

GREAT BALLS OF DESIRE

by

Emy Naso

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Dedication

For Vivi Anna—such a wonderful author and friend

Things Ain't What They Used To Be

Times were hard. Sutra wished the men in her life were even harder. Not just in her life, but in her. It had been so different during the war. London had been awash with foreign soldiers. Those gorgeous Americans who always seemed to have so much to lavish on a girl. But now they'd all gone home. The euphoria of victory had been replaced with austerity. Nineteen forty-seven wasn't a good year to be twenty-eight and a nymphomaniac. And with a competing twin sister.

Sutra looked over her shoulder in the mirror and checked to make sure the seams were straight on her stockings. These had been a gift from Captain Nigel Davenport. He'd been out of the navy for two years but still used the title. Last night, he'd shown Sutra his ability with tying knots. The bondage session was the reason she'd got the present of the stockings. A girl—even a daughter of a minor baronet—had to work hard for the luxuries in life.

She admired her golden hair. It was another expensive fancy. Her natural color was light brown. The idea of blonde came out of the movies, and the shade came out of a bottle.

"Sutra, have you got my mascara?" The question came from a very similar woman. Her twin, Kama, stood, poised at the door. She adopted a movie-star posture. They certainly looked liked twins, except Kama favored her hair in an auburn color.

“Wouldn’t touch that brand,” Sutra pouted. “Where did you get it, Woolworth?”

“At least I pay for my extravagances,” Kama huffed.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

Kama pointed at the new stockings. “Bet you didn’t buy them?”

“Oh yes I did, honey. Just didn’t pay standing up.”

“Not that Captain Davenport?” Kama said disapprovingly, and shook her head.

“What’s wrong with him?”

“With his droopy mustache, it must be like getting kissed by a walrus.” Kama scoffed.

“Wouldn’t know,” Sutra said and gave her sister a wicked look. “Where he had his mouth last night, I reckon he was a submarine man. Certainly spent most of the evening diving down.”

Their cackling laughter filled the lounge with innuendos to spare. With their ribald remarks cutting the air, Kama rang the bell for the servants. After five years of war, Britain and its people were on their financial knees. That included families like the Winklers. The twins’ father was a widower, who up till the outbreak of hostilities had run a lucrative, if shady, business in car dealerships. With nearly everything on rations and no spare money for gasoline, his trading was rocky. His bank balance had gone into the red and Sutra and Kama were spending money he didn’t have. Apart from Freddy Zipper, they had no servants.

Freddy had been their chauffeur before the war. Now he stayed on as a jack-of-all-trades, on a salary paid intermittently.

Down in the basement area, Zipper heard the ringing and could tell the callers were in the lounge as the row of bells on the wall were labeled to signal where the demand was coming

from.

There was another servant with him. Well, she wasn't an actual domestic. The twenty-eight year old twins not only had a baronet as a father, but their late mother was a minor royal, being second cousin to an aunt, who maintained she was related to King George VI. The young woman of twenty-one who sat in the kitchen with Zipper was Sir Lionel's daughter, but her mother had been a maid and had given in to the master's advances one foggy night. The maid left in disgrace—but nine months later, left a bundle on the doorstep of the Winkler house. And it wasn't the washing, but a wrinkle-nosed, giggling baby.

The twin's half-sister, Cindy-Lou, was a gorgeous, dark-skinned, raven-haired lady, who would have sent the males of the district wild—if she'd been allowed out. Although Sir Lionel tried to intervene, Sutra and Kama used her like a pair of skivvies.

"I'll go," Cindy-Lou smiled at Zipper, who she knew found the long haul up the stairs painful due to a wound he'd sustained in the war. As a humble private, no one cheered when he returned home, and he was only fit to resume his duties as a low-paid lackey in the Winkler household.

The young lady skipped up the stairs to the main hall, then ran up the next flight to the lounge. Going into the room, she was about to greet her half-sisters. Sutra cut her off.

"Have you got everything ready for our party at the Frobisher's tonight, Cindy-Lou?" That meant all their dresses ironed and their shoes polished. The young woman nodded.

"And we're expecting two visitors this afternoon," Kama put in. "Don't keep them waiting at the front door. Bring them up to the drawing room." Cindy-Lou smiled. She knew what type of guests. A couple of her sisters' male pick-ups for

an afternoon session.

“Did the Frobishers say we could all come?” Cindy-Lou asked quietly. The truth was Gerald Frobisher had said Cindy-Lou would be very welcome. The sisters weren’t having that.

“Why would they ask you?” Sutra said snootily. “Remind me, Cindy-Lou, who was your mother?” It was a catty remark making direct reference to her half-sister’s humble origins. Her mother being a servant was bad enough, but she was a colonial, for God’s sake—even if the British were about to give them independence! Where was it? India?

* * * *

Cindy-Lou shook her head. The household had five ration books issued by the government, one for each adult in the residence. Most foodstuffs and all luxuries were subject to these rations. Even candy bars. She never got to taste the pure heaven of chocolate. Sutra and Kama used up their own rations and everyone else’s.

“Dreaming again?” The consoling voice of Freddie Zipper pierced her thoughts. He limped across the kitchen and put a hand on her shoulder.

“Just thinking about the party this evening at the Frobishers. I wish I could go,” she sighed.

“Don’t worry, dear Cindy-Lou, the outside world isn’t so grand. I marched through most of Italy, but I still prefer home.” She knew he meant it as consolation. It wasn’t the same. He’d been in the war and had a medal for the battle at Monte Casino. All she wanted to do was to get out of this oppressive atmosphere and see life.

A knocking at the front door interrupted all these thoughts. Zipper held his hand firmly on Cindy-Lou’s shoulder as she moved to get up.

“Stay there, my princess. It’ll only be the ugly sisters’ men friends,” he grinned. “I’ll go and let them in.”

As he left the kitchen, Cindy-Lou chuckled at Zipper's often-repeated joke. Her half-sisters were far from ugly of face—it was Freddie's amusing description because he said they had ugly souls. She leaned over the table and turned on the radio. Another weather bulletin. It was the coldest and most severe winter on record. Deep snow piled up outside and what with the post-war shortages, life was hard. Coal was now in short supply and what stocks the Winkler household had were used in the lounge and the Sutra's and Kama's bedrooms.

"I've let them in." Zipper came back.

"Who was it?" Cindy-Lou asked.

Zipper looked hesitantly at the woman. His fingers fiddled over the Bakelite radio, turning the sound down low. He supped from his teacup, trying to avoid answering. It was protection...but she was aware what went on with her sisters and their men friends. Even if her imagination couldn't fully comprehend the reality.

* * * *

At the top of the Winkler house, Lord Gresham stood with his back to the roaring fire. His companion, Sir Ralph Luton, rubbed his hands. It wasn't just to get the cold out of his fingers. He anticipated the special delights awaiting him, so graphically described by his friend, Lord Gresham, who had persuaded him to come along and join in the fun.

The room was large. It had once been a series of servant's rooms when the house had been built in the fashionable suburb of Highgate in North London. That was back in late Victorian times. Now, alterations had converted it into one big room, which the sisters used as they own special place of entertainment.

"A drink for you, Alexander?" Sutra smooched Lord Gresham. She had entertained him before and was on intimate

terms—in every sense.

“My usual pink gin, please, my dear,” he replied with a broad grin. He lifted a large package he’d brought with him and gave it to Sutra. She eagerly unwrapped the parcel and the bottles clinked. Brandy, gin and rum. In these austere times, they were like priceless nectar. Lord Gresham gave Sutra’s rear a playful, but knowing pat. She put the bottles on the sideboard, not caring how he acquired the alcohol. In previous conversations with her sister, they’d speculated that as a lord who sat in the upper houses of parliament as a Peer of the Realm, he’d got them through the bar staff. They were almost certainly illegally gained.

“Well, this is cozy,” Lord Gresham said as Sutra brought him his gin. He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her down on his knee.

“I’ve told Ralph here a lot about your afternoon sessions, so don’t disappoint me, you hear?” he growled and nuzzled her neck.

Kama sidled closer to Sir Ralph Luton as he stood slightly self-consciously by the window.

“So what is your interest?” she asked with a voice that said innocence and a face which spoke loudly of hidden sensual delight.

“Our Ralph was brought up in a very strict home,” Lord Gresham chimed in. “He loves to be punished.”

“And you, Alexander, what is your pleasure today?” Sutra asked and ran her hand over his thigh.

“I’ll let Ralph have both your attentions to begin with. I’ll just watch the show.” Lord Gresham reciprocated Sutra’s hand exploration with his own seeking fingers up her dress.

“Just going to be a spectator for the moment, my sweetie Alexander?” Sutra pouted in mock disappointment.

