

A person with a green face and a headpiece of plants and antlers. The person is wearing a green face paint and a headpiece made of various green plants, including ivy and moss, with two large, curved antlers. The person is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

Jack X.
Faber

Sex in
times of
King Arthur

redward photography

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Sex in those times

by Jack Faber © 2021

Most manuscripts about King Arthur were written about 1000 to 1500 A.D. The authors naturally brought in the moral ideas of their time, had to bring in especially the moral ideas of the strengthened church but also of the ruling nobility. That it at the time, in which the legends played, in the Britannia of the 5th century, completely different moral conceptions gave, is a safe assumption.

Unfortunately, there are few manuscripts that give reliable accounts of that period. Some can be found between the lines in the *Mabignonion*, also in the manuscripts of *Gildas* there are passages that report about the time of post-Celtic paganism, which was not long ago at that time. Gildas was a Christian monk in the 9th century and gave a far from friendly account of his pagan ancestors. In the earliest Welsh period records, which date from some time after the Arthurian period, there is also some evidence of the pagan period. The Christianization of Britain occurred from the end of the 6th century, so it can be confidently assumed that Arthur and his contemporaries – if they existed – were Celtic pagans and Christians were a numerically insignificant minority.

The narrative about the pure maid, the untouched virgin, and the virgin mistress, whom the knights loved in a purely platonic way and for whose honor they fought, is a courtly invention of later centuries that gained prominence in the context of the doctrine of the virgin mother of God. In pagan Britain of the 5th and 6th centuries, one can confidently assume otherwise.

Based on well-documented pagan cultures of more recent times, it can be assumed that virginity was of importance primarily to the nobility and the wealthy classes. After all, it was a matter of marrying off the higher daughters as profitably as possible, i.e. in a way that would bring them property. The fact that the bride was untouched

was due, on the one hand, to the man's secret fear that the bride would know more about sexual matters than the groom. Secondly, there were no previous lovers on the part of the bride who could force their way into married life or make demands. Third, it had been observed for a long time that young women could fall in love with their first lover in a lasting way and were more likely to be physically faithful to their husband. In the less affluent classes, however, there was no reason to be a virgin. On the contrary, girls with experience were more likely to hold on to a wealthier man.

That knights went on trips from time to time may have been true. Sitting around in your own house can wear you down. Going on a ride and getting to know more than just the neighbors may have been a good reason. But some will also have gone on raids — increasing one's possessions is in man's blood.

The idea of the knight in shining armor is completely wrong, such armor appeared only from the 11th century on. To hunt one went lightly dressed and avoided all accessories that could make noise. For fighting they wore animal skins and hides, sometimes reinforced with small pieces of bone sewn into them. Wolf skins were very common, as there were many wolves and the wolf skin protected against cuts and stings better than other skins. Helmets were at best tin pots or made of leather sewn several times, the fantasy helmets made of animal skulls were invented by illustrators of the 19th and 20th centuries. Chainmail could be afforded only by the super-rich, as it had to be imported from the Orient, but passed from vanquished to victors. To capture a chainmail in battle was the absolute jackpot.

Roving knights depended on the hospitality of others. Hospitality was food and drink, but also a safe place to stay overnight. In England, autumn, winter and spring are cool or cold. People lay in bed in groups snuggled close together and warmed each other. Only the master and mistress slept together and warmed each other. The guest was alone and yet needed someone to keep warm. Knowing that the guest provided sufficient financial support for the bedmate in the event of pregnancy, and that receiving a bastard brought no shame, it was considered quite normal to lie with the guest. The wealthier a guest was, the more the daughters or maids tried to lie

with the guest and fuck him. If a guest was unusually ugly, he often had to freeze miserably if he was unable to subdue one of the servants by more or less force. If, however, the guest was handsome, muscular, and radiated virility, then it certainly happened that the lady of the house would lie down in his bed herself. Depending on wealth and status, the host tolerated it shrugging his shoulders or the mistress had to become inventive. A well-described example may be the Jack of all trades of Isolde Weißhaar, who secretly put her virgin maid Brangaine into the bed of old King Marke, so that the king could deflower his pretended bride and fuck her afterwards if necessary, while the clever Isolde lay with her Tristan.

The pagan Celtic society did not let the Romans interfere in their sexuality, they ducked and despised the many restrictions the Romans imposed on them. But as soon as the Romans were gone, their sexual ideas and rules came to life again. Of course, only a small part of the time was dedicated to sex; one had to take care of hunting, gathering wood, harvest fruits, tilling the fields and cooking. The Romans' idea of shamefulness went with the occupiers; the Celts did not know the concept of shamefulness. We certainly could not comprehend how shameless, permissive and obscene sexuality was lived out in public at that time. Fucking or masturbation were something quite natural that one did not have to hide or conceal. If one came into a chamber, in which straight two screwed, one simply looked on or went his way. This had nothing to do with voyeurism, nor with exhibitionism. The rules regarding sexuality will probably have been set by men, but they were accepted by all and lived in everyday life. (More on this later.) The population was very thin, so attempts were made to encourage pregnancies so that the people would grow. Pregnant women were given privileged treatment. The rules did not discriminate against women, they too believed that children promoted the strength of the people. Infant mortality was high, many women died in childbirth or in childbed fever. Women rarely lived past 40, so there were many widowers with much younger wives. Sex was enjoyed without restraint and shamelessly open, because it was one of the things available to everyone. Men tried to screw as many women as they could and women were equally interested in sex. Approximately in such a way one must understand the strongly sexualized

society and its open, permissive and in all publicly practiced sexuality.

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Young Maid Guinevere

by Jack Faber © 2021

Brangaine became Guinevere's maid when she was 9 years old. Guinevere, who had no siblings, clung to her with all her senses and was overjoyed to have her as an older sister, so to speak. At last she was no longer sleeping with the children of the servants, but with a young adult woman in her early twenties. Without much fuss, she soon slept as naked as Brangaine and and snuggled comfortably against her beautiful, naked body. Carefully she caressed her maid and explored her body. Brangaine had beautiful, full breasts that she enjoyed having caressed. Guinevere explored Brangaine's body, soon knowing every curve and discovering the strange trimmed hair bush between her legs. Sighing, Brangaine opened her thighs and whispered that she might touch and caress her there. Guinevere obediently followed and Brangaine's sighing grew louder. Brangaine's fingers stole to her cleft, she rubbed the clit for minutes and came to the end trembling. The other maids and children in the bedchamber held their breaths in excitement, then all fell asleep. Brangaine was the only pagan in the bedchamber who faithfully followed the rules of the Old People and who satisfied herself openly, the others did it secretly or not at all, because especially in the courts of the nobility remnants of Roman behavior and life according to the rules of the Old People were at loggerheads. The permissive nature of Brangaine in the tradition of the Old People pleased Guinevere more and they often talked about sex. Often Guinevere put her fingers over Brangaine's fingers and quite quickly understood how this game went. Nevertheless, it took weeks before she would impetuously nestle against Brangaine's body while embracing her after masturbation, and she did so until Brangaine touched her cleft while stroking her. Instantly she opened her legs and pushed her abdomen against Brangaine's hand. Thus it came about that Brangaine masturbated her every night. The maids and children held their breath until Brangaine had masturbated herself, sighing and moaning, and held their breath again when she pulled Guinevere onto her hot body and masturbated the young girl. Guinevere, lying with her back on Brangaine's stomach and spreading her legs as far apart as she could, kept her eyes closed and made

no sound, her hand resting on the maid's busy fingers. Silently she enjoyed the shocks of climax and pressed her hand on Brangaines when her abdomen exploded. She didn't care that in the dim light everyone was watching and could see everything. Before she fell asleep, she listened to the tiny sounds of some maids almost inaudibly and quietly masturbating themselves in secret. Of course, the climax was more or less audible in each one. She soon knew which of them were pleasuring themselves. She understood that the maids kept masturbation secret and that few would whisper to her about these secrets. They narrowed their eyes and answered Guinevere's questions hesitantly. Nevertheless, Guinevere managed to elicit even the most secret secrets from them.

It did not take long for Guinevere to masturbate herself, usually after Brangaine had masturbated her. Gradually, Brangaine got her to masturbate herself at the same time. Guinevere laid on Brangaine like a lover cunt to cunt, the busy fingers soon learning to finish at the same time. After a short break, Guinevere did it again, pressing her hot cleft onto Brangaine's large, warm cunt in climax. How nice it was when Brangaine finger fucked her during her masturbation, there climax was much more intense. Brangaine had deflowered her with a finger without hesitation after they talked about fucking one afternoon and her maid said that women could also do it to each other with their hands. Guinevere was eager to experience it and said that she was already eleven, had her period and was a full-fledged woman.

Guinevere's curiosity was insatiable. Brangaine could not resist her pressure and arranged for Guinevere to watch from the next room, through a knothole in the wall, the next time a guest visited her. Brangaine had known the guest, Sir Cadwynn from Wales, for a long time and knew what he liked. Guinevere's heart beat to her throat as Brangaine undressed the guest and gently washed him from top to bottom with a rag. Breathlessly, Guinevere watched as the man's cock gradually lifted and Brangaine slowly rubbed and stiffened it. She and the man wordlessly communicated, Brangaine lay down on the bed and with one hand inserted the cock into her vagina. The guest fucked her slowly and deliberately. She sighed and moaned as she climaxed and then lay motionless while the man con-

tinued fucking and thrusting violently into her vagina. Guinevere had seen everything abundantly clear from a short distance away and felt a fierce urge to masturbate herself. Meanwhile, Brangaine very slowly and gently stroked the man's balls and cock, taking her time. Guinevere came to the end when Brangaine lay back down and offered her vagina wide open to the man. Guinevere felt the fierce urging in her abdomen and continued to satisfy herself as the man gently and respectfully fucked her maid. Guinevere could see that Brangaine was experiencing a violent climax. He paused and Brangaine pulled out his cock. Skillfully and gently she satisfied the man with her hand, which Guinevere saw for the first time. The maid slowly and increasingly quickly pulled the man's foreskin over the glans. The glans jerked up and began to squirt. Brangaine continued to rub relentlessly and let the semen splash onto her belly. Guinevere shuddered and climaxed quickly at the sight of the squirt. Brangaine hugged and cuddled with the man, rubbing the semen on their bodies and groping for his cock. Again she gave him time, after some time the lance rose under her stroking. Guinevere could not help but stroke herself as well. When the cock was fully stiff again, Brangaine made the man lie on his back and sat on him. She inserted the cock into her vagina and rode the man. Guinevere watched her fucking and couldn't stop. She saw both genitals unite, closer than ever, more detailed than ever. The cock disappeared again and again in the hairy pubic, Brangaine pressed her vagina rhythmically over the stiff cock. Brangaine's ass cheeks fucked fast and faster, trembling in climax, her vagina clutching the cock. She remained very still and motionless as the cock fucked up from underneath her, and a few minutes later spurted laboriously in her vagina. Guinevere could see quite clearly the shaft jerking and thrusting as it spurted into her vagina. Sir Cadwynn was completely exhausted and fell asleep, Brangaine took her dress and scurried into the next room to Guinevere. Brangaine was quite tired and no longer felt like masturbating, but they continued to whisper about fucking for hours and Guinevere satisfied herself until she too was exhausted. At dawn, Brangaine crept back to her guest. After relieving himself in the pot, he fucked the maid for probably a good quarter of an hour. Brangaine clutched the good man's ass in supreme excitement as she raced from climax to climax. When he had squirted, she remained twitching and trembling with her pubic open until it subsided. The two girls whispered about the fucking

for weeks afterward. Whenever Brangaine indulged in a guest, Guinevere was allowed to watch secretly from the next room. She soon learned that most men could fuck only once and were perfectly satisfied with that. Brangaine never climaxed with these men with weak cocks, but she never touched herself in their presence, as it was not proper at court.

Guinevere learned quickly and thoroughly, was fluent in Latin, British and Welsh, read mathematics, Caesar and architecture, and had read everything there was to read about the buildings, fighting machines and military strategies of the ancient Romans. At night she satisfied herself as often as she needed to at Brangaine's, adopting her pagan attitude toward shamefacedness and not caring one iota that everyone in the common room listened to her clenched breathing or watched breathlessly in the dim light as she masturbated herself. More and more often she whispered to her maid that she desperately wanted to fuck with boys. Her maid was very concerned and at least got her to wait to fuck and only get involved with boys step by step. Brangaine was always there when Guinevere got the boys to expose themselves and let her feel their cocks. Brangaine never left Guinevere alone and the boys lost all shyness in their horniness even though she was present. Guinevere made the boys rub and squirt themselves. After a while she took the initiative and rubbed the cocks, making them smile and gurgle as they splashed into the grass. Brangaine usually had to intervene because Guinevere got too wild and the semen threatened to splash on her spotless shirt. Usually it ended with Brangaine grabbing the boy's cock and rubbing it until it squirted into the grass. Guinevere smiled knowingly, as Brangaine always got very horny while rubbing. Brangaine was always attentive and watching everything, but she couldn't stop Guinevere from letting a boy fuck her for the first time. Brangaine had disappeared only briefly behind a bush to prick, when Guinevere suddenly pulled the boy on top of her and stuffed the erect cock into her vagina. The boy immediately fucked her. Quickly, briefly and hastily and instantly squirted into her vagina. When Brangaine returned, he was in the process of emptying his seed into Guinevere with wild thrusting. Brangaine's reproachful look was returned by Guinevere with an indifferent shrug. Brangaine angrily pulled out the spurting cock and rubbed it until the last droplet was squeezed out. She did not stop

rubbing until his tension was released and the cock dangled limp and deflated between her fingers. This was quite in keeping with the customs of her pagan culture. There were plenty of places in the garden where Guinevere could play squirting with the boys unobserved, but fucking there was far too risky. Brangaine knew of a secluded closet to which she had the only key. Brangaine sighed and taught Guinevere not to let the semen squirt in, but to make the boy squirt with her hand at the end of the fuck. Guinevere liked to be obedient as best she could, but she always allowed the semen to squirt into her vagina. Brangaine increasingly had to pull the boy's cock out of her charge's vagina and make the boy squirt with her hand. Guinevere always left it to her to pull the cock out in time and watched with a smile when the maid gave the boy the handjob, becoming unmistakably horny and hopelessly aroused. Brangaine pressed her fingers on her own clit under her skirt to hide her horniness. If Guinevere had become horny and fierce while fucking, the maid usually came too late and timidly held the cock with her fingers until it had cum in its entirety in the vagina. She was a pagan and very superstitious, you could not interrupt the act of squirting for fear of a misfortune in any case. She held the cock very tightly and pushed it deep inside, that alone brought good luck. She rubbed the squirter quite firmly, rubbing it to the last drop. Gasping with excitement, she continued to rub her own clit and cock until the cock was completely flaccid; only when she was very aroused did she keep the flaccid cock in her hand and rub the clit until it climaxed. Still, she scolded Guinevere for being so unreasonable and for being much too young to get pregnant. Guinevere smiled mysteriously and told her maid that the goddess had appeared to her several times in a dream and announced what the gods had decided, eternal sexual appetite and lifelong childlessness. Brangaine believed in the power of the gods and gave up pulling out the cocks before squirting.

Guinevere complained that she did not climax when she fucked. Brangaine had no problems with this herself and knew no advice on the spur of the moment. Since Guinevere almost always came close to a climax when getting fucked, the conspiring girls devised a plan. Guinevere should fuck with several guys in a row, it should work. No sooner said than done. They chose three secretive guys and initiated them. They had their secret chamber and Guinevere let herself be

fucked by all three in a row. Brangaine directed, while one came to squirt, she rubbed the cock until it went limp. At the same time, she rubbed the next one's cock and immediately inserted it into Guinevere's vagina. Brangaine rubbed the cocks tirelessly, getting everyone to fuck Guinevere a second time. But it didn't work, Guinevere didn't climax even after being fucked six times. They had to give up. Brangaine had become terribly horny while rubbing the cocks and after sending the boys away, she still satisfied herself while standing. The violent, twitching rubbing of the clit forced her to squat, where she continued until she was released. Guinevere watched her smiling as she masturbated herself.

Brangaine, greatly distressed by this failure, pondered a solution for a long time. The next time Guinevere fucked a favorite, Brangaine secretly stole a finger on Guinevere's clit and triggered Guinevere's climax with the finger before the boy came to squirt. Guinevere experienced the squirting in a frenzy of violent convulsions and cathartic trembling, crying and writhing moaning with eternal happiness. Brangaine thrust the squirting cock very deep into Guinevere's vagina and continued to rub it firmly, allowing the boy to continue thrusting for a long time before he went completely limp after a few minutes. Brangaine was still panting from the effort when Guinevere hugged her overjoyed. They had figured it out. Brangaine just had to be very careful, because it was considered very unseemly at court for a girl to touch her clitoris or satisfy herself in the presence of a lover. Brangaine knew that this could quickly ruin Guinevere's reputation. Brangaine did know that some women did it in the presence of their husbands, but they were rare exceptions. Most men had no idea that girls and women could masturbate themselves at all.

Guinevere loved this new way of being fucked. Brangaine managed to trigger her climax before he squirted and she experienced his final thrusting and squirting in a frenzy of happiness. Brangaine rubbed her lover's cock in her vagina with great determination, even though she was panting with horniness and effort. When Brangaine could not give herself to a guest for a long time, Guinevere would let her fuck the lover, for she sensed very well when her maid was tormented by lust and arousal. The boys were usually 10 or 12 years younger than the maid, but they proved to be splendid young lovers

and gave Brangaine at least one, sometimes two climaxes. The boys were almost bursting with pride; who but they were allowed to fuck first the king's daughter and then her pretty maid? Guinevere would put her fingers on her maid's clit throughout the fucking and smile when she felt the romp of climax in the maid's pubic area. Often she was simply wanton and triggered the maid's climax again and again with her fingers, delighting in her lust-filled agonies of love. The boys had to fuck Brangaine for a very long time on their second pass and Guinevere loved to join in. She triggered Brangaine's first climax with her fingers, then knelt behind the boy, letting their bodies thrust in unison, bobbing and thrusting from behind. She pressed her pussy against the boy's buttocks and fucked Brangaine in unison as hard as she could. Brangaine moaned and squirmed with love lust and Guinevere reached around the young lad's hips. The latter loved it when Guinevere rubbed his cock hard as he thrust. Guinevere continued the fucking and rubbing, rubbing the cock further as it squirted and then providing the continued stiffness to prolong the fucking as long as it could. She continued to hold the flaccid cock for a long time as she watched Brangaine's fading love-making as if in a trance. The more time passed, the more often Brangaine was allowed to let Guinevere's lovers fuck her. Soon it was a given that after Guinevere, the boy would also fuck Brangaine.

Guinevere wanted more. She besieged Brangaine and demanded to fuck Sir Cadwynn. He came to visit two or three times each year and insisted that only Brangaine warm his bedroll. Brangaine recited the order of her young mistress with lowered eyes. The guest thought long and thought he was not the man to impregnate the daughter of his friend and king. Brangaine assured him that Guinevere could not become pregnant after a revelation from the Great Mother. So she came with Guinevere to Sir Cadwynn. While washing her master's womb with a rag, Guinevere palpated the master's surprisingly large thing, pawing at it with curiosity as it grew. She carefully pulled back the foreskin and explored the chunky glans. After washing, she lay ready, willingly opened her thighs, and the master penetrated her very gently. Brangaine had to assist with her hand because Guinevere's vagina was very small and very tight. Brangaine kept her hand on Guinevere's clit to release her in time. But he got into fucking the tight hole masterfully and to Brangaine's amazement Guinevere got a

nice, violent climax. Brangaine's hand was still on her clit and she got the twitches and convulsions quite clearly. Sir Cadwynn immediately let go of the young girl without squirting and penetrated Brangaine. The gentleman fucked her deliciously and poured himself inside her. The girls gave their lover a break and gently stroked him until his cock recovered. Guinevere then rubbed him very hard until he was stiff. That night they fucked twice more, Guinevere got her violent climax and he continued fucking Brangaine until he had cum. They slept close together until dawn and Guinevere let herself be fucked for a very long time after she woke up. Her climax came late. The gentleman fucked like out of his mind and squirted violently thrusting into the girl. He squirted his soul out, he could not control himself anymore and squirted all his semen into young Guinevere's vagina. Brangaine grasped her lover's cock with her fingers and rubbed it vigorously so that he could continue thrusting firmly. Tears glistened in her eyes as she pushed his cock deep and deeper into Guinevere's vagina. It took a very long time, he gasped and thrust at the top of his lungs, until Guinevere came. Guinevere whispered later that it was the first time she had climaxed while fucking. She ordered them both that she wanted to fuck them every time Sir Cadwynn came. She was tall and already had the air of a queen used to command. They obeyed and repeated this beautiful fucking as often as they could. Guinevere's body quickly learned to climax while fucking.

