More and more of her milk spread across his chest, over her belly, and ran further down to gather in lower places. When Isabel was satisfied with the amount, she let go of her breast and reached under her belly with her hand. She didn't have to search long to feel Calvin's swollen cock.

Clearly larger, but still not completely hard. She ran her hand over her milk-covered belly, gathered as much of it as she could, and then enclosed him with even pressure. She massaged him firmly enough to stimulate him, but softly enough for him to keep growing.

He did, and after a wave he reached a firmness she deemed sufficient.

By now, her right breast was almost empty. She offered him the other one, which he took care of just as greedily. When he was fully absorbed in his favorite game, she began once again to rub against him. His cock was hot and plump, clamped between their bodies.

Isabel shifted forward, straightened up, and reached for it with her hand. She pushed it down, beneath her belly, between her legs. She wanted to massage and pamper him. But when she let go of him, he snapped upward, pressing against her slit, which yielded willingly, and then he was inside her.

Warm and pulsing, she felt him penetrate deep inside her as always. Once she accepted that it had happened this way, she relaxed, sank down onto him, and thereby pushed him only deeper inside herself. All the way to the hilt, because her labia, swollen and sensitive from the previous night, felt his firm thighs and something else that had to be his balls.

Gently and slowly she rocked her hips back and forth, enjoying the feeling of him brushing against her loose inner walls and touching the spots from time to time that sent ecstatic waves through her body.

She looked down at him. Calvin had his eyes closed, but nothing was to be seen of the relaxed, transfigured expression he usually had while nursing. He looked focused. From his nose, his breath blew hot and strong over her breast, and his suckling and licking at her nipple grew ever stronger.

Isabel closed her eyes as well. She focused on the feeling of her milk flowing from her breast like a wave into his throat, imagining how she was thereby becoming a part of him.

She rested heavily on Calvin. He could barely move, but used what little leeway he had to fall into her rhythm. She rode, he thrust. An intimate dance of union that grew increasingly passionate.

Suddenly he arched his back and yanked his head back, so that the nipple slipped from his lips. His hands suddenly enclosed her heavy hips and he pulled her close, pressing her deep onto himself.

"Mom..." he breathed, groaning.

"Calvin..." Isabel sighed.

He twitched, and as he spread hot inside her, she felt like becoming a part of him as well.

"Does it actually hurt?"

Liz watched in fascination as Calvin's hard, erect cock bounced with every step, as he walked to the desk and greedily drank a gulp of water from the bottle. His youthful, sturdy and proud manhood showed no sign of tiring, even after the extensive session in the past hour, which left both of them exhausted and soaked in sweat.

"No," Calvin said, setting down the bottle. "Well, not like pain. But I feel something. It feels a bit like sore muscles, all the way deep inside me."

Liz smiled. "Do you know what helps with sore muscles?"

He shook his head.

"Massage. Would you like to try it out?"

For a moment Calvin's eyes lit up with excitement, but then he hesitated.

"I don't know… I don't think it works. Usually I get stiffer when you touch me there... and I think I urgently need a break. I'm still hard, and when it's like this right now, I can't pee. And I really really have to."

"Pity..." Liz sighed.

"Yeah..." Calvin shrugged his shoulders regretfully. "Mom says it's one of several side effects the Reds have. Maybe we need to adjust the dosage."

The fact that Isabel had talked to him so openly about the medication still took Liz by surprise.

"But cuddling is okay?" she asked.

"Yes!" Calvin nodded with enthusiasm and joined her on the couch to snuggle up to her.

They were both naked, and in the air lingered the aroma of wild sex. Liz was still amazed by how casually Calvin spoke about the pills. Ever since he got the Reds, he had been extremely enduring. The effect was simple, yet impressive. The pill slowed down the response to arousal. As a result, he took significantly longer to get hard. But once he was, he maintained that state much longer. It was mainly a physical effect, decoupled from everything else.

For Calvin, that meant with a bit of a run-up he could get a boner for hours and and have multiple orgasms in a row while it lasted. However, he shot less cum each time. A few days ago, she had managed up to three in a row, with the last one being fairly dry.

For Liz, the effect of the Reds meant that she too could let go and take her time. No matter how long she needed, Calvin was in top form the entire time. The extensive foreplay put her in the mood much better. She loved feeling how his soft little cock slowly took shape under her touches and kisses. Sometimes he experienced one or two climaxes along the way. But since his body wasn't ready yet, it happened mostly in his head. She noticed it only by the goosebumps, a brief tremor, and the fact that he was zoned out for a moment.

Now, with Calvin lying beside her comfortably snuggled up against her, she had to control herself not to play with him to give him the chance of a soft relief.

"Say, Calvin, would you mind if I watched you?" Liz asked, being careful to caress him only in innocent places.

"What do you mean? Like, while peeing?" Calvin asked, confused.

"Yes." Liz shrugged her shoulders. "I mean, you're the first boy, the first man I've been this close with. I'm really curious. Can you actually hold your cock while doing it and aim at something?"

"Yeah, of course!" Calvin exclaimed. "Oh, right, girls can't do that... But don't you find that gross?"

"No, not at all," Liz said as honestly as possible. "On the contrary, I think it's exciting. I... um... I would really like to know what it feels like to hold it while you do it..."

"Really? Man, Liz, sometimes you have really weird ideas. Or is that in your videos too?"

"Well, yes, but not often. Whatever, if you think it's dumb, then we'll leave it..." Liz backtracked.

"No, it's okay. If you're really interested in that, why not. I'll let you know when I'm ready."

Awesome! That went better than hoped!

Liz tried with all her might to avoid a triumphant grin. But Calvin wouldn't have noticed anyway, because he was already exclusively busy with her breasts again. So far, nothing could top the devotion with which he suckled at her nipples. And she had to admit, it felt hotter every single time.

Right now, she didn't need anything more and enjoyed the calm closeness. They had just fucked extensively. Without any hurry, he had first taken her missionary over the better part of the past hour. Seeing his concentrated face as he tried his absolute best to please her had a very special appeal. When she had recovered from that, he took her from behind. Doggy style, just the way he liked it most. Of course, Liz enjoyed that too, but the second climax didn't quite match the first. Afterward, she had pleased him a bit with her hands and lips. But his cock was just as overstimulated and sore as her pussy, which was why they now found themselves snuggled up together on the couch.

"Do you want to play something? Should we do something with costumes? Or maybe makeup?" Liz asked.

She had to do something; lying around doing nothing would inevitably lead to the next round of fucking. It was like a compulsion that was hard for either of them to break out of.

"Um, yeah," Calvin agreed, standing up. "It just has to fit." He looked down thoughtfully at his still plump cock.

"Don't worry, I have an idea..."

Liz stood up, rummaged through the boxes with her old clothes, and dug around until she found a light summer dress. It had been one of her favorite pieces and she had worn it for many years until it sadly fitted far too tightly for what was actually a loose cut.

"Here, put this on!" she handed it to Calvin, who put it on.

Around his shoulders,, it fitted loosely and comfortably. Liz tied the bow that gathered the dress at the waist like a belt. It fell down above Calvin's knees. The floral pattern suited him, and at the front his stiff cock formed an unmistakable tent, but they both tried to ignore it.

"Sit down, we have to complete Cally!" Liz said, bringing out the makeup case.

Calvin took a seat in front of the vanity mirror and held still while Liz used eyeliner, mascara, and lipstick to bring out the girlish features in his face. Afterward, she tied his hair together with a few floral clips, making the impression complete. However, the transformation did not have the relaxing effect he had hoped for.

"And what are you wearing?" he asked.

"Hmm..." Liz let her gaze wander thoughtfully over her wardrobe and the boxes. "I have an idea... let's see if you like it."

From one of the boxes, she fished out a plain white blouse. She put it on without a bra. The piece belonged in the discarded clothes for good reason, as it was actually too small for her. As she closed the buttons, her breasts were squeezed together, showing off plumply beneath the fabric. The top buttons couldn't be closed at all anymore. She cautiously took a breath, but the fabric held, allowing her sufficient movement.

Next, she brought out a new and unused box with the Fun and Care logo. Finally, she had the opportunity to try out some of the things she had ordered a while ago. First she brought out white trousers. According to the description, it was a latex material that fitted the body like a second skin.

It was matte and mimicked a textile structure, but the description was accurate. With a lot of effort she squeezed herself in. Luckily they ended below the knee, which made it a little easier. On top of that came the zipper, which began in the front directly under the waistband and ran between her legs all the way to the back waistband. Only a small piece of material prevented the trousers from splitting into two parts when opened. When that zipper was closed, she had to get used to the compressed, somehow restrictive feeling for a moment, but her mobility remained fully intact.

That left the final piece. Carefully she separated the sticking, black, high boots from each other. They shone the way one expects of latex and exhaled a distinctive scent.

With interest Calvin watched as she squeezed into first one and then the other boot. In the end, the trousers and boots fitted like a glove.

"How do I look?" Liz asked, spinning a pirouette in front of Calvin.

"Um, I don't know. A bit like a superheroine. Or someone who rides horses. And a bit like a strict teacher..."

A delicate blush on his face revealed to her that he liked the sight.

"Strict teacher? I hadn't thought of that. But now that you mention it..."

Liz looked around and pulled a smaller box with props from a stack of her treasures. From it, she retrieved a pair of glasses and put them on. With a quick glance in the mirror, she saw that the heavy, dark frame gave her a stern expression.

"And now?" she asked Calvin, looking at him seriously.

His eyebrows rose in surprise. "Now you look even stricter. Almost terrifying. A bit like Mrs. Jones in the school library. But she's much older and would never wear clothes like that..."

"So you like my look?" Liz asked, approaching him with crossed arms, her squeezed-together breasts forming a nice cleavage.

"Yes..." he stammered, unable to tear his eyes away from her curves.

"Good, Cally," Liz said strictly. "You may call me Ms. Lizzy. I am your teacher today. I tolerate no foolishness, understood?!"

Calvin nodded again.

"So, Cally, what is this?" Liz pointed her chin at his dress. "What are you hiding under there?"

"Nothing!" He pressed his hands onto the front of the dress and managed with difficulty to flatten the tent.

"If that's the case, you can show me. Come on, lift the dress, Cally!" Liz requested strictly.

"Yes, um, maybe there is something after all, Ms. Lizzy..." Calvin was already deeply immersed in the game. He shyly lifted the dress, revealing his still half-erect cock.

"I am shocked!" Liz took a theatrical step back. "Can you explain this to me?!"

Calvin, or rather Cally, shrugged. "I don't know, it just happened."

"Hmm." Liz bent down. "Well, as a teacher for girls, I am thoroughly familiar with the feminine. This here is something new; I think I will have to study it thoroughly. From a purely scientific perspective, of course. How does it feel? Can you tell me something about it?"

"I have to pee."

"Pardon me? That is outrageous!"

"Really, I urgently need to, I..." Calvin struggled for words. "I feel terrible pressure, Ms. Lizzy," he escaped into the game. "I think it's going to happen any moment. May I visit the bathroom?"

Liz shook her head. "Not alone, though! Where would we end up if boys suddenly appeared and just walked around like that? Cover yourself, Cally, and then follow me!"

Calvin let the dress fall over his cock and took Liz's outstretched hand as she led him through her room with measured steps.

"Um, can we go faster? I can't hold it anymore!" Calvin groaned. With a smile, Liz noted how he pressed his legs together as he walked.

"If it's that urgent..." She accelerated her steps and pulled Calvin along behind her, not to the toilet, however, but to the shower.

"You can squat down here," she said in her strictest teacher tone.

"What?" Calvin looked at her, confused.

"Oh right, I forgot. Only girls do that. Well, since you're a boy, you can do it standing up. Lift the dress!"

When Calvin obeyed and exposed himself once more, a first gush already squirted from his half-erect cock, dirtying the dress and his thighs in the process.

"Oh no, that won't do!" Liz said, crouching beside him and reaching for his cock. It lay hot and plump in her hand, but no longer nearly as hard.

With gentle pressure, she aimed it toward the floor drain of the shower.

"Now you can let it flow..."

She didn't need to say more, because Calvin sighed and released a strong stream. Liz could feel it pulsing hot through his cock. The aroma of his light yellow pee spread through the room, and Calvin visibly relaxed under her grip.

A puddle formed on the floor, growing larger and larger.

He really must have had quite a bit of pressure.

Finally, the stream subsided, first a little, then more and more until it was only dripping.

"Astonishing," commented Liz, who still had Calvin's cock in her grip. She shook it, releasing a few drops. When she let go of it, it snapped up a bit again, and a small, lingering gush squirted out onto her hand.

Liz hesitated, then brought her hand to her face and sniffed it. Calvin watched with wide eyes, which widened in horror as she actually stuck out her tongue and licked the drops off her fingers.

"Hmm, interesting," Liz said. Then she turned to Calvin. "Was that all?"

"I think so," he said, but hurried to correct himself: "Though I think there's still something coming..."

His cock twitched, and indeed a small gush shot forth, distributing itself over Liz's hand and her blouse.

"Tsk, tsk." She shook her head. "Naughty Cally, you made me dirty too..."

Since she was licking her fingers clean with obvious relish, Calvin remained unfazed by the accusation. He flinched all the more startled when she gave him a firm slap on his bare bottom.

"You peed on your teacher, Cally! I can't let that pass. I have to punish you." She stood up and looked around. "Come over here!"

They went to the flat wooden bench at the edge of the shower area, where Calvin usually put his clothes.

"Bend over, hands on the bench!" Liz ordered him, and he obeyed.

Next, she lifted the dress and tucked it under the belt, leaving his bare, pale bottom exposed.

"I really don't like doing this, Cally, but peeing on your teacher, that's completely unacceptable!"

<Slap!>

Liz had struck his bottom with her flat hand. Calvin gasped in surprise, but showed no other reaction.

"Oh, was that too gentle, Cally? Do you need it harder?" Liz asked and took aim for the next strike.

<Slap!>

Louder, stronger. This time Liz had put significantly more force into the blow, and Calvin whimpered. The imprint of her hand stood out on his buttock.

Liz couldn't say for sure later whether it was the sight or the tingling she felt in her fingers. Perhaps it was both combined that flipped a switch inside her, and she began to spank his bottom with all her might.

<Slap! Slap! SLAP!>

Calvin wasn't whimpering anymore, he was screaming. But that didn't hold her back.

"Naughty... Cally... You... Wanted... It… This... Way!" Liz muttered between strikes, fully immersed in her role.

She only stopped when he went to his knees at the final strike. Only then did she notice the marks and imprints on his skin growing darker and darker.

Fuck! That was too much!

Hastily, Liz looked around until her gaze fell on the cosmetic bottles sitting on a shelf. She took a bottle of lotion.

"That should do, Cally. I hope you've learned your lesson!" she said in a strict teacher's voice, starting to drizzle some lotion onto his bottom and spread it.

