



Sven Frank



HUMAN MILK



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CHAPTER ONE

A white-ultra visible ambulance speed past like a space jet fluttering into the wreathed clouds. The city sleeps upon the northernmost point of Southampton Water, with an enviable confluence of water formed by the River Test and Itchen. Southampton is a city in England with uncommon features and awe-inspiring nature. Its splendid dense of greens stems from the impressive array of trees that can be found in the city.

Due to the immense development of the inner-city in Southampton, it has become a conducive home to the headquarters of both the Maritime and Coastguard Agency and the Marine Accident Investigation Branch. Most times, the city is the bassinet of an oceanic climate. Hence, its southerly, sheltered location enwraps it with enough warmth; which makes it one of the sunniest cities in the United Kingdom.

Inside the ambulance, a woman, who later in the hospital will be identified as Jennifer Jones, is gasping heavily for breath, a Paramedic Practitioner dressed in a grassgreen outwear, covered from the neck to the waist with a Hi-Visibility, holds her feeble hand, Jennifer sleeps away into unconsciousness as the siren wail of the ambulance staggers decibels of crippling sound into reverberating echoes.

Monday, 12th of January, 2019, someone unknown was at the door. Jenny, as her friends fondly called her, meandered towards the door, oblivious of whoever hid behind her door awaiting her presence, called out to the person in a comely manner. There was no response; the silence was alarming.

Instead, the deep, husky grunts of double-crested cormorants silhouetted the silence that escaped the quiescence of the door. Jenny made a beeline for the door and unfastened it. Behind, a man- young, spectacled, heavily built, red lips, brown-pure white eyes, tall, straight to the core, with a curly

black moustache, appeared in front of her, it was Jack; the man at the store the other day that helped her with \$200.

“Life is all shitty, Jack” her parched lips opened up as she stretched her tiny legs into the gully full to the brim with clean and lucid water. The water oozed in rivulets as its trickling touches kept her body fecund with sensation.

She had walked him farther away from her threshold the moment she found out it was him knocking at the door. She had her reasons for everything that she does she wanted to keep Jack out of sight, a bait to avoid the fury of her mistress.

At twelve, she lost her mum and dad. At twenty-one, she lost her maidenhood. She was molested by her Uncle until she summoned courage to flee his house. At twentyfour, she got a job to be a servant in the house of a proletariat. At thirty, she is with a man she admires, her libido heavy with the detritus of an amorous rollercoaster. Jennifer Jones is indifferent about the mystery of faith, hope, miracle and happiness; life has never been any good to her.

Her penetrative eyes unable to avoid Jack’s red lips, her mind is full of diverse lascivious thoughts. Behind them, strangers slopped forward and backward, trying to meet up for their respective schedules.

“Jenny, I love you” Jack pressed his red lips upon hers, she stared motionlessly, there was no trembling, only flutters of butterflies, she couldn’t believe her eyes. He wants her, too. The last time she fell in love, it was a boy that ran away with all the money she saved up. She sobbed for countless nights waiting for him to return, but he never returned. She had sworn never to embrace love.

“We had only met two days back at the store” Jenny pulled away as Jack tried to hold onto her tightly.

“Yeah, I know, this shouldn’t be really hard, Jenny.”

“I don’t want to do this anymore. Life isn’t a bed of roses.”

“I found happiness the day I ran into you at the nearby store”

“I have lost so many battles trying to find joy, I love you and I do not want to lose you, too.”

Jack couldn’t believe what he had just heard, his heart skipped triple beats, his toes wrenched with cold. After she left, he trudged the road back to his cottage with those words curled into a knot inside his abs-ridden stomach. That night, he found sleep unaffordable, he sat on the bed, strumming repeatedly his acoustic guitar.

Time sauntered past, Jenny couldn’t believe all that was happening to her. She had fallen in love with a man whose affection and tenderness overwhelmed her. Last night, Jack had a full taste of her lips, he was totally irresistible, he fondled every part of her body; it felt like an ignition thrown into a wild-field doused with oil.

He promised to take away from the house she lived in; he promised to ferry her in his car to the Medieval City Walls; he promised to live his whole life for her comfort; he promised to get married to her before the celestial chariots of the heavens and earth. The future she keenly desired seem to be within her grip and she was ready to fight anyone to keep it.

In her dream, she wanders into a meadow, behind her is Jack, scurrying towards her with a handtied luxury red rose. Her grin settled subtly into the night’s darkness every time she wakes up from such dreams. For the first time, she felt happiness and joy wring her intestines. Unfortunately, the best moment does not absolve longevity. Her nightmare began the day she wanted to make him a surprise Battenberg cake to announce to him the news of her pregnancy.
