

CH 16: Getting Caught While Masturbating

Piper's POV

What a surprise to hear Mom's voice standing at my bedroom door. "I am okay, Mom."

"Piper, open the door please," Mom pleaded.

"Ok, wait a minute," I replied.

I quickly pulled the dildo out of my pussy and ran to the bathroom. I turned on the shower to clean the dildo and put it back into the secret drawer.

After locking it tightly, I went back into the room, put on my nightwear, smoothed my hair, and tried to act as normal as possible, even though my heart was beating quite fast.

After opening the door, Mom stood in front of my bedroom door with a look that was hard to describe.

"What's wrong? I thought you were asleep," I said, while pretending to yawn.

"I know what you were doing earlier. It's been seven years since you haven't been in a relationship with any man. It's not good if you continue to be alone. Open your heart and find a good man who will accept you as a single parent and be able to accept Jensen. Until when are you going to keep masturbating in your room?" she asked with a long sigh.

"S-so you know what I did earlier? Since when did you know?" I asked, remembering the time when I checked on Mom and Jensen in their respective bedrooms. I was sure they were already asleep.

"Why? I was already asleep, but I suddenly felt thirsty, so I got up to get a drink from the kitchen. When I passed your bedroom, I heard a familiar voice. Piper, you're an adult. Jensen is six years old. Give yourself a chance to start a relationship. Think about what I'm saying. Good night." Then Mom went back to her bedroom, leaving me still shocked by everything she said.

"G-good night, mom," I stammered.

I felt embarrassed. Question after question kept spinning in my head. Could it be that I was moaning too loudly? Could it be that the door to this room was too thin to muffle the moaning sound? What if Jensen passed in front of my bedroom and heard my orgasm moan? Oh no, that can't happen. Maybe what Mom said was true.

Should I take part in a blind date? There was no harm in trying.

The next morning, I woke up some fifteen minutes late because last night after talking with Mom; I had trouble falling asleep. As a result, I slept an hour later, and it was already early in the morning, so I couldn't afford to wake up early. Luckily, Jensen never gave up on waking me up. He's such a good boy.

Since time was running out, I hurried into the shower. A few minutes later, I heard Jensen knocking on the bathroom door.

"Mom, Mom," he said.

"Yes, what's going on?" I asked.

"A man named Ken is waiting for you. He said Sir Jay told him to pick you up. And he's now sitting waiting for you in the living room," Jensen replied.

"What! So he ordered someone to pick me up. Am I dreaming?" I said as I covered my body with a towel.

"Mom, I'm going to school now. Hurry, he's been waiting over twenty minutes," Jensen said.

"Ok, have a nice day. Love you, Jensen," I replied. 1

"Have a nice day and love you too," he replied.

I rushed out of the bathroom and got ready. What was the wind that made Jay order someone to pick me up? What if this became a problem between me and Megan? Oh, come on. I just wanted to live a peaceful life and not have any conflicts with Megan.

Once ready, I hurriedly grabbed my bag and walked out of the bedroom. I saw a middle-aged man wearing a suit and shiny black shoes sitting in the living room enjoying a cup of coffee and watching the news on television. I hurried over

to him.

"Good morning. Sorry to keep you waiting. Piper Smith," I said as I extended my hand, intending to shake hands with him.

"Good morning, Ms. Ken Wood. I guess I haven't waited too long. Oh, Miss Jessie asked you to enjoy breakfast with her at the mansion. She's already asked the servants to make a lot of food for you. So, can we go now?" he asked as he smiled and showed off his row of neat and clean teeth.

"Oh alright. Allow me to say goodbye to my mom. Just a moment," I pleaded.

"Please. I'll wait here," he replied.

Then I went to Mom, who was in the kitchen. When I stood next to her, she was putting the cake batter into a round container. Mom had always loved baking and her cakes were the best I'd ever had.

"Are you leaving now without breakfast?" she asked.

"Yes. Sorry. My boss's daughter is waiting for me to have breakfast together. I'll accompany you to dinner later. I'm leaving now. Love you," I replied as I hugged Mom and kissed her cheek.

Mom touched my hand and replied, "don't keep her waiting. Love you." 1

Long story short, I was already on my way to the mansion.

That morning, I sat in the front passenger seat, right next to Ken. From the moment the car started moving, Ken was silent and said nothing. Suddenly, on the way, he asked, "Ms. Smith, can I ask you something?"

"Please," I replied.

He was silent for a moment. Then, he spoke again, "Is the boy named Jensen your son?"

"Yes. Is there something wrong?" I asked. I knew it had to do with the facial resemblance between Jensen and Jessie.

"Their faces are very similar," he replied, with his eyes still focused on the road.

"Yes, I also noticed their resemblance yesterday when I first met Jessie."

"But they look so much alike. There can't be two people in this world who look so similar," he said.

Oh, he's right. I had thought so. It's just that I couldn't find any connection between the two of them.

"Do you suspect anything?" I asked curiously.

"Umm, try to find out, Ms. Because their facial resemblance is unusual. Maybe you can ask Sir Jay about this," he said.

"Oh, alright. I'll try asking him later. Thank you for your concern, Ken."

"You're welcome, Ms. We're here. Miss Jessie must be

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waiting for you," he said.

"Yes. Then I'll go inside now. Thank you." Ken nodded with a smile. I hurried inside the mansion, hoping I wouldn't keep Jessie waiting too long.