"Yes, Miss Lizzy," Calvin replied with a tear-choked voice, flinching under her touch.

Dammit, he's actually crying. What do I do now...?

"Good, good. Well, now that we have settled that, that will be enough school for today." She gently caressed his creamy buttocks, and Calvin flinched under the

touch. Then she walked over to the door, opened it, and slammed it shut with an audible thud.

"Oh Calvin, sorry!" she said in her normal voice. "Looks like the game got a bit out of hand. Everything okay?"

He was still leaning forward over the bench. Only now did he dare to stand up straight. When he turned around and Liz saw his tear-stained eyes, her heart tightened.

That's it. I blew it...

Calvin took a few steps toward her and stretched his arms out to her.

"Liz, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to pee on you!" he said.

She gently pulled him close and followed his gaze. Soaked through, the white blouse was as good as see-throughh. Her compressed breasts and areolas were clearly recognizable, just like her hard, erect nipples.

"Hey, it doesn't matter, things like that happen..." Liz tried to comfort him.

Wow! He doesn't even hold the spanking against me!

"You can help me take this off," Liz suggested. Immediately, Calvin began unbuttoning her blouse. It wasn't easy to peel the tight, wet fabric from her skin, but they managed. Now she was dressed only in her boots and the tight leggings.

Calvin looked greedily at her freed, swaying breasts. Apparently, it was only the thought that they were covered in pee that held him back from seeking comfort right there.

"You... you aren't mad at me?" he asked once more.

"No. Not at all. I hope you aren't mad at me because I went a bit far with the spanking…" she added cautiously

He shook his head, sniffing.

"How was it for you, then?" she asked back.

"What do you mean?" Calvin replied.

"The moment your stream hit me. What were you thinking then?" Liz asked, highly focused on his reaction.

"I was so embarrassed. I thought you were about to flip out. Why do you ask?"

"Oh well, I heard there are people who enjoy that. And honestly, I didn't find it bad at all."

Calvin remained speechless for a moment.

"When you say you heard about it... do you mean... videos?"

The question caught Liz off guard, and she felt the heat rise to her ears.

"Yeah, could be... maybe..."

"Oh."

Calvin went quiet again, and Liz didn't know for a moment what they should do next.

"Um, Liz, can I ask you something?" Calvin suddenly sounded very serious.

"Yeah, sure, what is it?"

"Would you show it to me sometime?"

"What do you mean?" Liz didn't know what he was getting at.

"Well, what it's like when girls pee. Now that you've seen it with me, I thought maybe you could show me..."

"Sure. Of course, gladly!" Liz tried hard not to sound too enthusiastic. "Right now?" she asked.

Calvin seemed surprised that this was an option.

"Can you just do that on demand?" he asked.

Liz smiled. "Sure."

She looked around the room. The puddle in the middle of the shower had drained away by now, but the floor was still wet and shiny, and the distinctive scent hung in the air.

"How much do you want to see, Calvin? How close do you dare to get? Right up close?" she asked.

"Um, well, you were really close too. So what's the difference?"

"If you're close, you might catch some of it."

His gaze flicked to her wetly shining breasts.

"It doesn't do any harm, though, does it? I mean, you even tasted it!"

"Yes, that was interesting. But you don't have to be that brave. You can also just enjoy the show, and afterward we'll clean up here, deal?"

"Yes!" Calvin nodded.

"Good, lie down on the floor here!" Liz ordered, pointing to the middle of the shower.

"Why?" Calvin asked, sitting down carefully on the floor. When his bottom touched the tiles, he winced.

"Because, as Ms. Lizzy said earlier, girls can do this best when squatting," Liz said, stepping over him, her feet on both sides, giving a nice view between her legs.

She opened the smooth zipper of her trousers. Instantly, the stretched latex material pulled back, forming a gap of bare skin. Slowly, she squatted down, and the lower she went, the more she exposed herself.

"Do you like the view?" she asked when she noticed Calvin staring spellbound between her legs.

"Yes," he breathed, and she felt his hot breath brush over her labia.

Balancing above him was not easy at all. She had to place her feet a bit higher; Calvin lay tucked beneath her. To keep her balance, she touched his forehead with one hand. With her other hand, she felt between her legs, found her slit, and parted it.

"Last chance. Are you sure you want to see it from up close?" she asked.

"Yes," came a muffled reply from between her legs, and she felt him nod against her fingers.

"All right then. Watch out!" she called out, and then she relaxed.

She felt a warm stream flow out of her. She knew her body well enough to know which direction it was going. Her other hand revealed the position of Calvin's face. If she wasn't mistaken, it was a direct hit.

Immediately after, she heard a gurgling sound and felt him sputtering and spitting between her legs. Apparently, he had been brave enough to taste it but had taken his mouth a bit too full.

Driving home from the clinic went surprisingly smoothly. Liz sat next to her, holding the ultrasound image in her hand with a thoughtful expression. Isabel focused on the traffic, trying to block out the kicks of the baby, which had been surprisingly restless over the past few days.

When they arrived home, she heaved herself out of the car and paused. The baby's kick knocked the breath right out of her lungs. Isabel clutched her belly with one hand, as if the touch could calm the restless life inside her. With the other, she steadied herself against the car. Leaning slightly forward, focused on her breathing, she waited for the pain to subside.

In the middle of the eighth month, the unborn child was already becoming increasingly headstrong. That wasn't the only reason for the restlessness, though. Some of her own excitement had likely rubbed off on it.

Together with Liz, Isabel made her way into the house. Today was the last time Liz would take measurements and notes for her project. Over the next few days, she had to finalize her report. Isabel was quite fine with that. At first, it had been fun, but by now the whole thing had become almost a burden. The only reason she kept taking part was that it brought her closer to Liz. And she urgently needed that right now.

Stepping into the house, Isabel listened briefly.

Nothing stirred.

Good!

Calvin had strict instructions not to show himself until she called for him.

At the foot of the stairs, Isabel had to pause once more. Liz had followed her and now seemed to awaken from her thoughts.

"Isabel, is everything okay?" She sounded genuinely concerned.

"Yeah, it's fine. The little one is just pretty lively and has no idea where it's kicking."

She winced in pain as a kick landed in the region of her bladder right at that moment.

As if I didn't have to pee enough already; hopefully I make it upstairs without wetting my pants...

"Would you like to come upstairs for... the rest?" Isabel asked.

"Yes, of course. "

Liz cast a final glance at the ultrasound image in her hand and then slipped it into her bag, following Isabel, who fought her way up the stairs, step by step.

"You already have most of the data from the clinic, right?" Isabel asked.

"Yes," replied Liz. "The scanner is really very impressive. And honestly, I didn't know that breasts could become so heavy! How do you even endure that?"

"I try to get as much relief as possible," Isabel replied with a smile. "Calvin is a huge help with that, and when he isn't around, I have to help myself with the machine."

"Machine? What kind of machine?" Liz asked as they reached the upper hallway.

"A milking machine. It's a model from the test labs at FemCom. If you like, I'll show it to you when we're done."

Once in her bedroom, Isabel stripped down to her underwear as usual. It took only a few moments with the measuring tape until Liz had all the final data. Then she set her things aside and looked around bashfully.

"I guess that's it for the project then..." she said indecisively.

"Yes, that's the end of it." Isabel could see disappointment spread across Liz's face. "But that gives us more time for ourselves today, don't you think?" Isabel added.

"So, we can continue?" Liz asked hopefully.

"Sure, if you want it to. I think it would be great to to enjoy a few pleasant hours with you."

Isabel had already started to pull Liz's top out from the waistband of her pants. She needed no further invitation.

In a surprisingly short time, Liz had taken off her top and tight jeans. Underneath, she wore a set of playful black lace lingerie. The high-waist panties flattered her pale buttocks, complemented by a camisole that hinted at bra-like support but was really just for decoration. She had clearly dressed up for Isabel and this moment.

Isabel's observations dissolved under Liz's touch. Tender fingertips caressed her skin, feeling out every single one of her curves as if Liz were discovering them completely anew.

In a way that was true, for a few weeks had passed since their last extensive encounter. With every passing day of the advancing pregnancy, Isabel felt more like a woman, rediscovering herself in the process. Why should it be any different for Liz?

With gentle kisses, Liz explored the trail of her stretch marks. Her tongue tickled across Isabel's skin, causing goosebumps all over her body.

This is going to be so hot!

Isabel joined the fondling and fumbling, having to admit that she could notice changes in Liz as well. The insecure teenager had matured not only in her behavior. Of the baby fat that had once defined her, just enough remained to show the origin of her sensual femininity.

Isabel stroked Liz's bottom, letting her fingers slide under the playful panties to feel the velvety-soft, warm skin in her full hand. Then she wandered further over hips and waist, feeling the faint hint of a curve at her belly that was so infinitely more seductive than any athletic hardness.

Isabel's hand moved further up beneath the camisole until it cupped the full, firm breasts. What half a year ago had barely outgrown a B-cup was now filling a C-cup to the limit. Perky, firm, and crowned with puffy areolas and nipples that hardened right under the touch of Isabel's thumb.

Liz groaned with closed eyes, rubbing against Isabel's belly, pressing her pelvis forward. A clear sign to move the activities to the bed. Without any distracting clothes.

As slowly as possible, Isabel pushed Liz's camisole upward. It had been supporting the breasts and dragging them upward with it, until they spilled out beneath one by one. Isabel tossed the piece onto the bed and then reached around her belly toward Liz's panties. Because of her massive belly, she only managed to push the waistband down over her butt. But Liz understood the intention and took care of the rest. Once the panties coiled around her ankles, Liz kicked them away with a flick of her legs.

Afterward, they turned their attention to Isabel's underwear, which was rather plain and practical. That didn't stop them from turning the undressing into an equally sensual experience.

A small push was enough, and Liz fell backward onto the bed. Isabel heaved herself beside her and crawled closer on her knees. She gently caressed Liz's thighs as she did, brushing past the hot slit between her legs in a casual motion and noting with satisfaction that it was abundantly wet. Her fingers wandered further across the smooth, velvety belly, up over the ribs to the flatly laying breasts. Thanks to the blessing of youth, and probably the Greens, her curves didn't spill to the side the way Isabel's would have. She played with them, kneaded them, stroked them, and Liz accepted it with comfortable sighs.

When Isabel stopped, it took a moment before Liz opened her eyes and looked up at her expectantly.

"Feel like trying something new?" Isabel asked.

Liz's eyes sparkled. "Sure, gladly. What are you planning?"

"Let yourself be surprised. Sit up!" Isabel replied.

Liz sat up and looked around. But none of the toys Isabel usually used were anywhere in sight yet.

Instead, Isabel reached for the lace camisole lying on the bed. She placed Liz's hands together behind her back and began wrapping the gament around her wrists.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Liz asked, confused.

"I have plush handcuffs too, if you prefer..." Isabel remarked.

"No, it's okay, I just didn't know you were into that sort of thing..." Liz didn't sound entirely convinced yet.

"It's just a game. We can stop anytime it gets uncomfortable," Isabel replied.

"Really? Don't tell me I should pick out a safe word or something…"

If only you knew what was coming, you surely would…

"If it makes you feel better..." Isabel said instead, carefully leaving the choice of that measure completely open to Liz.

The camisole turned out to be surprisingly practical, possessing enough thin ends to tie off securely. When Isabel was satisfied with her work, she crawled around Liz and sat on her thighs.

"Admit it, you like this!" Isabel said, smiling down at Liz as she lightly swept her belly across Liz's firm breasts.

Liz was an exciting sight. Her breathing grew heavier, and her eyes held a mix of arousal and anticipation, laced with a hint of fear.

She swallowed. "Yeah, it's okay."

She tried to shrug, but even that harmless movement was restraint by her bound hands.

"It's just so unfamiliar, I don't even know what to expect..."

"That's exactly the point," Isabel replied, nudging Liz with a push of her belly so that Liz fell back onto her back, her bound hands pinned beneath her.

Isabel slowly crawled higher, sliding her belly over Liz's breasts, her chin, and her face. She felt Liz's hot, frantic breath against her under belly and then between her thighs. As Isabel lowered herself over her, Liz needed no further invitation. She knew exactly what to do and sank her nimble tongue between Isabel's labia.

With every lap of Liz's tongue, Isabel relaxed more. She leaned back, propping herself up with extended arms, and sank deeper down onto Liz as she did. Now it was not only her tongue that Isabel felt, but also her chin against the lower edge of her pussy and Liz's nose pressing against her clit. Liz accepted the challenge and

pleased her with her whole mouth, turning and rubbing her face as if she wanted to bury herself in Isabel.

Several times she hit her pee hole, and abruptly Isabel became aware once more of the pressure that the baby's kick had triggered. Although it had subsided in the meantime, Isabel suddenly had to fight against the constant urge to pee.

It couldn't be much. She had let everything out barely an hour ago when she had to submit a urine sample at the clinic for the examination. But the pressure was there and grew with every breath. She focused on her muscles, trying to seal off her bladder while relaxing at the same time. But it was to no avail, and when the tip of Liz's tongue circled deep inside her slit around her pee hole once more, she twitched and let out a few drops. At least she hoped it was no more than that.

Surprisingly, there was no reaction from Liz.

Maybe I was mistaken and it's nothing at all?

The complex processes of the life inside her belly occasionally played tricks on her body perception.

Since Liz still showed no reaction, but continued to lick and suck passionately at her, she relaxed and let it happen. Again the hot tongue tickled over the spot, tempting her to let go. This time Isabel simply let it happen. In the exact same moment, she could clearly feel something actually shoot out of her.

Shocked, all her muscles tensed up, but she managed to maintain that for only a moment as well.

"Mmmph!" came a muffled sound from between her legs.

Isabel lifted her pelvis a little. "Sorry! Everything okay?" she asked cautiously.

"Yeah, wow, you're a real squirter! That's so hot!" Liz called out. She grabbed Isabel's full thighs and pulled her back down.

She thinks I'm just squirting?!

The thought amused Isabel and allowed her to relax again.

You're welcome to think that...

Isabel wasn't far from a climax anyway and she tried to satisfy Liz's needs as well. She rubbed her slit over Liz's face, enjoying the feeling as her chin, mouth, and nose pressed between her soft, stretched labia. And there was always that nimble tongue, which had now discovered her clit too, but kept brushing past her pee hole again and again.

Isabel didn't hold back any longer; on the contrary. She tried to build up the necessary pressure to fake a few explosive squirts that Liz seemed to like so much.

A few times she twitched and squirted, similar to a climax, but internally completely controlled, until a tingling, uncontrolled wave of a real orgasm seized her. It robbed her of her senses for a second and she couldn't tell for sure whether she squirted in that moment too.

