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Sexy Confessions to Venus



WITCH

J.J.MASSA

**“Sexy Confessions to Venus”
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BY

J.J. MASSA

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WITCH

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Dear Lady Venus,

I apologize for leaving one such as yourself waiting for me as I have. Time is different where I am. In order to write, I must change form. Frankly, it wears me out. When last I left my tale of Tabæus Magus and his ladylove, Amelia, they had just joined the mental with the physical—in a matter of speaking.

The night that Tabæus first “touched” Amelia, he left her sleeping, with great reluctance. She had been, and technically still was, an innocent.

If you will recall, Tabæus’ greatest skill, perhaps greatest unconscious skill was that he had the mental ability to set things afire. I expect that has something to do with his relationship to me...another story—I digress.

The couple fell into a pattern of sorts, with Tabæus visiting her in the mornings, careful not to interrupt when she was at work. He had, thankfully, learned to wait before he looked through her eyes. On one occasion, he’d found an unscrupulous clothing designer attempting to convince her that he needed to personally examine the “merchandise” before she could be photographed in his “creations”. Tabæus had set the man’s pants on fire.

“Good morning, my Baby Heart.”

“Why do you call me that?”

“You are mine, you are a baby, but you have my heart.”

“Um, oh. Hey! I’m not a baby, I’m twenty-one. I’m old enough to fight, vote, and drink alcohol.”

“You are much younger than I, my little Baby Heart. Do you plan to fight, drink alcohol, or vote today?”

“How much younger?”

“Conceivably, I am old enough to be your father. Does that bother you?”

Amelia took her time replying, considering the question carefully.

“I expect it would depend upon the man whether a large age difference would bother me.”

“That’s good my Amelia, because you are mine.”

“Women mature so much faster than men that I hope you’re at least twenty years older than me.”

For a moment her teasing seemed to throw him completely off guard. He recovered and blew in her ear causing her to squeal and spin in circles looking for him as she often did when he touched her in some physical way.

“I’m fifty years older than you are, so I hope you’ll finish maturing soon. Now, what are you doing today?”

“You are so NOT funny. I’m seeing the doctor this afternoon. That’s all for today.”

“You are ill?”

“Just a follow-up. I’m just taking it easy today. Tomorrow too, I think.”

At that moment, she felt his attention waver. She knew exactly when he consciously decided to let her begin her easy day. If he hadn’t been distracted, she was sure that he would have noticed a hint of subterfuge in her manner.

“I suspect I’ll be busy today and tomorrow. Please don’t feel neglected if I don’t speak to you this evening.”

“What do you do? I know nothing about you!”

He kissed her as deeply as a distracted man can mentally kiss anyone and chuckled at her mental—and verbal growl.

“Soon, Baby Heart, soon...” And then he was gone.

Tabæus had his own problems right then. He wanted to spend more time with his little love but knew he couldn’t just leave if he did.

The headache plaguing him right then was really a “company” problem. Maybe a “family” problem was more accurate. If you’ll recall, My Dear Venus, Tabæus Magus was the leader of SimEnn, Inc, otherwise known as Coven of First Thought. It seemed that one of his mid-level employees had married a five-senses-only woman who had a drinking problem.

That would simply be tragic and nothing else, except there had been an “incident”. The couple had been trying to reconcile their differences with a second honeymoon to Niagara Falls where both had been drinking heavily.

The wife had goaded her husband by saying that he was no fun. She threatened that she was going to find someone in the restaurant where the two were eating to have “hot, monkey sex” with her. She further said that sex swinging in a tree sounded heavenly.

The abused man had responded by turning everyone in the restaurant into various types of monkeys. He didn’t even know he had it in him. After throwing up on the floor for a minute, the man had called his SimEnn supervisor.

During this time, several of the primates had left the restaurant. The good news was that it was a small restaurant and was slightly off the beaten path. The bad news, aside from the obvious, was that it was a busy time and the restaurant had been packed.

Tabæus’ responsibility was to ensure that all employees and customers were rounded up and transformed back. He also needed to make sure they had no memory of the event and a credible replacement memory that would hold.