“Well, there is something special I’ve been thinking

about,” he smiled, “But I’ll leave that till later...after you and your wicked sister have fully chastised young Ralph.”

Sutra got up from Alexander’s knee and went over to Sir Ralph and her sister. She immediately kissed him gently, slowly and held the embrace as her index finger traced the line of his jaw, slid over his neck, felt the heave of his chest, and finally tiptoed like a praying mantis over the bulge at his crotch.

“I hope you can contain that excitement, big boy,” she purred, “As you’ve only just got here, we don’t want you coming too soon.”

“Do you like to be dominated?” Kama whispered in his ear as her sister went on manipulating his hardness through his corduroy trousers.

“I need to be forced,” he gulped.

Sutra and Kama moved away, walking in a measured way to one side of the room where the bay window looked down on the busy Archway Road. To the south was the stark and gray building which had once been a lunatic asylum, but when society decided locking people up and punishing them for a mental illness didn’t work, it became a hospital. It’s grim, smoke-stained walls contrasted with the pristine snow.

Hardly any traffic went up or down the road. Private cars were still a rare commodity. The trolley bus struggled up the steep incline of Archway Road and its overhead connections flashed and sizzled on the cables. Pedestrians trudged through the bleak weather, women carrying heavy shopping and trying to control their children, who were the only ones to see joy in the white precipitation which had now blanketed the country for two months.

Had they looked up at the four story Victorian mansion, they would have been shocked that the two pretty females standing at the window planned sin and debauchery.

Sutra spoke softly to her sister, Kama's eyes glowed with the tension and expectation of possession of this man. She felt bitter with life. Sir Ralph was going to feel the anger she harbored on how fate had treated her. Kama felt it was her right to have the best. If she'd been born a generation earlier, wealth and privilege would have been hers. Now this war had robbed her of the finer things in life. She wanted revenge.

They glided over to Sir Ralph. Sutra held his handsome face cupped in her hands.

"We have decided how to punish you, Ralph," she breathed the words hotly into his face. "But there is a price."

"Alexander told me there would be," he choked the reply, conscious of the nearness of the two sisters.

"What will it be?" he gulped as Kama now appeared by her sister's side, eyes glowing with molten sadism.

"Your dignity first...then we'll have to see." She laughed mellifluously. He'd never heard so much expression of sensuality in a wicked cackle.

As Sutra continued to burn her face into Ralph's countenance, Kama strolled languidly to a cupboard, opened it and brought out rope and chains.

"Make yourself useful, dear Alexander, and push that wooden table into the center of the room away from the window. We don't want the whole of passing Highgate looking up and viewing the depravity of Sir Ralph, do we?"

When it was in position, the sisters sat on its edge and with insolent eyes looked at Ralph.

"Well, young man, the first thing we need to do is inspect your suitability for the tasks we have for you," Sutra said more to her sister than the isolated baronet.

"You heard my sister, Ralph," Kama turned on him in a severe voice. "Undress and throw your clothes over to us."

Sir Ralph started to undress. Tie, shirt, socks and shoes.

Then his pants.

“Don’t stop,” Sutra shrugged as if she no longer had any interest in him. He slid down his shorts, shyly threw them on the growing pile of clothes and lowered his eyes. It was the only thing to be lowered. His erection stood out. His cock was thick and Kama secretly admired the girth, even though her face showed nothing except the merest curling at the corner of her mouth. She stood up from the table and walked behind Ralph.

With a sudden panther movement, she grabbed his arms and pulled them back, immediately clapping handcuffs on his wrists. As she walked back in front of him, she slapped his ass.

Sutra went over to the pile of clothes and started to search through the pockets. She held up a gold watch and chain, taken from his vest. Casually, she tossed it to her sister. Kama caught it and turned to Ralph.

“Seems like we have found payment for our services, Ralph.”

“That’s a family heirloom,” he muttered in mild protest. Kama smirked, approached closer and hung the watch by the chain over his stiff cock. She looked over her shoulder at Sutra.

“I’ve heard of having time on your hands...but never on your cock.” The sisters raucously laughed. Lord Gresham joined in the joke.

Kama took the watch away, letting her hand dwell over the hardness of his shaft. Then without warning, she grabbed his hair and dragged him forward, pushing his head down so he was forced onto the table. Instantaneously, Sutra took rope and bound his head face down. Then she further secured him by winding more rope around his waist and up and over the table.

Barely able to lift his head and look forward, he saw the

sisters standing, gloating. Like a well-rehearsed act, they undid the buttons down the front of their dresses, and let them slip to the floor. For the first time, and he didn't know why his attention strayed there, Sir Ralph noticed the cheap square patterned linoleum floor covering. As his gaze remained down, the sisters' petticoats followed their dresses.

Ralph looked up. They stood in stockings, garter belts and bras. Their stance was confident, aggressive and sexually menacing. Sutra came to him. She climbed up on the table and sat straddled over his neck.

He was aware of the silk of her panties. He couldn't turn his head enough to see her but knew she was pushing her panties down enough to show the top of her pubic triangle. Her fingers slipped inside her panties and he heard the moan of her passion and the moist gliding of a finger in her own sex.

"When you were at home, Ralph, who punished you?" Kama asked in silky tones.

"What do you mean?" he struggled to answer, still tuned in to Sutra's self massage.

"Was it your nanny, your mother or perhaps you had fantasies about someone else?" Kama continued. "Answer truthfully, now."

Sir Ralph found it difficult to think with Sutra sitting on him, her moaning slithering into ecstatic dreams. Then an image came to him.

"Sophie," he murmured.

"Who was she?" Kama demanded.

"A kitchen maid."

Kama grinned and went back to the cupboard. She took something out and walked back in front of Ralph, her hands behind her back.

"Did your imagination wonder if she would spank you with this?" she smirked, and produced a huge wooden mixing

spoon. Sir Ralph just stared as Kama pushed the spoon into her panties and moved it about in a suggestive way.

Sauntering with more evocative movements, Kama went behind the prone Ralph. At the same time, Sutra turned around, so she now crouched on the small of his back. Her hand slipped under his body and felt the stiffness of his cock.

Without warning, Kama whacked Sir Ralph across his naked ass with her wooden spoon. Six times with rapid strokes she sought to inflict the punishment he desired. Through screams of sensual delight, he panted in excitement.

Then there was silence. He lay exhausted. An object jabbed tentatively at his ass. He felt the handle of the wooden spoon. Kama was pushing it into his rear. He tried to resist.

"I thought all your upper middle classes went in for a bit of buggery," Kama taunted. Sir Ralph clenched his teeth and waited for her to penetrate him. Instead, she moved the spoon away. Pushing her body back against his ass, he knew she had removed her panties. He felt the soft down of her pubic hair pressing, caressing his naked rear. Her hands went under his thighs and massaged him.

As Kama gyrated her body against him, her fingers worked speedily and increasingly fast. It only took her a few minutes to make him heave with lust as his cock violently twitched and shot its desire.

He felt his ropes being untied, then the handcuffs released. Sheepishly, he stood up, the moisture of his eruption very visible on the scrubbed pine table. Sutra scornfully threw him his clothes. He dressed and sat on an upright chair by the window.

Kama went over to Lord Gresham. She still hadn't put her panties back on. His hand explored up her inner thigh and into the nub of her sex.

"And now you have witnessed Sir Ralph's humiliation,

my darling Alexander, are you going to end your afternoon with your finger in my wet wonder, or..." She let the question hang.

"There is something I would pay a high price for," he said casually.

"And that would be?" Kama asked.

"That young woman who sometimes answers the door."

Kama moved out of his reach, went over and picked up her panties from the floor. Lord Gresham watched her all the way. He liked studying her as she bent over.

"You want that little mixed race half-sister of ours?" Sutra huffed.

"Could be fun," Lord Gresham said with a lascivious twist to his smile. "Invite her up and we'll get her drunk," he said with a wicked incline of his noble head.

"She doesn't drink," Kama put in.

"Even better. Pure innocence. Offer her a spiked soft drink," Lord Gresham said and his tongue licked over his lips.

"Might be interesting to see the little prude get shafted," Kama nodded to Sutra.

* * * *

"Come in, Cindy-Lou," Sutra enthused as her half-sister hovered at the door. As soon as she walked in, Lord Gresham and Sir Ralph couldn't take their eyes off her. It was this effect she had on men—when allowed to get near them—that made her sisters hate her.

"Do you want tea and cake? I think we've got one I made yesterday. But the shop..." Cindy-Lou stopped. The way the two men were looking at her made her feel uncomfortable.

"Don't fuss, Cindy-Lou. And don't stand there, close the door. We just wanted you to come up here and enjoy yourself."

Cindy-Lou tried to smile at Kama, but she didn't believe

her. Why, all of a sudden, did they care about her?

