

The Exchange – Part One

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This work is intended for adults only. It contains substantial sexually explicit language and scenes that may be considered offensive by some readers.

No characters in this work are under eighteen years of age.

* * *

I had just finished college when 'the Exchange' was finally due.

My parents ran a successful farming business in Lincolnshire and my father had become friendly with a German businessman called Klaus Mayer. He apparently headed up a conglomerate of operations in food and retail – and was stinking rich by all accounts.

My summers were normally taken up with getting the harvest in: hauling wheat and barley into the grain store, but more commonly, working 12-hour days, manually pitching bales of straw into massive stacks, to provide winter bedding for the pigs, which we had several thousand of. The hard work and long days, with little respite from the endless trailers of straw, often in sweltering heat, gave me a well-muscled and tanned body.

I had thick, sun-bleached blonde hair which reached nearly to my shoulders and consequently was lucky enough to look like a fit beach boy.

The wheat straw was just about in when Nina arrived from Germany. She was truly a vision of beauty. About 19 years old, she was slim and blonde, with classic facial features, with the most fantastic legs and nice breasts. The day I was introduced to her, she was wearing a short skirt and designer sunglasses. She looked every inch the money-kissed debutante. Her outfit probably cost more than I earned in two summers of hard graft, and it showed. In short, she looked stunning.

To a sex-obsessed country boy, Nina seemed to be in a different league. She was smart, sophisticated, multi-lingual, and very, very sexy. The problem was, she knew damn well, how desirable she was to men of all ages, and was clearly not going to have a problem exploiting that fact.

It also soon became obvious that she was not going to succumb to the efforts of some yokel who was trying to roll her in the hay. She was haughty and aloof. Even taking her out to parties and getting her a bit drunk with my friends, did nothing to melt the barbed wire she kept wrapped around her panties.

In the two weeks she stayed, I never managed to cop so much as a feel of a tit, or even get a snog with her. The best I ever managed, was a peek through a loose button of her blouse, to spot a beautiful, strawberry-like nipple – a tantalising glimpse of her delectable body. But the pompous bitch was not playing, no way. She was clearly going to sell out to the highest bidder, and that wasn't going to be me.

Utterly frustrated with my attempts to get into her knickers, (after all, she was basically just another teenage bit of stuff), her fortnight was finally over, and it was my turn to accompany her back to her home in Germany. The journey there was completely uneventful, what with her being so sullen, and sadly, no mile-high entertainment to report.

When we arrived at the airport, we were met by one of Herr Mayer's drivers, in one of his luxury Mercedes cars. Nina adopted that annoying, haughty, dismissive attitude – the kind of thing which made me wish she would get anally gang-banged by the local football team. Preferably while I watched.

By the time we arrived at the Mayer residence, I had a sinking feeling that I was going to be hopelessly outclassed and out of my depth. My clothes didn't match the designer quality of Nina's and I only spoke schoolboy German. It looked like it was going to be a long three weeks, and I was beginning to wish I was back in England with my mates – and some birds I could feasibly shag!

Their house was a bloody mansion. The driver parked the car on the great, sweeping drive, as I took in the manicured lawns and neatly kept flower beds.

I grabbed my bags; pretentious Nina told the driver to bring hers - and we made our way into the house, to be greeted by Nina's mum, Frau Mayer. Frau Mayer was altogether friendlier than Nina. She had a genuine warmth about her, but it was easy to see where Nina had got her looks from. She was maybe mid-forties, but still had a lovely slim figure, blonde hair, and a gorgeous smile. She had nice tits, too.

Mental note to self: I really must try to stop doing that. Women instinctively know where men are looking. It's like we have laser beams coming out of our eyes, and they are invariably pointed straight at their boobs.

She spoke in almost accent-less English. 'Hello Andy, it's great to meet you. Thank you so much for looking after Nina these past two weeks,' she said, extending her hand.

No problem. It would have been better if I could have fucked her though.

I took her hand and squeezed it, hoping she wouldn't hate the hard, calloused skin, gained from endless hours of graft with the pitchfork. She winced slightly, as I gripped a little too hard.

'I'm pleased to meet you too, Frau Mayer,' I said politely.

'Please, call me Annika. There is no need to be so formal here,' she said, smiling warmly, and making me feel much more welcome. I immediately thought how much more attractive a person she was, than the bitch Nina. The difference between earned money and inherited wealth.

Nina disappeared off to her room, no doubt to make herself look gorgeous after the emotionally scarring experience of staying on a hick farm in England, leaving her mum, Annika, to show me round the family pile.

And some pile it was. Loads of bedrooms, tennis courts, a swimming pool, various reception rooms and so on. It even had a den – a great big room with a pool table, TV and stereo. Frau Mayer, or rather, Annika, then showed me the dining room.

'Sorry Andy, first we must remove our shoes,' she said, when she opened the door. The reason was soon obvious when she explained. 'The carpet is handmade of Egyptian cotton. One is not permitted to walk on it when wearing shoes.'

The room was amazing. It was circular and the walls were panelled with exotic dark hardwood; the carpet was a gorgeous olive colour, and the centrepiece table could seat at least a dozen people.