As she consciously became aware of her surroundings again, the first thing she noticed was the mixture of spicy aromas in the air. The scent of Liz's arousal, matching her hot gasps of breath between Isabel's legs, mixed with her own scent rising from the warm wetness on her thighs. She sat up and heaved herself off Liz, who looked up at her with a wet face and beaming eyes.

"Please, Isabel, fuck me, flick my bean, do something!" Liz moaned, writhing on her bound hands. "If I could, I'd finger myself. I really need to get myself off! Please don't starve me..."

"We'll see..." Isabel said. She knelt beside Liz and looked down at her passively for a long moment, observing every drop on her face and chest, tracking the greedy thrusting of her hips.

With her fingertips, Isabel traced over Liz's body. One hand found the nipples, while the other wandered lower, circling over the belly and thighs, though avoiding the longed-for contact.

Liz had her legs slightly bent and spread apart. Her feet braced against the bed, her pelvis lifting and following the touches with intense desire.

"I have an idea. Stay like that!" Isabel said, sliding off the bed.

Liz went limp and watched yearningly as Isabel retrieved something from the wardrobe. She returned with a bundle of hoses ending in transparent cups in one hand and a handle-equipped box in the other.

"What's that?" Liz asked.

"The milking machine I mentioned earlier," Isabel said, starting to untangle the hoses. "Although as you'll notice in a moment, it's far more than just that..."

She turned a dial on the box, which hummed quietly as it came to life.

"What's the point? I don't have…Oooh!"

Liz took a deep, surprised breath. "Wow. That... What is that?"

Fascinated, she stared at her nipples and areolas as they were drawn into the transparent cups and firmly massaged.

"As I said, it goes beyond pure milking functionality. The developers considered how to ensure maximum pleasure during use. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, that's really intense. Almost like…" she trailed off, and Isabel let out a broad grin.

"...almost like Calvin, were you about to say?"

Liz nodded and blushed. "Yeah, kind of..."

"I feel the same way," Isabel said. "Though as with everything, toys like these are great, but something real and living is always better." She gently ran her finger along the edge of Liz's labia.

"Yesss, fuck me!" Liz groaned, but Isabel withdrew her hand.

"Not yet. First I have another toy I want to show you..."

She reached beside the bed and brought out a third cup. Similar to the suction cups on the breasts, but with a slightly different shape. She pressed it briefly onto Liz's belly, then onto her thighs, where it instantly sucked itself tight. With a smacking sound, she detached it again.

"Any idea what this is?" Isabel asked.

"No, not really...", Liz swallowed. Her gaze flicked to her lap, revealing that she had a fair idea after all.

"They call it a pussy pump," Isabel said, pressing the cup between Liz's legs so that it enclosed her labia.

She didn't have to hold it for long, as it immediately created a seal. Through the transparent material, it was clearly visible how Liz's labia reacted to the suction. Pulse by pulse, they swelled.

"Oh my god, Isabel! That's... that's crazy!" Liz gasped.

"I know..." Isabel replied, watching the growth inside the cup with eager eyes.

At the end of the cup, where the vacuum hose was connected, a small tongue-like mechanism inside swung back and forth with every suction. It took a moment, but eventually Liz's labia were drawn in far enough for the mechanism to touch them.

"Oh my god..." Liz winced, gasping sharply and squeezing her legs together. But the cup held, the tongue stroking mercilessly through her glistening, wet pussy.

Isabel knelt calmly beside Liz, gently caressing her thighs as she took in the sight of her writhing, twisting, and groaning under the machine's intense stimulation.

Every now and then, Isabel tugged or rattled at the milking cups. They were firmly sealed on, and the added sensations elicited a whimper from Liz. The reaction grew even more intense when Isabel played with the pussy pump cup. She pulled on it, jiggled it, and then pressed it even tighter between Liz's legs.

Tears twinkled in the corners of her eyes as a sharp scream tore from her lips. Isabel felt the heat radiating from Liz's labia through the clear cup, watching her bald, reddened and swollen labia sucked tightly against the material. Liz twitched to the rhythm of the mechanism, which was now even stroking across her enlarged clit. The ecstasy grew ever more intense.

Isabel kept a close eye on Liz's movements, watching for the right moment. When Liz's shuddering groans signaled that she was right on the edge of climax, Isabel grabbed the pussy pump cup and ripped it away with a firm tug.

Liz cried out, her back arching sharply. Wet drops squirted from her crotch, though it remained unclear whether that was due to the pussy pump or because Liz had lost control of her bladder as well. Her breathing came in frantic gasps, but Isabel gave her no respite, immediately grabbing one of the suction cups on her breast and tearing it off.

Once again, Liz cried out, her whole body trembling. Gasping for air, she stared at Isabel as she reached for the second cup.

"Please, no...!" Liz whimpered between breaths, but Isabel wasn't about to stop. Slowly, she lifted the cup with the suctioned breast, pulling and stretching it. When the tissue couldn't yield any further, Isabel met Liz's gaze. In her eyes was a wild mix of arousal and panic, along with a silent plea for mercy.

Isabel smiled, shook her head slightly, and then ripped the cup off the breast with a swift yank.

Liz arched her back once more, thrashing side to side before curling up on her side, breathing heavily as fresh tremors shuddered through her body.

Isabel stroked her shoulders, then rolled her on her back, tracing her fingertips over the dark marks the suction cups had left behind on her breasts. The touch drew another whimper from Liz.

When Isabel's hands moved lower, Liz evidently realized what she was planning.

"No, stop!" she groaned, pressing her legs together and rolling onto her side.

Bound as her hands were, however, she couldn't offer enough resistance against Isabel's hand, which forced its way between her legs.

With a whimper, Liz gave in, relaxing her thighs and parting her legs so that Isabel could cup her massively swollen pussy. With her palm, she gently caressed the soft, wet tissue, her thumb and pinky tracing the contours of the ring-shaped marks left by the cup.

That alone proved enough to send Liz over the edge a second time.

Just like Isabel before, it was now Liz who was disoriented for a moment.

Isabel seized the opportunity to get up from the bed once again. From the wardrobe, she retrieved the case with the plug dildo. When she turned around with the prepared piece in hand, Liz was awake enough to see what she was planning. Her eyes widened in disbelief.

"I don't know if I can do that right now, Isabel. What just happened was intense..."

"Don't worry, we'll take our time, okay?" Isabel replied.

Liz nodded. That was good, because Isabel wouldn't have accepted any reaction other than agreement.

She crawled on her knees across the bed until she was beside Liz. Once there, Isabel made sure that Liz got to see every single detail as she inserted the plug into herself. The familiar tightness and the stretched feeling of fullness elicited a comfortable sigh from her. That intensified, when she activated the plug and it filled her out completely.

With the bobbing dildo rising from her crotch, touching the curve of her plump belly, Isabel crawled around Liz.

"Come on, bitch, spread your legs!" she said with a broad smile.

Liz looked at her, confused.

Dirty talk hadn't been part of her repertoire until now. But Isabel's friendly expression seemed to reassure her.

Restricted by her bound hands, Liz clumsily shifted one leg to let Isabel settle between them.

"Honestly, Isabel, I think I need a moment first..." she said hesitantly.

"Really? Just a moment ago you were begging me to fuck you!" Isabel replied with a grin, shifting the dildo into position.

Liz

It's too much!

Liz could barely form a clear thought. Her nipples felt as though they had been chewed up, and her pussy felt as if it had been worked over with sandpaper or a file. Yet something forced her to keep her eyes on the dildo without looking away for even a second.

It was a magnificently shaped model and would have made most men jealous. Perhaps the venous structure was a little exaggerated, just like the prominent glans

with the notch at the transition to the shaft, but all in all, the shape and size were at the upper end of what could be considered true-to-life. It was significantly larger than the youthful version that matched Calvin's equipment, which Liz considered comfortable.

Isabel granted her another moment of rest. The dildo rested loosely on Liz's lap, the tip pointed toward her belly, giving her the chance to feel the touch.

Oh my god, that thing is huge!

Where it touched her swollen, pumped-up labia, Liz felt a wondrous tingling and her own pounding pulse. Isabel was right; until just now she had been craving a fuck, but suddenly the thought was terrifying.

Isabel gently caressed her along the inside of her thighs and over her belly, though avoiding the reddened, swollen areas in between.

"Don't worry, I'll make it as pleasant for you as possible," Isabel said with a lustful expression in her voice and a look that Liz couldn't quite read.

Then Isabel reached for her own full, heavy breast. Her fingers stroked across the areola and nipple two or three times, which was enough to get her milk flowing. While the warm drops fell down onto Liz, Isabel activated her other breast as well. She cupped her breasts, squeezed them, and thereby forced out a stream of milk that she aimed between Liz's legs.

Quite a lot of milk, as Liz noted. Thin trickles ran from her belly down her vulva into the crack of her ass, forming a puddle under her bottom.

A puddle?!

Apparently, Isabel had prepared the bed with waterproof underpads.

Did she plan all of this?

"I think you're wet enough now for a little fun," Isabel said, letting go of her breasts that dropped down heavily onto her pregnant belly.

She reached for the dildo and began to stroke Liz with the tip between her legs, over the inside of the thighs, all the way to the bottom, up through the crack, until it rested on the soft, swollen labia that yielded softly.

But that wasn't her goal, for it wandered further to the reddened, highly sensitive clit. Isabel tapped the tip of the dildo against the swollen bud. That came unexpectedly, sending electrifying impulses through Liz's entire body that made her twitch and groan.

The tip kept circling, crawling over the smoothly shaved mound of her pubis, and then sought its way back down.

Again and again Isabel caressed all those sensitive regions. Liz didn't know whether she should beg for a fuck or for mercy. Only one thing was certain: she wouldn't be able to endure this kind of teasing much longer.

She noticed the shift in Isabel's game with the dildo far too late.

The gentle teasing had turned into cheeky nudges. Like a clueless teenager who didn't know where things belonged, the wide tip poked everywhere, missing the spot time and time again. Liz was surprised herself how, despite being overstimulated, with every stop she wished more and more that it would finally happen.

Yet the tip wandered across her vulva again, along the edge of her tormented labia that burned under the touch, over her buttocks, almost beneath her back.

The exaggerated clumsiness had something so ridiculous about it that Liz couldn't help but chuckle.

"Feels funny, huh?" Isabel replied.

"Yeah," Liz said with a broad smile.

The playful banter helped her relax. She felt her pussy and swollen labia widening, subtly preparing to receive Isabel.

If only she would finally target the right spot!

She had positioned those short thrusts far too low, though right in the middle between her legs, almost as if...

The moment Liz sought Isabel's gaze in shock, the dildo buried itself mercilessly into her ass.

A burning pain seared through Liz's body, followed by a surge of adrenaline that made her perceive everything around her in extreme detail.

She arched her back, wanted to scream, but gasped for air instead. Where before there had been only a few stray tears in the corners of her eyes, they were now streaming down her cheeks. When she finally made out Isabel's face, she saw anger, severity, and at the same time a proud, triumphant smile.

"This is what you're into, isn't it?" Isabel said calmly, leaning forward so that the dildo buried itself even further into Liz's ass.

"Hmmpf..." An inarticulate sound growled from between Liz's clenched jaws, her body a single mass of tension braced to ward off the intruder.

The muscles that had been stretched so suddenly reacted instinctively. They contracted, wanting to expel the foreign object like anything else through pushing, pressing, and pulsing, yet achieving nothing. Instead, they clenched with all their force, clamping around the dildo and inflicting pain on Liz that made her roar.

She began to tremble and cramp, but none of it helped. On the contrary, under the pressure Isabel exerted, the dildo pushed deeper into her ass at every available opportunity.

A high-pitched ringing buzzed in her ears and her vision blurred. Only when she felt a burning pain at her breasts did she come back to her senses.

Isabel had cupped her breasts and was pinching the tormented nipples between her fingers.

"Come on, Liz, this is how you like it! You had your fun with Calvin too, after all!"

The realization hit her like a truck.

Calvin. The pegging!

It was an accident!

I didn't mean to hurt him!

She had the reply crystal clear in her mind, but couldn't manage to speak it aloud. Instead, a weeping whimper escaped her. She heard a sound like the whining of a tortured animal, and only a second later did she realize that she was the source of the noise.

At last, Isabel leaned back a bit and eased up on the pressure. Liz felt as though she could breathe again for the first time in an eternity.

"Listen to me carefully, Liz," Isabel continued in that same calm, menacing tone.

Liz's gasps were frantic, bordering on hyperventilation. She tried to focus on Isabel's words, but she could barely manage to.

Isabel showed mercy and eased the pressure a little more. Instinctively, Liz's tensed muscles reacted, pushing the dildo out a small bit. No matter how relief-inducing that tiny concession was, another painful cramp set in.

"Why...?" Liz finally managed to utter a first clear word.

"You made yourself a part of our family," Isabel began. "My family. I welcomed you, gave you pleasure, and granted you permission to have fun with Calvin. And you thank me by hurting him. For all that we've done together, you and I, and as blurred as our boundaries may be: I will always be Calvin's loving mom, protecting him and punishing anyone who hurts him."

To emphasize her point, Isabel thrust her hips forward, penetrating deeper into Liz once more, sending another surge of tears to Liz's eyes.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" Liz stammered, her voice choked with tears.

"Oh, is that so?" Isabel's sarcastic tone made Liz wary, and rightly so, as another hard thrust into her ass followed, accompanied by a series of heavy, forceful slaps to her buttocks.

The slaps burned with incredible pain, especially since they came completely unexpectedly. At the same time, they caused enough movement for Liz to feel the dildo shifting inside her guts.

"And how… do… you… explain... the… marks… of… your… hand...on… his… tender… bottom?"

Each word was accompanied by another hard slap. Liz stopped counting, merely hoping it would soon be over. She tried to dream herself away to a different, peaceful, beautiful place, just like back then when Emma wouldn't stop...

A different kind of slap, followed by a burning pain on her breasts, brought her back to reality.

Did Isabel just slap my boobies?

The burning of her nipples was unmistakable proof, and the handprint slowly taking shape beside them confirmed it.

"I'm sorry, Isabel, really..." Liz sobbed.

Isabel didn't address her plea directly.

"I promise you, Liz, if you fuck my boy's ass, I will fuck yours. If you hurt him, I will inflict agony on you. And if you manage to make him enjoy it very much, you had better start enjoying it yourself too. Do you understand?"

"Yes..." Liz nodded.

"Yes, Mommy!" Isabel corrected her.

"Yes, Mommy!"

Liz would have said anything just to make it stop. But the moment she spoke the words aloud, something inside her broke. She had never called anyone Mommy before. The woman she called mom barely played a role in her life anymore. But Isabel... Mommy... was there for her, and she was right. Liz deserved this punishment.

"Yes, Mommy!" she repeated, sobbing.