Sir Cadwynn was very sad, for he had lost his wife and child in childbirth. They embraced their lover comfortingly and made love until sunrise. He told that he had captured his wife in one of Arthur's campaigns. She was a fair-haired Dane, not 16 years old, and had a roundish figure and buttocks. However, she had very beautiful, thick breasts and she enchanted him from the first moment. She had a natural, extremely graceful sexual charisma. He took her virginity on the wedding night. Although she really wanted it and full of desire, she was not aroused at all while being fucked. After willingly letting herself be fucked several times in a loving embrace, she masturbated herself afterwards. She did it quite naturally, as was their custom. They were married for two years and she let him fuck her as often as he wanted. But she got the climax only by masturbation, every night. After the first few weeks, she explained to him how she liked it best. She wanted to have his cock in her mouth during masturbation, he

had to squirt deep in her throat and she wanted to swallow his semen. Brangaine and he simultaneously made a dismissive hand gesture against evil, because it was disgusting and perverted to take the man's cock in her mouth. He never found out how she had developed this perversion, only that unmarried Danish women supposedly all did it that way. He hesitantly confessed that he had squirted down her throat as many times as she wished and her love for him became very deep and very passionate. She loved the sunlight, lying naked in the sun whenever she could and satisfying herself in the warming sunshine. He confessed that soon there was nothing more beautiful and exciting for him than watching her masturbate. The perversion that she took his cock in her mouth, he bravely endured and let her rub him until she swallowed his semen. Still, he fucked her vagina day after day and she soon took up the habit of masturbating herself while he fucked her. He kept silent and cried in his sorrow. But the girls comforted him and made love to him until sunrise. Guinevere soon got the hang of it and goaded him into wild, furious fucking. She loved it when he lost control entirely and thrust and spurted wildly like a bull. Inwardly triumphant, she felt the warm semen spurt into her vagina in bursts. She enjoyed it very much that Brangaine had to hold the cock firmly rubbing stiffly and thrust the jets rhythmically into her vagina. Usually Guinevere would pause briefly before rubbing the cock stiff again so that he could bravely and mostly already tired mount Brangaine and fuck her gently and lovingly. Now that it was no longer a secret to him, Guinevere hand-satisfied Brangaine without secrecy, letting her soar from climax to climax.

The girls loved each other with all their hearts, they could keep everything secret. Brangaine confessed one day to accepting Sir Cadwynn's courtship and becoming his wife. When Guinevere asked if she was jealous, she just shrugged sadly. Guinevere now only fucked the Welsh nobleman harder, for one day he would be all Brangaine's. Guinevere blossomed, the beautiful fucking with very few select favorites and the nightly masturbation made her body very womanly. Her breasts were in no way inferior to the breasts of adult women, she remained slim and slender, she grew and soon surpassed Brangaine by head length. She was now 15 and her parents began to look for a good husband.

Young Princess Elaine

by Jack Faber © 2021

In her last year on her father's estate, her cousin Elaine had come to live with them. Elaine had grown up very sheltered, since her noble parents no longer lived by the pagan rules of the Old Folk. She had no idea about sex at all. They wanted to find husbands for both girls, and the court of Guinevere's father, King Leodegrance of Cameliard, seemed predestined for that. Every year King Leodegrance entertained the young High King Arthur and his knights. Elaine was almost as pretty as Guinevere, but a bit chubbier. While Guinevere's raven curls and dark green eyes would turn the head of any Welsh, Scottish, or British man, Elaine's light blond hair and pale gray eyes revealed that a little Danish, Frisian, or Saxon blood flowed in her veins. Elaine, unlike Guinevere, was a selfish, gossipy, and envious child. While Guinevere almost always wore only a floor-length white shirt with nothing underneath and this almost translucency caught the imagination of men, Elaine preened herself like a queen. Guinevere didn't let on how much she despised this pointless competition.

Elaine picked up on everything to do with Guinevere, listening to everything that was whispered. She was only 13, but wanted to do everything like Guinevere or outdo her. When she heard that Guinevere unabashedly indulged in masturbation every night in the communal chamber, she had one of her servants explain and show her how masturbation even works. She locked her bower and told the servant to strip naked and lie down on the bed. She pulled a stool very close to the servant and looked at her closely. The servant was devoted to her, strictly following the traditions of the ancient people and guiding her 13 year old mistress along the ancient pagan paths. Sexuality was beautiful and had to be passed on from the old to the young. Only a few things were forbidden, unseemly or perverted. Same-sex love was not considered unseemly, and it was the duty of the older women to teach the young girls everything sexual and prepare them for marital duties. It was not unusual for the elders to teach their charges

about sexuality in practice. The servant was already old, in her mid-forties. Like her 13-year-old mistress, she had a chubby bottom; she was otherwise of slender build, but her breasts were small and wrinkled. Elaine unabashedly reached out imperiously and pulled her legs wide apart. The servant had completely shorn off her pubic hair and had a huge, pink shimmering cunt.

Naturally, Elaine had thoroughly examined the crevices of her peers during her weekly bath in the creek. In most of them the vagina was closed by the hymen as in herself. Some of the larger ones, however, no longer had a hymen, and Elaine explored their vaginas with her finger. One wanted her to penetrate with her thumb and showed her how she wanted to be fucked with her thumb. The others stood in a circle around the two girls, gawking as Elaine thrust her thumb vigorously into their vaginas. The boys' dicks rose up and stiffened. Finally, the girl took her own thumb and fucked herself until she exploded and her abdomen clenched. Dripping from the boys' tails, the girls scrambled to rub their cocks. One after the other let the semen splash into the grass in a high arc. Elaine just watched cowardly and never touched a little cock.

Curiously, 13-year-old Elaine palpated the 45-year-old servant's pubic and cunt. Huge, jagged labia framed the cunt, above her huge hole she saw the small clit. Elaine wanted to know if all women had such a big hole and the servant nodded, most of them. The hole gets bigger when you are fucked often, the servant said, and Elaine immediately asked if she was fucked often? She used to, the servant sighed. Elaine swallowed before asking further. The servant thought, then said, it must have been much more than 200, much more! But when your father ordered me to your care, he forbade me any screwing as long as I am with you. She sighed and added, I haven't screwed in a half year and that's very hard! Elaine brought up masturbation again, how often does she do it? Every night, said the servant, like all the maids in the common sleeping room. But each one only for herself, one could only hear the heavy breathing of the maids and on bright moonlit nights one could observe everything closely, the busy fingers in the crevices rubbing the clits, but one did not talk about it. How many times to do it in one night was Elaine's next question. Until one was satisfied and exhausted. She usually did it twice in a row.

Yes, how many times can you do it? The servant thought and replied that when she was a young girl, she once spent a rainy day with the sheep on the hill and did it all day, more than twenty times. Elaine asked if she could show her? The servant sighed, lay back and quickly masturbated. Elaine told her to do it now very slowly so she could see everything clearly. Elaine bent over very far while the servant did it very slowly. The servant worked her clit very slowly and contorted her face before climaxing. Her abdomen began to move grindingly, her legs went up and bobbed up and down. The finger raced on the clit and the servant gasped softly as the climax set in. Incessantly she continued to rub the clit, harder and harder for several minutes, finally pressing her finger firmly on the clit while her pelvis twitched and quivered without ceasing. She did it a few more times and Elaine curiously palpated her pubic area. At last she put a finger into the huge hole and felt the muscles there working as she climaxed. After a few demonstrations, they agreed to continue the next afternoon. Over the next few days, she watched her servant and learned. It became slippery hot in her pubic, she increasingly experienced a previously unknown excitement. She touched the maid's throbbing clit after she climaxed and rubbed very gently until the servant climaxed again. For a few days she just watched the servant or brought her to climax, then she lay naked on the servant's thighs and let her masturbate her. They repeated this every day until she tried it herself and after a few days she could do it. She instantly fell for this pleasure, for she was always cheerful and relaxed afterwards.

When she heard Guinevere was doing it with young boys, she ordered one or the other boy to join her and curiously explored their cocks, of course in the presence of her servant. They had to show her how they squirt and she soon learned to rub the boys cock and let the semen splash on the floor. Her servant had to explain to her in great detail how to fuck boys. The servant had to fuck men in front of her and demonstrate how to do it. The servant whooped with gratitude as she was finally fucked extensively again. The servants were very embarrassed to fuck completely naked in front of the curious eyes of the mistress. Elaine palpated the private parts of both during the entire act, she was especially excited by the rhythmic squirting at the end. Her faithful servant had to fuck dozens of men and Elaine pressed her hand on the servant's pubic to witness their climaxes

firsthand. Although the maid was quite old, she still enjoyed sex very much, practiced every night with masturbation and could easily get two or more climaxes while fucking. Elaine gave instructions whether they had to fuck very slowly or in normal speed. Especially when fucking very slowly, the servant got one climax after the other. Elaine excitedly grasped the thick shaft, which the servant obediently pushed in and out very slowly. She felt every shiver and twitch of the labia and hole with her fingers. The servant was grateful because Elaine usually ordered a very slow fucking. Especially because it allowed Elaine to feel the squirting from start to finish. Elaine put her face right in front of the private parts and watched up close. She felt the labia and clit of the old servant throughout the act, or clasped the cocks with her fingers during the act and the squirting. Once she pulled out the cock just before squirting and rubbed it quickly in front of the hole. This way she could see very clearly how the semen squirted into the hole in jets. As soon as the servant left, she lay down on her servant's naked abdomen and pressed her cunt against her servant's aroused wet cunt. She then masturbated herself until she was exhausted.

After a short while already, Elaine let herself be fucked by a servant, too, when he had detached himself from the servant. At first, her servant had to supervise the penetration and make sure that the cock was inserted very carefully during the defloration. She felt only a tiny little sting during her defloration, when the servant tore the hymen with her sharp thumbnail and finally deflowered her with a few quick jerks of her thumb. Then she inserted the hard-on of the male servant with her hand. The servants, however, were never allowed to squirt into Elaine's vagina and always had to finish with the old woman and cum in her hole at will. A few younger ones were afraid of the old handmaid's big hole and asked Elaine to make them cum by her little hand. Soon Elaine let the servants fuck her in turn, but the servants had to finish fucking and cumming with the old maid. Elaine got her climaxes just watching while the servant and her old maid fucked. She lay between their naked thighs while they fucked and masturbated. Mostly the fucked old maid satisfied herself at the same time, and often it turned into a competition who came first. The clever and smart handmaid always let Elaine win. They both didn't care if the male servant was there watching.

Slowly Elaine found out which boys were fucking Guinevere — or she believed they were. She ordered each one individually to her bower under the supervision of her devoted maid and all three stripped naked, Elaine wanted them to do so. The servant knew that she had to sit with her legs spread above her mistress so that the young boys would have to stare directly at her naked cunt, jagged large labia and directly into her large hole as he fucked Elaine. Teasingly the maid played with herself, rubbing her clit with a horny expression on her face to turn the boys on. Usually there was enough time to rub the clit to climax, often twice. The boys would tear their eyes open and pause when the old woman squirmed and tensed in climax. But she went on again even before her climax had subsided.

Elaine always guided the cock into her vagina with one hand, then fucked them very briefly for as long as the maid allowed her. She kept looking up at the old woman, who was working her clit quickly. The servant made sure that the young gentlemen behaved respectfully and did not squirt their semen into Elaine's vagina. Not infrequently, however, she was so captivated by her masturbation that he squirted in the 13-year-old's vagina before she could pull out his cock. Otherwise, she was always there in time to pull the cock out. With most of them, she quickly inserted the cock into her own hole long before they squirted, because she knew the boys well and knew which one preferred to squirt in the hole rather than on the floor. Most were allowed to finish fucking wildly in her hole and finally cum. While they stared longingly at Elaine's naked, open cunt with the tiny little hole, they fucked the old woman full of wildness and squirted their souls out.

The devious maid made Elaine fuck shorter and shorter, forcing her to stop as soon as the fucking had just begun. So that he does not squirt into you and impregnate you, she justified her action. She grabbed the boy herself and he had to fuck her to his heart's content and squirt inside. Secretly she laughed at the spoiled brat and got the pleasure as she wanted. It was always her who did most of the fucking. Elaine was really too naive to see through the sly maid. With each one, however, the maid took the cock in her hand afterwards after fucking. Usually she continued to rub the flaccid one gently for a few minutes to find out if it was still good for another pass. If the

boys behaved well and the servant thought them capable of the passage, they were allowed to fuck the good old servant again to their hearts' content. She was experienced enough to make the dicks stiff again. Most of them had to fuck her until their semen was completely emptied. As long as he could still squirt, she wouldn't let him out of her hole, no matter how long it took. When she was in a good mood, she would let the deflated boy fuck Elaine again for as long as they wanted. When a boy squirted while fucking, he squirted dry, and Elaine loved to be fucked as long as possible. Often the maid misjudged and the boy squirted his seed into Elaine's vagina as often as he could. The maid never noticed her miscalculation, but patted the boys ass cheeks complacently as he squirted. She liked to rub the cock stiff again when he wanted to keep fucking. The maid sometimes thought mischievously that she fucked much more often and longer than the stupid, spoiled brat.

Elaine usually lay down directly in front of the vaginal entrance of the servant and embraced the boy's penis. She always found it horny when the slender penis effortlessly penetrated the old woman's large, craggy cunt and dutifully sawed in her huge hole. The hole was really so big that she could insert a finger next to the penis into the big hole and let him squirt over her fingertips. Quite happily, however, she rubbed the cock vigorously and made a laughing sound when she had rubbed it to squirt. When the boy had finished squirting, she satisfied the faithful old woman, who was at most a little excited by the boys, with her hand. She was not shy at all to masturbate the servant or herself with her fingers in the presence of the boys. The boys felt it a great privilege when they had fucked the girl and also the old servant in one afternoon. They felt an eerie sense of pleasure when they watched the girl masturbate, or when Elaine had brought the servant to some climaxes with quick finger play. She knew her servant well enough to know when she needed more than one climax for her release.

Guinevere and Brangaine let themselves be told in great detail how things had gone in Elaine's bower. If anyone claimed to have watched Elaine masturbate or how she finger-fucked the servant, Guinevere would demand that they show her on the spot. The boys tried their best, but she laughed at them for being too clumsy. Only

Brangaine succeeded every time, and the boys beamed with pride as soon as her abdomen wriggled with pleasure and her legs convulsed or flapped open and closed. It made the rounds and the boys heeded the call, making Brangaine squirm and quiver. Only one, her favorite, was able to gently and lovingly bring Guinevere to climax with his fingers. She soon ended the experiment, leaving only her favorite favorite's gentle hand on her clit.

Guinevere and Elaine, like their faithful servants, enjoyed sex all year until the three-day visit of King Arthur and his knights was announced.

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The Journey to the King

by Jack Faber © 2021

King Leodegrance did not let his guard down and received king and knighthood with all honors. From the first moment Arthur had eyes only for Guinevere, never had he seen a more beautiful and fascinating girl. She was of tall, slender stature and radiated the charisma of a queen. Her only clothing, a floor-length white shirt was so sheer that the king could clearly see her beautifully rounded breasts and the small cleft of her sex. With a proud gesture, she had gracefully twisted the gold-knit belt so that the drooping ends did not do their job of concealing and her pubic cleft was clearly visible. Like most women of the time, she shaved away the delicate fuzz of hair on her sex, for the men of the Old Customs loved the completely naked pubic, which reminded them of youthfulness and young girlishness. She knew that she had only this one chance to impress the young king. A smile graced her lips as she became aware that the king had briefly surveyed all the women and girls, after which his gaze rested only on her, and for a long time on her exposed body.

At dinner at the latest, Arthur became aware that his best friend, Sir Lancelot, was devouring Guinevere with amorous looks. He slapped him amicably on the shoulder and said that this one would be his queen. Lancelot nodded and replied that he loved her too. They had grown up together, both had proved themselves in battles and had taken many wives, maids and maidens together. They often lay in pairs with the girls and rarely separated. Lancelot, only a year younger than Arthur, was one of the most feared warriors at Arthur's side, offered a toast to his royal friend and wished him a lifetime of Guinevere warming his bed and giving him many sons. At the end of the banquet, Arthur withdrew with Guinevere, he introduced Lancelot to the bewitching Brangaine, and Sir Ywain received Elaine for the night. Elaine, let it be clearly recorded, was very disappointed and yellow with envy because the handsome king had chosen Guinevere.

Arthur had Guinevere undress him – as was the custom in those days. She had dropped her dress before he was washed and moved unabashedly in complete nudity before her king. She washed him carefully from top to bottom. Meanwhile, the king questioned her and was pleased because she had become very educated and a noble young woman. She carefully oiled him with a fragrant oil all over his body. Pleased, she looked at Arthur's cock and was very pleased that the king looked curiously at her nakedness and his cock rose greedily. He pondered for a long time what he expected from his queen. She carefully oiled his testicles and cock. She lay down next to him, cuddled up close to his body and gently rubbed his cock. She sat resolutely on top of him, inserting his large and bulky cock laboriously and with some effort into her small, tight vagina. Arthur thought that was why it was so hard, because she was still a virgin. He held her by the hips with her eyes closed so that she could not ride him. After a few minutes he gently stroked her buttocks, shook his head and said he was too tired for that. She could do it to him by hand, he would be honored. Guinevere nodded and, sighing and trembling violently, pulled out the big cock that had felt so good in her small, tight vagina. She remained seated on his thighs and rubbed his cock, speeding up until he cummed high into the air. Mindful of the rules of the Old Folk, she continued to rub gently, listening to her master. His cock did not weaken for a moment, and Guinevere listened to her lover as his cock gradually became hard as a board again. Busy and much longer than before, she rubbed his cock and brought him the redeeming squirt. She cleaned him off and lay down next to him, her face against his. She listened intently as he elaborated for over an hour on his worldview and his ideas of a future together. He asked her directly, after their long conversation, if she wanted to be his queen? Yes, I do, she whispered, but I must tell you, she whispered, the Great Mother had appeared to her several times in dreams and announced that she would not have children. Arthur's body stiffened; this was not a good thing. But then he calmed her down in his authoritarian way and said, we will see. His seer Merlin had predicted that his own son would bring him death. He was convinced of this, because the seer had always been right so far. They were silent for a while and Guinevere said that she was no longer a virgin maiden and had often slept with boys. The king had a thick lump in his throat and asked her in a rough voice to tell him about it. Completely

unashamed and filled with trust in him, she told everything truthfully and from the beginning. Arthur listened with closed eyes and seemed to have fallen asleep. Guinevere extinguished the wick and dreamed of fucking him. It became so intense that she put one hand on Arthur's cock and satisfied herself with the other until she was exhausted. Arthur, of course, had not slept and embraced her as she rubbed herself. He pulled her close to him while she gasped and breathlessly rubbed the head of her clit. She pressed against him in love, rubbing her clit as fast as she could. Still, it took a long time before she groaned and experienced the exploding climax. She continued to rub the clit even more gently as she went through the contractions of her abdomen and gradually calmed down in his embrace. He kissed her face again and again, whispering softly that he loved her with all his heart, really loved her. The next morning, after pissing, she knelt down in front of him and had his morning wood rubbed. He splashed happily and was in good spirits all day, negotiating the upcoming marriage with King Leodegrance with good results.