My tour concluded when we reached the kitchen. It soon became clear that this was Annika's comfort zone. She was obviously a keen cook, and the room reflected that. This was a room, not for show, but to be used. Pots, pans, and utensils adorned the worktops and walls, along with jars of ingredients. There was also a large table, with chairs for six people. It was the kind of room I could feel comfortable in – a proper family room.

I was a keen amateur cook myself... my mother had taught me the basics from an early age and had encouraged me to experiment. By the age of about 10 or 11, I was able to produce an acceptable 3-course meal. So I felt at home in this culinary environment and immediately felt a level of rapport with the lovely Frau Mayer, certainly far more than I felt with her uptight daughter.

'I love your kitchen, Frau Mayer,' I said, forgetting the requested familiarity. I looked closely at the multi-ring range hob and the professional equipment. 'I'd love to help you cook a meal, or even cook one for you,' I said, feeling a real connection with her.

'That would be wonderful,' she said, smiling and affectionately placing a hand on my muscled shoulder. 'But first you must meet Hanne, Nina's sister. She will show you the boat.'

Hanne turned out to be the total opposite of Nina. She had shorter, dark hair and had a curvy figure. Wow, she was lovely! She was warm, friendly, had a wonderful, beaming smile. I took to her immediately, and we were soon chatting away, me in my broken German and her, in her broken English. We both laughed when we couldn't think of the right words in either language.

She took me down the long path to the river at the very end of the extensive gardens. Tied up to a floating pontoon was the boat. 'The boat' they talked about wasn't just a boat. It was a 20-metre, ocean-going sailing yacht, fitted out with every mod con and navigation aid, as well as an inboard engine. The boat had several cabins and a luxury saloon, all superbly fitted out with solid mahogany and polished chrome.

'We will be going *am bord* soon!' she exclaimed, mixing her languages. 'We need to get supplies first, though.'

I liked Hanne. She was nice. She smiled a lot. And it wasn't too hard to see that she liked me, too. I spontaneously gave her a hug and said, 'I'm really looking forward to a trip on this lovely boat.' Things were looking up at last.

Until Herr Mayer came home, that is. I only met the great man briefly, and instantly thought he was a complete pig. Short, fat, bald, with a stupid goatee beard, I found him completely obnoxious. He may have been fucking loaded, but he was an ignorant git. He barely grunted, making little effort at conversation, preferring to spend time in his study, rather than with his guest or his lovely wife. I immediately felt sorry for Annika.

The next day was spent organising ludicrous amounts of food, alcohol, cigarettes, and other stuff from 'Daddy's warehouse,' to be delivered to the yacht. Annika prepared lots of food to put in the on-board fridge and freezer, and before long, we were all ready to go.

We were joined by some poncey friend of Nina's – not a boyfriend, just a male friend, who I struggled to really gel with, and sadly of course, the pig Herr Mayer.

We set off out into the North Sea, under power to start with, but before long, unfurled the sails and were soon blasting through the waves into the open sea. The sailing was a truly joyous experience, which helped to overcome the combined irritation of Herr Mayer, Nina, and her wimpy boy friend.

I was allocated the tiny, triangular cabin in the bow of the boat. Although very cramped, it had the big advantage of being right next to the bathroom (or 'head,' in sailing parlance), which meant two things: one, I didn't have far to go if I wanted a slash during the night, and two, I discovered that the door had a decent sized keyhole... which meant that the occupant of the forward bunk (me), by moving the pillow out of the way, was able to peek into the bathroom!

Over the coming days, I was treated to the sight of the prissy Nina stripping off and washing in front of the tiny sink, her dark pink nipples erect as she flannelled herself, with her toned arse on display. I never saw her pussy properly, as she always seemed to have her back or side towards me. But her nipples really were worth seeing. They were the nipples of a mature woman, not a 19-year-old. I loved to watch her pissing in the boat toilet and wiping her pussy clean afterward, while I stroked my aching cock.

One morning though, I made the mistake of squinting through the keyhole when I heard movement next door... unfortunately, it was just Herr Mayer taking a dump. Before I could look away, I caught sight of him seated on the bog, grunting as he squeezed out a huge turd in a noisy, and quite disgusting fashion. It was almost enough to put me off my voyeuristic activities.

Sadly, the lovely Hanne and Annika always saved their ablution routine till after it was a decent time for me to get up, so I never had the joy of watching their intimate activities. I did, however, have the pleasure of seeing both Hanne and Annika in their swimsuits. I had already seen Nina naked and I had no doubt she would have been horrified if she'd known that. So I wasn't too bothered about staring at her swimsuit-clad titties and arse.

Hanne had a nice figure as well. She was a bit shorter than both Nina and her mother but was curvier, with large orb-like breasts and a curvy, sexy arse.

Her mum, however, was a different matter. We were enjoying lovely sunny weather, so her normal dress was a pair of very short shorts and a bikini top. She had a lovely figure, with nice firm, decent-sized boobs and a flat tummy. Her legs were toned, with just enough flesh on them to give her thighs a very sexy taper. I would fantasise about how she would look wearing stockings. But her crowning feature was her arse. It was just perfect, beautifully peach-shaped and it looked utterly squeezable.