"Good girl!" Isabel said, finally leaning back so that the pressure in Liz's ass subsided.

Instead of getting rid of it as quickly as possible, however, her body betrayed her. Her anal muscles held the dildo tightly clamped, and Isabel had to pull on it to free it.

A pleasantly hot tingling surged over Liz's body, and she groaned. It was brief, more of a heavy gasp than a vocal sound, but Isabel noticed it nonetheless.

"Well, well, so you like that?"

Isabel paused her withdrawal and pressed forward again. This time she was much gentler than before, and Liz realized she could endure it. Isabel spread some fresh milk around Liz's ass, and then the dildo glided into her. It was still far from pleasant, but at least… acceptable. The next thrust was... interesting. After that came a mix of pain and pleasure that she had never experienced before.

Isabel fucked her in the ass while her belly rubbed against Liz's thighs and vulva. It wasn't the rush of euphoria Liz knew. There was too much pain involved for that. A few thrusts felt as though the dildo were burning red-hot. Nevertheless, Liz was stimulated more intensely than ever before. It wasn't enough to reach a climax, but she knew that she wasn't far off.

Since her mind wasn't blocked by endorphins and ecstasy as usual, Liz was able to perceive much more consciously what was happening to her. She was being banged

and shoved through the bed by Isabel's thrusts, unable to find leverage anywhere. As Isabel took her with all her power, she felt increasingly helpless and lost. Tears welled up in her eyes, not in response to the pain, but because the feeling of being close to Isabel yet completely at her mercy was infinitely overwhelming.

"Mommy," she sighed, reaching out her arms and encircling Isabel's belly as far as she could reach.

"Good... girl," Isabel replied between thrusts without slowing down. She was panting, fully focused on fucking Liz.

In a surge of complete submission, Liz raised her legs and pulled her knees back as far as she could. The thrusts into her ass immediately felt more pleasant. Much more pleasant. She groaned and shuddered, but the longed-for climax still didn't arrive. And even if it did, that didn't necessarily mean Isabel was finished with her.

"You like that, don't you?" Isabel asked. "When I make your ass burn?"

"It hurts," Liz said, "but it's also hot!"

"I figured you had what it takes to be a little anal bitch..." Isabel panted, now noticeably out of breath.

She slowed down and then glided out of Liz in one long, almost endless motion. By the looks of it, Isabel hadn't reached a climax either. Not yet. For a moment, the room was filled with the sound of their heavy breathing, and over the scent of their arousal settled the smell of exertion. And something else.

"Good girl," Isabel said, panting. "How nice of you to give me the opportunity to finish you off another way..."

She was caressing Liz's labia, which were slowly beginning to recover from the pumping, though they were still massively swollen. The touch sent just the right shiver through Liz's body that she had been hoping for. She urgently needed more of that.

"You can have me. Take me! Fuck me! Please!" she sighed, pushing herself toward Isabel as best she could with her bound hands.

"No, I'm not the one who will finish you off," Isabel replied.

Liz was confused for a moment, but before she could ask, Isabel raised her voice.

"Calvin! You can come in now!" she called out loudly.

"Okay, Mom!" came muffled from the hallway.

The door opened and Calvin stepped inside, wearing only briefs. Immediately after he spotted the two naked women on the bed, he stopped hesitantly and looked around.

"It's okay, my big boy, come over here!" Isabel urged him, and Liz noticed the changed, warmer tone in her voice.

Calvin obeyed. As he came closer and took everything in carefully, Liz suddenly felt exposed, naked beyond what the mere absence of clothing could cause. Calvin's gaze lingered a moment too long between her legs. He looked at the dildo between Isabel's legs, and his eyes widened.

"Oh, you're playing the ass game?"

"Yes, but we just wanted to try out something new. Come here!" Isabel patted the bed.

Calvin climbed onto the mattress and crawled closer on his knees, between Liz's legs. He examined her while she tried to shift into a more comfortable position.

"Mom, what... what happened to Liz?" He looked at Liz in a way he never had before. She became all too aware of how pitiable and used she lay before him. "Mom, did you... hit her? And look, her... her butthole is so red! And gaping! Mom, that cock thing is way too big for her..."

"Don't worry, Liz is fine, right?" Isabel said firmly.

Liz nodded. Breathing was difficult for her, and she wanted nothing more than to sink into the ground out of shame.

"It looks pretty intense, though..." Calvin was still studying her. Now he had discovered her swollen labia, and the confusion on his face was obvious.

"Don't worry," Isabel reassured him. "It's like the last time when Liz played with you; there will be no trace of that left in a few days."

Calvin snapped his head toward his mother. "Mom!" he said reproachfully. Then he turned to Liz. "Sorry, I'm so sorry, but when Mom saw the marks, I had to tell her everything."

"It's fine," Liz replied. She actually wanted to stroke his head comfortingly, but that was impossible, of course. She couldn't manage more than a twitch of her shoulder.

"Mom, is Liz bound?" Calvin asked.

"Yes," Isabel said. "It's all part of the game. And if you like, you can join in. Do you want to?"

"Sure, if Liz wants to as well...?" He looked at her questioningly.

Liz caught a glimpse of Isabel looming behind him, her look leaving no doubt as to what she expected of her.

"Yes, sure, I'd love it if you joined in..."

"And how does the game work?" Calvin asked.

"Finger her! You know how that works, right?"

"Yes, of course, we've done that a few times already." Only after he had spoken the words did he seem to realize what he had just admitted, and he blushed.

"Well, show me what you've learned then!" Isabel gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and he got into position between Liz's spread legs.

"Liz, what happened to your pussy?" He hesitated.

"That was, um..." Liz didn't know how to explain it to him.

"...That was a different toy. Don't worry, everything is fine, you can touch her just as you always do."

"Okay...", Calvin leaned forward, and then Liz felt his delicate fingers feeling for a path between her swollen labia.

After a first cautious push, he immediately added a second finger. It was a relief compared to Isabel's raw, forcing penetration from before. Considerate and gentle, just as she knew him to be, Calvin played with his fingers at her pussy.

If the situation hadn't been so embarrassing and humiliating, it would have brought Liz to a climax right away. As it was, however, she had to try to block out all distracting thoughts and surrender to the tenderness.

An intriguing thought surfaced suddenly.

"Did you plan all this?" Liz asked.

Isabel grinned and nodded. "Yeah, you could say that. At least I asked Calvin to text you so that you would... what do you call it? Right, make 'preparations'."

That's why he texted this morning!

It had indeed prompted her to make the proper preparations.

What a mess it would have been if I hadn't...

Isabel still grinned at her, and from her look, Liz could tell she grasped the exact moment things clicked in her head.

Then she turned to Calvin. "Use three fingers!" she instructed him.

Instantly, Liz felt him fill her more.

"Now four. Yeah, the whole hand, down to the knuckles. Yes, just like that!"

Liz gasped as he pushed almost his entire hand into her.

"Isabel, what are you planning...?"

A dull suspicion stirred in the corners of her mind, one too far-fetched for her to believe.

"I want to teach Calvin something... a performance you'll both enjoy!" Isabel said, but the undertone in her voice made Liz suspicious.

Calvin's knuckles scraped hard between her swollen labia, forcing their way into her entrance. It was an unfamiliar feeling, and even though Liz was aching after the anal fuck from Isabel, she still felt curious about what exactly Isabel had in mind.

With Calvin there, surely it couldn't get that extreme...

"How does that feel, Calvin?" Isabel asked, stroking his back encouragingly.

"Well, somehow totally warm and tight. Out here it's really soft..." He ran his other hand over the swollen labia, and Liz felt a tingling pull deep into her center. "But after that it gets pretty firm," Calvin continued.

"You heard him, Liz. Try to relax!" Isabel instructed her.

What do you think I've been doing this whole time!

"Okay," Liz said, focusing on her breathing.

She tried not to think about the fact that someone was pushing half his hand inside her, keeping her eyes closed and blocking everything out. That way, she only caught half of how Isabel gave the next instructions.

"...here, see? ...yeah, just like that... right, form a wedge... and now try it again..."

Calvin's fingers pressed into her once more.

Liz didn't mind. She liked awakening his desires, no matter how things unfolded. But under Isabel's direction, it wasn't the same as when it was just the two of them.

The pressure at her pussy increased. Calvin's technique had changed, and she opened her eyes only to see him attempting to force his wedge-shaped hand inside her.

"Isabel, I don't think that's a good idea - Aaah!"

She winced in pain as his fingers penetrated knuckle-deep, with only the base of his thumb preventing his entire hand from entering her.

Startled, Calvin pulled his hand back far too fast, making a squelching, slurping sound. A second later Liz felt the delayed, sharp and burning pain.

Isabel grabbed Calvin's wrist.

"Again!" she said with more severity and significantly less warmth in her voice.

"But Mom, it hurts Liz!"

"Nonsense, she can handle it. Liz can take it, right?"

"I think this is a bit much..." Before Liz could say anything more, Isabel took the initiative.

"Let me feel!"

She pushed Calvin aside, knelt between Liz's legs, and then Liz felt two fingers of one hand penetrate her. Rough, large, dry fingers that probed demandingly, and then two more of the other hand joined in.

Liz felt a hot burn just like before with the dildo that had far too little lube. Isabel showed no mercy this time either. Resolutely, she forced Liz open and stretched her.

"See, Calvin, Liz just needs to loosen up a bit. Try again!"

As roughly as she had entered her, she pulled her fingers out of Liz, and Calvin knelt in front of her once more.

"I'm sorry, Liz, I don't want to hurt you. Is it really okay?" he asked.

Behind him, Isabel held up her hand so only Liz could see it. Her fingers were pressed together in the same wedge shape, and the intention was crystal clear. If Calvin didn't succeed, Isabel would take over.

"It... it's okay, Calvin. Go ahead, it'll be great." She struggled to suppress her tears and keep her voice steady.

Calvin didn't seem to notice. He leaned forward, looking between her legs with absolute concentration, and slid his fingers inside again. "Mom, shouldn't it be wetter?" he asked.

Liz closed her eyes in shame, feeling utterly humiliated.

I can't even offer him that!

"That can be fixed," she heard Isabel's voice say. Then several warm drops of her milk followed, which she distributed over her crotch.

Calvin made sure everything was thoroughly lubricated, and then he tried again.

Isabel wouldn't give her any peace until he succeeded; Liz was convinced of that by now. So she tried to remember every relaxation exercise she had ever learned. Calvin pushed and pressed, and as his fingers penetrated deeper, it wasn't so bad at first. Then she noticed how she was being stretched and torn apart further and further. Just like with her anal muscles earlier, her vaginal muscles were overwhelmed by the task and began to tremble and cramp.

Liz groaned in pain. Pleasure had been gone for a long time. She felt as though it was only about conquering her, or rather her body's openings. A quick glance at Calvin revealed that he didn't even have a bulge in his briefs.

It isn't even exciting for him!

But Isabel was relentless and cheered him on. "Yes, keep going, you're almost there..."

Liz was on the verge of hyperventilating again. Then Isabel grabbed Calvin's wrist.

"Come on, don't be shy, my big boy!" she said, guiding him.

"Yes, fuck her with your hand, a little deeper with every thrust! There you go, see!"

Indeed, with every thrust he penetrated further. And then, just as Liz felt like she was going to tear, there was a sudden jolt and he seemed to tumble forward.

"Mom, Mom, I'm inside! I'm inside Liz's pussy!" Calvin called out excitedly.

Indeed, Liz could feel him deep within her. Much like the first time with the plug, the sensations were overwhelming. And the pleasure began to rise again. Isabel had been right. Having something real, someone living inside her was entirely different from the most sophisticated technology.

"Turn your hand, very slowly!" Isabel gave Calvin the next command.

Liz gasped for air as she felt the movement deep inside her.

Are those his fingers tickling me on the inside?

She felt a tingling that left a trail wherever she presumed his fingertips to be.

"Make a fist!" Isabel said. And when Calvin did, Liz felt that as well. Like a hard, bony lump, he sat deep inside her.

"Now fuck her, nice and steady back and forth!" Isabel whispered with a greed in her voice that Liz had never noticed in her before.

The back and forth of Calvin's fist inside her went beyond all her experience and everything she had ever felt. Hard, bulky, and completely unpredictable, he rotated inside her. More than once she had the impression that he was using his fingers to inquisitively probe her interior.

The thought was bizarre and thrilling all at once. Liz even felt herself producing enough moisture to make the whole situation a bit more tolerable.

Calvin grew bolder, shoving his fist with increasing force. Deep inside her, he moved as if in a narrow tube, but at the entrance there was a tense, cramped ring through which he could by no means pass. As he approached that spot, instincts and reflexes took over once more, and she was surprised herself by how violently her inner muscles convulsed.

"Mom, it's swallowing me, it's pulling me in deeper!" Calvin called out excitedly.

That wasn't what Liz had intended, but it described the effect accurately.

"Don't worry, Calvin, anything that goes in there comes back out!" Isabel calmed him down. "Fuck her a little more, an orgasm can work wonders."

So Calvin continued to work with concentration.

Liz simply let it happen. She ignored the humiliating circumstances and focused on the stimulation deep within her. As much as she hated to admit it, Isabel was right. She needed it urgently. The pain was still there, but it bothered her less and less, and slowly the wave of desire built up, the very wave she had been waiting for ever since she entered the room that day.

Calvin panted from exertion, and she felt his hot breath between her thighs. Her body took charge, pushing against him in rhythm. Her pussy swallowed his fist and released it again, over and over.

And then the moment came.

Deep inside her, ancient instincts took control, created to press something large and firm through the canal into the light of the world. As the orgasm hit, she pushed out of her what didn't belong inside.

"Mom, she's forcing me out!" she heard Calvin call from afar, and then there was only a flickering before her eyes, a ringing in her ears, and a searing pain that split her apart.

"Good girl. You did magnificent!" Isabel's kind words sounded as if they were coming from another world, as did her gentle caresses.

Liz opened her eyes wide and looked around. At her feet knelt Calvin, staring alternately at his glistening, wet hand and between Liz's legs.

"Whoa, that doesn't look good," he remarked at the sight of the latter.

Oh no, I'm broken, ruined.

"Don't worry, Calvin, it will heal. The stretching gradually contracts again," Isabel countered. "At both ends!" she added with a wink in Liz's direction.

Liz didn't even dare to move her legs.

"You can do me a favor, though, Calvin," Isabel said. "Take a look back there in the closet. Hand me one of those packages and please fetch the bottle of lotion from the bathroom."

"What are you planning?" Liz asked as Isabel first took the soft pad and unfolded it into a diaper.

"There's nothing better to protect and brace yourself," Isabel said. "Lift your bottom!"