"A drink, my dear?" Lord Gresham asked and reached out with a glass.

"Sorry, sir, I don't drink," she smiled gently.

"It's only lemonade," he said with an expression full of innocence.

She hesitated, then thought it rude to refuse, so took the cup. As she sipped the liquid, four pair of eyes watched, each with its own image of what might follow.

"Another drink?" Lord Gresham didn't wait for Cindy-Lou's reply, pouring liquid into her glass and bringing it to the brim. The beautiful half-sister staggered a little. Sir Ralph was instantly on hand to help her sit down on the worn sofa. He liked the soft skin of her arm, and drooled over the perfect swell of her breasts under the plain blue and white striped dress.

She sat down and let her head relax against the antimacassar. Her gorgeous legs stretched forward. Lord Gresham felt a rapid stirring in his loins. This exquisite woman didn't wear stockings. Too expensive for semi-servants—but she didn't need them. *Such finger tingling legs*, he thought, and let his imagination wander farther up to those thighs and the warm virtuousness of her sex.

"You look a little flushed, Cindy-Lou," Kama said, pretending concern as she sat on the arm of the sofa.

"It's strange, I'm so hot...and my head is going around," Cindy-Lou muttered, as she fought to comprehend what was happening.

"My dear sister," Sutra said, snuggling next to Cindy-Lou and putting her palm on her half-sister's forehead, "You're like an oven. Stand up and let's take this dress off."

Although reluctant, Cindy-Lou complied and let Sutra and Kama help her to her feet. The buttons at the back of the

dress were rapidly undone and the blue and white garment slid to the floor.

The two men watched, transfixed and in sexual heaven. The sisters were not unaware of the male reaction and their pleasure at corrupting Cindy-Lou was tinged with envy that her body should send these admirers into such rapturous expressions.

Cindy-Lou stood unsteadily, her raven hair flowing down to her waist, skin the lightest brown, jet colored eyes and a figure to raise a thousand erection salute. Her simple white panties and bra gave an added innocence to her poise.

Lord Gresham came up to the three women, pouring more drink in Cindy-Lou's glass.

"Well, Alexander?" Sutra pouted in triumph. "What is this pretty present worth? It'll have to be something special if you're to unwrap it and have your wicked way with the girl."

Lord Gresham took out a black leather wallet with the family crest in gold. He held up a white, new five pound note. To the common person, that was more than a week's wages. He then added another note. Ten pounds. He salivated at the thought of the woman and the 'ugly' sisters salivated thinking about how they would spend the money.

"Am I included in this?" Sir Ralph asked.

"Do you want Cindy-Lou as well?" Sutra asked as she turned to look at him. "We know Alexander wants to shag the wench. What is your predilection, Sir Ralph?"

Lord Gresham burst out laughing. "My friend, Ralph, has an anal fixation. I'll wager after you've caned his ass, he'll want to stick his cock in the rear of this beauty." Still guffawing, he added another five pound note and kissed Kama.

"That should buy us both time with your half-sister. Are you two ladies staying to watch the fun?"

Sutra looked at Kama. Their thoughts were the same. Hating Cindy-Lou for the lust she inspired in these men, yet experiencing spite to be present when she was defiled and used.

Sutra pushed the swaying Cindy-Lou toward Lord Gresham. "She's all yours, my Lord."

The ignoble lord picked up Cindy-Lou and dumped her unceremoniously on the sofa. He sat beside her and let his hands wander over her neck and to the edge of her bra, breathing heavily as he felt the warmth and roundness of her breasts.

"I trust you sisters are not in a hurry. This is not something to be rushed. Fucking such a beautiful creature is to be savored." As Lord Gresham spoke, his eyes never left admiring Cindy-Lou's body. His head went down, caressing her neck, letting his tongue taste the sweetness of her skin. Even in her deep alcoholic haze, she started to struggle. Her seducer took her wrists and pinned her arms down and over her head, at the same time, sliding his body on top of hers.

The door burst open. Zipper stood there.

"What the hell do you want? Get out of here," Kama flew at him. He didn't move.

"Sir Lionel is ringing for his tea...and insisting Miss Cindy-Lou take it up to him."

There was silence. Lord Gresham got up. Sutra glowered at Zipper, then went to Cindy-Lou with the blue and white dress, pulled it on and helped the girl toward Zipper.

"The little minx has been drinking." She practically spat the words. Freddie Zipper didn't answer but gave her a look that left no doubt he didn't believe a word she'd said. With great care and love, he helped Cindy-Lou down the stairs to the kitchens, made up a bed on the couch in the corner and let her sleep for the rest of the day.

* * * *

Sir Lionel Winkler put his head around the kitchen door.

“Is Cindy-Lou feeling better?”

Zipper gave him an indulgent smile. “See for yourself, she’s sitting up and eating a boiled egg.” Her father walked quickly over to see his daughter, looking over his shoulder to make sure Sutra and Kama weren’t behind. Luckily, they’d stayed in the hall, waiting for him as the taxi to take them to the Frobishers’ party had arrived.

Zipper hadn’t told Sir Lionel how his youngest daughter came to be feeling unwell. He knew the old man loved her, but wished he’d stand up to the two dragons—Sutra and Kama.

“That’s good you’re eating an egg, my dear,” Sir Lionel said soothingly, and tried to hide his feelings inside. He hoped the egg wasn’t the last one in the house. If they had to wait till Monday to get more supplies on their ration books and Sutra went without her Sunday morning egg, there’d be hell to pay.

He dearly loved Cindy-Lou but his late wife, naturally, took against the girl when the little bundle was dumped on their doorstep, and every day the pretty thing grew bigger, reminding Lady Winkler of her husband’s lust for that maid. It was a social disgrace she never forgave, right up to her death bed scene with Sir Lionel, when she made him promise to favor the union of their legal marriage, not the outcome of a fuck with the servants. He agreed and vowed it was just the once with the maid. He kept his fingers crossed behind his back and said a silent prayer, asking for forgiveness. It would have been cruel to tell his wife about all the other occasions...in the linen cupboard, over the kitchen table, on the back seat of the Daimler car, in a hotel room in Brighton, ad fucking infinitum.

“See you later, sweetie.” Sir Lionel kissed Cindy-Lou, left

the kitchen and went up to the hall.

“Father, we’ve been waiting for you for ages,” Sutra said, tapping her foot in an annoyed and petulant manner.

“We really mustn’t be late for the Frobishers’ party, Father,” Kama added with a batting of her false eyelashes.

They swept out of the house and into the waiting taxi. Zipper looked up from the basement area and saw them leave. He turned and smiled kindly at Cindy-Lou. She wiped away a tear and sighed, “Oh, Freddie, why can’t I go to the Ball?”

Imperial Visit

Zipper insisted Cindy-Lou rest, while he took care of all the chores. He cleared up the mess Kama and Sutra had left in their bedrooms—clothes dropped everywhere—cleaned the glasses away, set a fire in the grates to light later, and washed up after their light supper.

“So, Cindy-Lou, what do you fancy doing? A game of cards?”

“Going to the Ball,” she shrugged.

“Sorry, honey, I can’t arrange that.”

“I know,” he said with added gusto, to divert her attention from her sadness, “What about I show you those photos of me in Italy? That normally cheers you up.”

“Did you bring anything back from the war, Freddie?”

“A few useless medals and a piece of a bullet in my leg,” he said, making a joke of it.

“What medals?” Cindy-Lou asked.

Freddie Zipper went to a drawer in the sideboard and produced a battered red cardboard box. He put it on the table and opened the lid. There were three medals inside, two glittered and one was old and dull.

“That’s pretty,” Cindy-Lou touched one.

“Got that for being at Monte Casino,” Zipper said, “And this one they gave everybody just for turning up.”

“Is that a joke, Freddie?”

“Almost.”

Cindy-Lou fingered the third one, realizing it was a coin.

“Where did you get that?”

“From someone special.”

“Hey, that sounds interesting. Tell me more.”

He looked embarrassed and shuffled in his chair as they sat around the table. His fingers fiddled with the box of matches on the table. They were used to light the fire, he hated smoking. It was a habit both the sisters indulged in. Where they got the money for them, he could only imagine. Must have been more men friends and more tricks.

“Yes, it was a girl. We got very friendly the two weeks I was billeted with them. Just outside Rome. When I left, she gave me this as a keepsake. Said it was very old, almost two thousand years.”

“Wow,” was all Cindy-Lou could say.

“And she said it was magic,” Freddie added.

Cindy-Lou picked it up. “It’s very grubby. What does it say?” She tried to read the inscription on the coin. Picking up a duster, she polished it. There was a crash like one of those infernal flying bombs she remembered at the end of the war. V-bombers she thought they were called. The kitchen became filled with an acrid red smoke, and Zipper and Cindy-Lou coughed and wheezed.

