

# The Maid

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The Montgomery's were fine, old nobility. While their ancestral home was being remodeled, they needed a maid for the townhouse. That's how I came to work for them. I prepare breakfast, tidy up the spacious apartment, serve delivered lunch and dinner. Not very exhausting. The first surprise was my uniform, black dress, white apron and white cloth crown. The mistress was present at the fitting and confirmed it was not too short, the master wanted it that way, shorter than short.

The second surprise was that she didn't make a face when he cheekily patted my rear end or palmed my panties with his hand when I came to stand next to him. Damn, I needed the money, and being groped was nothing new. Good old English nobility.

I was neither prude nor uptight. Uncle Alfie deflowered me without being asked at 15 and fucked me three, four or five times a week until I moved to the capital at 25. My mother had caught us fucking and there was a bad row. At that time I masturbated about once a week, on my day off, that's all I needed. The Brookefields I served with were much too old to be troublesome. The old man would sometimes pat my butt friendly and I would kneel in front of him once a week and give him a blowjob, with his wife sitting there, next to him on the couch, apologetically saying she was no longer capable of sex. Fucking he did not want, it was too exhausting. But they put a few bills on the table after each blowjob, and that was the end of it. So every few weeks she had me masturbate her with a finger before the blowjob,

which her husband watched aroused and that had a positive effect on the blowjob and the money afterwards. They were strange, but harmless. Good old English nobility, did I say that already?

The Montgomery's paid a nice salary, about the double. The mistress let slip that some (probably sexual) concession was expected. For the first few weeks, there was none of that. I had discovered that one could look into the bedroom from the guest room through a hidden Venetian mirror. I did that quite conscientiously and masturbated while doing so. Only then did I masturbate daily, orgasm after orgasm, until they were done. The two fucked very skilled in the different positions that Uncle Alfie had never shown me. With him it was just in and out, thank you Madame! And he was my only sex partner so far. Even how I had to do the blowjob had to describe to me the old Madame Brookefield first with reddened cheeks.

I took great pleasure in watching the two of them fuck while masturbating. I lost my original shyness and stayed next to him at breakfast, grinning inwardly I allowed him to feel my panties extensively. He must have known every millimeter of my pussy by now, his fingers at least. She must have always been aware of it, but she did not make a face. Then the gentleman traveled for 3 months to the mainland. I was of course curious what the mistress, who had fucked and played sexually with him every evening, would do now.

She put porn movies in the video player and masturbated with a big soft dildo that had no motor, she had to push it in and out by hand. We were now both masturbating in different rooms and I was watching her but also the porn. She let it run forward until the sex scene started. Some parts she let run in slow motion or continuous loop, that was then the right thing to masturbate, thrusting herself hard

and brutally with the dildo. I tried to masturbate as often as she did, but it was very tiring.

A few days later the young gentlemen arrived. No, they were not aristocrats, they were beautiful young boys with really big cocks. The mistress was twice their age, she was about 38 or 40. None were over 20, they came for a few nights, then another came. They almost all fucked excellently, I could see it. All that was left for me was to masturbate, I had no time or opportunity to get a man. But I soon found out that the guys were paid gigolos. Still, it was a really horny time that ended way too quickly. The Master came back.

They had a stormy night and I served breakfast as before. He let his hand wander over my butt and it was business as usual. He was a few years younger than his wife, I could see that clearly now. I cleared up and then went to my room, I read the memoirs of the widow Plunkett, whose husband had already died at the beginning of the Irish troubles. It was very exciting and I could play with my clit while reading. Of course, everyone wanted to comfort and fuck the widow, but she was very particular. They did fuck her, all of them, she admitted in the autobiography published after her death. — Then there was a knock on my door.

I jumped up and threw me the robe around, naked I could not open. It was the Master who examined me from top to bottom and devoured every inch of bare skin with his eyes. I waited patiently, he should look! The robe fell apart and I took my time to gather it up, he swallowed greedily. It was about that some gentlemen were expected, I should provide coffee and drinks. I nodded, okay, and closed the door.

I was not interested in the chatter of the guests, I served coffee and drinks. They left before dinner, which I served as

usual. He kept his hands to himself and had an animated discussion with her. They went to bed. I watched them as usual. During a break for rest, it seemed to me that he was talking about me. He was apparently describing to her what he had seen under my robe that afternoon, and then it was clear. He described with his hands my pubic hair, which I had trimmed to a landing strip after seeing it in one of her pornos. She smiled mildly and ruffled his hair. She nodded, agreeing. With what?