Indeed, in the limited space of the boat's galley, I would sometimes find myself in very close proximity to her and sometimes wondered if she was deliberately bending over just to tease me. Her mild flaunting might have been completely unintentional and was most likely just wishful thinking on my part. A horny teenager could interpret any kind of behaviour as flirting!

So I managed to resist the temptation to touch her, firstly because I didn't want her running to Herr Mayer, complaining that the uncouth English boy had just groped her, and second, because even if she had responded positively, within the close confines of the boat, there was nowhere we could possibly be alone.

As a fit 18-year-old, my testosterone levels were at the max; I hadn't had any sex action since before Nina arrived in England, so was now feeling permanently horny. The slightest brush of Annika's body against mine, or the touch of her hand, was enough to give me a full-on boner, which I then had to try and hide, not always that successfully.

So I had to make do with masturbating as quietly as I could, in the tiny cabin in the bow of the boat. I had no shortage of fantasies to supply mental imagery: Frau Mayer in black stockings and suspenders, her lovely breasts spilling out of a lacy bra; Hanne naked underneath me, panting as I ploughed into her hungry pussy; even Hanne and Annika together. But the one which really got me off, was where I had the prissy Nina bent right over, with me pounding my thick cock mercilessly right up her virgin arsehole.

After a few days, we returned to the home mooring; Herr Mayer went back to work; Nina's friend bugged off and things settled down into a more relaxed domestic routine. They took me out to see a few tourist sites in the surrounding area. Some of these trips just included me, Hanne, and Annika, which were very pleasant without the spoilt brat Nina being there.

But the rest of my time tended to either be spent in the kitchen, chatting to Frau Mayer, and helping her with the cooking, or with Hanne in her attic bedroom. We had become good friends and would spend hours listening to music and attempting conversation, with her trying to speak English and me trying to speak German. She would often laugh when I inadvertently said something wrong or out of context, or when I forgot to put the verb wherever it was supposed to be.

I liked it when she laughed. Her face would beam, and her eyes would sparkle. We became progressively more touchy-feely, and it wasn't too long before it felt right to lean in, stroke her hair and give her a kiss on her lips. Thankfully, she responded by pulling me in closer and worming her tongue into my mouth.

It was pretty obvious that she fancied me as much as I did her, so it wasn't long before we were stretched out on the bed, kissing in an exploratory way. Hanne didn't object when I caressed her ample breasts through her top and '*büstenhalter*'. It was frustrating though, that on this day, Hanne was wearing jeans, which added to the challenge of trying to touch her pussy. Thick denim was akin to armour plating in these situations, so I was trying to fathom the best plan of attack.

I had no idea how sexually experienced she was. My best guess was, that as a privileged daughter of a multi-millionaire, she would have led a very protected life this far. She wouldn't start university till next

term, so had never lived away from home. I imagined that any prospective boyfriends would have been carefully vetted by Annika and the piggy Klaus Mayer. So it was a strong possibility that she was still a virgin... Had she even had a boy's fingers in her pussy? Surely she couldn't be on the pill... I had no condoms with me, and certainly couldn't risk getting her pregnant!

My mind was racing as we continued kissing deeply. I didn't want to risk fumbling with an awkward bra catch... *were German bras even the same as English ones? I didn't know!* I slipped my hand under her top and with a smooth movement, located my fingers under the bottom edge of her bra and managed to push it up and over her breasts, exposing them to my feverish touch. I was then able to lift her top up just enough to reveal one boob. I quickly lowered my head and took her rosy-coloured nipple into my mouth, to gently suck and lick it.

Hanne sighed nicely and made no attempt to resist my advances. *First base!*

My hands were busy exploring her thighs and bottom, but I was still wary of chancing a feel of her pussy. I was anxious not to go too far, too quickly - and risk ruining the moment. Although I had been sporting a throbbing erection since we first kissed, I'd been trying to be a bit discrete, so avoided pressing it against her leg – even though I desperately wanted to!

Hanne was responding beautifully to my sucking on her nipple, with her breathing becoming shallower, her denim-clad leg sliding sensually over mine. She lifted her upper body slightly, which allowed me to push her top up a little further, to expose her other breast.

I was just about to start sucking the other nipple, when suddenly, she pulled up and said, '*Warten!*' (Wait!) and broke away from me. '*Oh no,*' I thought, '*I've blown it,*' mentally kicking myself. Then she added '*Das ist überhaupt nicht bequem*' (I'm not comfortable at all) then, bless her, she reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, allowing it to fall loosely around her chest, before rejoining me in a horizontal position.

I took this as a green light to go to work on her other nipple. I sucked it and licked it, while I used my other hand to caress her other boob and gently roll her nipple between my fingers. I expressed my pleasure and delight by letting out lots of 'Ohh's' and 'Ahh's'.

But I was reluctant to try and say 'You have beautiful tits' in German. The only word I knew was '*Euter,*' which I think translates as 'udder,' so that might have gone horribly wrong.