Slowly, the smoke cleared. A figure began to emerge. Standing by the black range stove, leaning elegantly was a man. A man in a toga with a laurel wreath on his head.

Zipper moved close to Cindy-Lou, both to protect her and for the comfort of nearness. He felt his heart pounding and his body shaking. War experiences were one thing. Apparitions in the kitchen were something else.

“Who are you?” he asked hesitatingly.

“Oh, please, you plebe, don’t you recognize a god when one appears?” the figure haughtily replied without looking at

them, but holding his imperious pose.

“You’re a god?” Cindy-Lou stammered.

“So the people say,” the ghost said. He strode majestically around the room, running his finger over the table, radio and china, sneering all the time as if he disapproved of everything.

“Still don’t know who I am?” he asked. They shook their heads.

“The Emperor Caligula,” he intoned. “Of course, Caligula is only a nickname that stuck. My great father, Germanicus, held me up to the troops in some campaign. I’d been dressed up by mother in a little Roman soldier’s uniform, complete with boots. The troops banged their shields and shouted “Caligula, Caligula.” He beamed authoritatively at them. They stared back with blank expressions.

“Oh, for Jupiter’s sake. It’s Latin for little boots,” he huffed.

Gaining more courage, Cindy-Lou asked, “Why are you a god?”

Caligula sat on the edge of the table, arranging his toga meticulously.

“Slept with my mother, my sister, two horses, numerous patrician class women and at least four members of the Praetorian guards—that’s enough to make anyone divine. Anyway, enough of this banter. Why did you summon me here...wherever here is?”

“All I did was rub this coin,” Cindy-Lou said quietly, in awe of the Emperor.

Caligula regally held out his hand to see the coin. Zipper took it from Cindy-Lou and showed it to him.

“That’s my portrait on there,” Caligula boasted. “You see, everything to do with me is magic. But never mind that. Just tell me what you want.”

Zipper nudged Cindy-Lou to encourage her to speak up.

She thought, then slowly spoke.

“I’d like to go to the Ball.”

Caligula scratched his head and straightened the laurel leaf crown at the same time.

“What is a Ball?”

“It’s a party...sort of entertainment,” Zipper offered.

“Anything like an orgy?” Caligula seemed interested for the first time.

“No, it’s a grand dance,” Cindy-Lou answered.

Caligula looked disappointed.

“So what do you need my help for? Just go along and gatecrash,” he huffed irritably.

“They wouldn’t let me in,” Cindy-Lou sighed. The Roman Emperor gave her an incomprehensible stare. He didn’t understand the concept.

“So, what do you need? A few cutthroat Centurions? I can do you a nice line in Germanic warriors. Absolutely the scum of the Empire.”

“I was thinking more in terms of a Ball gown, a posh car and a forged invitation,” Cindy-Lou said with exasperation.

“Great Jupiter, a woman with attitude. Right, let’s get this over with.”

“Should I try to find some mice or...” Zipper said softly to the Emperor.

“Oh, please, not all that ridiculous stuff. I’m a Roman Emperor, for Jupiter’s sake, not a primitive Briton that dear Julius tried to convince the Senate was worth civilizing. Remember, Rome is the center of the world. Next you’ll be trying to say there is land west of Gaul!”

Caligula made an exaggerated gesture with his hand as if he was signaling the death of some poor gladiator at the games. There was a great rush of air and Cindy-Lou stood in a fabulous designer-style evening gown. Must have been by

some chic Paris house. On the table was a gold-edged invitation card.

“That what you want, young lady? And, don’t worry, outside is the sleekest limousine you’ve ever seen.” Caligula held his hand up to stop her thanks. “Just one thing...and I have to give you this warning.” He coughed and made ready for a dramatic reading.

“Remember, you must be home before the water-clock in the house of the Vestal Virgin...” he paused. “Sorry, that’s the Latin version. Be back home by midnight, honey, or all this magic will go.”

“How can...” Cindy-Lou tried to speak.

“Not another word. Consider it a gracious act by the great Caligula.” He took her hand and kissed it.

“You’re a beautiful woman, Cindy-Lou. Don’t suppose we are related, are we?”

She shook her head.

“Pity. Incest is such a turn-on for me.” He smiled arrogantly, waved imperially and was gone.

“Well, what are you waiting for, Cindy-Lou?” Zipper encouraged. “Off to the Ball and knock ’em dead.”

* * * *

“Well, let’s hope she has a good time.” Zipper chewed on a cheese sandwich and threw a piece to Cedric, a little white mouse. He’d been Zipper’s friend for two years. Even Cindy-Lou didn’t know.

“Has he gone?” the mouse squeaked.

“Caligula?”

“Yes.”

“Why, do you know him?”

“Do I know him!” Cedric rolled his little black eyes. “My friendship with the Emperor nearly brought the Empire down.”

Zipper didn't answer. He inclined his head slightly in a gesture to indicate the floor belonged to Cedric.

The mouse leaned carefully back on a box, wary that it wasn't a mousetrap, then staring wistfully into space, he began.

"Caligula was the darling of the people at the beginning. Couldn't do any wrong. Some stud as well. I got to know him during his orgy days. I used to sit and admire his technique. I could see how he could attract the Roman women. He may have been nicknamed 'little boots' but there wasn't anything diminutive about his cock. Used to be an old Roman saying—'He came, he saw, he fucked them'—that was about Caligula."

Zipper tried to show an interest but saw this as another one of Cedric's long, rambling stories. The mouse caught his expression.

"Don't worry, I'm getting to the point. One day, the Senate asked Caligula to attend their forum. The old leader, Septimus Infectious, stood up and addressed the mighty Caesar. They told him it was fine by them if he was shagging half of Rome's noble women, that he had made a horse pro-consul, had this thing about his mother, spent money on extravagant games...but there was a rumor going around that the Emperor was talking to a mouse."

"Why did that worry them?" Zipper asked curiously.

"Cheese," Cedric answered knowingly.

"Cheese!"

"Yep, the whole Empire was about cheese. Just consider. They invaded Gaul, Greece, Carthage through Germany, even nipped over the English Channel and chased the Celts. But tell me this. Why didn't they attack Switzerland? Simple. Cheese."

"I don't get it, Cedric."

“Didn’t want to interrupt cheese production in Switzerland. The whole Empire depended on it.”

Cedric droned on for some time. Zipper listened but his attention was elsewhere. He kept glancing up at the clock, wondering how Cindy-Lou was getting on at the Ball.

Let's Party

The Frobisher house stood on large grounds in the elite district of St. John's Wood, North London, only a few miles from the center of the city. Gerald Frobisher had a good war. He made pots of money. No one knew exactly how. He was a wheeler and dealer who traded in almost anything that had a large profit margin. It was even rumored he had loaned money to the British government during the war—probably to buy the very armaments he was somehow procuring himself.

The old guard in the country, the landed gentry and nobility, looked down on his sort, but times were changing, and Gerald didn't care a bugger about the snobs. In fact, he had deliberately bought his way into the exclusive cricket club at the nearby world-renowned Lord's ground. He couldn't stand the game of cricket, didn't understand it, but he knew his membership annoyed the old farts who thought it their right to be at such a hallowed place.

He moved in a circle where money talked. Gerald Frobisher believed it was the only thing that mattered. Kama and Sutra were desperate to be part of this clan and would do anything to have money. At that very moment, Sutra was demonstrating her willingness.

Guy Barclay was married. He'd decided he needed respectability, so wed the third daughter of an impoverished Duke. Barclay supplied the wealth, his wife brought old

dignity to the partnership. But when it came to pleasure, Hilda Barclay was no fun. Guy looked elsewhere to satisfy his lusts.

The Frobisher house was decorated in an attempt at Neo-Classical Robert Adam's style, and if Sutra cared to look around her, she'd have seen a reasonable effort reproducing the paintings of Kauffmann. Her attention was on Guy Barclay.

He'd maneuvered her out into the gallery where Gerald Frobisher displayed his taste in art. Somewhere in the rest of the house, music played as the partygoers enjoyed themselves.

"So tell me about your house on the south coast at Bournemouth, Guy," Sutra simpered.

"Just somewhere to retreat and take spins in the yacht," he grinned.

"Does Mrs. Barclay enjoy your passion for the sea?"

He gave her the type of look, which in puritan times, could have got one arrested. "No, my sweet Sutra, it's a private place where I entertain away from the bustle of London."

She sensed her chance. "What does a girl have to do to get an invitation to indulge in the luxuries of this paradise?" She threw down the opening offer. It was now Guy's move. He kissed her. It wasn't the contact of their lips which gave her warning of his intentions, but the hardness of his loins pressing into her stomach. As his face pulled back, she was very aware that his vulture eyes were looking down her cleavage at breasts displayed in her Empire style gown.