If Liz had learned one thing today, it was that obeying Isabel's instructions was the better choice. She balanced on her heels, and Isabel slid the unfolded diaper under her bottom. Then Calvin was back, and Isabel generously spread lotion over all the reddened, sore, and burning spots between her legs. The touch was gentle yet painful. Only when Isabel fastened the diaper and the soft padding cradled her crotch was Liz able to relax.

"Can we unbind me now, maybe?" she asked timidly.

"Hmm, soon, not just yet. Come on, kneel down. Help her, Calvin!"

A sense of powerlessness washed over Liz.

Was this still not all? What else do I have to endure?

"Isabel, please, I told you, I'm sorry..."

"Ah!" Isabel raised a stern finger. "What did we say?"

Liz immediately knew what she was aiming for.

"Mommy, I'm sorry, really, I'll make it up..."

"Oh yes, you will, I'm quite sure of that. For starters, you can take care of Calvin now. Come here, my big boy!"

Calvin rose hesitantly. "Do we really have to do this, Mom?" he asked.

"You know what I think of unnecessary discussions!" Isabel said strictly. "We talked about that, didn't we?!"

"Yes, Mom," he said submissively.

"There we go!"

Isabel crawled across the bed until she knelt behind Liz.

"Lean back, just let it happen," she said, gently stroking her shoulders.

Liz had no idea what Isabel meant by that. An inner restlessness spread within her, the feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

"Please, not any more..." she whispered, barely audible, as she leaned feebly against Isabel.

Her head rested on Isabel's shoulder; she felt the full breasts and the firm belly against her back. For a moment, she thought she felt a movement of the baby against her back.

"Very nice," Isabel whispered. "And now you do Calvin just like you discussed."

"Mom, I don't think I want to do this after all..."

"Stop talking back!" Isabel interrupted him.

Attentively, Liz watched Calvin take off his underwear. As suspected, his cock hung half-limp. It wasn't completely inactive, more like... used?

Did Isabel finish him off already? Then what does she expect from me…?

"Come on, Lizzy, show me how much you like sucking his cock!"

Calvin stepped closer, setting his feet apart until his hips matched her height.

Liz felt the last bit of resistance break inside her. Opening her mouth, she closed her eyes. She felt Calvin's soft cock parting her lips, entering her mouth. It was familiar, had been a part of so many joyful occasions, yet it felt completely wrong at this moment.

She tried everything, working him with her lips and tongue, sucking, letting him deeper into her throat than ever, and even teased him with her teeth. Nothing helped, and Calvin's cock showed no reaction.

"You know...", Isabel murmured behind her, gently stroking Liz's shoulders and arms, "...these Reds are quite amazing. When their effect wears off, he goes limp. No matter what you do, he stays soft for hours. And there is something else: when he is hard, he can't pee. Because of that, he needs to go even more when he is soft again. Just like right now. Go ahead!"

She directed those last words firmly at Calvin. He wouldn't have needed the prompt, as at this exact moment he couldn't hold back anymore and started streaming hot and strong into Liz's mouth. Looking down at Liz, his eyes were filled with fear and shame.

"I am sorry. I... I can't hold it any longer." Then he avoided her gaze.

As soon as the first drops hit her throat, Liz instinctively wanted to turn away. But Isabel held her head like a vise and pressed her against Calvin. Within seconds, her mouth filled up.

"Swallow, bitch! Come on, swallow it down!" Isabel hissed.

Liz had to fight hard against her gag reflex. Her cheeks kept filling up more, and it was already splashing from the corners of her mouth. Right then, Isabel grabbed her breast and pinched her tortured nipple hard.

A burning pain shot through her body. Her muffled cry of pain instantly gave way to a swallowing reflex. Warm and spicy, Calvin's pee ran down her throat. Although the taste wasn't that bad at all, her body trembled with disgust.

Liz felt humiliated. Before, she had been reduced to a sleeve for Calvin's fist, and now she was just a vessel for his piss. Tears filled her eyes, running down her cheeks and mixing with the trickle from the corner of her mouth. Giving up all remaining resistance, she just let it happen, and Isabel loosened her grip.

"Can you imagine," Liz heard Isabel's calm, threatening voice whisper next to her ear, "how surprised I was when my boy asked me if he could watch me pee? What a crazy idea! I wondered where he got that from..."

Isabel now embraced her tightly from behind. Her groping hands wandered around, one hand cupping one of Liz's breasts while the other moved lower, pushing between her legs and resting loosely on her swollen pussy. The touch was urgent, but without force, carrying the unmistakable, wordless promise of pain or pleasure.

"Listen to me carefully, Liz," Isabel continued. "If you ever trick him to drink your piss again, make sure that you swallow his too. Did you understand that?"

Liz nodded between two swallows, still with Calvin's shooting cock in her mouth.

"Good. Good girl. Mommy is pleased with you."

Isabel stroked her, gently scratching her right where her fingers had been resting the entire time. Liz was overwhelmed. She felt soiled and abused, inside and out. At the same time, she felt ashamed of this other sensation.

Isabel knew exactly what she was doing. Her skilled fingers fulfilled the silent promise of pleasure, touching her in places and in a way that triggered a familiar tingling despite the sore pain. Liz's mind stubbornly refused to connect the disgusting with the arousing, but eventually gave in anyway.

Then it was over. Calvin stepped back, his cock dripping with pee, and Liz let herself fall, both inwardly and literally. She began to cry.

"I am sorry, I am so sorry, Calvin. I didn't want to hurt you, I like you so much!"

Tears also came to Calvin's eyes.

"I like you too, Liz. I'm sorry I had to do this, I knew it would be disgusting, but Mom said you like those games..."

"Shh, it's alright, you two," Isabel interrupted them. "You made it through. Come on, Calvin, untie Liz!"

Isabel let Liz slide out of her arms, and she fell weakly to the side. Calvin got to work undoing the improvised handcuffs, and finally she was free.

Liz just didn't know what to do with this freedom.

Then again she felt a touch on her skin and flinched.

Will it ever stop...?!

This time it wasn't Isabel, but Calvin. Timidly, he stroked her arms, her shoulders, her side. All the harmless places. Then he approached the curvier regions. Touches that until now had always been so exciting for both of them. But wherever his fingertips traveled, she was irritated, marked and sore. As if no part of her were left that would permit pleasure.

He cupped her breast with childlike caution, so very gently, and then he bent over her, softly kissing her nipples and licking them with his tongue. She would have loved nothing more than to take him in her arms, press him close, let him suckle and escape with him into naive, innocent intimacy. But that was lost forever, and she winced under the painful touch.

Meanwhile, Isabel had propped up the pillows on the bed and made herself comfortable.

"Come, my babies! My big boy and my diaper girl played along so bravely, you've earned a reward. Calvin over here, and you, Lizzy, come to the other side!"

Liz turned around.

Isabel was lying on the bed, her head resting on cushions. Her heavy, full breasts had drifted to the sides. It was clear what reward Isabel had in mind.

Liz and Calvin crawled beside her, one on each side. With their heads resting on pillows, right in front of their faces were the huge, dark areolas. The large nipples had stiffened, and glistening drops of milk were forming at the tips.

Isabel spread her arms to welcome her kids and pulled the two of them close. For a long time, only the sighs of her relief echoed through the room, together with slurping, sucking sounds at her breasts.

A few days had passed since it had happened. Isabel hadn't allowed her to go home that evening. Liz had agreed; after all, she would have been all alone in her house.

And so Liz had spent the night with them, snuggled up with her and Calvin in a freshly made bed where all traces of the afternoon had been cleared away.

Liz still didn't know what exactly had happened that day. Had it been a game, as Isabel always claimed, or a serious punishment, as she had whispered to her? Whatever it had been, it had left its mark. A door had been kicked open into a new world.

That single overnight stay turned into a second and a third, and eventually a whole week had passed during which Liz had returned home only briefly to grab a few things. Most of her time was spent with Isabel and Calvin.

It was like a fever dream of an orgy.

The curtains were drawn. As soon as the door clicked shut, they eschewed clothing wherever they could. Gentle, enticing gestures that all too often led to more whenever they wished became part of their daily routine.

Calvin held back at first, watching longingly after her and Isabel whenever they retreated to the bedroom. Soon, however, he grew bolder, downright demanding that Liz let him suckle on her breasts. Those were the moments when Liz felt like she was returning to the innocent mood of the past months. But Isabel was always nearby and seemed to take great pleasure in watching. Until Calvin was finished. Then she found ways to pamper Liz. Or demanded it from her. Tenderly, considerately, only just a little assertive, so that the impressions of pain and coercion slowly faded. But they didn't disappear. It was never as lighthearted as before.

Liz spent the nights, by silent agreement, in Isabel's large bed. Usually Calvin joined them in the evening, and they enjoyed themselves until he was exhausted and went to his own bed. Then they brought out their plug dildos. Isabel was gentle and tender, and Liz gradually regained her trust, allowing herself to completely surrender.

In turn, Liz was surprised by the selection of dildos Isabel possessed. Isabel didn't have to ask twice; Liz was only too willing to fuck her with every single one of them. Each new one was larger in some way than the last, whether in length, diameter, or

overall shape. They had long left the realm of human anatomy behind. With some, the animal inspiration was recognizable; others, however, were distinct fantasy shapes.

Isabel threw herself into it almost greedily. Literally. Her explanation was simple: not much longer until the birth, so it couldn't hurt to be flexible and stretched. Therefore, it came unexpectedly, though not entirely surprising, when Isabel taught her how to use her full hand and finally her fist.

After a few days, even that was normal enough for Isabel to let Liz fist her while Calvin watched. That, in turn, encouraged him to try it with Liz again.

Every now and then, they also talked. During one of their conversations, Calvin made a comment about the costumes, which piqued Isabel's curiosity. At the next opportunity, once it was clear that Liz's parents weren't home, they moved their play to Liz's apartment.

Demanding as ever, Isabel made Liz model her costumes for Calvin. Calvin put on a Spider-Boy suit while Liz wore the Mystique costume. It fit even tighter now. Where her curves showed, it was even snugger and more sheer. Isabel and Calvin were thoroughly pleased with it, for they immediately pounced on her. After brief resistance, Liz surrendered and let herself be fucked by Spider-Boy, followed by Super-Mom, as Isabel called her improvised costume.

A few days later, they repeated the whole thing, but this time Isabel had ordered something made of latex, matching the lingerie and latex outfit Liz already owned. Calvin had come up with a surprise of his own for the occasion. Liz got quite a shock when he presented himself as a perfectly made-up girl in a skimpy little dress. Isabel, however, quickly took a liking to pampering Cally for a change instead of Calvin.

Liz's eighteenth birthday arrived. Her parents put her off with the promise of a restaurant visit on some upcoming weekend, though it was by no means certain that it would actually happen. However,they made up for it in advance by transferring a larger sum of money to her account. It hurt less than she had actually expected. Using the money, Liz ordered a delicious meal from a high-end catering service and had it delivered to Isabel and Calvin's place.

To mark the occasion, they all dressed up in elegant attire bordering on costumes. They kept the clothes on only as long as strictly necessary, though.

All of them knew what sweet delicacy Isabel would serve for dessert. Before that, however, she needed a short break. The baby reacted with restlessness whenever a hearty meal was stuffed into her already cramped belly.

Calvin took advantage of the time and, under his mother's watchful eye, began to undress Liz and then, as usual, pamper her breasts intensely.

He elicited more than a few sighs from her—a mix of pleasure and pain. By now, she had been able to convince herself that Isabel's milking machine actually had much gentler settings. As a result, the device had seen frequent use, with the consequence that her nipples were even more strained than from Calvin's already frequent attentions.

Even now, she felt a pulling ache amidst the exciting tingling that originated at the tips of her puffy areolas.

Calvin licked, kissed, and sucked at her with relish.

"You're sweet," he murmured as he switched from one breast to the other, then added, "Here too."

"Thanks." Liz chuckled. "I think you're sweet too."

"No, I mean you taste really sweet. Almost like Mom," Calvin replied with a wild look in his eyes before returning to working on her breast with loud slurping sounds.

Liz was bewildered and looked down at herself. Her breasts were swollen, a result of the intense stimulation over the past few weeks, or so she presumed. On the side

Calvin had indulged first, the areola and nipple glistened wetly. No surprise there, given that he had happily savored them with his lips and tongue for quite some time.

Then she noticed the drop forming at the tip of her nipple, growing larger and larger until it finally hung suspended. Immediately, a new liquid pearl took its place.

"Oh my god, what is that?!"

Startled, Liz cupped her breast. The mere pressure of her fingers was enough to turn the drop into a trickle.

Isabel giggled. "Did you two finally manage it?!" was all she said.

Liz looked at her questioningly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, as motivated as Calvin's been sucking on you, it was only a matter of time before your body adapted. Didn't you know you can induce lactation that way?"

"What? Me? I thought you had to be pregnant for that..."

"Yeah, that helps, of course, but it works like this too, as you can see. Maybe it's also down to genetics; that can sometimes play into it. Let me try!"

Isabel shifted closer, leaned forward, and took the wet nipple into her mouth.

Liz felt her warm lips and swift tongue. She remained speechless as mother and son lay at her breasts, sucking away.

With a heavy pop, Isabel released her breast.

"Not bad for a start, but that can definitely be expanded," she remarked with a grin.

Liz stammered, "But... but... you mean there'll be more?"

"Sure, depending on how much you demand of your body. I think it's fantastic. It fits right in with our special little family."

The adventure dragged on for a good four weeks, until Isabel's pregnancy entered a stage that increasingly limited her capabilities and made it clear that the birth was not far off. Liz resigned herself to the fact that the crazy antics would now come to an end. But then Isabel asked her to assist with a very special preparation for the birth.

Heavy panting filled the room, along with the by now familiar scent of their naked bodies and various fluids. Isabel's huge belly rose and fell in time with her breaths, and her whole body trembled with tension.

Liz knelt between her bent legs. Her gaze was focused intently on Isabel's labia. Movement was visible beneath the full, swollen folds. Isabel tensed again, groaning, and then the cleft parted. Something smooth and shiny showed for a moment. Then the tension eased, it disappeared inside her once more, and her labia closed.

"Okay," Isabel groaned between breaths. "I... I think... I'm ready."

A new wave of tension seized her. She groaned, pushed, and on her usually smooth and plump baby belly, the play of her tense muscles was visible. Then the cleft parted again. Wider and wider. Liz leaned forward a bit, hands raised, ready to catch.

Isabel gasped for air, pushing with a groan, and then her pussy expanded. Glistening, the curve of an orb emerged. First to the size of a lemon, then an apple, an orange. Finally, her labia pulled back around the smooth surface, releasing what had been held for so long, and with a wet squish, the front bulb shot out. Obscenely, it hung between Isabel's thighs while twitching to the pulse of her contractions. The

tapered middle section was tightly enclosed by Isabel's pussy, while the thick second part of the toy sat deep inside her vagina.