I found out the other day. Breakfast had been cleared, he had been waiting. Now he grabbed my hand and pulled me onto his lap. I felt his stiff cock under the thin silk morning coat. I stared into his wife's eyes. She returned my gaze with a smile as he gently undressed me. She looked at my naked body curiously, she compared our bodies and she nodded contentedly to herself, she didn't need to fear me as competition. Nevertheless, her eyes sparkled briefly as he kissed me and moved on to French kissing. I gave her a long look and returned the kiss.

"I'll go ahead," she said softly and left. He nodded, kissing, and let his hands continue to roam over my body. Then we stood up, I gathered up my clothes and followed him wordlessly. He went ahead to the bedroom, she lay already naked on the bed. He let his silk robe slide carelessly to the floor and lay down next to her, his lance erect. I stepped up to the bed and dropped my clothes as well. I waited.

It was she who knocked promptly on the bed beside her, not he. I gave him a look and lay down next to her. I didn't move as her hand slid scrutinizingly over my body. Never before had a woman caressed me, never touched me so intimately. She sounded hoarse when she asked if she was not interesting to me? I mustered all my courage and whispered, I've never.... No woman has ever touched me like

this. I was confused and didn't know what to do. "But you've fucked with men, Rose?" she asked and I nodded overzealously, "Yes, with one, for ten years!" She smiled and turned to him, "you start!"

He lay down with me, gave me one French kiss after another and groped for my clit. I opened my legs so that he could get to it well. Uncle Alfie always masturbated me before fucking, but I noticed right away that the master of the house did not approach it well or did not want it at all. I looked questioningly at his wife, but she nodded in agreement and prompting. I helped him and touched my clit. He immediately left the field to me and I began to masturbate properly, I was used to that before fucking. It irritated me a bit that she was watching me masturbate so intently, as if she had never seen it before. My excitement rose and rose, he got ready and slowly penetrated my pussy. I continued to masturbate until he fucked me in the right rhythm. Uncle Alfie never managed to do that. He, however, did it right and I flew toward orgasm, clinging to him. He increased the stroke rate and my orgasm came, he kept fucking me very skillfully and I had a long, strong orgasm. He squirted at the right moment, he squirted and thrust, thrust and squirted until we broke away from each other, breathing heavily. He sank to the other side, she hugged me and stroked me finely and intimately until I calmed down.

She asked if I had only ever fucked with one man before and I nodded, "only with Uncle Alfie, he took my virginity and fucked me every day for ten years. We're not related by blood, he was married to my aunt until she died." I babbled on as she touched me intimately and really rubbed my clit properly. She smiled kindly, "It was incest anyway, in the legal sense." I babbled on now, completely confused. "He was very lonely after his aunt died and I understood that as

a 15 year old well. Before fucking he masturbated me to orgasm in the first time, later I did it myself. He fucked only very briefly and squirted immediately, he never lasted long." I babbled wildly confused, "never before has a woman touched me and masturbated me, I feel all weird about it. When I had my period I didn't masturbate, Uncle Alfie showed me how to do him with my mouth and that was okay. He was always satisfied. My mom caught us fucking when I was 25 and so I moved here." I jerked and wriggled, my thighs quivering and trembling. I clung to her arm and buried my face on her bosom. I felt insanely ashamed, because there was no stopping the orgasm. She masturbated me very hard and brutally, my orgasm almost tore me apart, I screamed. She continued lightly and delicately with my clit and let my orgasm fade finely. Only a woman could do that so gently and sensitively.

I was embarrassed for a moment to return her French kisses, but I felt for her clit. I felt her soften all over and open her thighs willingly. I masturbated her as best I could and she orgasmed after a few minutes. I was glad it worked and let myself go again on her tongue kisses, she kissed better than her husband. "And you did Alfie with your mouth," she asked and I nodded in affirmation. Her French kisses had kicked up a storm inside me. "I'll do you with my mouth and tongue, too, and pay attention, because I want that from you, too!" She dove down, kissing and licking my belly, the landing strip. I widened my eyes as she licked my pussy, my clit with her tongue and lips. It was wonderful and very shameful for the first time. Her husband knelt behind her and fucked her from behind. She licked, slurped and bit very lightly. Her breathing was fast and faster and she grabbed my clit with her lips as she orgasmed. She put her whole mouth over my pussy as he squirted short and hard and left her mouth there until the orgasm died out. She licked my clit at a furious pace, triggering my orgasm. I

wedged her head between my thighs, but she licked, more gently, until my orgasm was finished. All three of us stretched out breathing heavily.