I was still desperate to get my fingers on her pussy and couldn't decide whether to try and stroke her from the outside, through the thick denim, or whether to go for broke and pop the button on her jeans. My dilemma was resolved a few moments later, when I suddenly felt her hand press against my rigid cock through my jeans. It was quite deliberate - no accident, no slip of her hand. I groaned as she pressed more firmly and started gently moving her hand up and down, her palm slipping over the coarse material.

My cock was so swollen, the tip was sticking out of the top of my briefs and was threatening to make an appearance out of the waistband of my low-cut jeans. I could feel precum oozing from the tip and the head was rubbing against the rough denim.

Now or never, I thought. Releasing her tit from my mouth, I moved up and kissed her deeply again. She was lying flat on her back, so I reckoned there might be enough clearance under the waistband of her jeans to slide my hand down, thereby avoiding the sudden interruption of having to wrestle with the metal rivet.

I ran my fingers down her stomach and without pausing, flattened my hand and slid it under the denim. There was just enough room to be able trace my middle finger over the cotton of her panties and feel the top of her slit. A touch lower, and I knew I had to be in the vicinity of her clit. Then I applied a little pressure and started to gently move my finger up and down, rubbing her clit through her panties.

Hanne gasped as I gently worked her pussy and lowered my lips to a nipple. She was starting to slowly move her hips in response to the gentle motion of my finger and gave my cock a squeeze, before pressing the flat of her palm hard against it.

Encouraged, I momentarily withdrew my hand from her jeans, just long enough to undo the button and ease the zip down a couple of inches. Then I quickly slid my hand back inside, but this time, I made sure I navigated under the edge of her cotton panties. The additional freedom of movement allowed my fingers to brush over her soft pubic hair and travel further down her slit, which was deliciously moist.

I worked my middle finger up and down her damp slit, and located the bump of her clit, which I concentrated my efforts on, making Hanne sigh, before moving it down to locate the entrance to her pussy hole. But I was unable to get my finger inside, because of the tight jeans. There was nothing for it, those jeans were going to have to come off!

Then I felt Hanne's hand move up and touch my stomach. She sighed again as she ran her fingers over my hard abdominal muscles, before slipping them inside the top of my jeans, to touch the head of my cock, which by now, was slippery with my leaked fluid. I gasped as her soft fingers contacted the most sensitive part of the head and couldn't help but push up, to try and ease it right out of my jeans.

By now, Hanne was squirming her hips, pushing upward to increase the pressure of my finger on her swollen bud. The urgency was building between us; I knelt beside her and pushed my hands inside her jeans, one either side of the zip, then moved my fingertips round towards her hips. She understood my unspoken urging and lifted her bottom off the bed, allowing me to slide those damned jeans down around her thighs. I pulled on one leg and she kicked them off, finally freeing her legs from the denim prison.

Now she was laying there in just her cotton panties, with her top and bra quite dishevelled, and one ample breast in full view. I returned my hand inside her panties and could now slide my finger right down her wet crack and gently pressed it into the mouth of her pussy hole. She was lovely and moist, and a

moment later, I was able to push my finger right inside her tight little cunt, before pulling it out, covered in her moisture, to rub up and down, over her clit.

Hanne was still running her fingers over and around the head of my cock, which was twitching and throbbing in response. The suddenly, her fingers were on the metal button of my jeans... with a final twist, it popped undone and she tugged on the zip to lower it. I exhaled with relief as I felt the release of the pressure of the tight jeans on my cock.

Hanne scooped her hand right down inside my briefs, freeing my cock and finally getting most of it out in the air. She then started gently stroking up and down the shaft, using my copious precum as a lubricant. The feeling of her soft skin on my engorged cock was utterly exquisite, as she made a fist to encircle me. Much more of that treatment would have me coming in her hand and it was as much as I could do, to resist the temptation to start fucking her hand in earnest.

I eased the front of her panties down to reveal her lovely pussy. She had a delicate covering of soft black pubic hair, which was sparse enough for her pussy slit to be delightfully visible. I leaned forward to plant a kiss on her mound, then flicked my tongue along her slit. Hanne gasped and bucked her hips as the tip of my tongue contacted her clit.

I wanted to feel more of my skin in contact with hers, so I quickly pulled my t-shirt over my head and tossed it to one side. I laid down beside her, luxuriating in the feeling of her body against my chest, one of her big, soft breasts pressed against me. We caressed and stroked each other for a few minutes, then I slid off the side of the bed, so I was kneeling on the floor beside her prone body.

I stroked my hands up and down her soft thighs, then gently pulled the damp gusset of her panties to one side, and Hanne parted her legs to reveal her pussy. Holding her panties to one side, I was able to start licking her properly. I ran my tongue up and down her lovely moist slit, locating her little bud with the tip of my tongue, then applied little flickering movements to it.

Hanne was sighing loudly as my tongue worked over her clit; her hand was repeatedly squeezing my cock; I was breathing deeply and was getting so worked up. I urgently needed to get her knickers right off, so started pulling them downward. A moment later, she lifted her hips a little, and they were soon down her legs and over her feet. Finally, I could get to her pussy without obstruction!

I gently pulled her round, so that her bottom was nearly at the edge of the bed. She allowed one foot to rest on the floor, opening her legs more for me. I pulled my jeans and underwear down a bit further, so that my cock and balls were completely free. My swollen prick was sticking out like the jib on their boat, so engorged with blood, it was aching.