"I'm a businessman at heart, my lovely lady. You be good to me and I'll be even better to you," he said as his mouth kissed the top of her breasts and gently pushed her into an alcove they shared with a marble statue of some Greek goddess. Sutra recognized all the signs in Guy. He was a male

whose thermometer heated up quickly. They weren't like females who had many settings from freezing through sultry to hot. These men had cold and mercury bubbling over. Guy had just passed boiling point. She needed to take the heat out of him before he tried to screw her standing up. Sutra wasn't going to give him everything until she'd milked his wealth much more.

Her hand rubbed down his thigh and felt the awakened beast, uncompromisingly stiff.

"I think you could do with some relief, Guy," she simpered and as if curtseying, slid down to her knees. When men sense sex, they lose the power of rational speech and revert to simian grunts. Guy made a noise like a laboring steam pump as Sutra unbuttoned him and worked his hardness out into her full view.

Still he spoke no lucid word, only the lustful grunting urges of the male cock seeking satisfaction.

"This is just to show you what you could enjoy with me," Sutra soothed with tempting voice, and began to lightly rub her fingers up and down his shaft. He moaned and placed his hands on her shoulders, and directed her face toward the bulbous pink cap of his erection.

Sutra licked and lapped her tongue around his gorged cock, flickered her eyes momentarily up to gauge his reaction, then took his hardness into her mouth. *This better be worth it*, Sutra thought, deciding Guy wasn't the subtle sort, savoring the delicacies of a slow blowjob.

Holding his cock in the palm of her hand, she worked him rapidly, pumping and sucking in equal passion. She sensed his gyrations and knew he would quickly shed the lust in his balls. *Where shall I take you, Guy? To taste and swallow, or let your juices trickle down my face and neck? That is the question.*

Trying to explain stains on her dress wouldn't be easy, so

she massaged Guy even harder and felt the vibrations in his cock, followed by the warm, salty taste of his eruption.

Sutra stood up and kissed him, making sure he knew the viscous coating on her lips was his promise to her for goods times in the future.

* * * *

“Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for attending our Ball. We felt in these austere times, we needed to show our friends what a good time means.” Gerald Frobisher grinned around the room, taking full pride in his ostentatious speech and the envy many people secretly felt about his wealth.

“But we have another surprise for you,” he continued and paused for the effect to sink in. “Tonight, I am honored that a very special guest is with us.” He again held them in suspense, gave a flourish of his right arm toward the double door, and waited as they opened.

“Please welcome the most eligible bachelor in Europe, the Crown-Prince of Breswick-Lenenstein...” A tall, handsome man, with wavy brown hair, puppy-dark eyes and serenity of face, walked in. He was dressed in the uniform of an admiral. As the applause broke out amongst the two hundred guests, the irony didn’t dawn on a single one that Breswick-Lenenstein was a landlocked country, were the navy would have a two hundred mile journey to reach the sea.

The stately young man walked solemnly through the admiring crowd, waving and nodding with dignity.

Sutra stood next to her sister and whispered, “Just imagine all that money, all that power, all that body.”

“Hey, sister, I don’t normally pull rank, but I am the oldest twin by fifteen minutes...and I saw him first,” Kama muttered back through her barely opened mouth.

To Sutra’s delight, the Prince stopped and talked to Guy Barclay. *Surely a man who’d had his cock in her mouth could*

introduce her to this desirable piece of male property, she mused.

As Sutra pushed her unladylike way through the milling crowd, Kama hung on to her sister's gown. She wasn't going to let her sister have an expensive dick without getting her share. Feet away from the prince, they were foiled in their efforts.

Mrs. Frobisher, standing at the large windows overlooking the drive, gave out a forced scream. Everyone stopped and then rapidly moved closer to look at what had caused her consternation.

An enormous stretch limousine had pulled up outside the house. The crowd held its collective breath. The chauffeur got out, moved to the rear door, opened it and saluted.

Out stepped the most stunning sight. A young woman of shining ochre skin, flawless black hair, gathered and held by a diamond-encrusted tiara, a flowing golden dress, cut low to partly reveal swelling breasts of perfect form, and beauty of face that made the men swoon and harden like quick-drying cement.

The Crown-Prince turned to Gerald Frobisher, who was by his side, and said, "Make sure that lady gets to dance with me."

* * * *

The list of ladies to dance with the Crown-Prince was endless. Next in line was Sutra. She came forward and Mrs. Frobisher made the introductions.

"This, your Highness, is..."

"Sutra Winkler," Guy Barclay prompted, as he stood by the Prince. Mrs. Barclay, also part of the entourage, tutted to herself, conscious of the circumstances behind her husband's knowledge of this tart. She suffered from her nerves, and earlier in the evening had sought peace away from the main Ball. Whilst sitting quietly in the corner of the gallery behind

a large palm, she'd been surprised to hear the moaning of a man. She poked her head out just in time to see her husband's cock poking out—and poking in the willing mouth of the woman now in front of her.

The Prince held out his hand, walked onto the dance floor and held Sutra, ready for a foxtrot.

"You dance divinely, Miss Winkler," he said as they came out of a twirl.

"Please, your Highness, call me Sutra. In fact, call me anytime you like." She pushed her body hard into his, and gave him a wink, which would signal sexual pleasure to a shortsighted celibate monk.

"And what shall I call you, Prince?" Sutra smooched.

"My name is Dimitri Ivanovitch Sergai Kresoff Mikhail Pavlov...but you can call me Dim."

"Well...Dim, why don't we slip away from all these crowds and get to know each other better?" Sutra said as they executed a few nifty steps in the dance routine.

"You are a lovely lady, Sutra, but you must understand, the woman I am seeking to be the mother of my children must be of exemplary character. She will be the mother of the heir to the throne of our ancient country."

They sidled slowly to the center of the dance floor. Sutra played sweet tunes with her hand on his waist.

"My darling Prince, my body is as pure as a temple."

He gave her a bow as the music ended and smiled charmingly, but thought, *I might be Dim, but I'm not stupid!*

No sooner had Sutra curtsied, than Kama muscled in for her dance.

Out on the floor, she tried all her allure to win Prince Dimitri. She saw this was failing, so quickly changed track and went for the openly sexual bait.

"How about we meet later on and go in for a bit of

horizontal dancing, your Highness?"

He grinned politely. "You are very forward, Kama."

She looked him straight in the eyes. "Forward, backward, sideways...tell me what you like, I'll go for any position."

"You must appreciate, my lovely Kama, that the woman I marry must be chaste."

Kama danced even closer and whispered, "Don't have any worries about me, Prince, I've chased more men than are in your navy."

The conversation abruptly ended with the music. Prince Dimitri sought refuge with his entourage. Turning to talk to Gerald Frobisher, he again set his eyes on the ravishing woman who had arrived earlier. She hadn't made any approach to request a dance with the Prince, but something about her captivated his heart. He walked through the throng and approached the woman.

"Please excuse the intrusion, but I would be honored if you would have the next dance with me," he asked.

She seemed shy and unsure. Prince Dimitri held out his hand. She demurred and as everyone looked on, they danced alone. When the music finished, Prince Dimitri held the young lady tight.

"Do not go. Let's dance some more."

They stayed in each other's arms for the foxtrot, a waltz, a vigorous samba, and then brought the house down when showing their modern steps to a Sinatra number. When they left the dance floor, Prince Dimitri led her out into the annex and everyone wondered what they were doing, but were too polite to intrude.

Four eyes turned green. Sutra and Kama thought the woman was familiar, but that was of no interest. They were seething with envy that the Prince was spending time with this woman and not them.

“I offered him everything,” Sutra sulked.

“Usual tactics then,” Kama huffed cattily.

“So, what did you give him? A kinky session with the whips and rope?” Sutra spat back.

“Look who’s talking,” Kama said with a stamp of her foot. “I suppose you know it’s said more men have been up you than the Eiffel Tower.”

Sir Lionel Winkler came over just in time to stop the fight at the same time as Prince Dimitri and the mysterious woman walked back into the Ballroom. He was about to say something, when a chime echoed in the house and through Cindy-Lou’s head.

The first chime of midnight. She pulled her hand out of the Prince’s. The second chime. She looked around in panic. The third chime. Where would she run? The fourth chime. The crowds staring at her. Fifth chime. Sees the door. Sixth chime. Running wildly. Seventh chime. Lifts up hem of dress and bolts for safety. Eighth chime. Hears Prince Dimitri calling after her. Ninth chime. Gets to the door. Tenth chime. Trying to reach the car. Eleventh chime. So scared. Twelve chime. Limousine disappears and with horror, she sees she is no longer wearing her lovely gown, but just her underwear.