Lancelot, in retrospect, was grateful to Arthur for bringing Brangaine to him after the revelry. Brangaine proved to be a perfect bed-fellow and they fucked half the night to exhaustion. Lancelot asked her about Guinevere, wanting to know everything about her, and Brangaine hesitated only briefly before telling him about Guinevere's womanhood and her love life in great detail. In the end, she said that he could not get his hopes up, since Arthur had apparently succumbed to Guinevere's charms. Lancelot laughed and replied that the king and he would surely become lovers. Smiling, he reported that they had often taken a maid together. Old and young, married and virginal, noble as well as virginal peasant girls, slender and buxom alike. Brangaine laughed at the top of her lungs whenever Lancelot's report became bawdy or hearty. They also started the new day with good fucking; Sir Lancelot du Lac almost missed the morning service because of the happy fucking.

Elaine's jealousy almost spoiled her night with Ywain. She asked Ywain with suspicion what he thought of Guinevere? She expected his confession of love. Sir Ywain might not know anything about Latin, Greek or mathematics, but he instinctively knew about jealous girls. He thought disparagingly that Guinevere was a scrawny bean-

pole and would probably screw the grooms indiscriminately. Ywain was very glad she was only 13, for he loved young girls, especially the Danish blood young ones. Elaine was worried, she had never seen such a big cock. Ywain asked her to strip naked before washing him. This blood young girl might be chubby, but her skin was flawlessly pure, her round hips suggested sexual passion, her breasts were girlish and beautifully rounded. In her hairless pubic region were glorious labia swollen with joyful excitement. She shook her blonde curls defiantly, no, she would not be a maid anymore and had given herself many times. Ywain palmed her body as she washed, expertly exploring her pubic area. She stood stock-still when he touched her clit. Astonished, she spread herself as he rubbed her clit full of sensation. She spread her cunt willingly, resting her face on his chest and gasping before her climax exploded. He was well acquainted with the ways of the local heathen and gently stroked her clit until she calmed down. He laid her beside him, arousing her with long French kisses and assuring her he would be careful. Ywain wet her vaginal entrance and his cock with saliva and gently penetrated the small, tight vagina. She climaxed after a short while and remained motionless and stiff as a board with embarrassment, while he began to thrust quite wildly, spraying her full of warm semen.

Ywain stated that she had no idea how a woman has going to work fucking the man. He was a hopeless voyeur, however, and urged her to masturbate in front of him. During the masturbation, Ywain leaned forward enough to watch her rubbing at point blank range. Instantly as she rubbed her clit to climax, he penetrated her. She could no longer stop rubbing her clit while his huge ponytail fucked her. She didn't stop rubbing her clit until she climaxed, after rubbing her clit harder and faster than ever before in the finale. The climax continued unceasingly during the fucking and she cried with happiness when he finally cum. Already after a short break she had to masturbate again, again he penetrated before the climax and she rubbed the clit as fast as she could to climax. She continued to rub the clit now even after the climax and jumped from climax to climax while being fucked. She whooped when he had cum and her climax faded out. A few times Ywain forced her to keep rubbing right as she climaxed and only penetrated her after her second or third climax, for his seed was soon exhausted. When he could squirt no more, he pen-

etrated her one last time and remained motionless. He ordered her to continue to masturbate without ceasing, smiling when he felt her tremors with his cock. Elaine had a sore clit and a sore fucked vagina in the morning, which her servant had to rub with healing ointments.

The next two nights went about the same. Guinevere rubbed her fiancé as often as Arthur wanted to squirt, then curled into his embrace and satisfied herself until she was fully released. Lancelot and Brangaine didn't talk much. The great warrior fucked Guinevere's maid half the night until he was exhausted. Elaine and Ywain continued where they had left off. Of course, she was sore again the next morning, but she was happy and wouldn't miss the exhausting fucking with Sir Ywain for any gold in the world.

On the third day the king rode ahead at the crack of dawn; in Caerleon he had many things to do without delay. He entrusted Guinevere to Lancelot's care; they were to follow him with the supply train and reach Caerleon in about two or three days. He looked anxiously at the sky and said that the rain would soon come, then he rode off with his knights. No sooner had the trek started than the rain came. Lancelot held everything together and towards evening he sent messengers ahead to the shelter. Everyone was soaked and Lancelot almost could not take his eyes off Guinevere's body. The wet floor-length white shirt stuck to her body and all who dared to look furtively admired her nakedness. Arriving at his destination, Lancelot did not miss the opportunity to immediately take Guinevere to her room to remove her wet shirt. Conscientiously he rubbed her naked body dry and devoted himself in depth and for minutes to her pubis, spreading her thighs and labia with his fingers to rub them, the clitoris and the vaginal entrance dry. He was pleased to see the labia fill with blood and her clit rise up small but perky. It would have been unseemly if he had spent any more time with her sex.

Guinevere did a like, with shy innocence she undressed the wet hero and rubbed him dry. Lancelot was a muscular giant of six feet, his body scarred all over. Nevertheless, he radiated something that had an immensely erotic effect on girls. Especially when his angular face fell into a thousand wrinkles when he smiled. Guinevere fell for him at the first friendly smile. Under lowered eyelids she looked at

his cock and secretly looked forward to the night. They sat around the warm fireplace and ate to their hearts' content. When they went to sleep, Guinevere did not miss the opportunity to wash Lancelot's whole body with clean water again. Guinevere stripped off her shirt beforehand and smiled radiantly at him. The king had ordered her to treat his friend like himself respectfully— and lovingly, she said. Lancelot's cock appeared huge to her and had half risen, the dark glans only half covered. The little hole in the glans was reddened with arousal. She oiled every inch of his body with fragrant oil. More and more often she touched his cock and shuddered as he reached for her and explored and gently stroked her buttocks and labia from behind. She loved the way his hand touched her butt and cunt knowingly. She conscientiously lubed his scrotum and cock, reverently rubbing the oil on the glans until his cock was hard as a rock. Only now did she lie down with him, snuggled into the crook of his arm and stroked his testicles and cock as if in passing, very gently. He sighed deeply with excitement, his cock was hard as a board and she could not stop caressing him further and further. After a while she asked whisperingly if he wanted it done by hand too? He was silent for a long time and said she was the mistress. I'm not a virgin maid, she whispered hesitantly, I've fucked many, I hope that's okay with you. Lancelot was silent, then he said she was his most lovely mistress and what was before did not interest him. Well, she asked after a while, shall I do the honors with my hand? and she started rubbing his cock in a handjob. He kept silent, what could he say in response? She remembered how Brangaine did the handjobs and made Lancelot squirt in no time. She wiped his seed with her hand and murmured, the first seed is yours, my goddess and Lancelot knew she was speaking to Goddess Epona. He took a deep breath as she continued to rub him, cleared his throat and said, you are my mistress and determine what will happen now. She instinctively knew that the handjob was out of place now and stopped. She took a long time before whispering that he should copulate her to the best of his ability. Yes, Sir Lancelot, please fuck me to the best of your ability! He embraced her instantly and kissed her all over, he could kiss wonderfully with his tongue and she was hopelessly aroused after a short while, burning horny and ready to fuck. He murmured that he would be very careful and lovingly parted her labia with his hand before penetrating. Guinevere gasped for air as the penetration was difficult

and hurt quite a bit as his massive cock widened her small, tight vagina as best it could. He could fuck very well and they soon found the common beat. Guinevere thrust firmly and ever more excitedly towards his cock and breathing heavily, she cried out softly as she reached the explosion of climax. As he continued to pound into her, she thrust against him in unison until he poured into her womb hot and hard. They lay breathing heavily side by side, she holding his cock with one hand and playing with her clit with the other. You have done me good, Sir Lancelot, quite wonderful! He kissed her tenderly and intimately. I love you as I have never loved anyone, he whispered. He hoped that in the dim light of the chamber she would not see the tears rolling down his cheeks. She felt after some time that her abdomen was again aroused and his cock stiffened. They whispered to each other for a long time, admitting to each other that they were in love. She whispered full of innocent shyness if he could please copulate her again? He nodded and she rubbed him briefly until the cock was rock hard. Her vagina was slightly dilated and wet as a river so that he could penetrate more easily. They found the right beat again, and Guinevere's climax continued until he was thrusting into her as if out of his mind, stopping only after he had finished to cum. She had pressed her lips very tightly on his chest so that her lustful cries could not be heard. Gratefully, she kissed him over and over again, whispering how much she loved his fucking, how intensely she felt his thrusting and squirting. She whispered that it almost never happened that she climaxed while fucking. Lancelot mumbled unintelligibly, then listened breathlessly to Brangaine and Sir Gaheris fucking like mad behind the thin board wall. They heard Brangaine cry out softly again and again, and Guinevere told Lancelot that she recognized Brangaine's climaxes from this. Guinevere lay across Lancelot's chest, played with her clit and began masturbating. Lancelot reached out his hand and gently caressed her labia and vagina. Guinevere masturbated for a long time, climax after climax, and almost couldn't stop. Long after Lancelot had fallen asleep, she continued to satisfy herself until she fell asleep exhausted. In the morning she awoke to Lancelot peeing in the pot and had to pee herself. She looked at his morning wood and didn't need to ask him to copulate. They both smiled as they heard Brangaine gasp and squeal in pleasure next door. Lancelot greedily grabbed Guinevere and they fucked silently as they listened to Brangaine's

pleasure. He was on fire and did not interrupt her as she rubbed her clit rabidly during her climax until he had cum.

The trek moved on.

The rain didn't seem to bother Guinevere, she was steeled from country life. Their eyes kept meeting furtively and they smiled secretly. When they reached their next destination in the evening, it was like the day before. When Lancelot rubbed the soaking wet Guinevere dry before dinner, they found that her bedchamber in the middle was separated from Brangaine's camp only by a curtain. When they retired in the evening, it was at first embarrassing to hear every sound from next door. Only when Brangaine's panting and fucking could be clearly heard did they loosen up. Lancelot fucked Guinevere only twice, then they had to pause. But Gaheris was a very young knight and pleased Brangaine much more often. They heard Brangaine masturbating outrageously loud during a lull. Lancelot peeked secretly through the curtain, watching Brangaine masturbate made him terribly horny. No sooner had Brangaine finished than he closed the curtain and fucked Guinevere with wild, rapid thrusting. So quickly had he cum that Guinevere had not climaxed. Smiling, she lay down on the tired hero's chest and satisfied herself until dawn. Both girls could hear each other and thus spurred their excitement until they fell asleep. They knew each other's sounds during masturbation that they could just as well have been in the same bed. In the morning, both couples fucked at the same time, the men squirting almost simultaneously and the girls rubbing each themselves until they climaxed together. At breakfast, all four grinned, but didn't say a word about any of this. That would have been very unseemly.

In the evening they reached Camelot, Arthur's large-scale castle in Caerleon. Lancelot placed Guinevere's hand in his king's as they knelt before him. The two friends exchanged only a few glances; it seemed all was said. The king embraced Guinevere full of love and kissed her long on the mouth, then embraced his friend just as warmly, but the men did not kiss because it was not seemly. That night Arthur made love to Guinevere for the first time, his manhood enough to fuck her three times almost without interruption. They found the common beat almost instantly and Guinevere's explosions

made her cry out for a long time, her lips pressed to his chest. Breathing heavily, they lay side by side, talking in soft whispers. She embraced her master, crying, and confessed to him that she had lain with Sir Lancelot the two nights before. Just lain? he asked smugly, and she sheepishly confessed they had both dried and washed each other, in complete nudity like a familiar couple. Guinevere swallowed hard. She had given him a hand job and let him copulate her several times and at her own request. Lancelot had been a gentleman all around and had mounted her only after she had specifically requested it. The king silently condemned himself for having been so smug and stroked her hot face soothingly. Lancelot, he said, was his best friend; they shared spoils of war as well as handmaidens. She was helpless in her feelings and stammered that she loved both gentlemen with all her heart and loved them both. She had enjoyed fucking Lancelot as much as she had with him. The only difference was that she had many more and more intense climaxes with Arthur. Lancelot fucked wildly, but Arthur's quiet way of fucking her was much more preferable to her. Yet somehow she wanted to fuck both of them. Horrified at her frankness, she slapped her hand over her mouth and kept silent, startled. The king stroked her and thought for a long time. It was perfectly fine, he said, if she loved them both, he wouldn't mind and would be happy to leave them in someone's care whom he trusted if he left them alone. If you feel like it, take Lancelot whenever you want! You are my love, my queen and my life! There is only one thing I beg of you: there are plenty of poisonous, insidious tongues at court. The vipers and snakes will bite to death anyone who cannot hold his tongue. So keep everything doubly secret, never confide in anyone, not even your most trusted maid. It must never come to light, never, otherwise I would have to banish my best friend and punish you, perhaps burn you at the stake! She was deeply frightened and swore to him in the face of the Great Mother. They talked about all this for a long time, and Guinevere instinctively knew that she could trust him without reservation. She played gently with her clit and the king seemed to want to sleep. She stroked his face and said, one more thing, my lord. I always need it before I go to sleep, maybe a few times, until I fall asleep. I know, my love, said Arthur, I know, and it is well. I want you to have it good all the time and to do good to you! She lay across his broad chest and gave herself up to mastur-

bation. She fantasized debauchedly about Lancelot, Brangaine and Gaheris and satisfied herself until she fell asleep.

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Brangaine

by Jack Faber © 2021

A few days later, Guinevere spoke with Brangaine about her situation. Brangaine was grateful to Guinevere that she had been assigned to Lord Lancelot. Lancelot had a lad who did all the day-to-day things, she was only there for her master's bed. My service begins only after the evening fireside chats, I wash the master and oil his body carefully, then my service ends only in the early morning, Brangaine said with a wink. And, does he do you good, or does he ask perverted things of you? Guinevere asked, for she wanted to know all about him. Brangaine shook her head in the negative and said that he always behaved as a gentleman, was not perverted at all, and could satisfy her wonderfully like no one had done in a long time! Since I found out that he likes to watch me masturbate, I know what to use to excite him! Guinevere smiled knowingly, this was her Lancelot. Do you want to stay with him? she asked. Brangaine thought for a moment. He made it clear to me, in a very respectful tone, that he never wants to marry because he loves only you with all his heart. I accepted it with all respect. The man I want to belong to is Sir Cadwynn. Guinevere promised to do whatever was necessary and kept her word.

A few days after her wedding and coronation, she bid a tearful farewell to Brangaine, who had been like a sister to her. Guinevere had sent a Letter to Sir Cadwynn beforehand. She gave her four young knights to escort her, and some servants led the mules with their generous dowries. Guinevere obliged all four knights with earnest words to warm Brangaine's bed at the overnights. All four of you! And so that we understand each other correctly, all of you shall fuck my dear maid mightily, fuck her so properly to scream in climax, promise me that! The knights looked at each other sheepishly at first, but nodded in promise, while Brangaine turned bright red up to the base of her chest. She usually traveled on carts, as was customary in those days. But on this ride, she had to take turns sitting behind a knight riding side seat. Already behind the first bend she asked her rider if she could sit down like a man, she did not feel safe at all rid-

ing side seat. He said that if she followed the customs of the Old People, of course she could. She had no idea of this custom, but she turned deftly and now sat as securely as the man. The coarse blanket chafed, so she inconspicuously slid a hand protectively over her pubic area and her sensitive clit. The rider caught on, surprisingly groped backwards without losing sight of the path and felt the pubic area and her hand. He examined in detail and for minutes her labia, clit and vaginal entrance and after some time put her hand over her pubic again. He mumbled, so it was usual, so it was good, the ladies had to protect their most precious! She said somewhat snappishly, at least your hand has now seen everything there is to see! They both laughed happily and she added that she didn't mind him touching her jewels, he could touch them anytime he wanted. He hummed in agreement and nodded, his hand immediately groping back again. He took his time blindly feeling her out, his fingers extensively exploring her labia, vaginal entrance, vaginal vestibule and the vagina itself. With two fingers, he measured the length and tightness of her vagina, nodding his satisfaction time and time again. For minutes he explored the clit, which had stiffened as he felt it. He rubbed her clit until she gasped and moaned with arousal. Despite his contortions, she came to a tiny little climax and bit him lightly on the neck as she released the real explosion with a brief rub. That's enough, she gasped, that's enough! He took his hand away and said with a grin, You are a fine playmate, I'll give you that! They rode on without a word.

With her hand she embraced the body of the rider and was slightly confused, because she felt his stiffened cock protruding from the short tunic. Well, she whispered in his ear, at least the naughty groping has made you really stiff! She cast a surreptitious glance over his shoulder and took a long look at the beautiful cock and the shimmering pink glans, which kept breaking through the foreskin in time with the riding. One rode slowly, at a rocking pace. At that time it was not customary to ride in the saddle, and the contemplative swaying on the warm horseback eroticized both man and woman. Brangaine felt the arousal rise within her, she pressed her breasts against the rider and held onto his cock in front. Soon she felt his cock getting quite stiff, and being the first to ride ahead, she bravely grasped his cock with a firm hand and the rider pushed his cock back and forth in

time with her riding. As she felt his rising arousal, Brangaine rubbed his cock with a quick, stealthy movement, making him squirt hidden under his tunic. He turned a little so the animal would not be stained. She didn't let go of the horny wet cock until he softened. Whispering questioningly, she had her rider tell her that this was perfectly normal and that all mistresses did it without regard to their standing. Look at the others, they all get a stiff cock while riding. She looked around cautiously and yes, he had indeed told the truth! The rider murmured that the cock usually spurted on its own, and if it didn't, they helped it along with their hand. Brangaine whispered that she had never heard of these things, but she was attached to the customs of the Old People and wanted to follow their rules. Her rider noticed her sexual excitement and whispered that she should redeem herself, all mistresses and damsels do. The rider nodded with satisfaction and told in a low voice that every mistress became aroused while riding. Brangaine pressed her breasts to his back and her hot cleft to the rider's bare buttocks, quietly and secretly obeying his instruction. He reached blindly behind when she was already about to explode and helped explode her clit with his finger. The rider growled in satisfaction as he felt her surge and her trembling twitches. Whenever she became aroused from riding, he would ask her to rub her clit. She would obey and hold onto her rider, trembling and twitching, and he would reach back with his hand and help. Mostly she held onto his cock while their explosions shook her. It was the first time she held a cock in her hand during masturbation and found it very stimulating. He told a schnurr.

Some time ago he moved with a large group from Britain to Wales, a bloody buxom maid, 13-year-old daughter of noble house, behind him. The girl knew nothing at all about the rules, did not touch his cock, and became more excited by the minute, but she bravely clenched her teeth. Even with good words he could not get her further than to protect her cunt from friction with her hand. She denied it, she had no idea of masturbation. He now rode a good distance ahead, turned around and satisfied her with his hand. She had to pay attention and learn well. After he had satisfied her a second time, they rode on. Every few minutes she breathed into his ear that she needed it again. So the three-day trip went smoothly, she

practiced and practiced until, groaning, she could get big explosions too. Unfortunately, he finished his story, there was no time to fuck the chubby little girl in the grass, although she whispered about it for hours, thinking up all sorts of scenarios and would have loved to give him her virginity. She got him to the point that on the last day he stopped and told the others they would follow. But they preferred to take a break and camped in a circle. So he put her in the middle of the circle and stripped her naked. She was a little embarrassed to be fucked completely naked in front of everyone. He aroused her with French kisses and his hand before deflowering her and fucking her until he was completely exhausted. — Brangaine laughed out loud at her rider's delightfully raunchy and rather piggish talk. As time went by, Brangaine became bolder, soon satisfying herself unabashedly and without secrecy, leaving the others to watch shamelessly. Her rider continued his reconnaissance. If one was in a hurry, the mistress redeemed herself while riding and also her rider with her hand. If one had a lot of time and rode alone with the lady, one paused several times, let the horse drink and graze, and the rider relieved himself in the act with the damsel. This was an old prerogative of the rider regardless of the social position of the damsel. But we are in a hurry and there are too many for one act. She understood and asked if that applied only to ladies? He laughed out loud, then replied in a hushed voice, no, the status did not matter, whether noble mistress or simple peasant maid, if they all followed the Old People's Rules. The ladies all knew what to expect and their masters chose the rider accordingly. Of course, there were also riders who did not want to fuck and also ladies who no one wanted to fuck.