I leaned forward with my face between her soft thighs and used my fingers to part her pussy lips. She had lovely small, dark inner lips which were shiny with moisture. I pressed my mouth against her and started working my tongue up and down her crevice, circling it around her clit, then delving it into her sweet cunt hole. She tasted lovely; my saliva mixed with her juice to make her really wet.

Oh, I so wanted to fuck her! It would have been so easy to just move up and ram my rigid cock straight into her wet pussy, but I had to resist that temptation – she could so easily end up pregnant!

I slid a finger into her lovely tight pussy hole. She was wet enough for it to slide in easily. She gasped out loud and stroked the back of my head with her other hand. I then pressed a second finger in, which was a much tighter fit, but within a few moments, I had them both fully inside her and was able to start a steady thrusting movement.

'Oh, frig mich, frig mich!' she urged. Her meaning translated clearly enough!

Her hand was fisting up and down on my cock, almost in time with my fingers pumping into her cunt; her movement was made silky by the sheer amount of precum which was dripping out of the end. The sensations were so good, it was almost like fucking a soft, wet pussy.

I could feel the spunk welling up and my balls tightening, ready to cum... I wasn't far off the point of no return. I continued thrusting my fingers in and out of her and Hanne was gyrating her hips as they went in deeper. I leaned forward and pressed my tongue hard against her clit and suddenly, she was climaxing. Her legs and pussy clamped my fingers; she arched her back, then threw her head back and cried out loud as her orgasm exploded through her. *'Ich komme!'*, she cried out.

At the same time, she gave my cock a frantic jerking, which sent me completely over the edge. A moment later, the spunk raced up my cock and I was firing jet after jet of thick cream into the air. Oh, the relief! My pent-up load blasted out, emptying my balls. I groaned loudly as she squeezed and wanked my cock, milking the last drops out of me. I eased my fingers out of her lovely pussy and delved my tongue into her quivering cunt, drawing all her lovely fresh cum juice into my mouth, her body still shaking as her orgasm started to subside.

'Oh, lech mich,' she sighed, pressing the back of my head, forcing my face into her pussy.

'AH HEM!' My head was still spinning from the raptures of my own orgasm, but that sounded like someone clearing their throat!

I looked round and Hanne looked up, still struggling to focus after her explosive orgasm. We were both mortified to see, standing in the doorway, hands on her hips – Annika!

Frau Mayer.

Hanne's mother!

'Scheisse!' muttered Hanne, trying to scrabble something to cover herself.

Talk about busted. There was Hanne, legs akimbo, my face just above her pussy, my mouth covered with her cunt juices. Her top and bra were rucked up round her neck, her big breasts on full display. My jeans and briefs were halfway down my legs and my semi-hard cock was dripping spunk onto the carpet. Hanne's hand was still loosely cupping my balls.

'WHAT IS HAPPENING HERE?' Frau Mayer screeched at the top of her voice. Hanne opened her mouth to speak, but was interrupted by a torrent of German, which for all the world, sounded like a machine gun. I didn't understand a word, but I didn't have the balls to say '*Langsam, bitte!*' (Slowly, please!) But I got the general gist - which was that she wasn't very amused.

The tirade from Frau Mayer only paused when Hanne replied '*Nein*' (No) on a couple of occasions.

Hanne let go of my balls and tried to cover herself with the quilt, which didn't really work, as she was laying on it. I started to discretely pull my jeans up, to try and get my knob out of her mother's angry gaze.

'It's a little late for that, young man!' Frau Mayer spat sarcastically, switching to English for my benefit, and glaring at my penis, the cause of all the trouble.

Another blast of rapid German followed, but it did sound like her tone was softening a little. When her mother had finally finished, her now-tearful daughter quietly said, '*Entschuldigung, mama*'. (Sorry, mummy.)

Frau Mayer then finally the room and went downstairs.

Oh shit. That conversation had all the makings of the 'You wait till your father gets home!' type of stuff.

'What did she say to you?' I asked, not really wanting to hear the answer.

It took a while, using a pieced-together mixture of German and English, but the general gist was that she was shocked to see her 'innocent' daughter in that position; she shouldn't have led me on. Most importantly, she wanted to know if we'd had proper sex.

'It's good you did not *fick mich*,' she said, wistfully. 'Otherwise, she would be very angry!'

Hanne started pulling her clothes back on; I did my jeans up and put my t-shirt back on. Then I looked at the bed. Oh, fuck. There were huge wet patches all over the sheet and valance, where I'd shot my load all over it. The side of the bed was literally soaked. There were still a few dribbles of thick spunk, which still hadn't fully soaked in.

Hanne pointed at it and said, 'Mummy wasn't very pleased about that either. She told me to take the sheets down to wash.'

I couldn't let Hanne take the can for this all on her own. 'I will take the sheets down and I will speak to your mother. Have a shower and stay up here till I come back, please,' I said, quite firmly.

Between us, we stripped the sheets off the bed, and I rolled them up, doing my best to hide the wettest areas. I gave Hanne a hug and a kiss and said, 'It was lovely, though!' She smiled back but didn't look very happy.