I had figured out how to do a woman with my mouth. I stroked her thighs and asked if she wanted it now? She nodded silently and I got into position. I sucked, licked and slurped at the top of my lungs on her pussy and clit. It was only strange for a brief moment to touch a woman's pussy and clit with my lips, after that it was easy. He put his cock inside me, although it was not really stiff. He fucked slowly and carefully so his soft cock didn't slip out. It was kind of pleasurable, although I'm not going to have an orgasm that way. I continued to concentrate on licking. She had to keep helping with her fingers the closer we got to orgasm. I licked maybe too wildly, because she triggered her orgasm with her finger and I kept licking her clit gently until she was done.

I went to see them every night, Master John fucked me with great enthusiasm because I responded well to his fucking and it did his ego good when I came to orgasm. Lady Janet was much busier than him though, she taught me to fuck clit-to-clit, she liked that best. Unfortunately my clit was much too small to fuck her, although we tried it all the time in the beginning and I would have loved to do it as well as she did. But we gave it up after a while. She had quite a big clit that could get very stiff and she fucked me to insanity. I got wonderful orgasms and screamed in climax. Lord John, who loved to fuck me from behind when I licked the lady, strangely asked every time, "can I cum inside now, Rose?" and I always answered, "but of course, Master John!" , because to call the lordship only by his first name seemed unseemly to me. Only once I tested him and replied, "better not today, Master!" and he actually pulled out his cock and squirted on my ass cheeks.

We fucked for half a year with much pleasure and I loved fucking and licking and being licked very much. The time with Uncle Alfie was far, far away. Lord John left again for a trip of several weeks and I asked the lady where he had gone and what he was doing. She smiled and said his destination was secret and she never knew where he was going. "He's traveling with the Secret Service and they usually kill people," she said in passing. She didn't care, he wasn't allowed to talk about it anyway and I would do well not to ask too much, to think too much. I nodded humbly, I really was just a maid.

I lay tight next to the mistress, we watched very hard porn and after a few days she ordered two gigolos. We fucked with the young men in all variations and positions, Lady Janet could not get enough. For me it was usually enough, I was exhausted after a few orgasms and remained a spectator when the lady let herself be fucked by both of them at the same time. I had to learn ass fucking too, but I didn't like it at all and Master John didn't force it on me. The days flew by and the Master came back.

I was really looking forward to fucking him, because he knew I liked it best from behind while licking the lady. I kept an iron silence about the gigolos, as she demanded. I let him fuck me much more often than the lady, who almost perished in licking. He knew that he could easily trigger my orgasm if he fucked me in the asshole with a finger at the right moment while fucking me. He briefly mentioned that his tan was from Egypt and other Arab countries, that was the only hint he gave.

He wanted something new and promised me generous pay. I was to serve coffee and drinks to the gentlemen who came to visit us once a week or several times a month. Leave my panties off and let my pussy flash a little. How far I let



myself be groped or even fucked, he left to me. I was supposed to keep the gentlemen happy and not turn them away brusquely. But I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to. The lady interjected, "our Rose can do it, she'll get your old geezers hot," and I nodded, I would certainly.

It was always the same three or four, whom I dutifully addressed by their first names. Harrison, the oldest and loudest, Finney and Froment, who seemed like twins, and George, by far the filthiest. He told the dirtiest stories, knew every detail about the whoring ladies first hand and I strongly suspected that he had already lain with this or that lady. He never bragged about it, I gathered it mainly from the comments of the others. I served coffee, alcohol, pastries and cigars and flashed my pussy. I watched Master John, who signaled that I was doing well. He mostly stood silently beside the fireplace and did not actively participate in the debates. In the beginning, it was quite enough for me to flash my butt and pussy. Harrison was the first to cheekily pull me onto his lap and explore my pussy with his fingers. Later, the other three did the same, but none of them tried to masturbate me properly. They made rather loose speeches as they groped me. I thought it was easy money, because Lady Janet gave me a well-filled envelope each time. After half a year, I could already see my little house on the outskirts of town approaching.

It was also Harrison's cock that I unwrapped first. He shook his head decidedly, with my hand I should not do it to him, I should ride him. I glanced briefly at Master John, who nodded. So I rode Harrison until he finished squirting. I found nothing wrong with riding all 4 in turn, I wiped my pussy with a cloth napkin and sat on the lap of the next one. It seemed to me that everyone was quite pleased with me and Lady Janet's envelopes were getting thicker. In my imagination I saw my cottage, my own cottage!