Ken Wood's POV

The face of the boy named Jensen was very similar to Miss Jessie's. They were like identical twins, or maybe they were twins. But how could their parents not realize that? I have to tell this to Sir Jay immediately so that he can find out.

What exactly is behind all this? I'm sure the two kids must be related to blood.

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CH 17: The Truth Revealed

Ken Wood's POV

If the two of them are identical twins, then I will be happy that Sir Jay can be free from Madam Megan. If this is a truth that someone has been deliberately hiding for a long time, then this is the right time for me to help Sir Jay find the truth and I will reveal another truth that will surprise everyone.

I rushed into the mansion and headed straight to the second floor, Sir Jay's bedroom, to be exact. Usually, he would go to the office around nine o'clock after breakfast and work in his workroom for an hour.

I knocked on his bedroom door a few times. There was no sound from inside. It was so quiet. Not long after, the master finally opened the door.

"Good morning, sir," I greeted.

"Morning, Ken. What's wrong? You rarely see me this early," he asked as he dried his wet hair with a towel.

"Sorry to interrupt. I have something to talk to you about. It's very important," I replied.

However, it wasn't long before Madam Megan came out of the room clutching the blanket that partially covered her body. I concluded that perhaps the relationship between Master and Madam was getting closer and they were

spending the night together, even though there were many things Master did not know about Madam.

If he has fallen in love with Madam, then I am sorry for him because Madam is not a good woman for him. And I will feel even more sorry for Miss Jessie. However, I still hope my conclusion is wrong because he never treated Madam intimately in front of all of us. His demeanor was casual, and the look he gave her was not the look of a man in love.

"Ah sorry, sir, it seems I came at an inopportune time. I'll be back to see you tonight after you return from work. I'll excuse myself then," I said as I turned to leave.

However, Sir Jay stopped me in my tracks. "Wait for me in the workroom. I'll be down in a moment."

I looked at him with a smile, "Ok, sir."

I finally had the chance to tell him everything. I hurried down to the first floor and entered the master's workroom, which Lily had already cleaned. Before coming out, Lily asked, "What are you doing here? I've cleaned this room."

"I have something to discuss with Master. It's very important," I replied as quietly as possible so that no one would hear.

"What's important? About whom?" Lily asked curiously. She put the rag she was dusting on the table and pulled my hand away from the door.

"Tell me quickly what you want to tell to master. Don't make

me die of curiosity," she pleaded.

Before answering her question, I looked outside the room and made sure everything was safe. Then, I answered her question in as quiet a voice as possible. "It's about Ms. Smith's son."

"What's wrong with her son?" Lily asked, getting more curious.

"Her son's face is very similar to Miss Jessie's, like identical twins. When I picked up Ms. Smith at her apartment, it was her son who greeted me and he surprised me. At first glance, I thought he was Miss Jessie disguised as a boy. But he turned out to be Ms. Smith's son. And she realized her son had a facial resemblance to Miss Jessie. There is something strange about this and I would like to bring this to master's attention so that he can check everything," I replied.

"Really? You aren't mistaken, right?" Lily asked incredulously.

"I'm one hundred percent sure, and I'm not mistaken. Believe me. Their children may be twins, but how did they get separated? Then Ms. Smith and Master were completely unaware of it and they didn't know each other before. As we know, Madam claimed to be the mother who gave birth to Miss Jessie when she came here to see Master six years ago. But how could Ms. Smith have a son who has a facial resemblance to Miss Jessie? And you already know that madam is Ms. Smith's cousin," I replied. I saw Lily's face

change. Her eyebrows were raised, showing that she was deep in thought.

"Could it be that Ms. Smith is the woman who gave birth to Miss Jessie? Or maybe Madam gave birth to twins, but only recognized one girl as her child and gave the boy to Ms. Smith. What do you think?" Lily asked.

"Your theory makes no sense. If that's the case, Madam should have brought a son to the master because a son is the successor to the family name. The most likely theory is that perhaps Ms. Smith is Miss Jessie's biological mother. Everything is too complicated. You must keep this secret from everyone until the master finds out the truth and we must support him. Understood?" I asked Lily. She nodded a few times. I knew Lily was on the same page as me. It's not that we don't like Mrs. Megan, it's just that over the past six years we've finally figured out that she's not a good woman for master and we hope master can find another woman and live happily. 1

"You're really smart, Ken. I am," the master walking into the study interrupted Lily's words.

"What are you talking about here? A secret that belongs to both of you? If so, I'll step aside for a moment," Master said with a big smile.

"N-no, sir. Don't misunderstand. We're just talking about you and Ms. Smith," Lily said.

"Oh, what's with Ms. Smith? And what does that have to do

with me?" Master asked.

"T-that," Lily stammered.

"Sir, please close the door first, then I will explain everything," I pleaded.

Then, Master closed the door and invited us to sit in front of him. He sat in his chair while we both sat in front of him.

"What's going on? Tell me," he asked.

"Sir, this morning when I picked up Ms. Smith, her son opened the door, and I was surprised when I saw his face because it looked so much like Miss Jessie. They are like identical twins. At first, I thought maybe Miss Jessie was staying at Ms. Smith's apartment and disguised herself as a boy, but it turned out that the boy was a boy. There can't be two people in this world who have very similar faces unless they are twins. If you are curious, I will take you to see her son. Ms. Smith realized her son had a very similar face to Miss Jessie. Don't you think this is strange?" I asked. 1

"Really? Did I hear you wrong?" Master asked with a serious look on his face. 1