I made my way downstairs with my heart in my boots and paused outside the kitchen door. It was still only early afternoon, so at least I had time to try and sort this before pigface got home.

I knocked on the door and Frau Mayer answered, '*Komm herein!*', obviously thinking it was Hanne. She looked a little surprised to see it was me, carrying the armful of guilty evidence.

She was sitting at the kitchen table with a bottle of wine and a nearly empty glass in front of her.

I held out my hand to offer a handshake and said humbly, '*Entschuldigung, Frau Mayer.*' (Sorry, Mrs Mayer.) She took my hand and held it. Then she sniffed. '*Oh, mein Gott*, you still smell of my daughter's... sex!' I cringed with embarrassment and my insides turned to jelly.

Then she lifted my fingers to her nose and inhaled. I was taken aback when she added, 'She does smell nice, though.' I was tempted to add, '*She tastes nice, too,*' but thought better of it. She let go of my hand and I gratefully pulled it back, wishing I'd had the bloody sense to wash my hands.

'Please sit down, Andy. And put those sheets over there,' she said, pointing to the washing machine.

Her expression softened a bit. 'I said you can call me Annika. I don't like 'Frau Mayer' – it makes me sound old. That hasn't changed.' She didn't sound angry anymore. *Phew*. I began to feel a little better.

'Listen Andy,' she started. 'I'm sorry I shouted at you both. I was just surprised to see you two... doing what you were doing. But I should not be surprised... she is eighteen years after all. And so are you.'

I tried to speak, but she held up her hand. I let her continue. 'I just came upstairs to see if you would like some lunch and there you were, licking my daughter... between her legs... and Hanne... holding your penis!'

'How long had you been standing there, Annika?' I asked, sensing a change in the tone and direction of the conversation.

'Long enough,' she replied, with a hint of a grin. 'I had no wish to interrupt you before... well... before you had finished.'

Suddenly, I was seeing Annika in a new light. She had had the consideration to allow us to conclude our frenzied sexual activity, rather than causing a ghastly and frustrating interruption. She poured herself another glass of wine. 'Would you like one, Andy?

'Yes please, that would be lovely, Annika, thank you,' I replied. A glass of cold white wine sounded very appealing at that moment. Annika got up, fetched another glass, and filled it for me. 'Prost,' she said, raising her glass.

Annika took a sizeable gulp of hers, then spoke again. 'You need to understand this. And this is not for repeating, OK?' I nodded in agreement. 'Maybe twenty years ago, I was in a similar situation. Klaus was my boyfriend, and we were very much in love. Although it might have been lust... I'm not sure which. Anyway, we were having lots of sex, whenever and wherever we could. Of course, I became pregnant. Our parents were all furious and we had to get married.'

Then, as if she could read my mind, she added, with a slightly faraway look, 'Your generation didn't invent sex, you know. In those days, Klaus was not overweight and bald; he was slim and handsome, with lots of muscles. Much like you...'

Annika placed her hand on my arm, feeling the strong sinews of my tanned forearm. It was as if memories were being stirred in her. I could also feel stirrings, but mine were more in the region of my balls.

She went on, 'Things could have been worse. Klaus proved to be a good businessman and now we have money. Lots and lots of it. So I must not complain.' She gulped down the remainder of her wine and was beginning to sound slightly tipsy. She looked round at the pile of sheets and eyed the sopping wet patches. I must have sprayed half a pint over them. If nothing else, it looked an impressive mess. Annika could be in no doubt that I was pretty bloody virile.

'You make a great amount of... seed,' she said, trying to find the right word.

I tried to lighten things a bit. 'In London, they call it Harry Monk.'

'Harry Monk? Who is Harry Monk?' she asked, puzzled.

I explained, 'It's cockney rhyming slang... 'Harry Monk means spunk!'

'Ah, I see!' she said laughing and clapping her hands. In German, spunk is said, *sperma*.'

We both laughed and Annika looked at the sheets again. I got the feeling that Annika might just like an equally big helping of English farmer-boy *sperma*.

'It's a very good thing you did not *fick* her, Andy! You didn't *fick* her, did you?'

'No, Annika, I didn't *fick* her.' Feeling bolder now, I added, 'I licked her pussy and pushed my fingers in her till she had an orgasm. That's all.' Pushing my luck a bit more, I seductively raised my fingers to my nose and inhaled Hanne's pussy scent.

'Ah, yes, *orgasmus*...'

Annika held her empty wine glass tightly. She had that faraway look in her eyes again, as if trying to remember the last time she had a really good climax. I wondered if she'd like to feel my fingers thrusting in and out of *her* cunt and my tongue on *her* clit.

'Now listen, Andy,' she said, waving her finger and suddenly serious, despite the effects of the wine.

'Understand this well. Hanne wants to become a doctor. She needs to go to university and study for many years. So she cannot become pregnant, have a baby and lose her dream.'

She got up from the table and bent down at the pile of soiled sheets. She rubbed a wet patch between her fingers and said, 'I think you would make many babies for her. So I have a plan. I know what it is like to be eighteen years old and feel very sexy. I will send our chauffeur to the store to buy some rubbers. Then maybe you will not make Hanne pregnant. I will make a phone call to Heinrich right away.'