He told smilingly that he had brought some time ago a 16-year-old high noble maiden of splendid figure from Cornwall to the far north, to Scotland, to her princely fiancé. She knew the rule and had asked him not to make use of his privilege, because her future husband wanted to receive her untouched, as a virgin, absolutely! He said it depended entirely on her. She held his cock without ceasing on the first day of the eight-day trip and made him squirt as often as she could. She only let go briefly when she was doing it to herself or when he had squirted. She got aroused riding him much more often than he did and frequently let go to rub her clit to climax. Her lips bit

down on his neck as she raced toward explosion while rubbing her clit. She rubbed his cock incessantly on the first day, spilling his seed in rich jets. Her intention was that he would be exhausted in the evening. Nevertheless, at nightfall he was aroused again, after she had undressed and washed him and herself according to custom. She washed his testicles and stiff cock quite conscientiously and stopped before she made him squirt. He watched her gracefully part her labia and conscientiously wash her pubic cleft, clit and hole. He bent down and spread her labia with his fingers, examining her hymen closely for minutes. It was true, she was still a virgin, but there was a big hole in her hymen. He palpated the hymen, which seemed much tighter than he knew others to be. Her hymen was much firmer and more resistant than those of other girls, which were quite thin and tore easily. He had only deflowered two virgins so far and those hymens had torn in an instant. This one, however, seemed as firm as leather and the little hole could be stretched without tearing. He sensed her strong sexual arousal as he inspected her hymen. The sight of her excitedly swollen labia and hole drove him crazy as did her blatantly sexual aura as she cleaned her clit more conscientiously than necessary for minutes at a time. He watched her closely as she slowly rubbed her clit. She did not look at him, but devoutly continued to rub her clit with her index finger with an absent gaze.

Her eyes filled with tears because he now approached her with a stiff cock and thrust his glans demanding between her labia. She gradually rubbed herself a little faster, spreading her legs covetously on the one hand and holding his stiff cock in her vaginal entrance for minutes on the other. She was past the point and couldn't stop. She held his cock tightly as she gradually brought the clit to peak ecstasy over the next few minutes. She rubbed the head of her clit frantically in climax, almost pushing his glans through the hymen in her excitement. She pressed the glans firmly into her vaginal entrance until the climax had subsided.

She wavered between her sexual desire and her virginity. She let go of his cock, for inwardly she had given up. His glans still touched her labia and gently pranced in her vaginal vestibule. The 16 year old was trembling incessantly with desire and at the same time crying heartbreakingly. Please don't, noble lord, please don't dishonor me,

don't take my virginity! He was a man of honor and would never deflower her against her will. He questioned her, but no cock was ever allowed to touch her pubic area, except when she herself pressed the glans into her pubic cleft with her hand during handjobs, and allowed the lover to gently squirt in through the little hole in her hymen. He smiled incredulously that this must be a fairy tale. She would show him, she returned flippantly. She grabbed his glans and vigorously pushed it into her vaginal vestibule. She pressed the glans against her sturdy hymen and inserted it quite firmly halfway into the hole. She did a hand job with the cock firmly lodged in her vaginal entrance. She rubbed it more and more vigorously, making it squirt into her vagina with her eyes wide open. Triumphant, she pulled out his cock and stuck a finger deep into her little hole. He could see quite clearly that the hole was probably big enough to let his glans through, but he kept that to himself. She replied, a bit puzzled, that she had done it exactly the same way with everyone who wanted a handjob, except that the boys were much younger and had small dicks that fit easily through the hole. She told me there were only a few boys, but they wanted to squirt in her vagina very frequently. No, she did not count, but in the last two years almost every day and in the last months often with several guys in a row, they knew each other and shared this secret. The handjob she had of course done herself with each, fuck they were never allowed! They were not allowed to touch her cunt nor rub herself, she always did that herself. She only touched the slender cocks with two fingers and rubbed very quickly to make them squirt through the hole. He nodded, for she obviously had very great practice in this technique.

But that was a lie. The guys with the little cocks that easily fit through the hole in her hymen were allowed to fuck her as often as they wanted last year, of course, she later admitted. The dicks had very soon figured out what to do. She felt his movements in her vagina and got a little excited, but she never climaxed. She never let the ones with the bigger dicks fuck her, she was way too scared for her hymen. They were only allowed to press the glans on the little hole when they squirted during the handjob. Her mother, of course, knew what was going on in her bedchamber in the afternoons. She admonished her daughter to watch out for her virginity, because that would be the only gold in her parents' house.

She was somewhat puzzled, for the rider's tail was firm and hard again only minutes after he had squirted. He mischievously said he would stay hard until he fucked, that was just the way it was. Again she burst into tears, she didn't know what to do and kept whispering that he shouldn't dishonor her. She gradually calmed down and shyly suggested getting fucked in the ass, she had heard about it again and again lately. It was considered very unseemly, but she understood that his cock absolutely had to fuck, therefore. She kept quiet, because he had already started to widen her asshole with his fingers, which excited her a lot.

She had to lie on her back as if to fuck and spread her legs high in the air, he lifted her ass, moistened the asshole with saliva and made a few fucking movements with one finger. He penetrated her ass so gently that it did not hurt her. Then he asked her to rub her clit so she could enjoy the impropriety. She whooped with pleasure and spread her legs as wide as she could because ass fucking felt so exciting and forbidden. It's almost like real fucking, she whispered excitedly. As soon as he felt the squirting coming, he took her hand so she could insert his glans into her vaginal vestibule without damaging her hymen. Again, she pushed it in so hard that his glans was almost completely inside her hole. She obviously knew how strong her hymen was and that she could safely put his glans through the hole. He felt the fucking movements of her pelvis and made only very careful thrusting movements. He was very careful, never thrusting, but moving his cock and glans back and forth only millimeters at a time. She was impatient and wanted more, something more. But he was not deterred, did not move and left her to do it. Her abdomen made definite fucking movements and the edges of the hole, tightly enclosing his glans, rubbed his glans firmly and rhythmically. His ejaculation came with all his might and he squirted quite hard, his semen spurting unhindered into her vagina.

She was so enthusiastic that they had to repeat the assfucking every night until exhaustion. Of course, also during the day in the open air when they took longer breaks. By now the hole was so dilated that his glans went all the way through. She didn't seem to notice or didn't care. The hole widened more and more every day, she pushed the glans very deep through the hole. He was able to make very long

careful thrusting movements and squirt. She looked at him with wide eyes and whispered hoarsely, it's like real fucking, while she fucked him. He remained rigid and stiff, leaving the fucking entirely to the girl. She was able to accurately gauge the danger to her hymen and fucked him as hard as she could. Her eyes widened each time he squirted in rhythmic jets. Her hymen was apparently tight enough not to tear despite her vigorous fucking. Towards the end of the trip, he thought he could fuck her properly without tearing her hymen, but he kept holding back and just fucked her ass. He instinctively knew that her hymen would tear if he fucked her properly. He did not want to deflower her at all, although she surrendered completely and with shining eyes allowed him to fuck and squirt in her hole very gently.

She got big, bullet eyes as the grazing stallion's cock swelled to arm's length and dripped a bit. The animal obviously understood what the two little humans were doing there in the grass. The rider smiled mildly as she jumped up poodle naked, stroked the stallion's head and let the animal extensively sniff her naked, horny wet cunt. The stallion's cock seemed to grow even more as she did so, twitching, wriggling and dripping. She knelt down beside the animal, rubbed the long tail vigorously, and laughed hysterically as the stallion squirted a thick stream into the grass.

And, what happened next? Brangaine asked impatiently, and her rider smiled. — I handed her over to her prince and the other day, when he had convinced himself of her untouched virginity and taken her as his wife, he treated me with much respect. Her new husband was already an old man and his small and weak cock did not manage to take her virginity on the wedding night. His small cock fit right through the little hole but could not tear the tight hymen. He squirted instantly and squirted the remaining semen through the hole. All he got was a sympathetic handjob while squirting in the hole and her vague promise that he would be allowed to watch her masturbate sometime.

She could actually convince the simpleton that she was committed by law and custom to fuck the rider! However, he made it a condition to be allowed to watch her fuck. She finally agreed and early the next

morning she gave her virginity to the rider. She exulted in pleasure and howled in pain when he finally pierced her tight hymen properly and quickly continued fucking her. She changed the bloodstained sheet in one of the breaks to hide it in the marital bedroom. Some good maid would discover it and show it to the prince. They stayed in bed all day, fucking and caressing each other until Angelus rang in the evening, him spurting his seed into her in rich jets. In every break she whispered how beautiful it was with him and much, much more intense than the ass fucking.

Her hubby didn't come in until late afternoon, sat down on the bed next to them and watched them fuck, much to the chagrin of the rider. It was all right, after all it was necessary according to their custom and besides, she wanted it herself, she wanted it so badly. He took the right to be there for it, he had kept it that way with his former wives when they wanted to fuck someone mad with horniness. He let himself be persuaded to acquiesce every time, the women obviously needed the fucking with big and strong cocks that lasted a long time. He couldn't offer them that, his cock was only medium or too small and he had to cum after only a minute. They let him watch them fuck every time for hundreds of afternoons, they didn't want to deny that to the beloved Peeping Tom. Watching excited him of course, his wives could enjoy their lovemaking for hours, spreading their cunt with their hands so he could get a good look at the lover's squirting or their twitching cunt as they climaxed. He had his hand tucked under his robe and kept his cock stiff and ready with gentle rubbing. As soon as the lover paused or was exhausted, he would penetrate her vagina with his little cock and squirt after a few minutes. Usually his wife's cunt was still excited from fucking her lover or from clit rubbing, so he could experience the gratifying feeling of fucking an aroused woman moaning with pleasure.

But the new woman did not want that, she had made that clear to him right away when he allowed her to fuck the rider the other day. She listened to him with laboriously suppressed disgust as he told her about his wives fucking other men. He described in great detail, obviously aroused, how it had gone with his previous wives, that they had willingly let him watch them fuck and that he was allowed to fuck them in between or after.

Her disgust, however, did not prevent her from listening to his stories in the following weeks with more and more detail. On the one hand, she could tickle everything out of him in great detail and enjoyed deliciously all the erotic goings-on of his wives, it horned her up and she felt the rising excitement. She did not know until now that she could get so excited listening to pig stuff. It was, after all, the first time she had been told such smut. In the past, when she or her boys caught a couple fucking, they watched but didn't talk about it much. She made her master describe in great detail the private parts of his wives and kept asking him until he had described every little detail to her. Her cunt and her appearance, the size and texture of the labia and vaginas and how they felt when fucked. The size and shape of the clits and their little heads, but also what the fold of skin that covered the little head looked like. She also wanted him to describe to her in great detail her method of masturbation. He could describe that in great detail because he had watched them do it hundreds of times when they invited him to watch. But very often he watched them secretly when they thought they were alone and unobserved. With one hand they very carefully pushed back the fold of skin over the clit and exposed the little head. With the other hand they moistened the head with spit and began to rub. In climax, however, they were very different. One closed her thighs very tightly and huddled together as if in spasm, another continued to rub her clit furiously until the climax had subsided. The third spread her labia with both hands to show him exhibitionistically her twitching and trembling cunt. But when the wife had not played with her clit for a longer time, her desire to be fucked grew rapidly. His young wife listened quite attentively when he revealed his wives' sexual preferences, habits and other pig stuff. On the other hand, she was preparing to do the same as his wives soon, he wasn't getting any younger.

Now, however, she thought long and hard about how she could talk him out of all this. After much arguing, she gave in: Watching yes, but in between mount and squirt in: no! She did not want to be

disturbed at all while fucking with her faithful noble rider, she had said energetically and indignantly.

Therefore, dull jealousy understandably ate through his gut as his young wife, full of bliss and lust, clutched her thrusting rider and gradually raced toward climax. The old man sat on the edge of the bed, propped up on the rider's bobbing buttocks, and bent down low to watch his wife's pumping cock and blood-red vagina fuck quite clearly. He was all excited as the rider rhythmically contracted the muscles of his butt to squirt. After the squirting, the old man bent down very low to watch the semen spilling out of the girl's vagina again. This reassured him immensely, she would not get pregnant, the semen did not stay inside her, she heard him murmur and thought to herself, because I am already filled to the brim with semen! She gave her hubby a loving smile while she fucked her rider without stopping and rubbed her clit covertly under her hand secretly. She covered her pubic area with one hand so that her near-sighted husband could not see her clit while she was rubbing it; she saved that for later. The old man's eyes filled with tears of dull jealousy as she moaned and groaned with pleasure. Her husband was a little disappointed and left immediately. She sucked the rider's glans in her mouth with relish so that he quickly stiffened again and placed him in her vaginal entrance with a gentle hand, then they fucked all over again, until evening.

In the evening the Old Prince promised his tired wife to send a maid to the gentle rider every evening to warm his bed. He did not reveal that he did not want to send any of his pretty young maids, but only the ugly northern women who scrubbed the floors or slaved in the cellar or warehouse. He wanted to punish the rider a bit because his young wife was so eager to screw him. Yes, he was going to get everyone that no other man wanted to fuck. The rider, on the other hand, was very pleased with the changing bedfellows, but all of them were older than him, some of them already at the age of 40. He was a cheerful, optimistic person, who did not even notice the malice behind it. For him, all naked women were beautiful; he had never seen an ugly naked woman. Communication was often difficult, since all these maids were war booty from Arthur's battles with the Danes, Frisians and Saxons. Still, he was glad for the welcome change; there

really was a different northern woman every night. The majority shy as a virgin, others obscene and frivolous. Thin and fat, pretty and not so pretty. Most he could strip off the dress right away and gaze curiously at their nakedness, others initially wanted to cover themselves shamefacedly with the sheet. They had bathed in the nearby stream just before and made themselves pretty as best they could, so that they could at least go to the young man clean. He inspected their vaginas thoroughly, and once he turned the maiden away, explaining in kind words that he was afraid of her ugly rash on her cunt, venereal disease and infection, she had to send him another maid.

This one was small and very fat. When he stripped off her dress, he was surprised by her big and beautiful breasts. He immediately overlooked her fatness when she showed him her naked body without any shyness and he examined her cunt. Not only did she have considerably large labia, but also the largest clit he had ever seen. When he pushed back the fold of skin over the clit, he saw the large clit, which was almost half the length of his little finger and shaped like a small penis. At first it irritated him and he asked if she was a hermaphrodite, but she laughed that it really wasn't a little dick, it was her clit. She knew that it was bigger than other clits and shaped like a penis, but she often had tried but could not fuck another girl. She answered his questions, she was much too young to be raped at the time of capture and was still a virgin even though she was already 24 years old. Yes, she rubbed her clit very frequently and loved the fulfilling climaxes. Every night she would rub her clit until she fell asleep. She really wanted to fuck him, she said, she would try her best to give him a nice experience. She had three climaxes standing up before she swallowed his semen during the third climax and quickly lay down with him. She opened her legs and cunt wide and hugged him exultantly. As he deflowered her, she smiled beautifully and, instead of a cry of pain, emitted only a satisfied "Aaah!" That night was shaping up to be one of the most exciting. She fucked along so gracefully and actively that he poured himself inside her three times until his seed was exhausted. Before the third pass, he thought he could take no more, but she laughed cooing and got him hard again in no time. She turned him on his back and mounted him. He was ridden as delightfully as he had ever been ridden. He was really

very pleasantly surprised, for he had not expected her to be so limber and to fuck him so well, despite her thick body.

Two things they all had in common: prayer to the goddess and blowjobs. Prayer had been drilled into them in their new home, though they never fucked. The rider was adamant that each maid wash him in complete nudity, for he did not accept her shyness and wanted to feel her cunt as she washed him. He reached from behind between her ass cheeks to bring her clit to climax with his fingers.

He felt that the bodies of these northern women were a little different from the bodies of the Welsh women. He looked at their clits very carefully, because as maids of the lowest category, the only thing left for them was masturbation. He believed that frequent masturbation must make the clitoris grow. A few actually had large clits, but most had medium-sized ones. He had never seen such large clits in his previous acquaintances. He questioned them, but that did not help him. All of them masturbated themselves before falling asleep, those with big clits as well as those with medium sized clits, with or without explosions. It was impossible to tell at all from the outside which clit was probably well-trained or lazily neglected.

It had spread like wildfire among the northern girls that the young gentleman wanted to play with her clit to begin with. She washed her own cunt conscientiously and stood expectantly beside his bed. As soon as he reached around her ass cheeks and stroked her pubic cleft, she stood with her legs apart and pushed her ass back very firmly so that he could reach her clit more easily. With her eyes closed, she felt the gradual rise of her arousal and let the explosions happen. She only knew the explosions from masturbation, and it was new for her to stand buck-stiff and spread-eagled next to his bedside and have him do it to her, and he was really very good at it. She trembled towards the climaxes, moaning lustily or breathing words in a foreign language. She remained unperturbed when she wanted to have more climaxes and stroked his cock only very gently. The excitement in her abdomen increased each time and she demanded more, even more. When her abdomen burned with arousal, she turned to him.

She washed the youth's testicles and cock extensively before the handjob. Aroused by his fingers she was unfocused, he brought each to climax once more, before or during the final swallow of semen. She shivered standing up when her own lust overtook her during the handjob and the explosion made her legs and abdomen twitch. She said the prayer before the finale mechanically, perfunctorily and without any conviction of faith that the first seed belonged to the goddess. Trembling in her climax, she put her mouth over his glans or the whole cock to complete the handjob and swallow his semen. At first he wondered, for all these northern girls, virgin or not, swallowed his seed, it must be an entrenched custom in their homeland. Some enclosed his cock tightly with their lips, others opened their mouths very wide without touching his cock with their lips. They rubbed really fast in the finale and made him squirt in her throat. Many put his cock very deep in her throat and made his semen cum down her throat. Others held his glans between their puckered lips and let him squirt onto their tongues. But they all swallowed his seed, whether shyly and bashfully or laughing and cooing. His experience in rubbing made them explode violently at the same time, and he made them squirm and twitch for minutes. She didn't wait for her climax to fade, but kept the excitement in her hotly inflamed abdomen as she lay silently, shyly, or full of anticipation to the master of this night. They were all still highly aroused from the last climax or still in the midst of it as they nestled against the youth whose fingers excited them so beautifully.

All but a few had small, wrinkled breasts, very tight vaginas and narrow labia. Unlike the British women, they had no thick bush, but the sparse, light blond or reddish pubic hair typical of northern women, through which one could see their pubic cleft and labia. You couldn't tell by looking at them that they rarely got laid. All the less pretty ones — and that was almost all the maids — were amazingly still virgins, even though they knew all about fucking. It was very strange to him when these women, twice his age, looked at him shyly from below and whispered that down there they were still like bloody young girls. Yet he saw a fire of determination blazing in their eyes.

It was very strange to deflower 40-year-old women, but they wanted it and were active. They opened their legs and spread their

thighs as wide as they could. Some increased their excitement and touched their clit. They nodded to him that it was okay for them now and closed their eyes. Her little cry or her long drawn out scream the moment his cock tore her hymen filled him with pride. No one in their previous lives had ever seen her as erotic or sexually attractive, no one thought of fucking at the sight of her. They wanted nothing more than to finally be loved or at least fucked. He could not give the northern girls love, but could very well be gentle with them and fuck them respectfully. Not a single one was repulsively ugly or misshapen, and when they were naked, he was amazed to discover the beauty hidden under ragged clothing of the unpretty ones considered unfuckable. Each Nordic maid possessed a certain personal beauty in her nakedness, each different, each unique, each in her own way sexually exciting in climax. He did not see their meager breasts, but their nipples, which became pointed and stiff with excitement and trembled slightly when fucked or in climax.

The virgins were full of anticipation so that he could seduce them gently and delicately and deflower them decisively. The Scottish gentlemen were too fine to screw enslaved northern girls, preferring to screw the married Welsh women or the seductive Irish noblewomen. For blowjobs they were still good enough for them, a blowjob sucked so incidentally was not sex, was it!? Some northern girls had not fucked for many years, not since their capture, they made that clear to him stuttering, only for blowjobs they always had to serve. They told haltingly that they had never been fucked since they were deflowered during the battles or their capture, that explained their initial shyness. They told how they had been brutally raped and deflowered while still on the battlefield or in their burning villages.

