

JUBILEE

"Go ahead and sit down, I'll be with you in a minute," the Schutzhaftlagerführerin said, then turned and approached Myra where she sat next to her desk. To Myra's complete surprise the Schutzhaftlagerführerin handed her a drink. It was a screwdriver, of all things, and absolutely fabulous. In the background a quartet of shaven-headed emaciated women in drab grey overalls played 'The Terezin Requiem' by Josef Bor.

"Welcome to my lair," the Schutzhaftlagerführerin said with a nice smile. "Please, ask me anything."

"Uh, who do I have to screw?" Myra finally asked, doing a poor impersonation of some movie she once saw before the war.

"Me," the Schutzhaftlagerführerin said simply, with a smile.

"Miss..."

"Call me Diana," the Schutzhaftlagerführerin interrupted.

"Diana, I've never done anything like this before. I don't know what to do."

"That's what makes you so unique, and enjoyable. Don't worry, I'll talk you through it. Do you know which you would prefer for your first time?"

The most visible symbol of feminine energy in the solar system is the Moon. Because it reflects the light from the sun, the pale orb in the night sky has come to represent a woman's reflective nature, her internalized response to

the world.

"Would you like to make love to me, or would you like me to make love to you?"

"I think," Myra stopped and swallowed nervously, "I think I'd like to try you while you talk me through it, if you don't mind."

"Scheiss no, I don't mind at all. In fact you are the first. I knew you were different. First, let's take off our clothes."

"Of course," Myra said, shaking like a fool. Myra felt totally naked and vulnerable, with her clothes off, but she was fascinated by the site of Schutzhaftlagerführerin Diana nude. She could never remember being so close to a naked woman before, it was fascinating.

The Moon rules the Fourth House, the House of home and family and the energy of Cancer, which is the Sign of nurturing and mothering. Moon looks after the fluffing of every pillow and is no stranger to growing the vegetables for each pot of home-cooked soup.

Myra didn't know what to do. She slid out of the chair and went down to her knees in front of her Schutzhaftlagerführerin's chair. Slowly, looking at Diana for approval, she leaned down and sniffed the air between Diana's legs, but not too close. It smelled good, like a woman. Myra licked her dry lips and tried to get hold of her nerves.

She gingerly reached out and placed one hand on each of Diana's thighs. They were warm and very soft. She moved her face closer until she could smell the perfumed fragrance of Diana's skin. She kissed her inner thigh

experimentally, then took a good look at Diana's cunt for the first time. She had a dark patch of black hair, more hair than Myra. The cunt looked much like Myra's.

Women wield the most powerful creative force -- the ability to give birth. Moving in cycles throughout history, women have alternately been worshipped for possessing such vital magic and then become suspect, flipping roles to become the reactive, ready-to-serve female of the patriarchal era.

It was very wet and fragrant. Myra inhaled deeply and decided it was a good smell. She looked up into Diana's eye, then extended her tongue and touched the hot flesh of Diana's cunt. Diana sighed deeply and closed her eyes. Myra tasted the trace of juice on her tongue and decided she liked it. She licked more boldly, enjoying the rich flavor of Diana, but enjoying her reaction even more. Diana shuddered and gasped as Myra's tongue slid through her wet folds of flesh. When the tongue reached her clit, Diana gasped and stiffened. Amazed at such a reaction Myra opened the folds of her cunt and found the clit, then began flicking her tongue across the little bud.

If the Moon has been more identified in our contemporary cultural myths with the passive side of women, let us not forget that it also exerts tremendous power (not unlike women) as it controls the tides in the oceans and the cycles in women's bodies. It waves its magic wand over plant growth and is the comforting night light all over the planet.

Diana cried out and stiffened, thrusting her cunt slightly forward to meet Myra's tongue. Losing the last of her hesitation, Myra clamped her warm lips over the wet mound and began sucking as her tongue lashed Diana's

womanly fruit. Becoming even more enthusiastic, Myra dove into the woman's crotch whole-heartedly, working her face from side to side, while her mouth sucked and tongued her cunt. With a death grip on each leg, Myra drove her tongue up inside Diana while her sucking lips drew her womanly nectar from her loins.