I couldn't believe the way this had gone. Not only did it seem that the irate Annika had been placated, but she was also basically giving me permission to fuck her daughter, provided I used the condoms that *she* was about to procure! I couldn't believe the way this had turned round.

I finished my wine and got up from the table. I went over to Annika and put my hands on her shoulders. 'Thank you for being so understanding, Annika. I really like Hanne – she is beautiful and lovely and passionate and sexy. And I can see where she gets it from!' I said, looking into her eyes, before kissing her on the cheek. I then took the extreme liberty of drifting my fingers down over her breast, with a featherlight touch. She jolted and closed her eyes for an instant. And I didn't get the slap that I might have deserved.

With that, I turned and headed back upstairs to see Hanne. I could feel Annika staring at me as I left the kitchen. When I got to Hanne's room, she had showered and was smelling lovely. She had put fresh sheets on the bed as well.

'What did she say?' she asked, looking up at me anxiously. 'I did not hear her shouting.'

'She was OK,' I replied. 'She was just worried that we were having sex and that you might get pregnant.'

I didn't bother to mention about her mother sniffing my pussy-scented fingers. Or me stroking her tit.

Hanne looked relieved. I held her hand, pulled her close and smiled. 'Better still, she is sending Heinrich to buy some *kondome!*'

Now Hanne stared at me wide-eyed. 'You mean...?' She didn't finish; her words trailed off.

'Yes, Hanne, now you can say *'fick mich'* and I can... and I would love to.' I gave her a lovely kiss and squeezed her breast.

With that, we went down to join Annika in the kitchen to have a late lunch. I had worked up a good appetite! Thankfully, the conversation was light-hearted. Annika had said her piece and the air had been cleared. She had even put the sheets on to wash. When we had finished eating, Annika handed me a paper bag with a small cardboard box inside. She winked and said, 'Have fun, you two!' I squeezed Annika's hand and said, '*Danke schön!*'

I thanked her, and meant it on several levels: thank you for the condoms; thank you for being so understanding; thank you for letting me fuck your daughter.

When Hanne and I left the kitchen, Annika called out to her, '*Ich denke, Andy wird dich heute abend zu einer frau machen!*'

She said it too quickly for me to understand, so I asked Hanne what she'd said. She thought for a moment, then translated: 'I think tonight Andy will make you a woman!'

I liked the sound of that. This 'Exchange' thing was starting to work out nicely.

Having satiated our initial lust, Hanne and I spent a pleasant afternoon swimming in the pool and having a few games of tennis. She was far better than me and won every game, despite my efforts to hit the ball into Belgium.

All three of us: myself, Annika, and Hanne, had to be careful at dinner that night, to not appear any different in our behaviour – which was very difficult, given what had happened earlier in the day. I was looking forward to Round 2 with Hanne and was beginning to feel quite horny again. I couldn't help looking across at Annika and wondered if she was feeling a bit envious of what she knew her daughter would be getting later tonight. I found myself wondering when the fat pig had last given her a really satisfying seeing-to. Annika struck me as the kind of rich woman who would look for excitement with her tennis coach, or golf instructor.

Herr Mayer finished his dinner, belched, and then went off into his study. The man was truly disgusting. I secretly hoped that one day, Annika would see the light and divorce him. I decided I wouldn't have the slightest remorse if, by some extreme chance, I would get lucky enough to fuck his lovely wife.

Hanne and Nina disappeared to the den to watch some TV soap in German; I stopped in the kitchen with Annika, to help her clear up. She packed all the plates into the dishwasher and started washing the pots in the sink. I was helping to wipe them dry when she spoke softly to me. 'You must not make too much noise tonight. Klaus sleeps very heavily and won't hear anything. But you must be mindful of Nina. I would not want her to tell her father what is going on. It would go badly for Hanne.'

'I promise, Annika,' I replied. I thought for a moment. 'May I suggest something, please?'

My idea was that the four of us would play a game. The loser of each round would have to drink a shot of schnapps. Without making it too obvious, we would make sure that Nina lost nearly every time. And, as Annika would oversee the measures, she could make sure that Nina's were generous. With a bit of luck, she would go to bed and pass out.

'That sounds like a good idea. But what shall we play?' she asked.

'I have an idea. You get two dice, and you label one with actions – like kiss, lick, touch and so on. The second one has body parts, so you have things like lips, chest, thighs. If the person does the dare, they nominate the giver for the next round. They have to do the dare for 30 seconds. If they refuse, they must drink a shot! In fact, any kind of refusal, they have to drink a shot!'

The game worked out even better than planned! Hanne had the challenge of Nibble Nipple on Nina. Nina naturally refused to let her sister suck on her tit, especially in front of me. One penalty shot. I was lucky enough to get Stroke Ass on Annika, who didn't refuse, so I was lucky enough to get my hands on her lovely bottom for 30 seconds. I managed to fix it for Annika to get Kiss Lips on Hanne. I thought they might refuse, but the pair of them were game, and gave each other's lips a really sensual kiss. Nina just looked pissed off and disdainful, as usual. It was a shame there wasn't a combination which said, 'Andy Fuck Ass Nina'.