Some trembled with anticipation and let him arouse them with his fingers before they closed their eyes approvingly to the fucking and took him shyly between their thighs like virgins. Some clearly enjoyed being fucked and slowly got into the swing of things, others obviously wanted fun and happiness and lustfully participated from the start. There was also one who let herself be fucked listlessly and had no fun at all, but she really wanted to finish her virginity and finally know how it felt to fuck and cum in her vagina.

They all, the virgins and inexperienced, let the semen squirt into them, others only in the mouth, so as not to get pregnant. They slid down silently and took his cock, which was completely covered with her vaginal juice, into their mouths without shyness and let themselves be fucked in the mouth and squirt into it. Pregnancy and a child made life difficult for such maids, but he never thought of that for a moment. If one missed the right moment to take the cock in her mouth, he squirted in her vagina.

They nodded in agreement when he wanted to fuck another round and took glans and cock in their mouths to make him stiff. He, at least, wanted to keep fucking until his seed was exhausted. It was apparently the custom among the northern women to make the cock stiff again with blowjobs, and if one overdid it, she swallowed the sperm gurgling, they laughed merrily and somehow continued with the semi-stiff one. The continued fucking was enjoyed by most very much and a few rubbed their clits to climax as they did so. The others rubbed their clits after fucking completely unabashedly and without any shyness, as it was common in their home country. Especially some older ones rubbed their clit to climax and at the same time drove one finger into their hole, another into their asshole and fucked themselves to climax. — The rider paused as Brangaine made herself explode.

He continued: from then on, the rider and the young mistress fucked secretly in the maids' bedchamber in the afternoon, but usually only quickly and briefly. After all, he had already fucked a Nordic maid with pleasure or deflowered a virgin during the night and was too exhausted for a longer fuck. The young girl questioned him every day and he reported more or less everything from the previous night. She was angry that the master sent him only the ugly northern women and had a hard time understanding the rider's point of view. They were all beautiful to him as soon as he stripped off their rags and their faces lit up after each climax. She was very jealous because he wasted his seed on these uglies and left little for her. Unsuspecting, he told her that the virgins also made him squirt in two or three times. Misinterpreting their whim, he strove to be even more accurate, even more detailed about the bodies and the private parts, the deflowerings and the fucking or the masturbation of the maidens.

The old lord came into the bower to look for his new one, but his bad eyes did not notice the cheating couple, who lay motionless behind the curtain on the bedstead, rigid with fright. He came back after a while and now he noticed the bare asses on the bed, but apparently did not recognize them because he could barely see. He couldn't see their faces, they were just turning their asses towards him. Did they see the new mistress, he asked into the darkness, and she disguised her voice, No, my lord! The old man leaned against the door and told them to go ahead. The rider already felt the cold steel of the executioner's sword against his neck.

Keep going, the old man muttered impatiently, so they kept going. After all, the old man couldn't see anything, two bare asses and a cock pounding in a cunthole. The rider stopped after a long poking in the cunt and remained motionless. The danger of death had not yet passed. Anxious minutes passed, but the girl's lust came back like a storm tide despite the danger of death. She fucked her rider with ferocity and the old man's head nodded along in time. She moaned loudly and rolled as she fingered her climax and he squirted after her almost instantly. Still climaxing during his squirting, she moaned ruthlessly at the top of her lungs. Fine, fine, grumbled the old man and left.

Some time later he spotted his young wife chatting innocently with the kitchen staff downstairs. He could see no sign that she had just come from fucking, only his fine nose picked up the smell of semen. He pulled her aside and whispered excitedly that he had caught a maid fucking in a bower upstairs. She smiled and said the maid had asked her permission, that was fine. She had given the maids permission for another to screw up there every day. Fucking is beautiful and fucking keeps the maids healthy, she fluted, and the simple-minded old man nodded, though he had never heard of it.

In truth, she had forbidden the maids to enter this bower during the day. The other day — and on the following days — the old man came again. He would pull up a chair and watch them fuck for at least a quarter of an hour. What could he see? Two bare asses and a cock pounding in a vagina, soft moans and sounds of squirting and clit rubbing.

The old man finally made a fool of himself when, sneaking past, he whispered to the stunned maids, screwing is good, screwing keeps the maids healthy! But each one blushed with excitement when he chose her to spend the night with the rider. Smiling dreamily, they recalled everything they had heard about the handsome youth with strong loins. Many of them were very excited because they had practically never fucked or had not fucked for ages. If the old man was wrong and chose a maid for the second time, the maids corrected it quietly among themselves, the new mistress had ordered: a different one every night! They had to include northern girls from the craftsmen and surrounding farms already in the second week. Every night another!

And? urged Brangaine, who listened curiously and whose abdomen already burned again ablaze, what was next? — The old man told his wife every day that today already another maid had fucked upstairs and they agreed that it was all right. She asked him every time what exactly he had seen and he often reported truthfully, often he invented pure fantasy stories. Sometimes the maid had a densely haired black bush and other days she was clean-shaven. The lover was bearded or shaved. Sometimes she was fucked in the vagina, sometimes in the ass. He squirted in the vagina or pulled out his cock to squirt on her ass cheeks. She gave handjobs or rubbed her clit. Especially with the precise description of the clit rubbing, it was clear that he was an excellent observer. The old man's fantastic descriptions excited him so much himself that he quickly dragged her into her bedchamber to flip up her skirt, quickly penetrate her vagina and cum. She stroked his hair and smiled good-naturedly as he rubbed his cock stiffly and fucked her a second time. He was really trying hard and fucking better and better each day.

Brangaine was about to explode and gasped choppily for him to please continue. — The happy fucking ended abruptly as they were once again in mortal danger. Instead of watching from afar, the old man shuffled to the bed, knelt at the edge of the bed, and palmed the shock stiff's private parts with one hand. He stared myopically at the asses and private parts — he didn't even bother to look at their faces. He pulled the stiff cock out of her cunt and felt it for a long time, curious and examining. Then he carefully felt the girl's pubis, labia, clit,

and vagina. He positioned the glans by the vaginal entrance and murmured, "here we go again!" The rider started thrusting again and the old man murmured, not so fast, it's still a long time until the Angelus! He meant the Angelus prayer before the night meal. The deadly frightened rider obeyed despite the interfering hand and slowly pushed the mistress. After some time he spurted, the old man's hand pressed him deep into the vagina and the old man murmured with excitement: "Just in with it, my son, just confidently squirt it all in!" He waited patiently until the rider had stopped squirting, pulled the cock out of the vagina and now tapped his wife's labia. "Now it's your turn, with your finger!" commanded the Old Man.

She understood and rubbed her clit, she gladly complied with this request. Nothing rather than that, she had already experienced the first climaxes with 6 years and rubbed her clit since then every night until she fell asleep. She was quite happy that the Old Man drove her to climax again. She groaned and moaned loudly on purpose in the darkness, the Old Man nodding his head along at her pace and dabbing her cunt with his fingertips. He hummed in satisfaction as she moaned and squirmed loudly in climax. Only now the old man withdrew his hand, stood up with a groan and left.

The rider had finally decided to leave, he didn't want to end up on the judging block. The Old Husband had gotten much too close to them. The mistress was deeply saddened, they both cried before they also left. At night, when the old lord was fast asleep, she came to the rider's chamber for the last time. She told him what a fairy's tale the old man had told her, but some of his fantasy was true. The horseman was delighted when she told him that she was pregnant and that he would be the father of the next prince. They fucked and kissed each other one by one, their bodies and their lips saying goodbye forever, all night long. They both knew that there could never be a future together. The dawn reminded the girl to return to the prince's bed.

The horseman interrupted the narrative as Brangaine again exploded violently as she had several times before. Then he continued, "When the rider set out again the other day after six weeks, he was

given a laudatory farewell by the husband in front of the assembled court and was princely rewarded. He had trouble keeping himself on the horse, the nightly fucking had completely exhausted him.

She had a heated argument with her old man a week after the rider's departure, seeing that the time had come for her to be assigned a loin-strong favorite to fuck during her pregnancy. She flattered him that he had deflowered her powerfully and excitingly — her ruse with the blood-stained sheet had worked — and now she was carrying his child. Her heightened sexuality demanded to be fucked by well-endowed favorites. The old man's remark slipped out unintentionally that he had known from day one that it was not her maids but she herself who had fucked her rider in the maids' bed-chamber; he had recognized her asses and genitals immediately. Her heart almost stopped. However, he would rather watch her fuck than cause drama, so he kept his mouth shut and remained silent. She wasn't fucking just anyone, after all, she interjected, but hornily and lustfully fucking her noble rider, which he had already allowed them to do on their wedding night. He would have a hard time explaining why his permission should suddenly no longer apply. She kept silent, ashamed and horrified, thinking of all he could have witnessed during the six weeks. In any case, her husband wasn't half as goofy as everyone assumed.

Then they argued some more, as she wanted to fuck a wellhung favorite. She flattered him that he knew all his noble people and was surely able to assign her the best fuckers, one after the other of course, variety was to be for sure! Skillfully she steered the conversation from "if" to "who" and flattered his vanity at the same time. He would have watched his wives fucking, she purred, so he would know exactly which ones were good for fucking at court. He was flattered and told with a transfigured look about the sexual escapades of his former wives. She again had the sexual adventures of his wives told in detail, evening after evening, for weeks. Sitting on the marital bed in her nightgown, she got really horny, secretly playing with her clit under her shirt during his telling of dirty secrets. She took special care in the beginning that he could not look

under her nightgown while she was playing with her clit. She sat down so that he could not see that she was playing with her clit at all. He tried very hard to look under her nightgown. Now and then she let him look a little when her finger was resting. As if unintentionally, she spread her thighs in a semi-recumbent position, spread her labia with her fingers and let him look at the open pubic cleft and clit under her nightgown. He was all the more eager to tell his stories in more detail and piggishly.

Evening after evening she became more revealing, giving inches of her girlish body for him to look at. She liked him more and more every day and accepted with a grin that he was a harmless peeping Tom and curious voyeur. If that was his only fault, she could live with it just fine. With each well-told story, she would flash her cunt as a reward because, sitting across from him, she would lean back laughing and awaiting the coming of the climax. Your story made me really horny, she gasped then, as her climax came quietly. After all, she only made herself very small climaxes that made little effort on her part and of which she could have dozens without getting tired. She saved the explosions for the night. She calculatedly showed her nudity and her cunt when she climaxed and pushed the nightgown up to her breasts, briefly spreading her thighs and letting her cleft and clit be seen for minutes to his delight. She stroked the cleft and clit with her finger with relish, pulling back the fold of skin over the clit very tightly and letting the little head twitch and nod under her finger until the climax had subsided and she covered herself again. He couldn't figure out how she had done this magic trick, but he enjoyed the moment and eagerly looked at her cunt to catch a glimpse of her stiff clit. Had she really climaxed from listening to him? He couldn't imagine how, but her finger gently rubbed the head of her clit, which twitched and nodded incessantly. But she covered herself far too quickly. He was now telling more and more juicy and hearty, always porky and obscene, because apparently he could increase her sexual arousal with that.

Soon she gave up a little of the secrecy, she pulled both arms out of her sleeves so that she could touch herself unhindered under the long nightgown. She satisfied herself with gentleness and he could only guess from the slight movements of the shirt that she was play-

ing with the head of her clit. By now she was indifferent to letting the shirt slide a little higher so he could see her inner thighs and finger dancing on the head of the clit. As soon as the climax slowly rose, she pushed the shirt up over her breasts, pulled back the fold of skin over the clit very firmly with one hand, and rubbed the head of the tickler in finale with the other. His eyes almost fell out of his head, but she pulled her nightgown back into place after a few moments and quickly covered herself again.

By now she didn't mind letting him watch very closely as she released her little climaxes. She left the nightgown off and lay down on the bed stark naked. Let him watch her, after all! She bent one leg to get better access to her cleft. He told juicy Tales and she stroked her labia and clit without haste. Your voice makes me horny, she whispered and caressed one of her breasts. He paused as she sighed very deeply and persistently, exposing the head of her clit with one hand. Delicately, she rubbed the little head with her index and middle fingers, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Before the finale, she held her fingers still and pressed them on the little head. He watched her with his mouth open. More and more often she thought that at some point she would have to let him watch properly until the real, violent explosions, he was her husband after all.

In the beginning she had not been enthusiastic about him and cried at night about her fate of having been bartered away to the old man for purely political and wealth reasons. Over the last few weeks she had gradually begun to like the old voyeur as he was, for he took great pains in fucking, turned out to be an increasingly pleasant person and always behaved in a caring, respectful manner and like a gentleman. She listened to him carefully during the day and got to know his good sides. The prince was a gifted leader from his youth, the clan-chief who united the chieftains of the clans and drove the Picts from the west coast of Scotland back to Ireland. The women of the Picts were always the last to flee. Most battles ended after a few minutes until the Pictish warriors ran away, then the victors fought each other with fists for the pretty Pictish women, these were grabbed by the onrushing Scots and raped on the spot. It seemed as if they let themselves be raped on purpose, perhaps they

were just trying to buy time for the men who were getting the boats ready for escape. The prince was a feared fighter and rode into battle first, slaughtering or wounding a few warriors. Then he picked out the prettiest Picts' women, disgraced them and fucked them, grinning, one after the other, until he had no sperm left. Only a few Picts women were glad that he squirted after a few minutes and went to the next one. From a purely legal point of view it might be considered rape, but the Picts women thrust their pelvises at him willingly and joyfully, embracing and hugging him like a lover. They fucked along so aggressively and greedily—horny that many climaxed on their own as they fucked. He was proud and happy when they fucked themselves to climax. It was quite obvious that they liked to be fucked by someone other than their husband, even if disguised as rape. He found that the Picts' women fucked much more gracefully, actively, and greedily than the natives, who indulged much more passively. The Picts waited patiently in their boats, gawking until the last Pict woman had screwed enough. Then they rowed off at a leisurely pace, while some time later the Scotsmen ran pro forma to the beach, roaring and beating their shields with the blades of their swords. Then the goat hoses came into play with the prince's home brew before they rode staggering home. The prince led the clans from battle to battle until his eyesight failed. After a good 25 years, he had had enough of fighting but still remained their leader. Now he was over 50 and held the clans together with an iron hand. It was an advantage if his enemies at court thought he was a fool because of his poor eyesight or because three wives had run away from him. So he could pull the strings in the background unnoticed.

In the evening, when she went to bed, she showed him her nakedness unselfconsciously up close before putting on her long nightgown. She deliberately let him look at her naked for a long time after washing, and showed him her cunt and clit close up while cleaning, since she knew about his bad eyes and wanted to give him a harmless pleasure. If he wanted to, he could kneel down directly in front of her and touch her cunt. She then put one leg on the bed and presented her open cunt. An exhibitionist shiver made her tremble when he touched her pubic cleft, labia or clitoris. She had forbidden him to rub the clit after he had been very clumsy. He was allowed to

touch and look at her as long and as often as he wanted. Later, before fucking, she extinguished the wick and pulled her nightgown all the way up, over her head, in the dark. She feigned arousal and passion, he knew that, but she managed to make him cum more easily. He tried hard to fuck better and longer every day, and her arousal was now more often real and satisfying. She waited patiently for him to really fall asleep and gently satisfied herself until he did. Pregnancy was making her hornier by the day, never before had she had such a sexual appetite to masturbate.

She let him win generously after a few weeks of juicy piggery: he was allowed to watch the lover fuck and fuck her in between. In truth, she had also won and got her lovers without having to play out her last atout: letting the old man watch her really masturbate. The rider read her letters laboriously spelling because he was not good at reading and laughed heartily at her report. It pleased him that she had made the best of her situation. This was the young mistress he knew; she was smart, sex-crazed, and up to no good.

Brangaine breathed a sigh of relief and laughed that this had been a great adventure and he had it fistful, the young master! He didn't answer when she asked about the child later, because he had made up or embellished a bit and any questioning could destroy his heroic epic. They rode on in silence. In the next break she let the rider fuck her profusely in the grass, he had earned that with his long tale.

After some time they made a short break to let water and the horses drink and rest. One of the riders, a little off, not only let water, but rubbed himself and splashed off into the grass with relief. They rode on, Brangaine leading behind a new rider. After only a short time, he reached for her hand and placed it on his resting cock. Brangaine felt that it was stiffening in time with the riding and held it tightly. They were slightly ahead of the others and she patiently rubbed his cock. After a while, she leaned over his shoulder and watched as she rubbed and rubbed him until he spurted onto the path. He leaned his head back and thanked her softly as she continued to rub him for a few more moments. Then she looked around. Neither this one nor the other riders cared much; it was all natural

and apparently common. The other riders let their erections peek out from under their short tunics, swaying to the beat of the animal and letting the semen squirt as soon as it came of its own accord. Brangaine, who was new to all this, watched the stiff tails with fascination and smiled encouragingly when a rider squirted without further ado.

After a while she lost her natural shyness and excited her clit with her skirt pushed up. Whenever one of the riders rode next to her and was aroused, she would expose her pussy completely so he could look, grab the clit tighter, and let it explode. If the rider was watching, she would lean back tantalizingly and let him see everything. It was not uncommon for the rider to put his hand on his cock as he watched her rub her clit. It struck her that the rider only squirted once in a short stream, even when they were re-stroking with their hand. She whispered to her rider, who confirmed it. No man would be so unreasonable as to empty himself more than necessary; the day was still long, after all. Brangaine asked if she was doing it wrong so far, and he nodded thoughtfully. You are very dedicated, dear mistress, but you squander all my semen every half hour. Less is more. Brangaine, who was satisfying herself more often than every half hour, holding on to her rider trembling violently, understood what he meant, although she could satisfy herself as often as she liked when she was aroused by the rocking. As of now, she went easy on her riders. She would sometimes beckon a rider to ride beside her, eyeing his bobbing cock curiously. She laughed out loud when peasants stood by the wayside and watched her play with her clit with their mouths open. Playing with her clit in the warm sunshine was pure quality of life! The riders grinned appreciatively and rode even more intimately in time.

On the last day Brangaine did what she had been doing all the time. She sat down in front of her rider instead of behind him, her face turned toward him. Sir Garley's eyes snapped open in amazement, as did the horse, who had never experienced anything like it. Sitting upside down!? Brangaine smiled mischievously and asked him to ride off. It took her quite a long time to sit properly. She waited for some time until the rider's cock was stiff. At last she managed to stuff part of the cock into her little hole. Then they rode on, and from time to time the rider would tear his eyes open, and Bran-

gaine would smile with satisfaction at the little bit of semen he squirted into her vagina. All in all it was an ordeal for her, her back ached in this sitting position. But she was stubborn and contorted herself even more as she let herself sink way back on the horse's mane. The full length of the cock now disappeared into her vagina, she moved against the rhythm of the horse and now it was real fucking. Brangaine climaxed long before her rider thrust and squirted quite wildly. She kept his cock in her vagina and from time to time rubbed her clit to climax. In her climax, she found that her rider's cock was getting hard as a board. They smiled to each other and Brangaine clutched at his jerkin and let him watch her rub her clit. When they paused after a few miles, she could barely stand because of the pain in her back. She whispered to her rider that it could not go on like this. He smiled, "Madame, you are the most lustful and splendid woman I have ever met, and I enjoyed the last stretch with you as never before! Sit dutifully behind me again, he concluded, massaging her back. They whispered for a long time about the glorious fucking on horseback.