Interludes On The Way

“Cindy-Lou!” Sutra hollered down the stairs. The young woman hurried up to the lounge with the freshly ironed blouses.

“Come on, girl, what have you been doing?” Kama chided her half-sister.

“The cooking, cleaning, ironing and...” Cindy-Lou began the list.

“Don’t be insolent or cheeky,” Kama cut her off.

“And when our gentleman friends arrive, show them up to the room at the top,” Sutra added.

As the two sisters went upstairs to their bedrooms to try on the freshly ironed clothes, Kama grabbed Cindy-Lou’s arm.

“My friend, Sir Ralph, is due here this afternoon. Despite you refusing him last time, he still fancies you. We could all make a nice bit of money if you’d be good to him.”

Cindy-Lou showed abhorrence in her expression. Kama saw it.

“Please yourself. You really are a kill-joy and a pain in the ass.” Then Kama went upstairs with a wicked grin on her face, thinking Cindy-Lou would have a pain in the ass after an evening with Sir Ralph and his particular kinky desires.

She hadn’t got halfway up the stairs, when there was a loud knocking at the door. At first, she didn’t take an interest, hearing Zipper go and answer. Then she heard the voice of

Prince Dimitri.

Within ten minutes, Sutra, Kama and Sir Lionel Winkler were entertaining the Crown-Prince in the drawing room.

“Zipper, where is Cindy-Lou?” Kama asked impatiently.

“Making dinner,” he lied. When she came home last night, distressed and tired, he’d made sure she went to bed.

“Well, we want tea for the Prince,” Sutra insisted.

“I’ll get it,” Zipper assured her and left the room.

“So, your Highness, why do you honor us with your presence this early in the morning?” Sir Lionel asked.

Sutra hoped he had been fascinated by her figure and was here to shag her regally. Kama sat on the sofa, still dressed in her nightgown, crossing her legs repeatedly and winking at Prince Dimitri. She was already planning how her mouth would take his cock.

The Crown-Prince coughed and looked at the two sisters.

“Something wonderful happened to me last night at the Ball.”

Sutra and Kama eyed each other, jealous that either may have scored with this handsome man.

“I knew as soon as I saw her face, she was special...and two hours later, I was sure.”

Couldn’t have been, Kama, Sutra thought, her rides take under half an hour and blow jobs are over in ten minutes.

Kama sat contented, now knowing it wasn’t Sutra. *The Prince would never have lasted two hours with her. She eats men much quicker than that.*

“Explain, please, your Highness,” Sir Lionel urged.

“I found the woman of my dreams last night...then lost her,” he sighed.

The door opened and Zipper walked in with the tray, unobtrusively putting the cups and saucers on a side table.

“Who was this woman?” Sir Lionel continued his

investigation.

“Alas, I don’t know. I asked her name but she wouldn’t give it.”

“So why are you here?” Sir Lionel asked and handed the Prince a slice of Dundee cake.

The Crown-Prince paced slowly but with obvious agitation. Sir Lionel feared for the last of his bone china cups.

“Her beauty and mystery have confused my mind, but I just know I can recognize her again. Tomorrow afternoon I would like you”...he looked at Sutra and Kama...“to come along to the Ballroom at Gerald Frobisher’s home. There I will put a little test of mine in action. That will tell me who the lady I love is.”

Kama fluttered her eyelashes.

“Dear Prince, we are so flattered you wish to decide between us...although I am certain it will be me.”

Prince Dimitri smiled enigmatically. “Well, ladies, it could well be one of you. But then again, it could have been any one of the one hundred beauteous women I have invited.” He bowed graciously and left the room, Zipper escorted him to the door and talked to him about a matter he wished to discuss.

“One hundred women!” Sutra screamed after he’d gone. She threw her cup across the room. Sir Lionel winced as it hit the wall and shattered. Sutra stamped her foot and flounced up to her bedroom. Kama stopped her father from following.

“Leave her be. She’ll give the vibrator a good going over and get the rage out of her system,” she scorned.

Sir Lionel privately tutted at his daughter’s language.

* * * *

The River Thames was not an enormous river. By the standards of the Mississippi or Nile, it was a stream. From his home in Highgate, North London, Sir Lionel Winkler

traveled the six miles to central London, crossed the river at Chelsea Bridge and then continued into the south London suburbs. The district of Battersea was bitterly scarred from the war. At its heart was Clapham Junction, a mass of train lines, intersecting in a bewildering pattern. It had been a target for many a night raid from the sky, and the area showed extensive bombing damage.

Sir Lionel had traveled to central London on the subway, but now had to get the number forty-five bus to his destination at Lavender Hill. This was a working class area, with many streets leading off the main thoroughfare lined with tenement houses. What were called two-up, two-down, meaning they had a living room and kitchen downstairs and two bedrooms on the single upper story. Many still had outside toilets built as annexes and concrete air raid shelters in the small backyards.

The bus crawled up the incline of Lavender Hill, slipping occasionally on the icy road.

"This is your stop, Gov'nor," the bus conductor called to Sir Lionel as the big red double-decker bus came to a halt.

The impoverished baronet got off and stood in front of an old derelict, boarded-up building. He looked close. It said 'Shakespeare Theater'. He wondered why it was completely closed. There was a notice on the wall. He read it.

It told of the bomb that fell on the building at just after six o'clock in the evening in May, 1944. Not only did it gut the interior, but also ten people standing at the bus stop were killed.

Sir Lionel turned left and onto Latchmere Road. At number seventeen, he knocked on the door. He waited only a few minutes. A middle-aged lady answered. Her dark hair and skin were gorgeous. They looked at each other. Then, once inside the narrow hallway, they kissed.

“You have come, Lionel?”

“It’s Sunday. I always come on Sunday.”

The couple went into what she called her front parlor. The table was spread out with bread and margarine. Butter was not available. The jam was blackcurrant, homemade from the two bushes she grew in the small garden. She poured the tea as they sat opposite each other on the wooden dining chairs.

“Will this snow ever go?” she asked with a shake of the head. Sir Lionel smiled and remembered. All those years ago, it was the way her head shook gently that first made her so attractive.

“It can only get better,” he replied.

“And us, Lionel?”

“That will get better.”

“You have said that for over twenty years.” Her words were not criticism, there was no rancor in her voice.

He looked down at his blackcurrant jam sandwich. When his eyes again met hers, she was smiling. The woman got up and held her hands out.

“Come on, Lionel.”

He followed her up the stairs, with their faded maroon carpet. At the top, she went into the front bedroom, discreetly pulled the green drapes and started to get undressed. Lionel took his shirt off, then sitting on the bed, undid the laces on his shoes. When they were both naked, the woman slipped into the single bed and Lionel squeezed in with her. He kissed her black hair, with its first signs of a gray sheen.

“How is our daughter, Cindy-Lou?” she asked. Lionel felt her small, but firm breasts.

“Don’t ask me how I know, but I have this feeling she will soon be very happy.”

The Prince's Test

"Please, please, ladies. This is bound to take time. A little patience, please."

Gerald Frobisher shrugged in frustration and silently signaled to his wife to help control the ninety-nine women in the Ballroom. The one-hundredth was in a side room being interviewed by Prince Dimitri. If it was going to take this long to talk to one, Gerald dreaded trying to control the rest of these young females.

His wife did her best to form an orderly queue.

"It's so fucking unfair," Sutra complained.

"Alphabetical order seemed the best way," Mrs. Frobisher replied with an attempt at a smile, but thinking these two sisters were just too much for her. She was grateful her own daughter didn't dress so provocatively. This Sutra woman had a tight sweater and uplift bra, which made her look like some Amazonian war goddess. And those tight pants her sister, Kama, wore, were enough to inflame any male.

Sutra gave Mrs. Frobisher a withering look, and realized there were no candidates with initials in their family name of X, Y or Z. *Winkler! Who the hell wanted a name like Winkler? Now, Pavlov—that was grand. Princess Sutra Pavlov.*

Then the thought struck her. K was before S. Fucking hell, even Kama would get to be interviewed before her!

"So what do you think this is all about?" The question came from a young redhead in front of them. She chewed gum

constantly.

“Prince Dimitri is selecting a wife,” Sutra replied and rolled her eyes contemptuously at the woman. She looked her over and decided she was no competition. Much too innocent. Couldn’t seduce the milkman, let alone European Royalty.

* * * *

“At last,” Kama almost spat the words as Mrs. Frobisher told her it was her turn to go in and see Prince Dimitri.

Kama Winkler walked toward Dimitri, her hips swayed and she made sure her curtsy was low enough to let him see down her blouse, having previously undone two extra buttons.

