The Old Jew’s Bordello

Lord Black twirled the right tip of his moustache absently, as he peered through the tiny lens, his mind swirling with contingincies. His excitement had mounted suddenly, surprising him, but it was not merely the prurient aspects of the situation that set his heart racing and shortened his breath; it was the political possibilities that threatened to push his pulse beyond safe limits.

He backed away from the peephole and stood up, drawing in a deep breath with a whoosh as he unconsciously straightened his white vest. His hands went to his collar, meaning to loosen the tie that bound his throat, but with the habit of years he ended up tightening and aligning it without noticing. With a slight jolt, he realized that his penis was almost erect in his black trousers — the combination of sexual and political titillation had affected him more than he had noticed. It was a particular problem he had: unwanted tumescence in inappropriate circumstances. Even after forty-four years, he had yet to outgrow it. Not that he considered his inordinate drives a problem; normally he would be in a private room with a young girl or boy or both at this hour, pursuing his usual predilections. He, unlike sir Roger, would never have allowed himself to be persuaded into a room in which he could be spied upon.

“Seen enough, my Lord?” asked the heavy-set brunette at his side. Lady Snap was the titular owner of the establishment, but was in fact no more than a face; the real power lay with a consortium of ancient Jews who never seemed to frequent their own establishment during the evening hours.

“Have you got the camera?” asked Lord Black, knowing the answer would be yes. “I must record this immediately, or it will be of no use to me at all. Everyone knows Sir Roger is a customer here; it is what he does here that is of importance to me.”

“Of course, my Lord.” Lady Snap snapped her fingers in her peremptory way, and a red-clad boy of perhaps seventeen attended her immediately. “Set up the camera here,” she ordered him. He nodded, saying nothing, waiting for any further instructions without moving. “Now!” she ordered, and snapped her fingers once again. “I do wish she would stop that,” thought Lord Black, “most annoying.” The boy turned quickly and almost ran from the room. Lord Black returned to the peephole, to make sure that Sir Roger was still engaged in activities worth recording.

Sir Roger was indeed still busy. His trousers around his ankles, his erection protruding, he stood bent over a leather-clad and well-padded sawhorse, his eyes closed in apparent agony. Or was it bliss? His expression didn’t make it clear. His hands were cuffed to an iron loop on the side of the strange furnishing, and his favourite, Master Luke, stood behind and to his left, a long birch rod in one hand. “Had your fill, guv’nor?” he asked. Lord Black frowned at the impertinence, but dismissed his misgivings instantly — perhaps it was part of the game.

“Not at all, Master Luke,” replied the great man, his voice absolutely calm, his Oxford accent perhaps a touch exaggerated. “Pray continue.”

Lord Black watched the scene intently while the boy hastily set up and prepared the camera. These photos would provide all the ammunition he needed in his war with Sir Roger and the accursed liberals. He would have to pay Lady Snap handsomely to release them to the public anonymously, of course, but his cash reserves were large and his ambition boundless. The coup would vault him into the Ministry at least, the Prime Ministership at best. Sir Roger flinched and cried out as the switch struck his posterior yet again, adding to the conflagration of angry welts that crowded his unpleasantly wrinkled buttocks. He made no other sign, however, and the boy kept up a slow but steady rain of blows. Lord Black’s erection grew stiffer, almost unpleasant, and he knew he would have to seek release upon conclusion of the evening’s business.

He found himself thinking, in spite of his heaving penis, of how he would finally get his revenge on that detestable Jew Cohn who held his debts. They were all the same, those Jews; all smiles and handshakes for you when you’re down, up the interest when you’re almost back on your feet. Of course, he made an exception for Goldstein, the only one of the real owners of this charming establishment he had ever met, and a wizened soul who had interceded with Cohn on his behalf. But nothing would change his attitude in the end. The Jews must be stopped, before they ended up owning everything, and the War effort falling into their greedy hands. Lord Black knew that the days of overt xenophobia were almost over, but that wouldn’t stop him from using all the covert powers at his disposal, and those powers would be considerable, once the Ministry was his to guide as he saw fit. The Jews would find themselves shut out of the halls of finance and power, and would be forced to return to the ghettos from which they came. Some fine trumped up charge would convince Cohn to forgive his debts. He smiled at the thought. The idea of combining personal gain with his consolidation of power was almost too much, and he had to stifle a giggle.