Liz had seen the toy a few times over the past few days. It was shaped like a butternut squash with two thick ends and she had studiously ignored it. Today, Isabel was using it for the first time, and Liz had watched incredulously as Isabel had first inserted and then inflated the lube-smeared object.

The mere sight caused her own body to tense up completely and lock tight.

How can Isabel possibly find pleasure in this...?

Yet that was obviously the case. Her dripping wet pussy hadn't needed lube for a long time.

Slowly, the rear part of the toy now slid out of her as well.

"Push..." Isabel panted. "Push it… back in!"

Liz grabbed hold, taking care that the slippery bulb didn't slide out of her hands. At least she was able to prevent it from coming out any further. She paid attention to Isabel's breathing, to the alternating tension of her muscles from her thighs up to her belly. The next time Isabel loosened up, she pushed. The toy sank right back into Isabel. The front bulb pressed against her labia, stretching and widening them. Isabel drew a sharp breath, a shiver shaking her thighs.

Liz paused. Her instincts demanded that she grant Isabel relief, but she knew her well enough not to let up. On the next release of tension, Liz increased the pressure, and slowly the rounded end slid into Isabel's opening. With a convulsive twitch, it sank deeper and deeper until the swollen labia closed over it and Isabel let out a deep sigh.

I wonder if there's a name for something like this. Reverse Birth? Unbirth?

Some vague idea chimed in the back of her mind. Liz was certain she had never consciously searched for such games. Nevertheless, it didn't take much imagination to arrive at that association. Isabel's massive pregnancy belly completed the illusion. Through the transparent material of the toy, the color of Isabel's skin and interior shimmered, giving the whole thing an added biological note. In the end, though, it was the shape, resembling a bizarre head and torso, that brought birth play to mind.

"That... that looks really painful," Liz said as Isabel's breathing leveled out.

Isabel chuckled, making her whole body tremble.

"That's the point, darling. After the pain comes the ecstasy, harder and stronger than anything made of pure pleasure alone. Especially when you help. Come on!"

Liz shook her head with a resigned smile and bent down between Isabel's legs. They had been playing this game all week, albeit with smaller toys, and her role required no further explanation. Using her lips and tongue, she began working Isabel's cleft, devoting herself extensively to her clitoris.

Isabel sighed and groaned with desire. Her pelvis rose and fell as her juices began to flow. Naturally, Liz noticed the climax building up, yet there were more than just signs of pleasure. Isabel seemed more controlled. As the wave of the orgasm came rushing in, she was intensely focused, pushing and bearing down. This time, everything went much faster. As her labia expanded, Liz jerked her head back, just in time for the first bulb of the toy to shoot out. With a brief delay, accompanied by a deep primal scream from Isabel, the object squished completely free of her with a popping sound.

For a moment, Liz stared at the extremely gaping opening of Isabel's pussy. Then it started slowly closing back up as Isabel calmed down.

"Come on, your turn!" she said finally.

"I don't know, somehow I'm really not in the mood right now," Liz said, looking at the toy, which she could barely clasp around its thin middle with both hands.

"Hey, don't worry," Isabel said, scrambling up. "Of course we'll take something your size. How about this one?"

She reached for another toy, similar in shape and size to a lemon.

Liz swallowed. A few days ago she had tried that once already, and it had brought her to the edge of what she could endure. Definitely more pain than pleasure. Since then she had done the stretching exercises Isabel recommended, but she felt more discomfort than pleasure doing them.

"Come on, you'll like it!" Isabel urged her.

Now it was Liz who sighed. Resigned, she lay on her back on the bed, her legs bent and spread apart.

Isabel knelt between them. Liz felt the cold moisture of the lube that Isabel spread with her warm fingers. She was thorough, taking extensive care of the bud at the upper end of her cleft. The touch accomplished what the idea had refused, and Liz grew increasingly aroused, willing, ready.

Then Isabel placed the rounded tip of the toy between her legs and began to push.

She had been doing the stretching exercises for almost two weeks now. Isabel kept digging out larger and larger toys, either attachments for the plug dildo or standalone ones like the one they were using today. Undeterred, Isabel held onto the idea that Liz would get just as much pleasure out of it as she did. Liz wasn't so sure about that.

She felt the lemon entering her, mercilessly deeper and deeper. The skin was stretched and taut, and she felt like she was going to tear. With every exhale she tried to relax even more, to loosen up.

It's almost inside! Almost! It can't possibly get any bigger...

A burning, sharp pain, along with a brief jolt, and something gigantic pushed past the overstretched ring of her entrance. Slowly it wandered deeper into her. Liz tried hard and attempted everything she had learned, but it didn't help. She felt not the slightest bit of arousal or enjoyment.

She trembled. Her body reacted instinctively; she twitched and cramped. Her back arched, and accompanied by a deep groan, she pressed the toy out of herself. She twitched once, twice, but it was pure agony, without a trace of a climax, like never before.

When she managed to look up, Isabel was sitting between her legs, toy in hand and a somewhat disappointed expression on her face.

"Pity," she said. "I really would have loved for you to enjoy that..."

"It's fine," Liz replied, her voice trembling. "It's just not the right thing for me, I guess."

Isabel nodded, then her eyes widened. "I have an idea!" She looked at the lemon-shaped toy in her hand. "Let's try something else."

"Please, Isabel, leave me be, I can't do any more," Liz pleaded. "It burned for three days when I peed last time. I'm really not into the stretching stuff."

"No, don't worry," Isabel said. "I have more of an idea of what else I could do. And we'll start with that!" She swung the lemon toy high demonstratively, then lowered

her hand, pushed it between her legs, and let it glide into herself with a contented sigh.

"Let's swap again," she said, lying down on the bed.

Liz sat up, ignoring the pulling and aching, and crawled over on her knees.

"Now what?" she asked.

"Now finger me, please," Isabel requested.

"Okay." Liz granted her wish and slid three fingers between Isabel's labia, which yielded without resistance.

"You know what? Use your whole hand," Isabel said.

Liz had a vague suspicion of what this might lead to. She smirked and added her fourth finger as well. She worked Isabel with her hand up to the knuckles, accompanied by squelching, suction sounds.

"No, I really mean your whole hand," Isabel added.

So she did mean it!

Liz brought in her thumb as well. As her hand entered Isabel up to the knuckles, there was a slight resistance, but nothing that would stop her. With her fingertips she could feel the toy deep inside Isabel. She knew the observation aroused Isabel, as the woman sighed and groaned.

"Yeah, just like that, go all the way in!"

Liz did her the favor and pushed her fingertips past the toy and Isabel's vagina. It was tight, but manageable.

"Now grab it!" Isabel sighed.

As she did, Liz felt the tightness of Isabel's tunnel pressing the toy into her hand.

"Aaah, yes, yes!" Isabel groaned as Liz slowly pushed her hand back and forth with the toy clamped in her grip. As she did, Liz could feel Isabel's muscles adapting to the movements, pushing in and out in convulsive waves.

"Pull your hand out, but hold tight, take it with you!" Isabel said, greedy lust in her voice.

So Liz slowly worked her way out. With each contraction that helped her, she pulled a bit further out. Against the opposing waves from Isabel's muscles, she held her ground. Impressive forces were at work that she had never experienced before.

They were approaching the exit. Isabel was dripping wet and hot by now, and Liz had already felt a few of the shivers that usually presaged her own orgasm.

"No... on the next one... Now!" Isabel groaned.

Liz put a little more force into her action. She rode one convulsive pull outward, held steady for the following clamping convulsion.

If Isabel is so into pain...

She felt the clamp of Isabel's vaginal muscles, gave in a tiny bit, and then ripped her hand back with a powerful tug. With a deep slurping sound, her hand parted from Isabel, holding the lemon firmly in her fingers.

Isabel arched, slumped onto the bed, and her open pussy twitched rhythmically.

"Wow, that was hot," Isabel said once she had calmed down. "Having someone real, someone living inside you really is something else." She grinned all over her face.

"Now again, but this time with both hands!"

About two weeks before the calculated due date, she had to scale back her activities a bit. That was unfortunate, since summer vacation had started by now and Liz had all day to take care of Isabel. But one morning Carol showed up and took Isabel for a pre-birth checkup.

Liz spent the day with Calvin. Ever since her breasts had begun producing a few drops of milk, he took care of her with even greater enthusiasm. She was fascinated by herself as well. To encourage the flow, she had been using Isabel's milk pump daily over the past few days, and together with Calvin's natural stimulation, she was producing more and more milk, which Calvin swallowed with utmost relish.

However, that wasn't the only thing she tried. Liz only had to close her eyes to instantly remember the feeling of her hand buried deep inside Isabel, how it pulsed, and how Isabel's climaxes had been far more powerful than all the times before.

Would it make such a difference for herself as well?

"Calvin, can I ask you something?"

He was currently busy between her legs, alternating between his lips and tongue, while she lay relaxed on the couch.

"Yeah sure, what is it?" he asked.

"Could you imagine trying that again sometime? That thing with the hand... from the other day?"

It took him a moment to understand what she meant.

"Oh, you mean... like back when Mom was mad?"

"Yeah, exactly." Actually, nothing had been embarrassing to her for a long time, but at that moment she felt herself blushing.

"You mean right now?" Calvin, who had been lying between her legs, sat up.

"Yeah, if you'd like..."

He looked into her eyes for a moment, as if wanting to make sure she was serious. Then his eyes moved down between her legs, which were glistening wet.

"Okay." He shrugged, and then she already felt his fingers penetrating her.

A short time later, the pain and the sensation of tearing were replaced by immense ecstasy. Once again, she had to admit the truth behind Isabel's statement.

Having something real, something living inside you is always better than any toy.

Isabel

The first contraction seized her unexpectedly and with full force. Afterward, Isabel felt a sense of calm she hadn't experienced in a long time. She lay in her bed as the morning sun slowly crept through the curtains.

It's time.

With that realization, everything else became insignificant. Carl entered the room, saw her and gave her a quick check up, that confirmed Isabel's certainty. Isabel heaved herself out of bed and got dressed. The glance in the mirror confirmed what she felt.

She had left the state in which she had felt so unbelievably feminine and fertile throughout her pregnancy, where every perception had been heightened. Now she felt misshaped, reduced to a mere vessel for new life. Hardly anything remained of the vibrant elegance of her femininity. Above all, it was simply too much, far too heavy. Breasts, belly, thighs, ass. On all fronts, she was at the mercy of gravity. She even found it difficult to keep her balance while walking.

After slipping into a few casual clothes, she made her way downstairs, carefully step by step, hand on the railing. Carol had already packed up her equipment and placed it in the hallway.

"Is it happening? Liz asked, who came out of the kitchen with a mug of coffee in her hand.

"Yes-" Another contraction gripped Isabel before she could say more.

She didn't need to, either, as the procedure had been discussed down to the finest detail. Shortly thereafter, they walked together to the clinic. This time the local clinic. In a women's clinic like that, there were naturally several rooms where a child could be brought into the world. Isabel's delivery had been planned well in advance. Even though she was a few days early, she had a room at her disposal. It was the last one down the hallway, complete with an anteroom for relatives, ensuring they would remain undisturbed.

Another, more thorough check by Carol followed, for which Isabel took her seat on the birthing chair this time.

"Looking good," Carol said, stepping back while checking her watch. "If the contractions keep up like this, you'll be ready in a few hours."

Carol looked around, seeming only now to register Liz and Calvin, who had been following the whole process in silence. She looked back at Isabel.

"I assume you want to get into the mood?" Without waiting for an answer, she continued. "Do whatever you want, I'm staying out of it. But let me know if anything unusual happens. We're taking no risks! The surrogacy comes first, understood?"

"Yes, of course. You know I always deliver..." Isabel's grin at the pun dissolved into a pain-filled grimace as the next contraction hit her.

Carol shook her head and left the room.

Now Isabel was alone with Calvin and Liz.

"Come on, you two. Off with the clothes and come here, help me."

Liz didn't seem to have a problem with that, but Calvin was slow to shed his clothing.

Meanwhile, Isabel was busy with her top. She opened the last two buttons holding her light, loose blouse together. The lower section had already slipped to the side over her plump belly.

"Take this off me," Isabel said to Liz, leaning forward.

Liz slipped the blouse off her.

"Everything," Isabel added.

Liz undid the clasp of the bra, and as Isabel leaned back, her full, heavy breasts spilled free from the confines of the cups. Now Isabel lay completely naked in the chair, the backrest tilted back, her spread legs bent and resting on the supports.

"It's okay, Calvin, you can come closer, too." Isabel waved him over, but he hesitated.

"I don't know, Mom, is this really okay?" He glanced suspiciously at the door for a moment, then his eyes drifted back to Isabel, to her belly, and to the area beneath it.

"Hey, my big boy." Isabel motioned him closer. "Come over here! Of course it's fine, we're among ourselves. We did this before, don't you remember?"

Out of the corner of her eye, Isabel noticed Liz smirking. Her thoughts likely wandered back to the past few weeks, but Isabel knew for sure that Calvin understood the real meaning.

"Mom, back then... Back then you said touching you helps you feel good. And last time you said it was a massage that helped you, but..."

"But what?" Isabel asked.

Liz stood motionless beside them, listening closely. It seemed clear to her that this was about something else entirely.

"Mom... This is... sex!" Calvin breathed the last word as if it cost him the same effort as any teenager speaking that term in front of their parents.

"So what?" Isabel tried to convince him. "It's no different from what we've all been doing together these past few weeks, Calvin. Didn't you like it?"

"Oh yes, I did..." Calvin still hesitated, "but... but the baby is coming any minute!"

"Don't worry, it won't happen that fast. I'll let you know in time," Isabel reassured him. "And now do me the favor. One last chance for some hot games with your hot, pregnant mom!"

"Mom! That sounds weird when you say it like that."

Calvin's objection was hardly serious, as he stepped closer between Isabel's legs and slowly dropped to his knees.

The chair was at the perfect height. He only had to lean forward a tiny bit to find the wet labia and the moist cleft with his lips and tongue.

Isabel groaned with relish. "Just like that, my big boy!"

Then she looked at Liz, who stood slightly behind Calvin, watching the scene.

"Join in if you like!"

A smirk twitched at the corners of Liz's mouth. Isabel knew that reaction. She had noticed it often enough by now, whenever Liz initially hesitated to cross silly boundaries and try something new. Once unleashed, however, she was often hard to stop. Just like now.

Liz approached, squatted behind Calvin, and moved in close to him with her legs spread.

Leaning forward, her firm breasts caressed his back as she embraced him from behind. Then she reached out a hand, touched the inside of Isabel's thigh, and migrated upward toward the source of her pleasure. With the other hand, she stroked Calvin's chest and belly, wandering lower.