The knights took turns at the sleepovers, fucking Brangaine quite conscientiously on the queen's behalf, one after the other, tirelessly. They had, of course, squirted a little semen during the day while riding, but they all fucked diligently during the evening. Brangaine needed no masturbation at night on this trip, the warriors were sporting steel and eager to fuck the queen's pretty maid for as long as she wanted and to squirt their seed into her. She had told them all, by all means, to keep fucking her relentlessly even while she writhed and jerked in climax! They admired Brangaine's slender body, the delicate curves of her back, small butt, and especially her large, plump breasts. The knights got excited watching, and once one fell out because his cock throbbed with anticipation and semen began to gush out unintentionally. Brangaine had never seen this before, but she smiled encouragingly at the poor man and instantly rubbed him with her hand, then allowed herself to be fucked further. Brangaine eventually put a stop to them so she could sleep for a—two hours. She enjoyed those four nights full of the highest pleasures, the knights satisfying her night after night, dozens of times, without ceasing. Her vagina was overflowing with semen and there was no end to it. When one came to squirt, the next one was already ready to thrust his lance

immediately into the semen of the previous one in her vagina. She had incredibly long-lasting climaxes when one squirted during her climax and the next immediately continued fucking her. She put a finger on her clit the whole time, partly to feel the quivering of her abdomen, partly to trigger the climax at the right moment with a brief touch. After a few hours, she ended the pleasurable pack humping to sleep another one—two hours. She silently thanked her queen every night for this beautiful gift.

She arrived happily at Sir Cadwynn's and was pregnant before the wedding. The Great Mother appeared to her in a dream and said that she had conceived her son from Sir Garley, the handsome and extraordinarily strong-cocked Welshman, on the journey. Immediately she confided in her master, then, with her head on fire, she told him in detail and truthfully about the days and nights during the journey, leaving nothing out. Only the appearance of the goddess in her dream and the paternity she skipped; she did not have to tell everything. He raised his index finger jokingly and smiled, so this was the Queen's gift? Yes, Brangaine answered seriously, she specifically wanted me to be screwed once more by this knights before I became your wife. Sir Cadwynn laughed at the top of his lungs as she told him how the queen had ordered the knights, in no uncertain terms, to do their duty, to fuck her properly and to fuck her hard to screaming orgasms. He embraced her with a smile, saying it was very typical of the energetic Guinevere he had come to know. Later he knelt down — he too lived by the rules of the Old People — and swore in the face of the Great Mother to accept the child as his own. They had a fulfilling love life as he loved to watch her masturbate and then mount her just before she climaxed, fucking her climax for as long as possible. She enjoyed it very much and when he squirted, just a brief touch of the clit was enough to get a violent, big explosion at the end of his squirting. She waited patiently until he was fast asleep, then it was time for real masturbation. She satisfied herself every night until she fell asleep, letting her imagination run wild.

She brought order to his lands and business, increased his fortune with energy, rigor and expertise. She gave birth to three beautiful sons for her master, without pondering long about paternity, because she slept with a great many men. After all, she had agreed with Cad-

wynn before the wedding that she, in turn, could warm the bed of all guests and visitors, and he, in turn, could have all the girls and women of his kingdom at will. Cadwynn was sure he had made a good bargain, for no guest had come to his farm for years, but he had fathered many daughters and a few sons in the land from his youth. He rode tirelessly around his little kingdom and lay with many women, their daughters and maids. At that time it was still customary for the lord to mount the wife of the subordinates at will, which was accepted by all who followed the Old Customs. However, very few had a pretty and sexually attractive wife, mostly he stuck to the daughters and maids, they were young and usually somewhat pretty.

Naturally, the sovereign had the right to fuck the farmer's wife, daughters and maids at will. The lord sent the servants out of the house to fuck undisturbed. The servants pressed their noses against the windows or the cracks in the wall. The husband sat on the edge of the bed and watched the lord's fucking of his own wife, his daughter, or a maid with mixed feelings. The presence of the landlord was his right and his duty, lest the women be subjected to perversion or treated disrespectfully or roughly. Nevertheless, most of the peasants bore it only with a dull feeling or secret displeasure. Only a few went out cursing and left their wives to the shameful doings of the landlord. Of course, it was a special sexual thrill for everyone to watch their own daughter or a pretty maid being screwed, it made even the most cranky horny. And they saw their wife or daughter being fucked by a quasi-stranger, saw the woman's rising arousal and heard her moan hornily and sigh contentedly. Many experienced for the first time their wife being fucked by someone other than themselves. Or that she rubbed her clit while they were fucking, which they did suspect when their wife fumbled around down there while they were fucking at night. Hardly any farmer's wife let her husband watch her masturbate, on the contrary, only under the protection of the night she made sure she climaxed in the dark. But now he saw abundantly clear how she rubbed her clit while being fucked to climax, something he had never seen so clearly before. The conflicting feelings and sexual arousal that rose in them as they watched had to be relieved immediately. Very few dared to masturbate themselves while their wife was being fucked. Most waited until the master took a rest and

mounted the wife, maid or daughter. A few quick thrusts and they could cum liberated.

Sir Cadwynn was not at all bothered by the presence of the master of the house. He loved fucking his own daughters when they were already good at fucking. The daughters loved him idolatrously and were happy to be fucked and some even impregnated. Something very special for Cadwynn was to deflower his own daughters once they turned 13. First he undressed the girl, laid her out on his thighs, and spread her labia with his fingers to convince himself of her virginity. Almost all of them were untouched, only a few were not. He questioned them in a highly embarrassing manner and those that were no longer virgins he later fucked with some disappointment as well as their mother. His displeasure quickly dissipated, however, because he loved to fuck bloody young girls. To his surprise, it was precisely these girls who had learned to climax during sex. It excited him immensely that the girls lay in their naked mother's lap, between her spread legs, when he fucked them. After the girl climaxed, he pushed the little girl's body just a little higher to penetrate her mother's vagina. He kissed and caressed the girl's childlike body while he fucked the mother — often after many years had passed. He enjoyed these acts very much, although these daughters did not give him their virginity.

He resolutely rubbed the clitoris of all the virgin girls and questioned them. Most reluctantly admitted that they had been habitually masturbating for many years. He rubbed and excited the clits and was not satisfied until it reached climax. He ordered the mother to fondle the girl's breasts. With obvious discomfort, she fondled the girl's small, firm breasts and awkwardly excited the nipples; few of the 13-year-olds had larger breasts. He realized that the mother was getting herself aroused doing this and watching her clit rub and demanded that the mother bring the girl to climax as well. Only a few had reservations, but most did it without complaint and rubbed the girl's clit. Almost all of the mothers were by now aroused beyond measure themselves, slipping a hand under their skirts and trying to do it inconspicuously and surreptitiously; they were especially embarrassed for the horny husband, who was shifting restlessly back and forth on his stool. But Cadwynn watched her arm, looked under

the skirt down the legs and inner thighs to the hairless pubic cleft at the fingers rubbing the clit. Many women could rub their clit and the girl's clit at the same time, but at some point the hand paused on the girl's clit. At this stage she forgot all caution and rubbed her own clit vigorously and quickly. He looked — as did her husband — tensely and excitedly as she gradually rubbed faster, exploding and passing out in climax. She looked up uncertainly afterwards and he pretended not to watch. She was now purposefully rubbing the girl's clit, bringing her to climax. Few girls did not know masturbation yet and cried with joy and pleasure after the first climaxes of their lives.

From the beginning, he had put his glans into the vaginal vestibule of the girl without damaging the hymen. He felt how his cock was moved along and co-excited by the mother's rubbing on the virgin clit. Or, if the mother was busy with her own clit, he would quickly stroke the girl's clit and his cock with his fingers. Mostly, though, it was his mother's vigorous rubbing that triggered his squirting. The first seed is yours, Goddess Epona, he and the mother whispered simultaneously in awe, the goddess touched his cock and he poured out pleasantly in the surprised girl's vaginal vestibule.

Then he turned to the mother and gave his order. Most almost passed away with embarrassment at being fucked in front of the daughter and husband, so he had to insist. Very many were not at all pleased to fuck their master out of the blue and without any romance after such a long time; it was embarrassing and unpleasant for most of them, especially since their spouse sat silently beside the bed. The women, usually no older than 30, had known the lord for a long time and by now detested his sexual advances. However, if they were maidservants who had been upgraded by the lord of the manor through motherhood, they gave themselves to him with pleasure, or at least with benevolent good nature. Cadwynn loved it when she was shy and shame-filled, and then completely exposed herself anyway. She always had to spread her legs wide and touch herself. He ignored her embarrassed look to her daughter and husband and demanded that she rub her clit. He waited patiently until she was quite obviously aroused. He always fucked the embarrassed looking but from rubbing excited mother first and only when he felt the squirting rising, he penetrated the girl and deflowered her with a strong single

thrust. He remained motionless after that, waiting for the squirt. It came quickly, his cock remained immobile in her vagina and he let all his semen squirt in jet by jet.

However, he handled them very delicately, fucking none further after deflowering them and instead telling them to snuggle up to their mother's chest and watch intently. The girl forgot the prick of deflowering or that he had pumped his seed into her with a wide grin and gaped intently. Now he took out his wildness and pent-up excitement on the mother, inseminating her with violent thrusting. But when she was aroused while being fucked, she overcame all shame and gave herself up to lust without restraint. The innocent and curious looks of the girl goaded him, he put the hand of the girl on the cunt of the mother and his cock, so that she could directly witness how the master fucked the mother one after another until he had emptied all his semen. She palpated the squirting of the shaft with childish hands and nodded excitedly when she felt the rhythmic twitching of the urethra as it squirted quite clearly.

With great interest and childlike curiosity, the girl watched as her mother masturbated while fucking and then wriggled endlessly in lustful climaxes. During his recreational pauses, the women forgot all shyness and shame and satisfied themselves without regard to the fact that the daughter's eyes and hand rested on her cunt. Of course, the girl knew that her mother often masturbated secretly, but she had never witnessed her fucking, not her unbridled excitement and not her oblivious masturbation. She carefully palpated her mother's cunt as she climaxed, curiously feeling the labia and clitoris. The girl gently touched the clitoris vibrating after the climax, because that was fine, she knew from her own experience.

Whether Sir Cadwynn had really made the better choice — ?

Brangaine did not want to have any more children after the third, difficult birth and discussed it with Cadwynn. Three children in the first three years was simply enough. While nursing, she carefully rubbed the skin of her breasts with tallow and special ointments to keep them firm. She sought out the wise women and consulted with them. She had thought it over, of course the gods could take one of

her children at any time, but she pushed those dull thoughts aside. The wise women gave her a very special devil's root, which she had to drink as tea and eat raw. She was sick for a week like never before, but she was back on her feet after 8 days. Her menstruation stopped completely after a few months, it was over. She would never get pregnant again.

Suddenly Lady Brangaine's guests increased when it became known how wonderfully the slender mistress with the big breasts knew how to fuck. All those who brought small gifts were allowed to fuck her a little bit under her skirt. To those who brought large gifts and increased their fortune, she gave herself completely naked and extremely frivolous and they were allowed to fuck her extensively until dawn. In the breaks they were allowed to watch her masturbate. It became clear to all that they had to bring really big gifts. If two or three guests came at the same time, they had to crowd together on one bedstead, but they were allowed to fuck her as often as they wanted. If two wanted to take her at the same time, she would curse obscenely and mutter defensive incantations because ass fucking was a very perverse and unseemly practice. No one was allowed to fuck her vagina after ass fucking, only the other way around; she made that clear to everyone from the start. Nevertheless, she soon liked to do it because her climax always ended in huge, beautiful explosions when she was fucked in the ass and in the vagina at the same time. Her reputation however never suffered, many of the otherwise reserved guests let the sow out and fucked her in the ass. Brangaine enjoyed it very much, and for that she collected twice as many gifts.

She did not hoard the fortune, but expanded Cadwynn's neglected farm into a beautiful, large and stately farm, hired maids and servants and bought horses, lots and lots of horses. She had about 12 maids, up to 40 grooms, and usually about 750 horses in the stables. People came from near and far to buy horses from her stud, this was her main source of income. She bred workhorses, riding horses and hunting horses, which were also suitable for wars and battles. People liked to buy from her, because she sold only the best quality ones, the others went to the kitchen's butcher. Cadwynn often took her in his arms and thanked her for her lucky hand. They laughed happily when she added murmuring, not only the hand, but her cunt and

butt had also happily contributed.... She was nevertheless very proud of her farm, her sons and her stud.

The men, in their male rounds, praised how exceptionally great she fucked, but most of all they praised her ass-fucking qualities. Her asshole would be tight like a virgin's vagina, her ass round but not fat, and was god made for getting fucked. And to hold on to while ass fucking she had big firm breasts. Her vagina was also praised, not least because she got nice climaxes while being fucked and she didn't hide her lust or arousal. Everyone emphasized her passionate and honest devotion, which they missed in their wives. Brangaine would probably have sunk into the ground at these loose speeches, but it only added to her fame and market value.

Brangaine wanted to grow stone old with Cadwynn, until his much too early death she dutifully fucked her master daily, had a lifetime of arousing pleasure with much masturbation and overall a very fulfilling love life. She raised his sons conscientiously, strictly but lovingly. With great naturalness she trained her boys with blowjobs. They were allowed to touch her nakedness and had explored every corner of her body, her cunt. She showed them again and again how she rubbed her clit to climax and gave them handjobs so they knew how it was done. It wasn't until they were 12 that they were allowed to fuck her for the first time.

She had only one maid the age of her sons, a pretty little girl with a chubby body and handsome breasts who was very fond of pleasuring herself and wanted nothing more than to be fucked. She explained to her eldest and the girl Gwen exactly how the deflowering had to take place and supervised it. She taught her sons not to lose control while squirting and spill the semen on her pubic or inner thighs, patiently pressing on his ass cheeks to keep it deep inside her vagina while squirting. She taught her sons to rub the clit sensitively, giving Gwen supreme pleasure. She brought Gwen's clit to climax hundreds of times so her sons learned to do it, over and over. Of course, it took a lot of practice for the sons to learn clit rubbing, but Brangaine persisted, teaching them that women needed climaxes as much as they needed squirting. When the second son turned 12, he and his 13-year-old brother fucked the girl in such rapid succession that Gwen

got her first explosions of getting fucked. Brangaine let her sons cum inside the girl and watched her menstrual cycles closely. She was not going to let impregnate the girl and followed the advice of the Wise Women on which days they were not allowed to cum inside the girl. Gwen had to learn to be fucked in the mouth and swallow the semen on those days. The girl slept with the sons for four years, and they were allowed to fuck her as often as they wanted. The younger ones were only allowed to fuck Gwen in the mouth until they were 12. When the boys earned a reward, they were allowed to fuck Brangaine as an exception. She wanted to keep it special for the boys as well as for herself. She often let weeks go by before she let a son fuck her. But then she gave it her all and gave him a pleasure like even the best paying guests didn't get. Gwen watched horny and interested, learning a lot about fucking as she was allowed to fuck exclusively with the sons. After that Gwen remained the constant and only fuck partner for her sons until they were 14, from 14 on the sons accompanied their father to fuck the lovely daughters of the country. Brangaine never questioned the law and the rule that the Lord and his sons got to fuck every woman, wife, maid or girl in his kingdom. — Brangaine would much rather have taught them the craft of horse breeding.

Gwen grew up to be beautiful, Brangaine gave her in marriage to one of her young hunting masters with a very generous dowry. Brangaine even had a nice cottage built on the edge of the farm, just a stone's throw away, for she loved Gwen like a daughter. Gwen had lain with her during Brangaine's time of mourning, comforting her with loving words, conversation, and physical love. It was also a reward for him, for he was an excellent hunter and reliably brought large quantities of meat to the farm. Unfortunately, it soon turned out that her husband was passionate about fucking but could not produce children.

Brangaine even went with him to the Wise Women and, after they had drunk a special fucksupporting tea, fucked him there naked on spot in their presence, so that they would examine his fresh semen immediately after he squirted. He fucked for the first time with Brangaine and had a wonderful fucking with the sexually very experienced mother-in-law. He never had such a hefty and demanding sexual experience in his life, which brought him to squirt in thick, juicy

jets of semen in her vagina. They had to wait until the end of the examination and fucked two more times in beautiful horniness, closely watched by the Wise Women. One of the Wise Women stopped him before squirting, grabbed his cock firmly and came very close by to watch his dick. She rubbed his cock firmly and inserted it with her hand deep into the vagina, continuing him masturbating until he squirted in very juicy jets in Brangaine's vagina. She immediately collected his semen from her vagina, only after that Brangaine was allowed to masturbate. The third round a naked Wise Woman mounted him like copulating from behind and thrust his bare buttocks with her old naked cunt, until he squirted in Brangaine's cunt. Brangaine was ordered to masturbate and a Wise One collected his semen during Brangaine's hard orgasmic convulsions.

The Wise Women tested his stamina and he had to fuck one wise old woman after the other mightily and cum juicy in the hundred year old cunts. He fucked one after the other, gentlemanlike having the old women first to scream aloud in her shaking climax and after that squirting in firm jets into the old cunts. Only when he fucked the fourth old woman neatly and firmly, his cock became soft. But the young hunter grabbed the hundred year Old firmly by the buttocks and thrust violently, so violently that she screamed for minutes until he finally finished squirting jets of semen. The Wise Women nodded and were satisfied with his stamina, his erection had held for five hours in total thanks to the magic tea.

Brangaine, who had never before seen the Wise Women totally naked until now, was astonished how well this twenty-some years old boy fucked the frail, very old bodies with great power, might and steadiness. Of course she knew that his longlasting erection was induced by the magic tea, she was very thrilled by watching the very very old cunts fucking and hearing the Old ones screaming aloud in orgasming. — After a while the examination of the semen and the boy was done. The verdict was devastating. The young wellbuilt hunter was infertile, Gwen had to find a sperm donor!

Gwen especially liked fucking Brangaine's youngest son, by now he had the biggest cock she had ever had inside her and he could fuck very well. Gwen was already 24 and wanted a child so badly! She

fucked him especially on all days ready for conception, letting his semen squirt into her in blissful frenzy and finally got pregnant after months. During the pregnancy she fucked him as often as he was at court. She gave birth to a beautiful girl and within a year underwent the same cure with the devil's root as Brangaine, never wanting to get pregnant again.

Gwen loved fucking with different men very much and her husband was very understanding. They both loved each other very much and he generously allowed her to fuck with Brangaine's guests as she also fucked with him devotedly and passionately at all times. When her husband was away, Gwen would go to Brangaine's to fuck with the sons, guests or their companions. Whenever Brangaine had guests, she went directly to the lodgings of the companions. Gwen gladly gave herself to all men without distinction, whether nobleman, squire or horse servant, even if there were a dozen or more in an afternoon. The horny and greedy looks of the waiting men excited her very much, she sometimes dreamed at night of her excitement at pack fucking.

She showed her love to her husband and returned the favor by hiring several bloody young maids at the very beginning of her pregnancy, who on the one hand took care of the kitchen and household, but on the other hand were willing to fuck their master. Gwen knew his tastes, the maids were all spoils of war and all had the typical physique of the northern maidens that her husband valued so much. Only a few were virgins, but all were very shy and reserved. It was not their beauty that determined their selection process, but their willingness to passionately act out sex and lust with their master. Sometimes the poor language skills were a problem, because you could question these slave girls at will before buying them, but you could not practically try their sexuality. They confirmed all the questions and it was impossible to find out if they were lying through their teeth. Those maids who did not give themselves passionately to their master or even refused it, Gwen immediately sold again and bought a new one. When no fuck partner could be found on Brangaine's farm, Gwen stayed with her husband at night and watched his fucking or fucked with him after the maid. The young girls were very surprised at first, as they were not familiar with threesomes. When

he took a break or had enough, Gwen liked to lie down with the northern girls and do her lesbian play with them. This not only pleased her husband, but she had discovered her lesbian disposition quite early with Brangaine and was now living it out.

Although the northern girls satisfied themselves as a matter of course in the presence of the master after fucking, since this was so common in their homeland, they shied away from lesbian play, especially in the presence of their master. Lesbianism was not very common in their homeland and they had no experience with it. They looked uncertainly at the master to find out his emotional reaction. Gently and softly, Gwen seduced the shy girls, giving them time. Most of them, out of curiosity and excitement, then allowed themselves to be seduced and were soon enjoying themselves and taking pleasure in it. They didn't have to learn how to rub the clit, but they all had to learn how Gwen liked it best. Gwen showed them how beautiful and fulfilling licking the clit could be, although most recoiled when their mistress dipped down and her lips sought the labia and clit. It was only after Gwen had already licked their clits frequently that they tentatively tried to overcome their shyness and do the same. Much later, they learned to do the scissors. That is, to lie across from each other and wrap their thighs around each other to press their cunts and clits together. This was the only way a girl could properly fuck another girl. Gwen spent many more nights of lesbian play than she did on Brangaine's farm. They had a good and also sexually fulfilling marriage. Gwen outlived her husband by years and fucked into old age on Brangaine's farm and with her lesbian maids.