The boy stepped back from the camera, it’s specialized lens pointing directly through the peephole. Lord Black pressed his ear to the wall; the beating plainly continued. With any luck, the Minister would adjust his preferences soon, and Master Luke would step up close behind him, to begin the process of Sir Roger’s final downfall. And Lord Black would be there to capture it all. It was amazing to him that Sir Roger could possibly have been so stupid. One always, always! checked the room carefully these days, these cut-throat games of espionage being both dangerous and ubiquitous.

The happy Lord bent his eye to the camera. The beating continued, but Master Luke’s impressive penis now jutted from his fly, signalling an imminent change in the game. Lord Black pressed the shutter release, grinning uncontrollably, and advanced the film, ready for the next frame. As he waited for the next shot, he thought for a second that young Master Luke was looking straight at him. Perhaps he was in on the game; he was one of Lady Snap’s most trusted boys, after all. No matter. Lord Black clicked again, and prepared the next shot.

By now, his erection was definitely out of his control, straining mightily against the buttons of his fine wool suit. Not yet, he reminded himself. Stick to the business at hand. He watched intently as Master Luke put down the switch, attending to himself with one hand while he approached the prone Minister. He rubbed something on himself, then quickly stepped up to Sir Roger’s exposed buttocks and penetrated him swiftly. Sir Roger cried out in pain, but did nothing to stop his attacker. Slowly at first, but gathering speed, Master Luke set about to destroy the life and career of the once-promising Minister. Lord Black found himself adjusting his pants yet again as he snapped photographs in quick succession, until he had reached the end of the film. This time he left himself laugh aloud, as he stepped away from the wall, and fell heavily onto the brocade divan to his left.

Lady Snap’s young lad, his face smooth and flawless, his muscles just beginning to show under his tight server’s regalia, eyed him suspiciously, with his gaze pointedly locked upon the rampant bulge beneath Lord Black’s clothing. The business at hand concluded, the Lord of Straddlebay finally allowed himself to think of his own needs. He appraised the boy almost scientifically. Yes, he would do...he would do very well indeed. Had His Lordship’s need not been so immediate, he would have rung for Lady Snap, and had her bring him an equally prepossessing and very young girl to complete the ménage. But the hour was late and the hunger most pressing.

“Come here, my boy,” he ordered. “Lady Snap has placed you at my disposal, has she not? I believe you are familiar with my requirements.”

“Yes, sir,” answered the boy. “I mean, yes, milord.” He began to strip, and was completely naked in seconds. He approached Lord Black, still seated on the divan, and got down on his knees. “Take it out, boy,” ordered his Lordship. “Do it now, and be quick about it.”

The boy, whose name was still unknown to the uncaring lord, carefully undid the ebony buttons that held the noble tool in check, and fished out the painfully erect penis. Without any further consideration, he leaned over and took it deep into his mouth, in one single long swoop. He held his head there for several seconds, before coming up for air. Lord Black, his head thrown back, sighed deeply, aware that his desire had reached fever pitch and that he would not last long. “On with it, boy,” he demanded, his voice hoarse. The teenager returned to his work, his head bobbing up and down with practiced ease. For a moment, Lord Black wondered where Lady Snap found these youngsters; perhaps she bought them from the orphanage at St. Mary’s, where the priests were known for the strict training of the boys in their care. Not that it mattered. The boy’s face would soon be forgotten.

With a great effort, Lord Black grasped the boy’s hair and removed the head from his lap. “Kneel on the divan,” he rasped, standing and quickly shedding his shoes, trousers and silk boxers. The boy assumed the desired position. Lady Snap had done her work well; the boy was already well-lubricated. The lord positioned himself at the boy’s behind, guiding his penis carefully into the tiny brown opening. He was considerate enough, unlike Master Luke next door, to enter slowly and gently; he wasn’t one to cause much physical pain, most of the time. Having been on the receiving end many times in his uncle’s manor, he retained a certain sympathy for his children.

He didn’t maintain his resolve long. His strokes sped up gradually, until he was pounding the boy’s tightness with determination. He was both pleased and annoyed when the boy began to make noises of his own; it meant the nobleman was good at his work, but the little cries of agonized pleasure were distracting. It was unusual to find a prospect who actually enjoyed the passive role — most of the time they were simply tolerant.