In the evenings the lordships never talked about the gentlemen's rounds, although I would have had a great deal to ask. But I remembered that Lady Janet had advised me not to think and ask too much. I kept my mouth shut and only opened it for a lick or a blowjob. Six months flew by and the more I listened to Harrison and the others, the creepier the gentlemen's round became. I rode them all in a row at every meeting and listened well. No, I didn't want to masturbate, shaking my head vigorously so Harrison understood. Riding was okay, that was definitely all I wanted, not masturbating and not getting squirted in my mouth. They understood that.

During the daily shopping I met Luise, maid like me, but she had spent her whole life — and that was about 45 years — in the ruling circles. We always chatted after shopping about this and that, gradually sex came up. She had spent her life fucking the master, his son and now the grandsons, she found nothing wrong with it. On the contrary, it brought her some respect, that was important to her. I also told at some point that I fucked with the master and the lady. Luise was quite curious, because she had never had anything with a woman and of course wanted to know exactly what was being done. I suggested to her that I would like to do it with her, she blushed all over, but it did not work, neither with her nor with me, you could not go to visit a maid so easily. After all, we sat in the park and we gave each other French kisses. I was allowed to secretly masturbate her under her skirt, she was terribly bashful because she has never let anyone watch her masturbate before and only did it secretly. But I was allowed to masturbate her on the Park bench, and she masturbated me in return. She was all excited and full of shame because it was all new to her. We were very clever to hide it so that it could not be noticed.

Luise looked at me uncomprehendingly. "You keep talking about Lady Janet's husband, but she's not married!" Now I looked uncomprehending. But, the Master John? Luise laughed brightly, as if I had made a spicy joke. Luise let go of my clit. "But they are brother and sister, didn't you know?" I was blindsided, but Luise persisted. She hadn't wondered about my reign during our conversations; after all, she had suspected for years that they had incest. I was confused and completely floored, I had to find out.

Over the next few days I occasionally wove word with the master about his sister, blah blah blah. He nodded, yes, and didn't contradict. In the evening, as Lady Janet and I lay together waiting for the Master, I asked her directly. She answered in the affirmative, he was her little brother. I must have looked stupid, because she smilingly reminded me of Uncle Alfie, that was incest too. I shook my head, that was very different. Uncle Alfie had first been involved with my mother before marrying her sister. My mother never made a secret of the fact that she had given her virginity to Alfie, as had her sister, stupidly. I always suspected that my mother was fucking Uncle Alfie on a case-by-case basis and my father was fucking her sister. As I grew up, I spied on them and very often caught both couples fucking. This contributed to me later, at 15, letting Uncle Alfie deflower me and fuck me — marital fidelity wasn't worth a damn, everyone fucked everyone. A rebellion against my dominant mother. It didn't surprise me how bitter she was when she caught me fucking Alfie. I was theoretically of age at 24 or 25, of course, and could fuck whoever I wanted. But I couldn't stand her bitterness and left.

I shook my head when Lady Janet asked if that bothered me? Of course not, it was her business if she had incest, I said. No, it didn't bother me at all, I was just a little confused because I thought they were husband and wife for

over a year. The lady nodded, "take your time to digest it." On a suitable occasion, I asked her if I could invite a girlfriend over on my afternoon off, to my room. Yes, to play, too, I said, looking her firmly in the eye. "A maid?" she asked, and I confirmed. She allowed it and said she wouldn't disturb us, but if we wanted to invite her, gladly. So it came about that Luise visited me once a week.

Luise was not half as pretty as me, I not half as pretty as my Lady. But we spent the afternoon kissing and cuddling, we masturbated sitting across from each other or tightly entwined. We also masturbated each other and one day invited Lady Janet to join our play. Luise had a very large and quasi-muscular clit and when she learned to fuck clit-on-clit from the Lady, she could fuck the Mistress to madness. Luise kept her distance, as did I, and duly called her Lady Janet. Luise didn't tell the mistress any juicy details about her lordships, only that she was there for the three generations to be fucked well.