He then needed to decide what should become of his employee and the drink-soaked shrew that man had married. He was inclined to send her through some alcohol

abuse program—when he wasn't inclined to leave her a monkey and donate her to the New York Zoo.

The fate of the husband who had performed the complex feat of turning nearly fifty people into apes of various types was harder to decide. A spell of that kind was quite complex and the person who cast it had to be moderately powerful.

It was important, however, that a witch be able to control himself or herself. He'd meet with the Old Ones about that later. The poor man was currently residing in company lodgings under "house arrest".

Although Tabæus was making her nuts, Amelia was relieved that her invisible suitor was distracted that day. She had been truthful about the follow-up visit; she just didn't say what the doctor was following up. She was careful because she didn't know how much of her thoughts this mental lover could read.

She also didn't want to test his sincerity. She didn't want to know either way if he truly felt she was his. If he did, he might feel she should tell him what the doctor really wanted. He might be angry. He might not want her anymore.

She wasn't sure which she should want. She settled for hoping the doctor was wrong. She was also worried. She still couldn't seem to reach her parents even though the phone service was working in their neighborhood.

The doctor wasn't wrong. She had "a condition". It was a Central Nervous System disorder. It could be genetic; it could be caused by unknown factors. It wouldn't kill her but her life could become more and more difficult.

"Just enough so that I wish it *would* kill me," Amelia thought. The doctor had given her numbers to call for support groups and a prescription. He said she'd need to come in once a week for treatments. They'd start that after next week.

He assured her that great strides toward a cure were being made every day and she should "take care of herself while science catches up". He went on to tell her how she would lead a normal, happy life. On top of that, she *still* couldn't reach her parents.

Amelia decided she deserved some Peanut Butter Cup ice cream and chick flicks. Good damn thing Mr. Magical Me was busy tonight. She was going to be stuffing her face and sobbing uncontrollably while Drew Barrymore, Julia Roberts and Meg Ryan all struggled to live happily ever after. In fact, she thought she'd give Meg a few chances to get it right—as long as she kept giving Tom Hanks those same chances.

She might give Richard Gere a couple of extra chances just on principal. He definitely deserved further consideration. There was something to be said for the older man thing, if the magic fingers that touched her in the night were anything to go by. She *did* believe that he was older; he had that aura about him...as much as anyone she'd been with in person could *have* an aura.

When her man popped in on her after midnight that night, he found her sobbing in front of the television. He was, naturally, alarmed to find her crying her heart out alone in the middle of the night in front of the television.

“Amelia, My Heart, what is it? Are you okay?”

Since she couldn't articulate she held up the video boxes. She'd learned he could see what she saw. She felt his arms go around her his kiss in her hair. He chuckle against her, his chest broad and strong.

“I wanted to tell you I think Richard Gere is really hot,” she sobbed aloud, “and he's no spring chicken!”

He continued stroking her hair and kissing the top of her head, soothing her with his strength and acceptance.

“That's definitely a good sign, my sweet little love. Perhaps I should leave you in Mr. Gere's care for this evening. As long as he's celluloid, I will contain my jealousy.”

She sniffed loudly.

“Are you okay, Mr. Magic?”

“Tired but fine, my Baby Heart. Mr. Magic, huh? In time, I'll give you something better to call me. I shall miss you tonight. We'll be together soon, love. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

He was gone. Amelia was more than a little relieved. Truthfully, she'd needed the release of the “chick flicks”. She did need a good cry. But she had realized distantly that, if he did show up, finding her crying at a movie was good camouflage.

The next morning Amelia awakened on the couch under a blanket she didn't remember getting the night before. She had the Pretty Woman movie case clutched against her chest and her eyes were swollen from crying.

She ought to call Mr. Magic now and then look in the nearest mirror. She ought to but she wouldn't. Bad enough he'd find out for himself eventually how she really looked. Unless he really was a figment of her imagination...

While Amelia was considering this possibility the doorbell rang. OHMYGOSH! This would be a terrible time for Mr. Magic to show up.

“Please, God,” she thought, “I really was only kidding!”

Looking through the peephole she gratefully released the breath she'd been holding. It was an overnight mail deliveryman. She opened the door and he handed her a box. It was the size of a large book but not very heavy.