After about ten rounds of this, Nina had lost six of the rounds and compared to the rest of us, was pretty hammered. Especially as her shots, courtesy of Annika, were about twice the size of ours. The next round ended up with Annika Rub Thighs – on me.

I leaned back and sat with my legs apart. Annika giggled as she dropped to her knees between my legs and started stroking her hands along the tops of my thighs. I was afforded the most entrancing view down her top as she leaned forward, and I delighted in the view of the curve of her breasts, cupped in a lacy bra. By the time the 30 seconds was up, her thumbs were tracing up and down the sensitive inside of my thighs and I had a substantial erection, which can hardly have escaped Annika's attention, given that her face was only inches away.

I then got Lick Neck Hanne. I spent a good thirty seconds licking and nibbling her sensitive neck, knowing full well, the kind of effect this would surely be having on her erogenous zones.

We agreed to have one final round. The dice were thrown and ended up with Nina Lick Ass on Hanne. Nina's reaction was predictable. 'Oh, just give me the shot, I'm not doing that!' Hanne had more sense of fun... she undid her jeans and pulled them down her thighs, then she bent her knees and wiggled her pantie-covered arse in Nina's face.

'Oh, come on, Nina, be a sport for once!' she teased. Then she scooped her panties almost into her crack, leaving the perfect globes of her ass on full display, wiggling them in front of Nina's nose.

To everyone's surprise, Nina snorted, then dropped to her hands and knees and poked her tongue out. Then, for the next thirty seconds, she proceeded to draw wet trails with her tongue over the perfect contours of her sister's arse.

After she had finished her challenge, Hanne pulled her jeans back up and flopped down on the floor, near where I was sitting and laughed hysterically.

Nina then announced that she was going to bed. She was obviously quite drunk and had some trouble negotiating the stairs.

'I think that's her taken care of,' said Annika, grinning broadly. 'And that game was fun! I haven't laughed so much in a long time!'

'I agree,' said Hanne. 'But now, I need to pee.' With that, she headed off to the bathroom.

As soon as Hanne had left the room, I rolled over to face Annika, put my hand on the back of her head and mashed my mouth onto hers. Moments later, our tongues were thrashing about in each other's mouths, and my hand was squeezing her breast. Knowing we only had seconds while Hanne was in the toilet, I dropped my hand between her legs and forcibly ground my fingers into her denim-covered pussy slit. Annika gasped with the sudden jolt of sexual desire.

'I want to *fick* you!' I hissed in her ear.

A moment later, we heard the toilet flush, and we quickly resumed innocent positions, me on the sofa and Annika on a chair opposite. Annika looked very flushed; I guessed not just from the alcohol. I did my best to conceal my throbbing erection when Hanne came back. I was confident that I would soon be hiding it in her lovely little wet pussy, which was just as well, because I was feeling an overwhelming urge to stick it into one of them.

Hanne dropped down onto the settee and snuggled up beside me. It was nice to be able to be openly affectionate with her in front of her mother. I put my arm round her and held her close. Whilst I was very much looking forward to bedding Hanne properly, I couldn't help stealing glances at her sexy mother. She really was the epitome of the word MILF! I just hoped that somehow or another, an opportunity would arise, because it was looking like she was up for it.

Soon, Annika announced that she was going to bed. She came over and gave us both a kiss, said goodnight and headed off upstairs. I fleetingly wondered if her fingers would be busy tonight.

I turned to give Hanne a kiss and squeezed a breast through her t-shirt. 'It was fun, you making Nina lick your bottom!' I said, chuckling. 'You know, your *Arsch...*'

'I liked making her feel awkward,' she said, giggling. She pronounced it '*orkvard*,' which made me smile.

'Let's go to bed,' I whispered to her. And with that, we crept up the stairs to her room and quietly closed the door. I was still feeling very turned on by the antics earlier that evening, and particularly by the brief fumble with her mother. If I'm honest, part of me wished that Hanne had gone to bed, to leave me alone with Annika, so I could fuck her brains out.

We kissed, then I lifted her t-shirt up and over her head, revealing her pretty bra. I pulled the top of one cup down a little to reveal her nipple, which I sucked gently into my mouth. Reaching round behind her, I successfully unclipped her bra with one hand. She shook it free and allowed it to fall off her arms, leaving her naked from the waist up.

I took both of her lovely, full breasts into my hands and circled my thumbs over her nipples, feeling them perk up under my touch. She certainly had beautiful breasts... I'd been too concerned with getting her kit off earlier to really appreciate them. Now she was standing up, instead of lying down, I could see how taut and shapely they were.

Hanne started lifting my t-shirt; I helped by pulling it over my head and discarded it on the floor. With both of us naked from the waist up, we kissed and ran our hands all over each other's back. Hanne's bare breasts pressed into my chest like soft pillows and we gently rubbed against each other, sighing as we luxuriated in the feeling of skin against skin.

Thoughts of her mother were soon dismissed from my head, when I felt Hanne's soft, youthful body against mine. A moment later, her fingers were on the button of my jeans, and within seconds, they were undone, and she was unzipping me.

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