Calvin's breathing grew hotter and more frantic. Rhythmically, Isabel responded with squelching sounds originating further down than her pussy. Tilting her head to the side, she peered past her belly. She could barely make out more than the sides of Liz and Calvin, though.

Seeing wasn't the point, but Liz's arm between his thighs showed how she was rubbing against him from behind while he clearly returned the gesture.

The sight fueled Isabel's fantasy and the desire for more stimulation.

"Use your fingers, Calvin! Your hand!" Isabel called out to her boy.

Calvin pulled his mouth away from her labia.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Oh come on, you know... Liz, take his hand, guide him!"

"You're serious, aren't you?" she heard Liz say from behind Calvin. Her voice carried a raspy, lustful undertone that made Isabel even hornier. "Okay, as you wish."

There was a brief scuffle between her legs, and then Isabel felt her pussy being parted, felt something penetrating her. Calvin's delicate hand, guided by Liz, who held his wrist tightly and pushed it deeper and deeper into her.

"Yes, good... Now make a fist!" Isabel heard Liz whisper, and then she felt the movement of Calvin's fingers inside her.

It was nowhere near the stretch she was used to from the extreme toys, but it was real and alive, and therefore vastly better.

Liz and Calvin kept fisting her, helping her through the contractions that were setting in at ever shorter intervals.

A few times Isabel was close to a climax, perhaps even a bit beyond, but it wasn't yet the monumental event she had been working toward for nine months. One of the next contractions yielded strangely inside her. Only a second later did she realize that her waters had broken. The sound of gushing liquid and the startled exclamations from Liz and Calvin between her legs left no doubt about it.

Finally.

They fingered her wet cleft a few more times, but Isabel knew that part was over.

"That's it," she said, barely able to hide the disappointment in her voice. "Get dressed, we need to let Carol know."

"What a mess!" was Carol's comment as she arrived and noticed the puddle beneath Isabel's chair. Then she looked around at Liz and Calvin, who already had their clothes on, her gaze lingering a moment too long on the bulge in Calvin's trousers.

She turned to Isabel.

"You're really going through with this with the kid too? I don't believe it! Don't expect me to support you if this ever comes out."

Isabel smirked. "Don't worry about that, we know how to keep secrets. If you only knew what you've been missing! You could join in..."

"Stop it!" Carol's voice held a sharp undertone, yet a spark in her eyes said otherwise. "Be glad I'm indulging you this far...", she said, beginning to stroke Isabel's vulva with the flat of her hand.

What appeared at first glance to be a medical examination quickly turned into an intimate massage. Time and again she fingered the hot, stretched pussy, and here too, the medical diagnosis was indistinguishable from pleasurable play.

Isabel groaned in equal measure from the contractions and the pleasure.

"Aand... here it comes!" Carol suddenly called out triumphantly. "The head is on its way, I can feel it!"

Pulling her fingers from Isabel's pussy, she rubbed energetically over the irritated clit protruding above between the swollen labia.

Isabel whimpered at the touch. At the same time, she arched her back, a tension seizing her entire body.

She could feel it. Movements like deep, massive waves slid inexorably forward.

A new contraction.

Pushing.

Something migrated deep inside her downward, forward.

"Come on, you horny bitch, let it out!" Carol muttered. The corners of Isabel's mouth twitched into a dirty grin.

As much as Carol wanted to distance herself, she had been there for all four previous births, making her a part of it. During the last three, she had shared Isabel's passion for orgasmic births and, just as now, tried with all her might to bring her to a climax.

Except for the first one, the one that had started it all. Back then, it had been Calvin alone who brought her to a climax by winding his way through her interior, stretching and expanding her, plunging her into ecstasy just before tearing.

The same feeling announced itself now. The very thing she had been waiting for for nine months, which she wouldn't trade for anything in the world.

"Yeah, baby!" Isabel heard Carol's voice as if from far away. Then there was only this single sensation, the baby pushing through her, slowed by her contracting muscles whenever she gained control over her instincts for a second, so that Isabel could savor every last moment.

Pure lust ignited like fireworks, and she trembled, shuddered, screamed. Far too soon it was over, and she felt empty, hollow, incomplete.

She felt as though the world were spinning and everything swaying. Until it stopped with a jolt, and she realized that Carol had lowered the chair into a flat resting position.

Once more she heard Carol's voice, but she was talking to Liz.

"...take care of her, pamper her, do whatever she says! I'll be right back, I just need to brng it over to its parents."

Her footsteps faded, and the last thing Isabel heard before the door clicked shut was the delicate cry of a baby piercing through her core. Followed by a painful pulling in her chest.

My baby!

All reason was powerless against this instinct, against the longing to hold the fruit of her belly in her arms.

The crash she had ignored for so long and knew all too well was approaching. Every time she had to give up her baby, everything inside her screamed to keep it.

She heard herself sobbing. Tears ran down her face.

Calvin was suddenly standing beside her.

"Mom...", she heard him murmur with concern, feeling his fingers gently stroke her face, wiping away her tears.

"Isabel, is everything okay?" Liz asked, who stood on the other side.

Isabel opened her eyes, looking into the cold, sterile light of the lamp above the birthing chair, becoming aware of the wetness and mess between her legs, and somehow she didn't care.

All she wanted was her baby. Her babies.

"Come here, both of you!" she whispered, her voice choked with tears.

Calvin took the first step. He knew what she wanted. Kneeling beside her, he reached for her full breast, which had slipped to the side, cupped it with both hands, pushed it up, kneaded it, stroked it, and then bent down to take her nipple between his lips.

Instantly, Isabel's milk began to flow.

"You too," Isabel whispered, looking at Liz.

Liz knelt on the other side beside her, taking care of the other breast just like Calvin.

Isabel looked upward, where her reflection showed in the polished reflectors of the lamp. It was the distorted image of an exhausted, grieving goddess of fertility whose child had been ripped away, her arms rating on her other children, worshipping her nourishing breasts.

With every drop the two swallowed, a piece of Isabel's sadness departed, and the familiar closeness connecting her with her two children returned, bringing back their very own taste of family.

The pale light of the screen reflected off her spectacle lenses. FemCom had made advances in so many medical fields, but the deterioration of eyesight with increasing age was not among them.

From time to time, Carol opted against her contact lenses. Mostly on days like this, which she spent mainly in her office. The dimmed slats on the window front facing the practice rooms prevented curious glances, yet were open wide enough to reveal

that the lights were off. As usual, she was the only person working overtime in the Copperlode facility.

Nevertheless, she walked to the door to make sure it was locked. Returning to her desk, she pulled the thin leather strap over her head, which held an inconspicuous pendant.

Carol removed the cap at the tip, plugging the hidden memory stick into the corresponding port on the computer.

A window popped up, prompting for a password.

Carol entered the complex sequence, after which a window containing a series of subdirectories opened.

She opened the newest one.

Various files were displayed before her: documents, specialized formats intended for use with medical software, and a number of videos.

She clicked on the file labeled 'Isa_Implant'.

The video window opened, showing a SCAPI system. Lying in the chair was a woman, her legs bent and spread.

Isabel.

The time window for the implantation was tight. The injected hormone cocktail prevented her stretched uterus from contracting for only a brief period. Still, she had to grant her a moment of recovery to prevent bleeding or damage to the stressed tissue. Scarcely a day after the birth seemed to be the perfect moment.

The central probe of the SCAPI lowered, penetrating her in a fluid motion, much deeper than during an ordinary examination.

Carol saw herself in the video, standing beside Isabel, speaking to her reassuringly.

Nia appeared in the frame, holding an AFEX drone in her hand. From the video's perspective, it looked like an undersized toy doll for children: thin arms and legs, a narrow torso, and a relatively oversized head. Nia demonstrated how the drone folded into a fetal position after implantation, and Isabel nodded.

Nia put the demo model away and activated the SCAPI.

Something of considerable thickness expanded the flexible channel of the probe, moving inexorably downward toward Isabel's lap and inside her.

She twitched, arched her back, and then it was already over. For a moment, it appeared as though the movement of the drone could be seen within her belly.

The video footage gave way to a black-and-white ultrasound scan recording of the implantation. The elongated drone pushed into the body, folding into an artificial fetus as planned.

The video was silent. That was for the best, as it spared Carol from having to listen once more to Isabel's cries of pain upon penetration and the subsequent cursing.

The procedure clearly called for optimization.

For the moment, however, she had achieved her goal. The drone was stable, showing no signs of rejection or inflammation. So far, it seemed as though Isabel's body, aided by the appropriate hormone cocktail, could indeed be convinced that it

was still pregnant. If everything continued to go smoothly, she could begin filling the drone with fluid in two or three weeks to simulate the growth of the fetus.

Carol closed the video and leaned back with a smile. It had been a long road. A feeling of triumph and success surged through her. She deserved a reward.

Her gaze fell upon the file overview on the screen.

Coincidentally, the cursor hovered over another video, whose preview enlarged. A video that wasn't supposed to exist at all. One of several that were the reason Carol carried her most important files in a hidden pendant on her person rather than storing them anywhere else.

A pleasant tingling surged through her center. Casting a final glance toward the locked door, she clicked on the file named 'Isa_Foreplay'.

The video window opened, once again showing Isabel, naked and heavy pregnant, but in a different chair. Squatting between her spread legs was a boy with his face buried in her pussy and a pretty girl, who snuggled close to him, rubbing against him.

Carol switched to full screen so that the large display was completely filled by the video. Then she leaned back, her hand drifting down between her legs, as she followed with half-closed eyes how the kids started fisting Isabel.

Nastya

The vegetation beside the road had grown increasingly sparse with gaining altitude until they finally left the treeline behind altogether. As they rounded the last curves, only mosses, grasses, and the occasional cluster of shrubs were visible, above which towered the massive satellite dish of the former radio telescope.

The military was not the only organization eager to dispose of old, remote, yet fully developed facilities. Years ago, they had acquired this site from a university. Even though the old radio telescope was completely oversized for the purpose, it had nonetheless been converted into a functioning communications and data center for FemCom.

Yet the technology visible from afar was only part of the possibilities this facility offered. The university had not been the first operator. Someone before them had left behind, among other things, a deep, circular shaft or silo bored into the ground that could easily have fitted an entire basketball court.

When Lance brought the car to a stop in front of the main building, Nastya could see that the iris shutter of the silo cover was open. That had been one of the first improvements they had installed here. Thus, the silo had been turned into a greenhouse whose climate she could control. On summer days like today, the cover was opened. In less favorable weather, it was closed and the climate regulated artificially.

Nastya headed for the entrance building next to the silo. The access control system processed her fingerprint and opened the door to an airlock. Only after the outer door had closed did the inner door open.

The woman in the room beyond offered a faint smile upon her entry, which froze at the sight of Lance behind her.

"Hello, Katarina," Nastya greeted her friend.

"Hello, Nastya," Katarina replied curtly, nodding to Lance in greeting without a word.

Nastya knew that Katarina's sullen mood meant nothing and chose not to address it. Besides, she had long since grown accustomed to her choice of assistant causing irritation among those around her.

"How is he?" she came straight to the point.

Katarina shrugged. "Same as always. No change."

Both cast a glance at the monitors displaying footage from security cameras. They showed various internal views of the silos' lushly green interior.

"So nothing speaks against giving him a little feed?" Nastya asked.

Katarina shook her head and raised her hands in resignation. A true outburst of emotion.

"I don't care. How long do you want to keep playing this game? I don't get it..."

Nastya sighed. "I know you hold a different view on this. But so far it has worked brilliantly. I simply like our approach of repurposing things for a new function. It might not be the most efficient way, but so far we've always achieved what we wanted through it. And in a few areas, it has actually brought us further."

"Suit yourself. Do whatever you want. He's been well-behaved enough for you to talk to him directly."

"Good. That's something, at least." Nastya draped her coat over a chair and took only her briefcase. "Lance, wait here until I get back."

She walked to the door at the far end of the room and began her descent.

A few flights of stairs later, she stepped out onto a wide gallery running along the inside of the entire silo. Raised garden beds had been set up all around, the cultivation of which offered the facility's staff a pleasant distraction from the monotony of daily life.

Around the inner circle, a solid railing separated the gallery from the empty area within. A path led to a wide alcove set into an open space between the beds. From there, she had an unobstructed view down below. A short distance beneath the gallery, a meticulously landscaped garden stretched across the entire area. The inner section of the silo could be lowered or raised, depending on the conditions one wished to create at the bottom. That depended essentially on the behavior of its sole inhabitant.

It was clearly visible where the light exposure was greatest, for a row of beds with a wide variety of plants had been laid out there as well. On the opposite side, in the shaded area, stood a hut along with a few stones and rocks arranged in a manner somewhere between arbitrary and Zen. Nastya's alcove was located at the transition between the two. She paused for a moment until she located the single figure busy among the beds and trellises.

"Hello, Doctor!" she called out.

Her voice echoed loudly through the round space.

The figure froze, looked around searchingly, dropped his tool, and approached her with long strides.

"I hear you have ceased your silly resistance efforts. Isn't it much more pleasant at this level?"

The man stopped on the ground below, far enough that he didn't have to raise his head too much, yet close enough to discern details. He had grown old, but the resemblance was impossible to miss. The likeness to Calvin, Conor, and the other boys from the DH program was unmistakable.

"What do you want? Are you finally ready to let me go? Or to execute me?" the doctor called up to her.

She chose not to address that.

"I've heard you've behaved yourself. It's only recently that you've earned this quality of life."

The doctor mumbled something incomprehensible, then turned back to Nastya.

"I assume you're not just here to praise me?" he threw at her.

Nastya smirked.

"My, my!" she said. "Is that how one treats their only personal contact?"

With few exceptions, the doctor was kept in isolation. Nastya was the only person who held extended conversations with him, and she never missed an opportunity to remind him of that fact, as well as the reason for it.

"I have something for you." She drew a folder from her bag and held it up.

"Oh, really?" the doctor asked. Although he tried to sound dismissive, she recognized the greed in his voice. "What is it?"

"Measurement data. Developmental records. Your boys are coming along splendidly. As far as can be judged, anyway. Why don't you give us the complete list of all your secret children? Imagine what we could discover together!"

"Ha!" he barked out. "You know my answer. Never! I will help you with what you've found, but the rest remains my secret."

The response had been expected. Ever since his detention, the doctor had refused to disclose the exact number of his artificial children and declined all statements

regarding the unwitting mothers. What had begun as coercion had led to years of solitary confinement. However, he had proven quite useful in interpreting the long-term observation data.

"There are a few surprises this time, irregularities." Nastya dropped the folder on the ground beneath the alcove, and the doctor pounced on it immediately.

"Take a close look at Subject 001. He's developing differently from the others. We have a theory, and I'm curious to see if you arrive at the same conclusion."