Luise had become a close friend and I asked her for advice on the park bench. She gave me some good one. I gathered all my courage and went to New Scotland Yard. I was sent back and forth until I was sitting in an austere interrogation room facing a stern female officer and two gentlemen. Everything would be recorded and I was only allowed to tell the truth, not invent anything, and not lie. I was terribly nervous, I couldn't babble on and I said it quietly. Okay, she said, I'll ask a few questions. I soon relaxed, it was easy. My name, my profession, my address, my family's address. Yes, I was 29 years old. How often these meetings took place, what my job was? Coffee, drinks, cookies. And cigars. What the men's names were, I only knew their first names. And what else I had to do? I glanced at the two men. They didn't make a face when I said serve pantyless. Yes, some sexual things, too. I had to ride one after the other until he

squirted. Yes, all four of them, one after the other. Yes, I confirmed, all four, one after the other, at all meetings. Usually there was enough time to go around a second time, except for Harrison, who was already too old. The female officer dropped the subject and I breathed a sigh of relief. I should report what they had spoken. They were planning an assassination, they were going to blow up "the whole gang." They had spoken quite openly about the craftsmen who were placing the explosive charges continuously and would soon be finished with it. Who they meant by gang and where or when it was to happen I did not know. One of the men cleared his throat. Why were they speaking so openly when a waitress was in the room? That was easy to answer. "I'm even less than a piece of furniture, because I'm dealing with the.... uh, ... Sexual ... things what I'm preoccupied with. They think I'm just focused on that and not listening. But for me, the fuck... the sexual was only half important, it was so incidental."

The officer asked about the Montgomery's. I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. I had to keep both Montgomery's out of it. The Lady Montgomery was never there, and the Lord Montgomery never participated in the conversations, often going off to talk to Mylady. No, he was definitely not one of the four. He was only a host, and mainly supervised me that I was doing the serving and the ... Sexual activity properly, that was his responsibility. "Pimping?" muttered one of the men, but the female officer shook her head decisively. She now asked everything again, made a note and asked the same thing again. I was getting a bit indignant, I had repeated the names a couple of times and everything. I said I repeated that a minute ago. One of the men started to talk about the sexual matters, but the officer intervened, "leave the girl alone, she already said everything about it!" I was grateful to her. She instructed me that my identity would be kept secret, but in case there

was a trial, I would have to testify, but perhaps only before the judge. But she could not promise that. I rolled over the situation in my head. Could I stay with the Montgomery's? She answered in the affirmative, to them of all people she would not expose me. I was dismissed, had to swear silence to everyone and had to sign it. I went home with soft knees.

Nothing happened for a very long time. We fucked like every evening, Tuesday afternoon Luise came, who had really taken a liking to fucking my Lady to the point of madness. I took Mylady in my arms and kissed her until she relaxed again. One evening Master John said that the four friends were in custody. I was thankfully busy licking her and they didn't notice me flinch. He whispered quietly in Mylady's ear that he was not in danger, he had organized the gentlemen's rounds on behalf of his agency, they knew about everything. A little louder he said, "Rose, I'm afraid the gentlemen's rounds are cancelled, no more fucking!" I nodded and mumbled, her clit between my lips, that it was a pity, I could have used the money well! He laughed, our Rose only thinks about the money she gets for fucking! I breathed a sigh of relief, he didn't question me. Lady Janet did, the other day.

"Luise didn't do it, you did. You went to Scotland Yard!" I admitted immediately. "Surely I can't let them kill some people!" Lady Janet nodded, agreeing with me. "John was quite dogged about this operation, he was quite close to finding out everything. He'd been recording all the conversations for months and giving it to the authorities. And now it's over. The conspirators are going to jail, I hear the fucking isn't so much fun there." The lady smiled kindly. "Too bad you didn't talk to me or John first, it should have gone differently!" I knew she was right. But it did go differently. She didn't rat me out to John, for which I was very grateful. I also didn't hear anything more from Scotland

Yard and didn't have to testify anywhere. We fucked as usual, lustfully and to exhaustion.

A new maid came into the house, a bloody young Asian girl. She seemed to me to be not yet 14, but was supposedly already 21. I was consumed with envy watching Master John fall for her. He fucked her one after the other until late at night, she acted very childish and that drove him completely crazy. I didn't think she was particularly pretty, she had tiny breasts like bee stings, had no pubic hair and a sore clit. She didn't let him squirt in her mouth like I did, he had to fuck her asshole. I was convinced that her big asshole was so worn out from all the ass fucking in the past. She wouldn't let my Lady or me touch her and watched in horror as Lady Janet and I masturbated, licked or fucked each other. That was out of the question for her. I stayed for a few more months, but I knew my time was up.

With a half-empty travel bag, I stood on the rainy platform at Paddington. My next job was in the north of the city, in Hampstead.