She signed for the package and returned to her kitchen. She placed the box on the table and made coffee. Although she was more than a little curious, she decided to shower and dress before she looked at the box. The return address was the town where she'd spent most of her life. She didn't want to know just yet if it was good news or bad news. Someone would have contacted her more quickly if her parents were hurt or—something, right?

Clean and dressed in her favorite faded jeans and oversized college sweatshirt, Amelia sat down at the table. She took a knife and split the seam on the box and opened it. Inside was a white paper box.

Inside that box were photographs of her. From the age of two there were many pictures in various stages of growth. Each one had her alone. She noticed that some had

been cut from other pictures. She also realized that there were not as many as she thought there would be. Over a lifetime, there were fewer than forty pictures. She was confused. She tried again to call her parents but still got no answer.

Amelia spent that day cleaning house and trying to reach her parents. She missed her magic man but still, she was grateful for the breathing room. Her life was becoming ever more complicated and an invisible lover who could read her mind was more than she could deal with right then.

She called her agent and told the woman she had the flu. She asked her to cancel any photo shoots she had that week. If it cost her future jobs, she could always learn to wait tables. No way could she smile for the camera right now.

Late that night, Tabæus checked in on her to find her sleeping. He didn't linger nor did he probe her mind to see what her day had been like. He was exhausted and could no doubt tell that she was, too.

By noon the next day, Amelia had decided that there was a perfectly reasonable explanation about the box and the pictures. There had to be. Her parents loved her even if they were a little distant. Her little brother loved her, too. Okay, he was out of control, but, in his way, she knew he loved her.

She was still in her robe when the doorbell rang. She'd spent the morning talking sense to herself. She had convinced herself that her family was on vacation. They just forgot to let her know. She scolded herself that the doctor was right. She'd be fine. Science would catch up. She'd live a perfectly normal life with her little "disorder".

Once again she peered through the peephole in her front door to see an overnight delivery man.

"What else?" she asked herself. The man smiled and handed her a letter and asked her to sign for it. She complied and took the letter, being sure to time the courier nicely. She knew instantly that she would not like what the letter had to say. She fought the urge to burn it or even just ignore it.

She sat down on her sofa and opened the letter.

Amelia,

Betty and I would first like you to know that we are writing this after careful thought. Perhaps we should have done this sooner but we felt an obligation to you.

You see, Amelia, you are adopted. We adopted you when you were two. We weren't cleared for a younger child and we wanted a child very much. You were with us a very short time when Betty learned she was pregnant. By that time, of course, we couldn't give you back.

We tried to do our best by you. I hope you understand the sacrifices we made for you and the hardships you presented. When Joel was born, we worried that you'd become even more difficult. In many ways you were, but it could have been worse. While I won't give you a litany of the problems you caused, there were many. That little mental defect of yours was most embarrassing. Adding that to your refusal to behave in a lady-like

manner, along with your gawkiness...You can see how much trouble you have been. You look so different from the rest of us that it's a sign of your slowness that you never realized you were adopted.

Now that I have learned of your further flaws from our family doctor, you shouldn't be surprised that I simply won't tolerate it. We've no desire to hurt you, Amelia. It's just that you are causing all of us more pain than we can stand. Joel's drug problems are a direct result.

I hope you are grateful that we pushed you into modeling so that you'd have some means of support. Even though you've complained, at least you've learned how to make yourself look and act presentable.

I know you won't appreciate the kindness of this blunt letter for some time. Enclosed you will find a copy of your adoption papers and legal documents changing your name back to what it was prior to the adoption. Please don't contact us again.

Sincerely,

Brandon Gevalva

Betty Gevalva

Joel Gevalva

"Amelia?"

"Gotta get a shower."

There was nothing else from Amelia. I must tell you, Lady Venus, Tabæus was more than a bit surprised.

"Gotta get a shower?" he repeated to himself.

After that, there was nothing. He didn't know what to make of it. It was as if a thick fog had rolled in. Something was obviously wrong.

He decided to try to lure her. He didn't know what to make of her utter silence and he needed time. Instinctively, he felt she should leave her home, go out somewhere. He knew somehow that she wasn't physically injured but something had happened there.