Lord Black surrendered finally to his overwhelming passion, grabbing the boy by the hair and pulling him up. He began kissing the youngster’s neck in time with his thrusts, finally turning the head to lock mouths over the boy’s shoulder. His spending took him suddenly and a trifle unexpectedly, and he released the boy’s head, grasping his hips instead, and pulling himself forcefully as far into the boy’s cavity as he could. His orgasm was deep and powerful, jet after jet shooting wantonly into the fair lad, whose face was now locked in his own rictus of pleasure. Or a decent facsimile thereof.

As the throbbing died down, the Lord took several deep breaths and bathed in the glow of relief that enveloped him after every similar adventure. His penis softened inside the boy, and he withdrew it slowly, unwilling to part with such pleasure. The boy’s own penis was huge and hard, but the young knave knew his place too well to apply his own hands to it. “Ah, youth,” thought the older man. “He will soon need taking care of.”

He bodily turned the young boy to face him. “Stand up,” he ordered gently. “You have earned a reward from me, and you are not yet finished for this night.” Tenderly and almost solicitously, he took the boy into his mouth, revelling in forbidden sensations both physical and emotional. The reversal of roles was thrilling, and he certainly hoped that Lady Snap would not choose this moment to re-enter the room. The boy was apparently already close to his climax, and Lord Black stroked him fiercely with one hand while sucking gratefully. He was not the adept the youngster was; he could not take him further than his reflex would permit, but the boy moaned in sensuous misery, and loosed his semen violently. Lord Black, not fond of the taste, backed off, masturbating the boy vigorously, the remaining sperm splatttering into his other hand — it would not do to ruin so fine a suit. The boy’s body shook, and sank back down to his knees, laying his head in the accommodating lap. His Lordship was most pleased to find that his own erection was already returning. A brief respite and he might do it all again.

In the next room, Sir Roger and Lady Snap toasted each other with the finest brandy in the house. “You’re quite sure there was no film in his camera?” asked the great man of the great madam. “Quite sure, Sir Roger,” she replied, her voice toying dangerously with disdain. “We know our business.”

“And you are quite sure that there was film in mine?” he continued, ignoring the tone, and nodding at the camera set up against the wall that separated them from Lord Black’s room. “Now what did I just say, Sir Roger?” the lady retorted. “All is as we planned, and the play has unfolded perfectly. Now you just go back to your room and finish enjoying yourself, and my boys will deal with the camera. You will get your evidence as soon as it is developed.”

“I believe I will do just that, and I will take the bottle with me.” Sir Roger hoisted the bottle and left the room. Lady Snap snapped her fingers, and Sir Roger’s boy entered, only partially clothed. “Take the camera to the darkroom,” she ordered, snapping her fingers yet again. “Then return to Sir Roger and attend to him.”

“Yes, milady,” was the usual and prompt answer, and the boy gathered up the equipment and left. Sir Roger was not a man to be kept waiting for too long, but at least he had the bottle to keep him company for now. Lady Snap rapped on the door to Lord Black’s room.

“What is it, for God’s sake?” demanded Lord Black angrily.

“We must get the camera to the darkroom, milord,” answered Lady Snap. “Then you may continue as you see fit.”

“Come in, then,” answered the lord, “but be quick about it.” Lady Snap entered, surveyed the situation quickly. The boy was curled up on the divan, the lord beside him, his wet penis dangling in a most silly fashion. “Get up, boy,” she demanded, with her usual snap. “Get that camera downstairs, and return immediately. Go!”

The lad, without even pausing to dress, picked up the camera and headed off. “Is your evening progressing well, milord?” she asked the partially-clad aristocrat.

“Very well. I am not finished with your boy just yet. Have a bottle of brandy sent up with him, if you would be so kind.”

“Very good, milord.” She left the room through the same door the boy had used.

Down in the basement, the old Jew sat amidst his photographic equipment. He scowled at the second of the two boys, who was naked as a jaybird in front of him. He adjusted his skullcap, which was slipping sideways on his balding head. “You will never appear naked before me again. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein. I’m very sorry, but Lady Snap was in a hurry.”

“You may go.” The old Jew extinguished the lights and turned on the neutral red one. Carefully he removed the film from both cameras. The vault was almost full of carefully annotated photograph albums; he would soon have to have a new one dug, and extra copies made. Things were certainly going to change in London.