Never plagued Brangaine with the desire to have a lasting relationship with anyone other than her master. If her master was out riding, no guest to fuck, and the pulling desire tugged at her abdomen, she would initially call a son to help and fuck her until the fire in her abdomen was extinguished. Later, riding with the father, she went to the horse grooms, they fucked best.

They taught her to get fucked on horseback. She sat in front, her face pressed into the mane. The servant sat behind her, fully clothed as she was, with only her skirt flipped up. He held her buttocks tightly and raised her ass so that he could see her vaginal entrance.

With one hand he caressed her vaginal vestibule and rubbed her clit until she moaned quite loudly. Now he stretched her ass cheeks with both hands as far apart as he could, so that her vaginal entrance widened, and penetrated her vagina from behind, sometimes even her ass. Only rarely did she dizzy a hand to her clit to trigger climax at the best time. Most servants squirted their pent-up semen inside, continued for a quarter of an hour, and squirted at the top of their lungs one after another until they were completely drained. She only triggered climax with her fingers when she didn't get one while fucking, especially ass fucking. When she had satisfied her vagina, she patiently let the groom fuck her ass, many preferred that to vaginal fucking. There were many who only wanted ass fucking — she didn't care in the end. The servants usually fucked quite well, were devoted and above all were secretive.

Never did she get involved with them naked, they understood that the mistress only let herself be fucked because she was unruly. Sometimes the stallion they had fucked on was highly aroused, then he was chased onto a mare or the servant redeemed him by hand. Brangaine watched excitedly, and when she was very horny, she would take hold herself and make the stallion squirt with greed and lust. Sex with animals was not new to her, as a blood young girl she had played fuck in secret with her trained dogs. If while rubbing the big ponytail and its violent squirting her pressure had become too high again, she let herself fall backwards into the straw and satisfied herself until she was released. She didn't mind when the servants stood around watching, rubbing their cocks and spurting on the floor. If anything, the greedy stares spurred her on to ever more vigorous masturbation. If one was rubbing his hard-on too desperately, she would beckon him over and let him fuck her briefly in the missionary position, making him cum as fast as he could, she didn't make a problem of it. But it didn't become a regular habit to fuck the horse servants for a long time.

Same way, it was no problem if a groom approached her about his horniness, and that could only be when she was working with the horses — that is, when the master of the house was out and there were no guests in the house. She nodded and they looked for a suitable spot, not caring if any other grooms were working there and

could see her. She would bend over a beam, an armchair, or get on all fours, where he would be allowed to fuck her kneeling from behind in the doggy position, or very rarely in the missionary position, as many times in a row as he could until his seed was exhausted. This was more of a service for her as she never got aroused during this quick fucking and cuming, however she did not allow any ass fucking during this. When he fucked very persistently or several fucked her in a row, her arousal naturally increased. If then the explosion did not come by itself, she put her finger on the clit and triggered it herself. That was soon part of it for her. This fucking happened several times a week and sometimes there were three or four in a row who had to fuck immediately — then she did it only from behind and each was allowed to squirt only once; it could not be otherwise when seven or eight were in a state of emergency at new moon! Of course, she soon knew those who fucked her quite often, but she good-naturedly let the grooms fuck as often as they wanted; she also demanded to be fucked properly when she herself was in heat. Pretty soon there were some who fucked her every day and fucked her good, that was necessary after Cadwynn's death.

The saddest day of her live began when at dawn Sir Cadwynn's mare returned without a rider, alerting everyone with a loud neigh. Immediately a troop of farmhands followed the clever animal, they found their master in the riverbed and brought him home. Sir Cadwynn, apparently very drunk, had fallen from his horse into the riverbed, probably 10 meters deep. He had broken his neck and drowned in the shallow water. For weeks Brangaine wept for him and grieved for a very long time; they had had only 18 years together. Never for a moment did it occur to her that an enraged father might have led him to that spot and thrown him down. A father who wanted to avenge his humiliated and dishonored daughter.

Brangaine spent the first weeks after his death with Gwen lying naked beside her, comforting her. She could not sleep with any guest, only with Gwen, who gave her after a week of grieving her comforting lesbian love without reservation. She was one of the few girls who instinctively knew how best to lick Brangaine's clit. In lesbian play, she forgot her suffering for a short time and became absorbed in her explosions. Gwen caressed her body with instinctive comfort, demand-

ing nothing. Brangaine could cry and be sad, Gwen was there and listened. Brangaine told of her life and loves frankly and when she told very juicy and hearty stories, they laughed together. One morning Brangaine woke up and her sadness was gone. She wanted to fuck and be fucked again.

She always started each workday after his death for the next 30 years with a hearty helping of horse-cocking after breakfast. To do this, she had set up a permanent spot for soft storage, because over time, kneeling became too tedious. With increasing years the ass fucking and the dog position was too strenuous for her, she was content with the missionary position. Here she came before sunrise in a floor-length nightgown, lay spread wide on the bedstead and flipped the shirt up to her neck. More and more often she let herself be carried away by an exhibitionist impulse to take off the nightgown completely and let herself be fucked completely naked. After a short time she already let herself be fucked only in complete nudity and offered her body frivolously and exhibitionistically for viewing. It did her good, the horse grooms penetrated her one after the other, so her sexual excitement rose steadily. She got a climax at the latest at the second and it became more, because usually more than two horse servants waited for admission and caressed her full breasts and her beautiful body. She was very careful that her servants did not expose themselves unseemly, treated her disrespectfully or whispered behind her back about her sexuality, such a guy had to leave the yard and the court immediately.

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Brangaine breathed a sigh of relief when her youngest returned to the farm. He had grown tired of wandering from girl to girl and began in earnest to learn the horse breeding trade and to think of the future. He learned quickly and Brangaine's chest swelled with pride, one day she would hand over the stud to him. Soon he took on the dangerous task of pusher. Even the best stallions tended to cum too soon. The pusher had to insert the stallion's tail into the mare's vagina as fast as he could while avoiding her hooves. He did his job perfectly, soon knowing which stallion had to inseminate which mare to get a good breeding result. He fucked Gwen when they both felt like each other, other girls did not interest him. It amused him a little

that Brangaine went to the grooms every morning to be screwed; but he told her it was all right for him.

Brangaine warmed the bed of the guests happily and full of lust until old age. Almost every one of the guests sent their young sons to her to learn the techniques of love from the best in the land. Most of all she liked the blood young sons of her visitors and guests. When many came at the same time, those maids who felt like fucking were allowed to help out. Her body remained beautiful for many years and she liked to show her nudity to her guests in a revealing, frivolous and exhibitionistic manner. After Cadwynn's death — she was then not yet 40 years old — she took no new lord, but was the undisputed queen of her handsome and wealthy court, respected by all and loved by many. Her elder sons, like their father before, roamed restlessly through the country, wandering from bed to bed. She, however, continued to fuck all visitors, friends and especially her horse grooms. She enjoyed masturbating to sleep every night until the end of her life, her heart simply stopping after a beautiful nighttime orgasm.

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Love Traps

by Jack Faber © 2021

Arthur left quite soon for King Lot in Orkney, leaving Guinevere in Lancelot's care. The good-natured old King Lot did not actually know why he had invited the High King. All the better his wife Morgause knew, who had remained a virgin in this first year of marriage with the help of her magical powers and used her dark, magical powers to fulfill her destiny. She was predestined to conceive her son Mordred from her own brother Arthur. Night after night she lay in her bower, caressing her virgin body.

The time had come.

Arthur and Lot got along great, Arthur sat listening intently in the king's hall, admiring the elder's skill as he judged and decided in his court. He could not have done better, they nodded in agreement when King Lot passed judgment. King Lot was considered the best judge among Arthur's kings and never shied away from vigorously running his mouth over people of rank if they persisted in being wrong. The king's seneschal provided the best hospitality for the guests. Whenever Arthur wanted to rest during the day or went to sleep, a surprise awaited him.

The maid who washed him, anointed him, and did his bidding at night looked exactly like his beloved Guinevere. Arthur tried to see reality through the bright, mysterious mists in his mind. He could not guess what was mixed into the wine that clouded his mind and what dark magic Morgause wielded over him. It simply could not be that Guinevere was here, she had remained in Camelot after all and lay safely with Lancelot. Yet she seemed to be a younger image of Guinevere. She whispered softly in his mind without moving her lips. He was amazed that she was still an untouched virgin and took from her the virginity that the real Guinevere could never give him. The beautiful maid made some hand movements and his cock was instantly ready for mating again. He fucked her so many times that he even lost count and fucked her until he was completely exhausted. As

often as he wished, she magically gave him her virginity as if she had never fucked before. As often as he thought of it, she would magically restore her virginity and let herself be deflowered all over again. He loved it when she let out a little scream as soon as he pierced her thin hymen. He was so enraptured that he never considered the real impossibility. She knew all the secrets of fucking, always found the right beat and moved her abdomen even more skillfully than the real Guinevere. She confirmed his manhood with her explosions and touched her clit only when he wished her to masturbate herself for his pleasure. He had never seen such exciting masturbations.

He slept dreamlessly and deeply, waking alone in the morning. Every morning a different maid brought him fresh water. She was very willing and made it unmistakably clear that she wanted to be fucked. She lifted her skirt, propped herself on a chair or stool and spread her ass cheeks and slightly hairy vagina apart with both hands, wordlessly and invitingly. Smiling, she rubbed his morning wood and inserted his cock into her vaginal vestibule. She willingly and patiently allowed herself to be fucked from behind while bent over the stool, for maids never lay down in a master's bed. Morgause made the maid become a virgin by her magic, and Arthur's chest almost burst with joy when the hymen tore. Arthur had never had virgins who fucked so passionately and gracefully. She knew how refined she had to fuck to give her master the utmost pleasure. The finger on her clit triggered the climax in time for Arthur to squirt into her twitching and grinding vagina. Arthur enjoyed this extraordinary change, after which he went to the great hall, not thinking for a moment about fucking.

Morgause saw that her black magic worked great. Arthur accepted mindlessly her shape-shifting and fucked her greedily. She was loosened and fulfilled now that she had conceived her son. She grinned wryly as she realized in her visions that some maids had also conceived from the king as they prepared the most beautiful good morning for Arthur under her magical influence. As the last night was winding down, to Arthur's surprise, she took her true form in the midst of fucking. Arthur had not seen her since childhood and did not recognize her. He fucked the stranger one by one until sunrise, pumping all his seed into her vagina. When he left in the morning,

she stood smiling as a Queen next to King Lot, only letting him realize at that moment that he had fucked his own sister.

He returned to Camelot very thoughtful and told Guinevere everything truthfully. She was horrified about the incest on the one hand, but wanted to know exactly what it was like to fuck her own sister. She kept her eyes closed and dreamily played with her clit while he truthfully and thoroughly reported all the sexual details as well. He described the transformed and real sister in all physical details, her beautiful way of fucking and getting deflowered as a virgin every time. Guinevere had to know exactly what her doppelganger's sex, labia, vagina and clit looked like. Arthur described it with every detail as the two Guineveres differed, especially the labia and clit. Guinevere listened with her eyes closed, trying to picture it accurately. He mentioned the masturbation of the doppelganger only in passing. However, he described the maids in the morning, all virgins, in great detail, down to the pubic hair. Guinevere stated that Morgause must have somehow found out that Arthur liked to deflower virgins, at this they both had to laugh, for he often wished to do so. She, on the other hand, told him that the secretive carpenter had quickly made the planned back entrance to her bower and that she had the only key to it. Lancelot had conscientiously cared for her according to the king's instructions and had satisfied her every night. She had blushing confessed to her maids that her cries at night were only expressions of her womanly pleasure. The maids nodded in understanding and assured her that they, too, knew the raptures of the womb very well and promised to keep silent about it in a sisterly manner.

Guinevere gave herself joyfully and willingly to her master, telling him truthfully during the fucking and afterwards about each night with Lord Lancelot and her arousing fantasies of masturbation, as well as about the sex of her maids, whom she enjoyed watching. Arthur loved listening to her detailed and revealing descriptions after sex. Her filthy expressions, her bawdy way of talking and her irreverent rustic description of body parts, ass cheeks and spread legs, positions, cocks, glans and scrotums, semen, clits and labia, but also the description of the maids' fucking and masturbation fired his imagination immensely. He knew quite soon about all her maids, how they fucked or satisfied themselves. He could see all their private parts

clearly in his mind's eye without ever having seen them. When Guinevere invited Lancelot to a threesome, Arthur would return the favor the other day and fuck one of her maids on Guinevere's naked lap. Of course, not a single one of them was still an untouched virgin. He delighted in any variety, however; each maid had her own brand of passion and sophistication, and each fucked in her own way. Guinevere was especially excited describing perversions, like blowjobs with squirts in the open mouth. Arthur grinned wryly and stroked her girlish body, for it was truly a blessing that Guinevere also really liked this piggish storytelling herself. Imagine, it bubbled out of her, some of my girls just love to swallow the cum! — Guinevere would not learn the blowjob and getting cum in her mouth until 25 years later in captivity from her maids.

Arthur vigorously claimed his place in his queen's bed, leaving Guinevere to Lancelot only when he rode out and she could not ride with him. He was proud of his clever wife and invited her to all court sessions and deliberations. To everyone's amazement, he let her speak and argue before the nobles, which must have been unique in those days. But no one resented her because she was always right and they could not take their eyes off her naked body under the transparent white dress. The white, almost see-through dress was open in the front and held together only by a gold-knit belt. She was not stingy with her charms and often sat down very revealingly, letting the dress unintentionally unfold so that the lords and squires could see her ample sex and pubic cleft. Arthur knew it, of course, and smiled silently as pairs of eyes lingered on his voluptuous queen's cunt. Guinevere got excited at these desires and she had to control herself very much when her hand strayed and a finger touched the clit as if by accident. A queen had to take care of her reputation, she could not go much further than touching the clitoris inconspicuously. The finger resting on the clitoris made the blood of the councilors surge. Then, when they sat down at the long meeting table, she had to silently close her eyes and hold her breath as she came to a small climax with all her care under the tabletop. The noblemen who sat at the meeting table like her pretended not to notice anything. Even Arthur had to act as if he had not noticed anything and smiled proudly at his wonderful, voluptuous wife. When they were alone afterwards, he would rebuke her with a fine smile: "You

are already a very sex-loving and voluptuous maid!" and kiss her gently. Arthur loved her with all his heart and when they were united at night, Guinevere often cried and screamed with happiness. Only rarely was she so horny that she summoned Lancelot and let them both fuck her in turn until dawn. Her secret did not come to light for many years.

Sir Lancelot du Lac was sent to King Leodegrance to fight some robber bands in his country. Lancelot and his knights stayed on the heels of the robbers for three days and three nights, cutting off their skulls. When the king received the two carts with the corpses, he gave Lancelot and his knights a rich gift of gold and precious gems. They gladly accepted the invitation to a feast lasting several days, eating and carousing as long as they could. Lancelot replied to the king that he did not need a maid for the night, his heart was set on another. How surprised he was when the door to his chamber was quietly opened and the 15-year-old Elaine scurried in. She had not gotten the High King and was hell-bent on captivating his number one.

Not to be denied, she dropped her shirt instantly and washed him, as was the custom. Lancelot was quite intoxicated by the wine, let himself be oiled and could not hide his excitement, after all he had been chasing the robbers for days and had not lain with any maid. Elaine's courage seemed to fail her as she washed and oiled the giant's erect cock. Lancelot murmured that she should also carefully oil her tender sex, for he did not want to hurt the young girl. Lancelot almost exploded with horniness as she spread her labia and conscientiously oiled her cunt with slow, tantalizing movements. All the pent-up semen made him copulate her over and over again. Her exploding climaxes almost made her pass out. When he had finished spurting completely, he sent her to her own bower. For three nights she let him fuck her into unconsciousness, willingly surrendering to the angular and loin-strong warrior. Even before her unconsciousness, she felt the hammering of his mace cock in her vagina. She was very sad when the feast was over and the knights returned home.

Lancelot almost passed away with shame when, after some time, he learned of Elaine's pregnancy through messengers from King

Leodegrance. At once he asked permission from King Arthur and immediately rode to King Leodegrance. He asked for the niece's hand and married her immediately. His son Galahad was to be legitimized to bear his name and one day take his inheritance in the kingdom of Lyonesse. Because Sir Lancelot held such high rank at court, the witnesses to the first matrimonial intercourse were the king and queen. The queen had to control her excitement very much, for she had never seen such a loin-strong animal as Lancelot fucking.

She was the king's third wife, very smart and an important support of the king. She was young, about five years older than Elaine, and decidedly voluptuous, but she never fucked without the consent of her husband, who was, however, very generous in this regard. She was allowed to fuck all the guests of the court and their companions, only the lowly servants and the stable boys were off limits. She rarely had days without a good fuck, when she desperately relieved her sexual tension by masturbating. The king watched her obsessively masturbate in the evenings and loved it when she gave him an energetic handjob afterwards. Fucking was not so important to him, he much preferred to watch his wife get fucked or masturbate herself. There was a castrated dwarf at court whom the queen ordered to visit her on boring winter nights. He had a disproportionately large cock that made her sigh and moan lustily like no other cock at court. He lasted a very long time and she rubbed her clit as he fucked her from climax to climax. He lasted mostly an hour, but he couldn't squirt at the end. His cock lost tension and got all soft, yet he kept fucking with the big semi-soft as long as she kept masturbate herself. She kept masturbate herself when she still needed it and took no notice of the dwarf's presence. He was the only outsider in whose presence she was masturbating completely naked at ease. The dwarf did not lose a word about the indecency, he was trustworthy and secretive. He was secretly proud to be the queen's favorite, no one but him was allowed to fuck with the queen almost every day!

It was no accident that as often as Lancelot was at court visiting Elaine, the queen would lie with him and let him fuck her properly. She did not lose consciousness like Elaine, but she got explosive climaxes. The good-natured king watched excitedly, because nobody could fuck his wife like Sir Lancelot.

Lancelot never lived with Elaine, but visited her at irregular intervals. Elaine had some lovers, but letting Lancelot fuck her to unconsciousness was always special to her. Lancelot was very good-natured at heart and was not stingy about fucking. He knew that she expected him every two months and then wanted to be really hard fucked for a few nights. Good-naturedly, he performed this service on Elaine's body, who was usually knocked out after the first fuck, and then sneaked into the queen's bower. With the old king present and smiling as he watched his young wife being fucked, Lancelot broke no rules. Often the queen would reach for the king's hand and smile at him. She was excellent at fucking and deftly matched Lancelot's beat, like a female panther she adapted to him and her abdomen smoothly accommodated his cock. The king smiled at her and found it very exciting that his wife was fucking so actively, passionately and gracefully. When she had had her climaxes and lay weary, Lancelot would quietly slip back into Elaine's bower so as not to wake her. But when she awoke, the overtired hero would sigh and give his best again.