The doctor paid her hardly any attention anymore. He had opened the folder and was eagerly studying the individual pages as he walked slowly toward the hut. Knowing him as Nastya did, he wouldn't leave it for the next few days. She was looking forward to the evaluation he would forward to her, as usual, via the primitive, restricted, and strictly monitored local network.

Nastya let her gaze rest on the deserted interior for another moment, then turned away with a sigh. Deep down, she knew she had to agree with Katarina. This couldn't go on indefinitely. Eventually, she would have to find a solution to this problem. The doctor had no idea how often she had pondered the two options he had mentioned earlier. Yet neither was an option. There had to be another way.

However, that was a matter for another time. Right now, she had a different, far more pressing issue to attend to.

The second involuntary guest at the facility had to forego the luxury of a personal garden, though received more contact with others in return. Such as the two nurses, or guards, depending on how one viewed it, who were just bringing her into the room.

Instead of metal handcuffs, she wore wide leather straps, the kind one would expect in an old psychiatric institution. Her wild, matted hair and the stained institutional clothes reinforced that impression.

"She doesn't look good," Nastya commented on the sight presented to her through the one-way mirror.

"It's from the drug withdrawal. We don't know exactly what the monks gave her to condition her, but it's highly addictive," explained Katarina, standing beside her. "It makes her aggressive. Showering is difficult."

The remark referred to the young woman's fierce resistance as the guards forced her into the bolted-down chair and secured her hands to a ring on the table.

"I think I can handle that," Nastya replied. Then she turned her head toward Katarina. "The monks?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

Katarina shrugged. "Religious nutcases. Stupid men who have problem with women who think for themselves. They call us nuns, so we call them monks."

Nastya shook her head. "Where did you pick her up?"

"She called me from a Women's shelter. Claimed her family was abusing her and that she got my number form, a friend of Isabel. She has kept a low profile. But after few days, started snooping around. Was in the director's office at night, hacking computers, spying. Freaked out when we caught her."

Katarina let out a growl Nastya hadn't heard in a long time. "The pervert monks conditioned her. Total brainwashing. Trained to infiltrate us. Made her addicted. Docile; she'll do anything for a fix."

Nastya sighed. Unfortunately, incidents like this were becoming more frequent. As foolish as these attacks were, in a way they fit.

It was the first time she heard them called 'monks' but she knew about those guys. Self-proclaimed guardians of conservative morality, recruited from religious fundamentalists, incels, and other misogynistic fringe groups. They had found FemCom to be an ideal scapegoat. One didn't have to look far on the internet to find their forums and discussion groups, where they whipped each other into a frenzy with hate and conspiracy theories.

The guards had already left the room, and the woman at the table stared at the mirrored wall without blinking. Time for a conversation.

She entered the room, walked with slow steps to the table, and set down a small bottle of water.

The woman kept her eyes locked on her the entire time. Then she reached for the bottle with her bound hands, which had just enough leeway to open it. Leaning forward, she took a sip, and then spat it out in Nastya's direction.

"What's this supposed to be? Good nun, bad nun?" she hissed. The bottle hadn't been intended for much more than a single sip anyway.

Nastya ignored the drops of water beading off her clothes and sat down.

"Have you been treated well?" she asked the woman.

In response, the woman jerked at her bindings and tilted her head.

"This is for your own safety. I would appreciate it just as much as you if we could dispense with them. As soon as you're clean." Nastya replied. "However, beyond that, have you been treated well? Do you have enough to eat and drink? Have you

been offered clean clothes? The opportunity to shower? Alone, without forced proximity? Are you allowed to sleep?"

Blazing hatred glared back at her from the woman's eyes. Nastya met her gaze and leaned forward slightly.

"Did you get all of that where you came from?"

"You're all going to burn in hell!" the woman hissed, tugging at her restraints. "We will come and get you! You will receive the punishment you deserve and be forced into your place! Only the pure ones who are worthy will become companions to the strong..."

Nastya felt icy anger rising within her. Not at the woman, but at the men who had conditioned her like this. It was the same anger she had felt back then, when she had almost become a victim of rape during her escape halfway around the world and had realized that many weren't as lucky as she was, being saved at the last second.

The young woman's expression shifted during her rant. Her gaze turned vacant, and dark rings deepened beneath her bloodshot eyes.

"Please... Please help me!" she suddenly whispered.

Was that the breakthrough?

Nastya leaned forward slightly to hear more clearly what the young woman was whispering.

"Please, please give me something! I can't take it. I'm cold, hot, I'm burning in ice. I need something! Please, I'll do everything. You can fuck me or lick me or piss on me, beat me, whatever you want. You can stick things inside me, doesn't matter what, but please give me something! I need MEDICINE!"

She had screamed the last word hysterically, then lapsed back into a quiet stammer while tears streamed down her cheeks. "Please, I'll do anything, really anything, I need something..."

Resigned, Nastya leaned back. It was too early. Perhaps she would reach her once the withdrawal was complete and they could undo the conditioning. Hopefully. The young woman still had her whole life ahead of her, and beneath the drug-hazed eyes and messy blonde curls, Nastya could recognize her potential.

She stood up, walked to the door, and then turned around once more to face the woman, whose head now rested on the tabletop, her boy shivering.

"We will see each other again when you feel better. Hang in there, try your best! No matter what they taught you, we are not the enemy, Emma!"

The very first thing I can remember from my early childhood is one of my best memories.

The feeling of Mom's breast against my face. Warm and soft. Her nipple in my mouth, the delicious taste of her milk.

Maybe it's not just one memory, but many mixed together. But it always feels equally wonderful. I feel safe and secure. That is where I belong. Where I like to be most. Sucking, swallowing. She holds me tight and smiles down at me. With big, kind eyes that are always watching over me.

I look up to her. Always. I am small, Mom is huge, and that is how it has always been.

The memory of walking beside her must be from the same period. reach out my arm, and when she takes my hand, I feel safe. She is always near me, always there for me. Big, round, and soft. Especially her belly, upon which she keeps placing her other hand. As though she wanted to protect it just as much as me.

Whenever I get stuck somehow, she picks me up, pressing me close. I feel her soft warmth, I just want to melt into her and never let go. She strokes me, touches me. I feel her warm hand everywhere; she is so good to me, and I can never get enough of it.

I also remember our home back then. Just like now, it was summer. But it looked different. No green forests or rolling meadows passing by the car windows.

There were only scattered patches of green. Most of it was yellowed and brown grasses and bushes. It was hot most of the time, the sun prickling on the skin. Low stone buildings threw cool shadows and closed in our little world. Today I know they were incredibly old houses, but back then it seemed entirely normal. At the back of the buildings were a few fields and garden beds, with a few horses and donkeys in their paddocks. Beyond lay the dangerous desert. The grown-ups always sounded so serious when they warned us not to go too far. That scared us more than any punishment would have.

For me and the other children, there was no reason to anyway. We romped happily through the pool in the middle of the courtyard, busy with all the games the adults dreamed up.

By adults, I mean women. That reminds me of another great memory. In our home, which Mom later called the "Old Mission," there were only women, and the other children were girls.

That's when I first noticed I was different from the others. Whenever it was really hot, we all took off our clothes. And it was almost always hot. Not just us children; the women wore very little too. They were hot as well, after all. At some point, I noticed that I looked different between my legs than everyone else. At first, I thought nothing of it.

Then a few of the girls noticed. They giggled, wanting to touch me there. That was okay, provided I was allowed to touch them too. They felt strange and empty, right

where I had a thing. And so soft. It must have tickled them, because they twitched and ran off.

Still, I didn't give it too much thought. Sure, it was exciting, and overall the girls were somehow softer, prettier, maybe rounder too. The older girls already had little breasts starting to grow. It was always nice to be around them.

Someone was always watching over us, even when we were in the pool. Sometimes they would join us in the water, leaning against the edge and watching us play. With so much attention, all the children tried extra hard to perform the dances and tricks they had come up with. Then came praise, cheers, laughter, and joyful hugs. And if something went wrong and someone fell, there was comfort, gentle pats, and reassuring hugs.

It was completely normal for the women to hug me too, and I enjoyed it just as much as being close to Mom. With her, it didn't end with hugs. With her, I was allowed at her breast, and when I touched her there while drinking, her smile grew even brighter. So I tried that with the other women too. I didn't succeed, but my clumsy touches made them laugh, giggle, and whispers.

Shortly after that, Mom was really serious with me for the first time. She wasn't angry, but I understood immediately that it was no joke. Her breast, her milk was just for her and me. And the touching between the legs was forbidden from that moment on as well. I understood that quickly.

After that, nothing special happened for a long time. Mom grew big and round, then thin again. Then again, and I learned that a baby was growing inside her. She always needed lots of snuggles and such during those times.

But the next really good memory isn't so long ago. Last year, we had just moved to the city. No more online classes; I had to go to a regular school again.

Ever since we moved away from the Old Mission, I hadn't gotten along well with the other kids. Looking in the mirror, I knew the reason why: I was different. Far too small, too childish. The girls my age were developing breasts, the boys had already

started noticing girls that way. I was old enough too, but when you look so small and childish, girls don't take you seriously.

Toward me, they acted cold and suspicious or simply ignored me. The boys, on the other hand, were strange and rough. They always found a reason somewhere to be mean to me. It was no different here. Two guys had their eyes on me from day one: stupid remarks, shoving in the hallway, throwing my things around, waiting for me after school, and so on.

And then I met Liz. She was as terrifying as a warrior princess. At first, I was afraid of her. But she chased the boys away and looked out for me. Then it happened: she grabbed my butt. I will never forget the feeling of her warm, firm hand through the fabric of my trousers. For the first time, a girl touched me the way only Mom usually did. It was no accident; I knew that for sure. But of course I couldn't let on, and neither could she.

So we both pretended as if nothing had happened.

Swimming in the pool was the same. She pretended to be helping me, touching me again in the process. It was wonderful, much better than back when I was little, and I didn't want to ruin it under any circumstances. Then it didn't take long before she came up with all those games, and eventually there was no need to do anything in secret anymore. The whole world kept getting crazier, and in the end, I touched her with my hand from the inside!

Sitting in the passenger seat of the car, I looked at my hand. I formed the wedge with my fingers and remembered what it was like to push it into her tight pussy.

"So, dreaming of your adventures?" Mom asked, shooting me a brief glance.

I flinched, waking from my daydream. Embarrassed, I looked out the car window. We had been driving for hours. All our belongings were in the car, and a new home awaited at the end of the journey.

"Do you miss her?" Mom asked.

I looked over at her, though her eyes remained fixed on the road ahead.

"A little..."

"Really? I saw you two just yesterday. Is that what I think you've been up to lately?"

She pointed her chin toward my hand.

"What? That? No... we did... simpler things, you know..."

Mom burst out laughing. As she did, her heavy breasts—which she had only scantily secured this morning—jiggled, along with her belly.

The birth had been four weeks ago now. Yet the bulge remained. She looked as though she were already a few months pregnant again.

"What is it?" Mom asked upon noticing my gaze. "Is something wrong? Hungry?"

"No, I was just wondering... Is everything okay? You don't look un-pregnant at all..."

"Un-pregnant?" Mom chuckled again. "Great word! But well, since you mention it. There's something I'd like to tell you."

"What's that?" My voice suddenly took on a serious tone.

"The facility where we're heading. Where we're going to live from now on. There's a project there I'm participating in. A kind of research."

"And what are they researching?"

"It's about whether one can pretend to be pregnant. Or rather, whether a woman can make her body feel like it. Even though no real baby is growing inside..."

"Why would anyone want to find that out?"

"Well, you know, whenever I'm pregnant, I feel completely different. Everything is so much more intense then. It's hard to explain, but I like it. Sometimes I feel like something is missing."

"Ah, okay. Then it's good this research exists. Are you going to take part in it?"

Mom offered me a smile. "I'm already in it." She placed her hand on her belly. "They inserted something into me shortly after the birth. A device that, to put it exaggeratedly, makes my body think there's a baby inside."

"Oh, is that why there were so many checkups?"

She nodded.

"Good, I was worried you were sick somehow, but I didn't dare ask..."

"That's sweet!" Mom reached her hand out to me, stroking my hair. "You can ask me anything, you know that?"

"Yes, Mom, I know."

We fell silent for a moment.

"Mom? Is Liz really coming after us?" I asked finally.

To my relief, she nodded once more.

"Yes, of course. I told you so. In a few days. She had planned to travel around the country for a year after school before going to university anyway. And now her first stop just happens to lead to this nice, remote facility in the mountains where we'll bump into each other again."

"Does that mean she won't stay long?"

"Who knows. You can think about what reasons you might give her to stay longer. I can think of a few..."

"Hmm. Me too."

I drifted back into my dreams, imagining what we could do together. Liz, Mom, and me.

A tingling spread between my legs. Excitement and anticipation.

Or so I thought, until I realized I simply needed to pee.

"Mom, I need to go," I said.

"Pee?" she checked.

"Yes." Now that I spoke it aloud, the pressure suddenly grew even stronger, and I shifted restlessly in my seat.

"If it's urgent, just let it go," Mom said.

"What?" I was shocked.

She shrugged. "We're on the highway; I can't just pull over here."

Confused, I looked out the window. No other cars were in sight anywhere; we were the only ones on the road for miles around. Yet Mom made no move to pull over to the shoulder.

"I'm sure I packed you up safely this morning. So you can jerk off and pee to your heart's content while we drive. Trust me!" she grinned.

"Mom, that's not funny!" The pressure grew with every word we spoke.

"I'm not joking. Come on, I know you liked Liz's diaper games. I'm serious, let it flow!"

"Mom..." I tried, knowing full well at the same time that I was on the verge of doing it.

"Don't worry, at the next opportunity we'll stop, and then I'll take care of you. A diaper change in the woods, just the two of us. How does that sound?"

"Mom, really, I'd rather..."

She didn't let me finish.

"'Imagine, just you and me…"

Reaching out her hand to me again, she stroked my head. The prospect of feeling her fingers in other places too was tempting. Then her hand drifted lower over my belly, between my legs.

"Come on, my big boy, let me feel it flow."

I really couldn't hold back any longer. Her touch and what she had just said caused me to get a little hard. Because of that, it started slowly, but then I managed to let go, and the stream filled my diaper.

Mom was pleased.

"Good boy," she said, gently kneading the soaking padding.

Once I was finished, she removed her hand. I was completely embarrassed, and at the same time utterly aroused and excited. I didn't know what to say.

"I think I need to go too," Mom said right then. "Do you want to feel it?"

"You're wearing a diaper too?" I asked.

"Yes, of course! After giving birth, it always takes a while before I'm properly leak-proof again. Come here!"

She took my hand, guiding it between her legs, where I could feel the padding of the diaper beneath her clothes.

"Here we go," she said with a sigh.

Mom stared straight out on the road, while I could feel her peeing into her diaper. It was an absolutely crazy experience.

Maybe I need to redo my list of best memories.

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