“I’m sorry to keep you waiting,” he bowed, returning her genuflection, but in a more dignified manner.

“Would you care to sit or stand, Miss Winkler?”

She’d preferred to lie down with him.

“I’ll stand, your Highness.”

“Let me explain the purpose of this unusual gathering,” he began. Kama heard the word unusual and interpreted it as kinky. She wriggled slightly, thinking if it was deviant sex he was after, she was his woman. Like most normal things, Kama had got it wrong.

“Last night at the Ball, Miss Winkler, I fell in love. The experience was so profound, it has made me almost lose my mind. Something happened between this beautiful woman and me. It sent me so crazy with love, that I can hardly remember every detail of the evening. But I know if I can again capture that moment, I will have found my dream.” He finished his minor oration and had that lovelorn look which made him appear like a handsome Bambi. Kama had experienced most things, but the sickness of love was not one of them. Nevertheless, she smiled and took a step closer to the Prince.

“So, if I understand you right, Prince Dimitri, you want

me to do with you what we did last evening?”

“Right and wrong, Miss Winkler. I want you to do what I did with this exquisite girl. Only then will I know if it was or was not you.”

Kama’s life consisted of sex, flavored with sex and then for a change, more sex. She liked sex. Strangely enough, she mistrusted men. Although she smiled at the heir to the throne of landlocked Breswick-Lenenstein, she had a wicked thought. What a story this would make if the cunning Prince was after free sex with most of the eligible woman at the Ball. Invent this tale and then ask each of them to act out what he purported had happened. If it was a shag he said he’d had last night with his dream girl, he’d already propositioned ninety-eight woman today. *Surely he didn’t have that much stamina?*

“And what deed would you like me to perform, your Highness?”

He lowered his eyes momentarily, then took hold of her hand and whispered in her ear.

“With both hands?” she asked with wide eyes but not legless.

* * * *

Five minutes later, it was Sutra standing before Prince Dimitri, listening to the same story. Her lust was even greater than her sister’s. When he whispered the command into her ear, she couldn’t keep quiet and thought the request needed spicing up. She had a reputation amongst her male friends for not being able to keep her mouth closed—before, during or after sex.

“That’s no problem, you sexy Prince. But let me show you more.”

“That won’t be...” he tried to speak. She pressed up against him, raising her knee up high. His throat dried, as the perfume on her neck overpowered him. Sutra saw the glazed

look in his eye and maneuvered the Prince backward toward a sofa. His resistance started to crumble as Sutra pushed him down. Quickly, she straddled him and undid the few remaining buttons on her blouse.

“Don’t look so concerned, Prince. Are you worried about your position?”

“Being Crown-Prince is onerous,” he gulped.

“Silly, Dimitri. I meant your sexual position,” Sutra giggled.

“This is not what I had in mind, young lady,” he weakly protested.

“Then clear your mind and dirty your thoughts,” she grinned lasciviously.

* * * *

“You’ve got to let us in,” Zipper remonstrated with the soldier who was barring the way at the front door of the Frobisher house. The guard had been assigned to the Crown-Prince by the British government. They considered Breswick-Lenenstein an insignificant county, but only a few years after the conflict in Europe, they were wary of any international incident. The country of Breswick-Lenenstein was so thin and narrow, its main exports were rope and spaghetti. But it was strategically placed between two previous adversaries, so friendship with the principality was sought.

“I’m sorry, sir. You and this young lady can’t go in,” the soldier insisted.

At that moment, Sir Lionel Winkler arrived, having been told his two daughters were at the house seeking a betrothal with Prince Dimitri.

“What are you doing here, Zipper...and Cindy-Lou?”

“Please, Sir Lionel, I must get Cindy-Lou in the house.”

The minor baronet turned to the soldier.

“Look here, young man, my name is Sir Lionel Winkler,

and I'll vouch for these two people. Won't you let them in?"

The soldier wasn't impressed with the old man, but he did think the young woman was a real beauty.

"Okay, in you go. But don't say I let you in," he grudgingly said, but gave Cindy-Lou a wink.

"Please tell me what we are doing here, Zipper?" she asked, fighting for breath as he hurried her on.

"And while you're about it, tell me too," Sir Lionel persisted.

"You'll see," is all Freddie Zipper would say. He'd been saying that ever since he'd hurriedly hustled Cindy-Lou out of her house and jumped on a bus to get to the Frobisher mansion.

"Why so secretive, Zipper?" Sir Lionel puffed. "Next you'll be saying a little bird told you something."

"No, actually it was a mouse," Zipper answered seriously.

They burst into the Ballroom, just as Prince Dimitri escorted Sutra from a side room.

"What are you doing here?" Kama asked indignantly as she saw her half-sister. "And you, Zipper. Are all our servants taking leave of their senses?"

"Father!" Sutra exclaimed.

The Prince stood and surveyed the little family scene. His eyes concentrated on one person. Cindy-Lou.

"Who is this?" he quietly asked Mrs. Frobisher. She shrugged and looked to her husband for help.

"This is my third daughter," Sir Lionel said.

"A servant," Kama and Sutra answered in unison.

"Which one is it?" Prince Dimitri asked.

"Can I explain?" Zipper bowed slightly to the Prince.

"What's the point?" Sutra scoffed. "The ragamuffin wasn't even at the Ball. How can she have brought the Prince to a rapture of desire?"

“Perhaps he should be the judge,” Zipper persisted, “And it looks like he hasn’t found the woman of his dreams yet.”

Kama and Sutra gave Freddie Zipper a sharp look which could cut stone. The Prince, sensing a family feud, intervened.

“Please, Cindy-Lou, it will do no harm. Come this way.”

As they walked into the side room, Sutra pouted and Kama watched them with an expression more envious green than a summer meadow.

Prince Dimitri studied the young woman. There was no doubting her beauty. The sheen of her skin, the dark liquid pools of her eyes and the delicacy of face and figure instantly captivated him. But surely, she couldn’t be the exquisite woman at the Ball last night? Her dress was full of darned holes, her shoes no better than cheap boots from the type of shops he couldn’t even begin to imagine.

“Tell me, Cindy-Lou, were you at the Ball last night?”

She nodded shyly.

“And do you recall spending time with me privately?”

Another demure nod.

“We kissed. Like this.”

When the caress ended, Prince Dimitri began to warm to the interview.

“And I gently put my hand here.” He stroked her breasts.

“Then my other hand felt down your thighs. Shall I show you?”

The nod was quicker from Cindy-Lou.

“I asked if I should show you what to do. Do you recall?”

A grin and nod.

He took her small hand and directed it smoothly down the front of his pants. She looked into his eyes, filled with passion, found the hardness of his lust, then cupped her hand around his... “Great balls of desire,” she yelled.

“That’s my Princess,” he laughed and kissed her repeatedly.

You Get What You Want

“You don’t look very happy with life.”

Freddie Zipper swung around. He couldn’t see anyone, so nervously went on with polishing the silver as he sat at the kitchen table. It wasn’t real silver. All the family heirlooms had be sold or put in hock to pay for Sutra and Kama’s lifestyle that could no longer be afforded. The candlesticks and cups were only replica silver-plated.

“Hey, you,” again the squeaky voice called. “Down here, dummy,” it said in an exasperated manner. Zipper’s eyes searched the floor. Standing by the skirting board was a mouse. Not a plain, white, scared-looking specimen, but an arrogant, in-your-face breed, wearing a wonderful miniature soldier’s uniform—Roman style.

Zipper stared, openmouthed.

“Don’t look so frightened. What’s with the sadness, Zipper?”

“I have mixed feelings about this marriage. I couldn’t be more pleased my lovely friend, Cindy-Lou, is going to be with the man of her dreams...but...”

“...You’re going to miss her,” the mouse finished the sentence. Zipper nodded.

“Well, good news, Zipper. I come from my Imperial master, the Emperor Caligula, with three wishes for you.”

Zipper looked amazed and thought hard.

“Well, of course, I wish Cindy-Lou to be happy...”

“Hey, take care, Zipper. That gal was down to be happy anyway. You’ve just wasted a wish. Two left. Think now.”

“Anything?” Zipper pondered out loud.

The mouse tutted and replied, “As long as it doesn’t involve the Ides of March. Very touchy subject in the Julian family.”

Zipper’s face took on a serious aspect. He looked as intense as the old Parliamentary clock on the wall.

“Okay, that’s it. Wishes granted,” the mouse announced in a clipped military tone. “Here she is.” He held his paw out and an image became flesh. And what flesh. Standing in the kitchen was a gorgeous blonde, long-legged young woman, dressed in a slinky red gown slit up the side to her stately thighs, and breasts to fantasize about all day—and most of the night.

“This is Lulu. She’ll keep you warm and be totally devoted to you, obeying your every demand,” the mouse announced.