As he took care of last minute issues, he repeatedly implanted a location in her mind. He could see that she was dressing and suggested an outfit when she moved to her closet. He was sure he'd know her anywhere even if he'd never really seen her. Still, a little insurance never hurt.

Amelia was clearly in a daze when she entered the bar. She'd walked from her home to the bi-level bar. It wasn't raining right then, but it would—the air was heavy with it. She was wearing a blue, calf-length linen and silk skirt suit with heels. It certainly wasn't rain gear.

She slid onto a barstool in the upstairs bar and just sat there. It took the bartender a minute to notice her, though, the place wasn't packed. The downstairs area was usually

busiest. The balcony was where the “faint of heart” usually started out. They’d come to the upper level and have a drink and watch the “action” in the main club.

On the lower level, people danced, drank, flirted and generally acted crazy. In the balcony, folks who just wanted a drink tended to make up the main clientele. Amelia usually fit that description perfectly, but today she qualified even more.

Some might call her a tall girl at five feet and seven and one half inches, but as a model, Amelia had just made the cut. She was slender, another important quality in a model. She had that ageless, classic beauty that she never really saw when she looked in a mirror.

In her opinion, her face was narrow, like a weasel; thank God her nose was reasonably small or more people would make the comparison. Artfully applied makeup allowed the public to be generous, she believed. She thought her hips were square—men saw an inviting flare.

She thought her waist and neck were freakishly long. Most women would kill for those attributes. Her hands and feet were slender and elegant--still more proof that she was a mutant. She had long sable hair that waved and curled all the way to her waist.

If she didn’t have regular trims, she knew she’d look like a sheepdog with an afro. The color she usually termed as cow brown—she refused to try to dress it up—brown is brown. Amelia would end this description of herself by saying she had blue eyes and a big mouth.

The man watching her from across the bar stared at her mouth for two unbroken minutes and couldn’t find a better description than “mmmmmmmm”. He glanced up at the same time she turned her blank face in his direction. He shook his head and stared.

“Royal blue?” he wondered, “Navy or Midnight, maybe? Two colors?”

Her eyes had defied description her entire life. They were a rich, arresting dark blue that could change to darker or slightly lighter with her mood and were shot through with lighter blue or grey. Some said they looked like starbursts.

In her head, Amelia heard a man’s voice say “mmmmmm” then she heard “*Midnight maybe?*” and frowned. She jerked her head back toward the bar as the bartender approached with a smile.

Placing a twenty dollar bill on the bar she said “Double Scotch—whatever’s strong. No ice and no water, okay?” she didn’t want to be rude but she didn’t want to chat.

Taking the hint, the bartender placed her drink in front of her and took the bill with a nod as she held up her hand—keep the change. This was all unconscious activity for her. She’d been running on autopilot all day. As she put her wallet back into her purse, she fingered the letter she’d received that morning.

“*Don’t think about it, Amelia,*” she told herself. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. After a minute, Amelia remembered the Scotch. She reached forward and lifted it to her mouth. Without hesitation, she swallowed half of it. After a nearly imperceptible shudder, she finished it.

“*Yikes that’s awful!*” she thought.

In her head she heard rumbling laughter and a man’s voice that said, “*You should’ve had Canadian. It’s much smoother.*”

“*NO!*” Amelia squeezed her eyes shut. “*NO! I can’t do this now!*” she thought frantically, sliding from the stool and heading for the door.

Without thought she turned left and began walking. She didn’t notice when it began to rain, nor did she notice that two young men had begun to follow her. It was raining steadily when the leering, pock-marked tough guy grabbed her arms. His eager friend pressed himself behind her.

Amelia didn’t register the danger or the words even though they were speaking clear English. The man from the bar walked up and reached between the two young men and placed his arm around Amelia drawing her back against his chest.

He held an umbrella in his other hand. The look in his obsidian eyes caused the young men to go pale. Without a word, they scurried away. He turned himself and Amelia toward the street as a long car drew up. Someone jumped from the front passenger seat and hurriedly opened the rear door. Mechanically, Amelia slid into the car followed by her rescuer.