In some indigenous cultures, women refer to their menstrual cycles as their "Moon," and a woman's power at the time of the month when she bleeds is considered so great that all kinds of special conditions must be observed out of respect for that energy.

Panting and tossing on the chair, Diana suddenly fell back and spread her legs wider. Although Myra was new at this sort of thing, she realized that Diana was nearing her orgasm. It was exciting to watch the thigh muscles tense and vibrate in time with her lashing tongue. Myra puckered her lips and sealed them over the little clit at the top of Diana's cunt and lashed it at the same time. She moved her merciless tongue to the top of the fleshy envelope, turning her head slightly so she could rake her tongue from the top, down across the clit and back again. Diana panted loudly with each stroke.

The Moon makes us feel slightly "lunatic" at times, yet its strong influence in the grounded areas of home and the garden show how much its cycle connects us to our place. Decorating, repairing and cleaning all reflect our sense of ourselves in the world. When we need a change, we often move things around in our home, clean out a closet or even move to a new house, city or country.

Gasping, Diana pulled her tightly into her cunt, and then with a little scream she threw herself back in the chair, rolling her head from side to side. Diana humped her

cunt against Myra's working mouth, moaning loudly. Myra intensified her attack on Diana's poor clit, sucking and licking it at the same time. Diana squeaked loudly and stiffened, then humped her cunt helplessly against Myra's face as her orgasm exploded from her loins. Her warm juices were being sucked from her cunt by Myra's searching lips. Myra knew it would be her last chance to feast on her Schutzhaftlagerführerin's sweet juices, because in a moment her cunt would be too sensitive to allow any contact. When Myra felt Diana's legs clench around her face, she stopped and waited for the Schutzhaftlagerführerin to relax.

"It's time I gave you a good eating," Diana said playfully as she sat up and pulled Myra forward. "Up on the desk," she said, slapping the top of the desk with a hand. Myra started to lay back, but Diana reached up and pulled her upright, smiling into her eyes as she worked her mouth against her womanhood. Licking and sucking, she bathed the outer lips of cunt flesh liberally, then snaked her tongue up into Myra, curling out the juices for her sucking lips.

Pressing her lips directly over the vulva, she sucked what few juices were left, then drank them gratefully. With her own gratification over, she concentrated on lashing Myra's clit with her tongue. Myra cried out and held her breath, trying to restrain her cries, so they wouldn't be heard through the thin walls. She gasped suddenly and bent forward over Diana's head, pulling it forcefully into her crotch. Diana continued to eat in the awkward position, trying to breath when she could. She was relieved when Myra finally sat back and started humping her sex against Diana's mouth.

Moon goddess qualities have manifested as "maternal

instinct" and "feminine know-how." Women have a mystique, a reputation for never being exactly like they appear, much like the Moon who changes size and shape in relation to the horizon nightly.

Diana recognized the little panting cries for the start of Myra's orgasm. She doubled her efforts on Myra's clit. Myra's cries got louder and louder until she suddenly stiffened and bit her lips to keep from screaming. As her orgasm tore her loins apart, her cunt twisted inside Diana's mouth. She pumped it against that sweet mouth, giving her final offering of juices to the warm, sucking lips. The orgasm seemed to go on forever, then gradually lessened until Myra fell back on the desk in total exhaustion. Myra lay back, relaxing while she watched the *Schutzhaftlagerführerin* slip back into her white uniform. Diana looked up and smiled at Myra's youthful nakedness, then leaned down and kissed her breast tenderly.

The Moon affects some women more strongly than others. Princess Diana, who shares the name of the Moon Goddess, experienced many critical life events during eclipses. Her response to the world was extremely internalized, inspiring her to work to improve living conditions for the impoverished and oppressed all across the globe.

In the mirror over the desk their two faces began to merge, overlay on one another; different phases of the moon passing through the human soul. Outside the window the smokestacks continued to belch out black smoke and fragments of ash.
It began to snow.