“But I don’t understand?”

“Look, Zipper, with wishes, thoughts count as well. And you did think about a stunning blonde to possess, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did, but...”

“Oh, you’re wondering about the third wish you had in your thoughts?”

Zipper nodded and smiled, as Lulu came nearer.

“I’ll tell you, Zipper, having a permanent enormous erection is a common wish.” The mouse saluted him and disappeared just as Lulu sat down on Freddie’s lap.

“Zipper!” she giggled, “What is that?”

* * * *

The view across the lake was fabulous. From the castle with its fairy-tale turrets, dancing fountains arranged around

the formal gardens, and the endless rows of tables being set up for the garden reception after tomorrow's wedding, Prince Dimitri held Cindy-Lou's hand and thought himself the luckiest man alive. Not only was he to marry the beautiful woman of his dreams, but he also had her family here to celebrate.

To the south of the gardens, he could see the snowcapped mountains and beyond were the skiing resorts of the rich and famous. The war hadn't much disturbed the inhabitants of Beswick-Lenenstein in their age-old pursuit of contentment.

"Now, my sweet Cindy-Lou, tomorrow you will be a Princess. It's only right and proper I look after your family."

Cindy-Lou smiled graciously, wondering what her family had ever done for her. But this was not the time for recriminations.

"My good Zipper," the Crown-Prince began. "You have looked after Cindy-Lou for many years." As he spoke to the faithful servant, he mildly wondered why the man remained seated in the presence of royalty. The Prince put it down to arthritis. The truth being it was a continuous erection.

"You, Zipper, have been shown outstanding service to the Winkler family, and especially Cindy-Lou," Prince Dimitri smiled.

Not half as outstanding as I am now, Zipper thought.

"In recognition of your devotion to duty, I am awarding you a pension and a free grand house here in Breswick-Lenenstein."

Zipper thought of all the bedrooms such a house would have...and the cute blonde waiting for him back at his hotel.

"You will no longer have to live a hard life," Prince Dimitri said with pride.

That's what you think, Zipper grinned.

Then the Prince turned to Sir Lionel Winkler.

“As my father-in-law, from tomorrow, you will become a Grand Duke of Breswick-Lenenstein.”

Sir Lionel looked unusually pensive, rubbing his nose, and shuffling around like a naughty schoolboy caught with his catapult by the broken window in the glasshouse.

Catching his reticent nature, Prince Dimitri took him out of earshot of his twin daughters and hesitantly asked what was amiss.

“It’s a very generous offer, Prince, but you see...” more reluctant looks and a wary glance at Kama and Sutra, “there is someone in my life...and perhaps you wouldn’t think it appropriate that I was a Grand-Duke.”

“Sir Lionel, it is, of course, nothing to do with me, but what is the problem?”

“I have a lover.”

“Is that so bad?”

“The affair has been going on for many years, Prince.”

“Sounds less like an affair than settling down.”

“That’s what I’m going to do now. The lady has secretly come to Breswick-Lenenstein to live with me. We are to be married.”

“That, Sir Lionel, is cause to celebrate. Why not tomorrow? We can make it a double wedding.”

“The lady is Cindy-Lou’s birth mother, Prince. She has been a maid in service all her life. How could I accept your offer of becoming a Grand-Duke?”

The Prince laughed.

“Dear Sir Lionel. My great-great-grandfather was a gatekeeper in the Royal Palace in eighteen forty-eight, the year of the European Revolutions. There were riots in Paris, revolutions in the country which was to become Italy, and the Austrians had to put down insurrection. Here in Breswick-Lenenstein, the royalty tried to choose the right side to

follow. First it was the Austrians, then the Prussians, a quick switch to Imperial Russia and then as Napoleon the Third took over in France, their allegiance changed once more. There were so many changes, trying to follow the winners in European affairs—as a small country has to do—that in the end, the gatekeeper was the only one left in the palace. When two mobs came, one to declare a republic, and the other a monarchy, they found my great-great-grandfather, thought him an admirable man, and made him Dimitri the First. So, you see, I came to royalty in a very dubious way. Why shouldn't you and your lady come to a Dukedom through humble origins?"

They All Lived Happily...

“Calm down, ladies.” Prince Dimitri had listened patiently for the last hour whilst Sutra and Kama ranted about Cindy-Lou becoming a Princess and their father marrying a maid. The raving got so loud, the Crown-Prince had taken them from the reception rooms in the palace and now conducted the discussion in his own apartment. Discussion was the wrong word. Tirades was about right.

“But I am offering you each the opportunity to be a Duchess. What more can I do?”

“The disgrace of our father marrying a servant is just too much,” Kama moaned.

That was more than the Prince could take.

“Look, I think it’s a bit rich you talking about shame and disgrace. In the three days you’ve been in Breswick-Lenenstein, the two of you have seduced an archbishop, had two orgies in your rooms, been photographed naked for the centerfold in ‘Saucy Monarchy Monthly’ a top-shelf magazine I’ve been trying to ban from the Principality, and I’m told by my chamberlain you are offering three-in-a-bed sessions with anybody in the court circles who you think has money, influence or both.”

“That was a put up job,” Kama protested.

“Now we’re back to those photos,” the Prince retaliated. He then tried to calm tempers.

“Exactly what do you want?”

“The title of Princess and rich husbands.” Sutra pouted.

“That’s ridiculous,” Prince Dimitri huffed.

Kama was about to speak. “Leave this to me,” Sutra intervened.

She took the Prince’s hand and looked him straight in the balls.

“Oh, Prince. Do you remember the interviews you conducted at Gerald Frobisher’s house?”

“Yes,” he answered warily.

“One hundred young, desirable women. And all in private.”

“Yes.”

“But it was my time with you that was so interesting.”

He looked suspiciously at Sutra.

“So making us a Princess and giving each of us a handsome dowry is okay then?”

“That’s a bit stiff, Sutra.”

“So were you, my Prince.”

“I admire your cheek, Sutra,”

“That’s what you said then, Prince Dimitri.”

“Okay, I give in.”

“Now last time, I said that.”

The Crown-Prince knew when he was beaten. One indiscretion made public by this siren could ruin his reputation.

“Just make out two checks and put them into private bank accounts in The Cayman Islands.”

He looked up and asked, “Put it where?”

Sutra winked and said, “That was my question that evening, you kinky Crown-Prince.”

* * * *

So the great day arrived. Into the cathedral went the dignitaries, and outside sat the multitude of people of

Breswick-Lenenstein. All the governments of Europe sent a representative, and the USA sent Marshall Aid, which was supposed to be for war-ravished Europe, but like all donations, somehow got siphoned off to pay for the more frivolous things in life. At the ceremony, the American, British and French representatives sat in their sector, and the Soviet delegate sat separately behind a curtain. It wasn't iron—metal products were in short supply.

As the music played and the great organ shook the cathedral, the two rich husbands found for Sutra and Kama arrived, followed by Sir Lionel, then in full pomp and majesty came the Crown-Prince, Dimitri. The four bridegrooms lined up at the altar, looking a mixture of happiness and concern.

It was intended to sound the cathedral bells, but back in nineteen forty-three, they'd been secretly melted down and shipped to Britain to make three aircraft. Breswick-Lenenstein had been nominally neutral but had been surreptitiously loaning war-torn Britain money...at a good rate of interest, of course.

Then the four brides appeared. Gita, the long held love of Sir Lionel, Sutra and Kama in gowns and finery, decked with jewels. Finally, Cindy-Lou walked down the aisle. The guests gasped at her beauty and knew the succession to the throne in Beswick-Lenenstein was safe. Every man envied the Prince and his nights with this gorgeous woman.

That evening, as the celebrations came to an end, the Beswick-Lenenstein guards marched up to the parapet of the Palace and fired the cannon salute over the city to herald the joyous four weddings. Even before the shots rang out, Kama and Sutra were banging away at their new husbands.

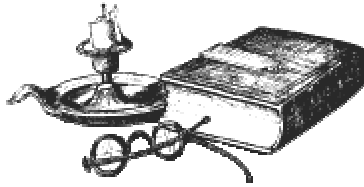
As Prince Dimitri took Cindy-Lou in his arms, rolling passionately on the Royal bed, a new dawn began. The world was at peace. Old friends in the war now hated each other,

thermo-nuclear bombs were being developed in Russia, Britain, France and China, desperate to also have a big bang all their own, just like America. The anachronistic monarchy in Beswick-Lenenstein continued serenely on its oblivious way, and Cindy-Lou and Dimitri lived happily every after—not counting the time...but that would spoil the story.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Emy Naso is a Celt, born in the mountains of Wales and now living in Norfolk, UK. He has written many novels and also poems, essays and extensively for magazines.

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