“*Pannus Sicco, duo,*” pronounced Tabæus. Two fluffy towels appeared instantly in his hand and he wrapped one around Amelia’s shoulders. The second, he pressed across her lap. He extended his arm and murmured, “*Pannus Sicco, uno,*” and another appeared. With this towel he began to blot her hair. Amelia sat still and quiet, holding her small purse in her lap.

When the car stopped, she got out, walking like an automaton through the door as Tabæus led her. As they entered a large, comfortable room, Tabæus glanced at the fireplace.

With a whoosh, the wood ignited and he led Amelia to stand near the fire. He knew he should make her change out of her wet clothes but her robotic behavior had him more than a little worried. He strode to the sideboard and poured two glasses of brandy.

“Drink, Amelia,” he said, pressing the glass into her hand. She lifted the glass obediently and took a drink. He saw awareness seep into her as she looked at the glass in her hand and then at him. She gave a little start but said nothing. He considered thinking to her instead of speaking but decided not to risk it.

“Welcome back, My Baby Heart. I’m Tabæus.” He pronounced the name Tă-Bā’-ūs.

“I should be going,” Amelia said breathlessly. “Thanks for...”

“You should be staying,” Tabæus told her firmly. When she would have argued, he growled, “You were walking blindly in the pouring rain, little love. When I found you, two young men were preparing to have you for a snack.”

She bent her head. As Tabæus went on, Amelia opened her purse and fingered the letter. “On the off chance that the weather or the locals didn’t do you in, I’m quite sure someone would have decided you’d had a breakdown and you’d be stashed on a mental

ward somewhere. You will stay here or I will call someone for you. Your parents perhaps?" Amelia clutched the letter. She began to tremble and shake her head.

"I-I ... Really, I'm, um, I'm fine" she assured him. She faced the fire and blinked to clear the gathering moisture from her eyes.

"No, sweet baby, you're not fine."

"Don't do this, you don't know me, I don't know you. Please, just let me go."

"We are connected. You have been sent to me. Call it fate, if you like, but don't deny it."

"I can't do this now, Please."

"Please, please," she moaned aloud. "I just *can't*!"

He turned her to face him, oddly heartened by the emotion she displayed. "Baby Heart, talk to me. We *are* connected. You must talk to me. I can't help you otherwise."

Dully, she whispered, "You can't help me, anyway."

When he would have pulled her into his arms, she jerked away. She struggled with him wildly and tried to get to the front door. Her struggles were pointless, of course. He was six inches taller and over one hundred pounds heavier.

He might have been only four inches taller since she was in heels, but the heels put her at a distinct disadvantage. His superior strength was against her, as well. He could have calmed her with a spell but instead let her wear herself out.

When she could fight no more, Tabæus swung her up into his arms. After a few weak punches, she began to sob. Holding her tightly, he carried her up the stairs to his bedroom. As she wept he used incantations to dry them and replace their sodden clothing with robes. She sobbed and cried until he thought she'd become ill. He simply held her in his arms, soothing her

After a while, her hiccups stopped and he thought she must be sleeping. He lifted her and strode to his bed. He braced himself with one knee on the mattress, and gently lowered her to the center of its wide expanse. When he began to edge away, her eyes flew open. She reached for him with one hand. As she did, her robe gaped, exposing one innocent breast.

Groaning, Tabæus reached to close it but a small movement from her had her soft breast nestling in the palm of his hand. Before he could stop, Tabæus covered her mouth with his, plundering its softness as he kneaded her breast. Amelia arched her back and slid one arm around his shoulder running her other through his thick hair.

"Oh, Baby Heart," he groaned, "I won't be able to stop."

"Stay with me," she whispered sliding her hand down his matted chest. She moved her hand down his chest to his abdomen causing his robe to part. She continued to let her hand trail down past his navel following the soft springy hair that led to his engorged cock. Lightly, she moved her fingers up and down without encircling the member with her hand.

"Touch me, Amelia!" he growled losing control at last. "Touch me and feel the only man who will ever make love to you. Touch me!"

She wrapped her fingers around his cock and began to gently move them up and down. When she would have cupped his sacs, he could take no more. Never lifting his mouth from hers, he pulled her arms above her head and locked both wrists in one strong hand.

Helpless under him with her arms trapped above her head, she could only lie there as his other hand and mouth moved over her body. Amelia had never experienced anything like this. She thought her experiences with Tabæus' phantom love making mind-blowing, but there was no comparison between those experiences and what was happening now. His tongue, lips and hands traveled her body like eager explorers discovering new territories.

His head moved between her legs and she could feel his breath on her damp, swollen folds. She moaned loudly as he lowered his mouth and slid his tongue down her cleft. With a growl of satisfaction, his tongue dipped into her pussy and he began lapping up her sweet ambrosia.

He lathed her clit again in a slow caress causing her to gasp and moan. Over and over his tongue stroked over the sensitive nub of her clitoris and back inside of her. Her moans were deeper and louder now and he could feel her begin to clench. She cried out her orgasm as her sheath clenched around his tongue.

Tabæus moved himself up her body and spoke with his lips touching hers. "Taste yourself on me, Amelia," he growled.

He lowered his head and kissed her deeply making her taste her own juices on his lips. Rising above her, he let his cock brush against her damp pussy. He nudged her until the tip of his large cock was just inside of her, waiting until she adjusted to the feeling.

When he felt her juices begin to flow again, he drove himself into her with one long thrust. The pain of her first time shot through her, and she screamed, clutching at his shoulders. He stilled, speaking soft words of love to her waiting for her to recover. When he began to move in slow strokes within her, the pain was replaced by a climbing pleasure.

He wrapped her long legs around his waist and continued thrusting in and out of her. She heard frantic mewling sounds from somewhere and realized with a distant surprise that it was coming from herself. Her nails bit into Tabæus' shoulders as she neared something—something so enormous that she wanted badly. If only she knew what...

He brought his mouth to the soft skin just above her collarbone and bit hard, making her cry out and dig her nails deeper into him. With a roar, he came, burying himself deep inside her. His hot rush of seed filled her, warming her completely.

Amelia cried out, nearly screamed, as every molecule rushed to her center, clamping down, swamping her. Clinging to him, she rode out the storm racing through her quaking frame, still wrapped around him, unable to let go.

“Mine!” Tabæus, growled. “You’re mine, Amelia,” he repeated as he pumped the rest of his seed into her. “My other half.” he murmured, kissing her, stroking her as he drifted off to sleep.

Amelia realized that she, too, had drifted when she woke an hour or so later. She looked on the face of her sleeping lover. He was devastatingly handsome, she thought. He was even more so with his eyes open. Even in her muddled state, she’d noticed that.

She loved him. She knew that, too. She had loved him even before she’d met him. She’d given herself to him within hours of meeting him in person. Who was she kidding? She’d given over her virginity within an hour of meeting him. She was a real hussy!

He seemed to like her, she thought. Their mental relationship was the best relationship she’d ever had with anyone. He liked what he knew of her. That was the problem.

Amelia hadn’t told Tabæus about her life...he didn’t know her like her family did. Her ex-family...

She needed to get away. She needed to find a way to live with herself without bringing her magic lover down with her.

Amelia carefully eased out of the large bed, gathering up her clothing with exaggerated stealth. How do you sneak away from a man who can read your mind? How do you hide from him?

Amelia’s a smart young woman, Lady Venus. Very clever. She managed it. She left Tabæus Magus sleeping in his bed, recovering from his stressful week and at peace with his world.

Poor man. He didn’t know that, once you give your heart to another, it goes where they go. His heart walked out his front door in the still of a dark night, nearly taking his sanity with him.

Did he find her? Where did she go? All good questions. Excellent questions.

Questions I will answer soon, dear lady. In my next missive to you. After all, dragons need rest, too.

All my best, until later.

Ladon

About the Author

Jersey Shore resident, J.J. Massa sits with her writing partner and yellow lab, Cosmo, at her side at all the times for plot twists and character advice. There are some visiting cats, aquatic turtles, and an assortment of hermit crabs just to keep things interesting. There's never a dull moment in the Massa household. Maybe that's why there's never a dull moment in J.J. Massa's books...

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