Elaine found out very late that Lancelot was also screwing her step-aunt the Queen and their careful discussion in the Queen's bed-chamber went very strangely. The Queen undressed herself and the king and without paying attention to Elaine she began to give him a handjob. Elaine, who had also dropped her dress at the queen's behest, stood naked in front of the marriage bed. She watched the Queen giving her handjob and her finger automatically played with her own clit. At the same moment that the Queen made the King squirt, she almost climaxed. She sank down on the bed, her face in the queen's naked lap, her finger pressed on her own clit. The Queen's pubic smelled intense and stimulating and the Queen pressed her face to her sex, pressing her lips to her labia. This led to a passionate lesbian act. Initially, Elaine was reluctant to respond to the seduction in front of the King. She initially avoided touching the Queen's erect clit with her lips but then yielded to the urgent pressure. The Queen was patient, however, and slowly took away her fear, her kisses and her fingers bringing the young girl to heat. Now her tongue touched the clit and licked overcautiously and shyly. The King, despite his age, became quite excited as the two young women licked each other to climax and could not avert his eyes when a tongue danced on the clit or dipped deep between the labia with

pleasure and excited the vagina. The two young women repeated these acts on lonely evenings, the Old King always lying beside them and watching. When he was already very aroused, one of them would take his cock in her mouth and rub it vigorously until it squirted. He loved it, even if he could only squirt very little semen. He sometimes got to fuck Elaine; he was in love with her childish vagina and tender body and made every effort to last a long time.

From now on approved of Elaine fucking her husband with the Queen, for Lancelot was strong in the loins and brought passion and lust to both women. Despite Lancelot's protests, she slipped behind him to the Queen. It turned into an orgy to the old King's delight, Lancelot taking turns fucking the girls and the girls licking each other's clits to climax when he needed a break. Lancelot thought contritely of Guinevere as he fucked the women or watched the women lick their clits.

Returning to the court, he had to tell Guinevere everything in great detail, even the smallest sexual detail she had to know. The clit licking and labia licking he had to tell hair down to the smallest detail, as well as the meticulous description of the young women's private parts. Guinevere got Lancelot to the point of describing the private parts in photographic detail and working out the differences. Lancelot did his best, although he found these purely sexual descriptions difficult. Now he inspected Elaine's and the queen's sex attentively and in detail, in order to have answers to Guinevere's questions. Guinevere, for her part, regaled Arthur at night with the events, in such detail that one might have thought she was there. — Guinevere would also not learn clit licking and labia licking from her maids until 25 years later in captivity.

Merlin was also hit by Cupid's arrows. For a long life he had dodged them and only lay with a maid to get rid of the sexual pressure. He knew that human women could not be impregnated by him. He could take any at will, none could resist his magic, neither mistress nor maid nor virgin. He read their minds and always chose one who already knew how to fuck skillfully and enjoyed fucking herself. It was always special for him to take a blood young virgin when he read the right motions in her thoughts and feelings. Often, like a

ravening wolf, he would take the virginity of all the virgins in a village and fuck them to exhaustion. If it seemed right to him, he would make them forget everything the other day.

At a great age, the Lady du Lac entrusted him with the beautiful Nimue, whom he had to train to be the next Lady of the Lake. From the first moment he fell in love with the barely 16-year-old maiden, whose training he took very seriously and was very conscientious about. She was beautiful and of royal stature, with pure fairy and elf blood flowing in her veins. Merlin could read her mind like a book and saw that she had not yet had any sexual experiences, she had grown up well protected, but she was a very voluptuous child. Her senses stirred and she soon wanted to fuck, because until now she only indulged in obsessive masturbation, as was common among fairy folk for young girls and into old age. They talked silently in mind-melting, so he soon found out that she loved him with all her heart, but his old body kept her from giving herself to him. In Merlin's veins flowed equally pure fairy– and elf blood, he had learned every magic, every sorcery and every little sleight of hand in his good 90 years of life. He asked her to look at him as he transformed into the beautiful boy from her sexual fantasies. She put her hands in front of her face and embraced him instantly. She exultantly gave herself to him and gave him her virginity. Voluntarily, full of sexual joy and childlike love. Whenever she imagined a union in her mind, he turned into the youth and they made love without ceasing.

Knowing that he had only seven years, he conscientiously taught her all magic and sorcery. So that she got to know the common people well, they moved from village to village, from farm to farm, and became well-known storytellers. Nimue became well acquainted with the life of the people and slept – with the help of magic restoring her virginity – as a virgin maid with all the men and boys who pleased her. She helped out with good advice on a case-by-case basis when she looked into the future of a man. At night they disappeared into the woods or fields and made love until dawn, for they both loved to screw. Merlin showed Nimue how she could give herself any number of sexual explosions by sheer force of thought, without touching her clitoris and much more. He enjoyed watching her masturbate, be-

cause for all her love of fucking, the fairy was hopelessly addicted to masturbation by her nature.

The seven years were up far too quickly. Merlin had known about his fate all along. Nimue conceived his child before doing the inevitable and putting Merlin to sleep in a hidden cave using magic.

Merlin would not awaken again until the last fairy had died.

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Celtic Sexuality

by Jack Faber © 2021

Celts and Welsh did not let Roman rule change their jurisdiction or their sexual customs. They did not associate love with sexuality, for love and friendship belonged together. It was clear to both men and women that humans needed fucking like food and drink, there was no horsing around as in later generations. And they did it without shyness or shame, because there was no concept of sexual offenses. People who did not show any sexuality were outsiders. Adult women didn't give handjobs, that was kid's stuff. Blowjobs among adults were considered kinky, but it was found among very young girls who were afraid their little vaginas were too tight to fuck. They willingly gave handjobs or blowjobs and swallowed the cum.

They got down to business without a lot of words, the only thing that mattered was the virtue of the woman. Usually the woman recognized when a man had sexual urge and came to meet her. Almost all women behaved accordingly, it was an unwritten law, and women who did not behave accordingly soon fell into disrepute. Men wore only short tunics except for winter, so women could immediately recognize his erection. The short tunic was one of the few things adopted from the Romans — it ingeniously promoted fucking. Normally the men's cock was covered by the tunic, but the women had learned from an early age to sneak a peek under the tunic and look closely at the cock, which was very important. A relaxed, soft cock did not arouse any desire, but if his cock was rubbed stiff, swollen thick and hanging down heavily, the women knew that he had to squirt out his semen quickly. Also that it was high time when the glans had fought its way through the foreskin and swelled. No words were needed, some clear touches or looks were enough.

Mostly everything went schematically. 9 out of 10 men who entered the kitchen with their goods also wanted to fuck. Some men excited themselves with their hands before entering the kitchen. They were mostly traders and suppliers, hunters and trappers or drifters who quickly found out where they could get a quick fuck, the status

of the men did not matter. The exception was servants from neighboring or distant farms who brought messages and goods. If they were seen to have a stiff rubbed or swollen cock, they were allowed to fuck a maid of their choice. Only in very rare cases did the lady of the house allow herself to be fucked by such a servant, especially if he was promisingly well endowed. Some lords of a court used the opportunity under a pretext to legitimately fuck his neighbor's wife. The more desirable a woman was, the more often she received visits from her horny neighbors.

Nearly none of the men came in fully erect, but the skilled mistress noticed the stiffly rubbed and thickly swollen cock hanging heavily under the tunic. Usually the mistress determined with a glance which maid was allowed to fuck him; only rarely did she fuck men from lower classes and cared mainly for equals or well endowed ones. Many mistresses, however, made no distinctions and fucked as often as they wanted. She grasped the cock and with a few moves made him stand. The maids made way instantly and the mistress lay down with her upper body and breasts on the table top. The maids paused in their work and watched curiously, for the mistress did not have to hide anything from them. It would have been unseemly for both a mistress and a maid to fuck naked, although some did, these also let themselves be fucked in the ass. The man flipped the skirt up just enough to expose the ass, spreading the ass cheeks with both hands so that the vaginal entrance was also dilated. The man quickly penetrated and began to ram. Some maids stood diagonally behind the man to get a good view of the mistress's vagina and the cock thrusting inside. If he was very steady, you could hear the excited gasps of the mistress and her moans as she climaxed. Very few men remained erect after squirting and continued to fuck and squirt until their cocks went limp. These were the ones who brought the mistress to climax time and time again. But most of them just fucked very fast and held on to their bare ass cheeks. They spread their ass cheeks and vaginas with excitement while thrusting hard and squirting in the vagina without the mistress making a sound. The maids fondled their clits through the coarse fabric, for there was not enough time to slip their hand under their skirt. Only the well-bred men thanked her, the mistress straightened up with flashing eyes and looked proudly at her maids, then the work continued. It was exactly the

same when the mistress ordered a maid to be fucked in her place; of course she knew exactly which maid liked to be fucked or whose turn it was. The whole thing lasted only a few minutes and of course had a completely different status than the pleasurable, long fucking at night with the husband. The mistress did not lose a word if one or the other maid was aroused and then sat down in front of the fireplace, pushed up her skirt and rubbed her clit, that was her right. Mostly she stood next to it and patiently watched her maid masturbate, she didn't see that often.

So in approximately it had to run off to let the men fuck in the state of emergency. There were of course women who complied with this unwritten law, but only reluctantly and without passion. Newlyweds who hoped to be impregnated by their husbands did not participate in fucking until they became pregnant. Most women, however, young and old, loved the varied fucking and made the most of it. The older they got, the more often they left the fucking to the younger maids. Those who couldn't climax during short fucks would put a finger on the clit while fucking and trigger their climax themselves. If the squirting came too quickly, she would lie on the kitchen table for a long time rubbing her clit to climax. The maids immediately stood behind her bare ass, looking at her labia and clit. They watched her clit rubbing fascinated, because they didn't see that often, that the mistress rubbed her clit to climax.

It was a privilege of the mistress to let the man fuck her and get climaxes. One did not hesitate long, the mistress lifted the skirt in place and brought the stiff cock in front of her vaginal entrance or pushed the cock into the vagina herself with her hand. Some let themselves be fucked from the front, face to face half standing, but most let themselves be fucked only from behind. After all, the main thing was to squirt his excess semen inside. Mostly she let the man penetrate quickly from behind and cum as fast as he could. It was a purely sexual act with no emotional involvement, usually done fast and quickly.

Some respectable woman regularly completed a dozen or two sexual acts each week, and her reputation with her maids grew the more frequently she allowed herself to be fucked. Pregnant women fucked

until just before their due date. The clever ones among the mistresses made sure that all the maids also came in one after the other and were allowed to be fucked. The maids were very grateful because the mistress waived a privilege and rewarded them with a good fuck. Of course, they all tried to get fucked as long as possible and make him squirt again as often as possible. Of course, after being fucked, they were allowed to masturbate themselves until they were done. Often the mistress would give an order to a maid to get fucked when she didn't feel like it herself, that was her right. The maids paused in their work and lowered their gaze, but they watched very closely as the mistress or maid got fucked. It was always interesting to watch others being fucked, and those who could would get very close to watch the vagina and the cock thrusting inside it being fucked. No one minded if one curiously approached to within a few inches. When one maid was being fucked, the others would come very close and cheer the couple on. Sometimes they would play a trick on the mistress: giggling, they would arouse the testicles of the man, who would immediately cum and step aside. Spellbound, they then watched the mistress in her desperate masturbation. The maids stood crowded behind her naked ass and stared unblinkingly at the bare buttocks and the finger that rotated and rubbed between the labia on the clit. A loud sigh could be heard when the mistress had not come again and had to start all over again. It took a very long time until the mistress finally came exploding. The mistress played annoyance, but she had to smile secretly because they had made her masturbate while looking at her cunt. The maids otherwise saw the masturbation of their mistress only during or after fucking, when she had not climaxed while fucking.

Although it was frowned upon to give handjobs or blowjobs, some men insisted. The mistress shrugged her shoulders and looked to the maids to see whose turn it was or who felt like it. A maid then stepped forward and knelt down in front of him. She bared her breasts and began to rub the cock. Sometimes she would let him squirt on her breasts, but most would let him squirt in her mouth. She sucked and sucked the cock while rubbing it. Then she opened her mouth wide, rubbed the cock furiously, and let it cum deep in her throat. The semen could be spit out or swallowed. The maids could not look away because of curiosity, but they felt sorry for the mistress

who had to watch this, because all this was very unseemly and very perverted. If the mistress did not like to watch or participate herself, they tried not to let such men come forward to the mistress at all. The maids would suck and lick the cock and let it squirt deep down their throats, then they would send the man away. Usually two maids took care of the blowjob, keeping the mouth open for so long was exhausting, so they took turns doing the perversion of a blowjob. Of course all maids could give a blowjob, but above all they wanted to protect the honor of the mistress.

There were of course mistresses with lesbian tendencies, that was generally accepted and did not damage her virtue at all. After all, she did her duty and let herself be fucked by all men who needed it. On days when no men came by to fuck and there wasn't too much work to do, they would cuddle and fondle a maid in heat. Be it on a bench or on the kitchen table, they uncovered the cunt of the maid and rubbed her clit or licked the clit to climax. The other maids stood all around and watched fascinated when mistress and maid gave each other climaxes. They were especially fascinated by the licking, which was very rarely seen. However, it was not appreciated when two maids engaged in lesbian acts, which nevertheless happened often enough in all secrecy.

You fucked face to face if you knew each other well or it was the mistress who needed the fucking aroused with horniness and did not want to get the fucking over with quickly. It was much more difficult for a woman to find someone when she herself was horny and needed it immediately. On the one hand, she needed a safe place because she usually wanted to be fucked longer to get to nice climaxes. On the other hand, the mistress needed a steadfast fuck partner, so she resorted to those whose steadfastness she already knew. Well, if the steady one was one of the well-hung servants of the house, as so often, she had to be very, very careful. She relied on her maids, one had to be a lookout, the others stood around her and looked at the monkey-horny mistress and the potent cock of the lover. No mistress had a problem with her maids witnessing her horniness and watching her fuck. It was quite natural that some maids slipped a hand under the skirt or pulled up the skirt and played with their own clit. So it was not only the mistress who got climaxes. Some maids huddled

next to the fuckers and masturbated as long as the fucking lasted. Mistress and lover watched them masturbate during the fucking and drew renewed pleasure from it. When the lover took a break, a maid would stroke the mistress's clitoris to maintain sexual tension or, if desired, rub the clitoris to climax. The master of the house had it much easier, his maids were his property and he could fuck them without restriction whenever he felt like it. Their wives had to accept it silently, it was an ancient right and did not damage the master's reputation at all. Some wives did not accept it and took the liberty of screwing a well-hung servant. This often led to quarrels, but most men had no influence on who his wife fucked. They knew, of course, that their wives fucked horny men every day; it was an unwritten law. However, if servants were caught fucking maids or even the mistress, then it was about the master's property and they were beaten mercilessly.

One way to have a little bit of life after work was sexuality. It was, as far as possible, enjoyed to the fullest. Widely spread was the superstition that a woman could become pregnant only if the man squirted into her during her climax, perhaps the Romans had also spread this fairy tale. The Romans had been able to teach the Celts and Welsh only a superficial sense of fidelity, abstinence, and adultery, and now that they were gone it was crumbling away. Above all, abstinence fell on deaf Celtic ears — only a fool refrained from fucking or masturbation! If a woman was caught in flagrante delicto (which happened only rarely), she earned at most mockery or short-lived contempt of the betrayed husband. Many husbands were not interested in the fact that their wives, following the unwritten law, fucked men who were in dire need of it. They grumbled good-naturedly if they happened to be eyewitnesses, but they knew this law and found nothing wrong with it. They became angry only if a serious rival appeared and threatened to take away their wife. The woman was his property, that's what he fought for. Many a man discovered his voyeuristic streak when he watched his wife fuck. Some had even made a friendly arrangement with their wives and were allowed to watch the fucking in secret. The wives realized that the husbands loved the heart pounding of secretly watching as if they were hunting, but that it also satisfied their exhibitionist tendencies. The vast majority of women had no qualms about being secretly watched be-

ing fucked by men in need or having pretty maids fucked in their place if they knew the tastes of the secret observer. The mistress especially sought out maids who fucked particularly passionately and gracefully. If the mistress was not present, they sucked and licked the cocks to be fucked one more time. The maids, of course, did not know that the master was spying on them.

The Romans had never succeeded in abolishing pagan marriage. Girls were usually married young, at 16 or 17. In addition to the feast, there were two fixed components: the bridegroom's solemn, public proclamation that he was to take the bride as his wife, and the first marital intercourse. From the king down, the first intercourse had to take place in front of witnesses, who then publicly testified to it. In rural areas, it was usually a few women who acted as witnesses. After the groom had fucked the bride in the presence of the witnesses, the bride had to openly present her filled love vessel to the witnesses with her legs spread wide. The witnesses were allowed to touch, grope and inspect her cunt for as long as they wanted. One looked into the horny-wet vagina and nodded with satisfaction. They devoted themselves to the clit, which was still excited from fucking. She was not allowed to close her legs and had to push her pubic forward. Not infrequently, the young bride gasped and moaned with pleasure when her clit was touched and gently teased. An old woman with delicacy brought her to the highest excitement and made her explode, the beautiful vagina pressed out the semen in bumps and it slowly overflowed her pubic fold. The old woman spread the semen on her vaginal entrance with her finger and excited the clit all over again. The second explosion came surprisingly quickly, the old woman stroked her hand soothingly over the cheeks of the distorted face. The witnesses left the bedchamber, the marriage was thus legitimized.

To be fucked from behind, except when fucking with a horny stranger, was considered dishonorable. One fucked only his maids or subordinates from behind, because they were only property and were also not asked. This was known to all. A covetous look from the master of the house was enough and the maid bent over the back of a chair joyfully, surrendered or sighed, or propped herself up bent over in front. He only needed to flip up her skirt to fuck her. Most of the

time it didn't take any words to reduce the horniness and squirt the semen into the maid. The maid let the semen squirt into her without resistance and had to be satisfied with the relieved grunt of the master or a friendly slap on the butt. If the master was particularly satisfied, he stroked her ass and breasts and said something nice. Then the maids had a good chance to be fucked more often by the master or to gain certain advantages. Servants of the house, however, played with their lives when they fucked a maid or even the mistress, because they belonged to the master.

Servants as well as maids were strictly forbidden to fuck with each other — they were mostly slaves from the campaigns of King Arthur. Excepted were pregnant maids, they increased the property of the master. They were therefore allowed to fuck to their heart's content and were therefore much sought after by the servants. Servants and maids were allowed only masturbation. No one disturbed them during masturbation, even if they did it unabashedly during the day. The sense of shame was very weak at that time, you peed or satisfied yourself where you were, it was nothing special and nothing to hide shamefully. The servants grinned wryly when a maid blushed at her squirting and slipped a hand under her skirt or squatted down in a quiet corner. The maids would then flip up their skirts and spread their bent legs because it gave them a better chance to rub their clits. During lunch breaks, it sometimes happened that maid and farm-hand sat opposite each other in the barn or in the field and exposed their cunts, which excited both equally. The maid spread her legs and devotedly rubbed her clit, he excitedly rubbed his cock and squirted in a high arc on her fingers, clit and pubic cleft. When no one was looking, he knelt up at her climax and very quickly fucked the twitching and quivering vagina, squirting his seed into her. She cheered him on when it wasn't enough and they fucked as long as they could.

On many farms, servants and maids slept in a communal chamber, often there were up to 40 in one dormitory. Nudity was taken for granted, as was jerking off or clit rubbing when it was needed immediately. There was no sense of shame, one unabashedly spread one's legs and satisfied oneself, regardless of whether anyone was watching. On the contrary, one nodded to them in a friendly and encouraging manner. Some maids masturbated provocatively, hoping that one

would lose control and fuck them in climax. There was no entertainment after work, they lay down with each other on the hard bedding. The only change was that it was easy to change partners, rarely did solid partnerships form. Most of the time, after nightfall, you went to bed dead tired, and in the dark you could only hear the huffing and puffing when someone came to squirt or a maid reached climax. Cuddling, cuddling and stroking, that felt so good! One lay naked together, stroked and explored the other body endlessly and enjoyed the rise of sexual excitement. When a new couple lay together, they caressed each other and curiously explored the new body. The maid stroked the cock and palpated it curiously as it gradually became hard and stiff. The servant was used to masturbation and began to rub himself, she gently stroked his inner thighs and testicles. Before he squirted, she touched his cock and excited him while he squirted. Afterwards, she leaned back and rubbed her clit. He also stroked her inner thighs and when she sighed climaxes, he stroked her labia. As soon as she rose to the finale, he withdrew his hand as she winced and cowered in a great explosion.

Not so often did general sexual togetherness occur. Usually everyone was dead tired and not thinking about sex. But there were also days that were not so exhausting and after work there was still enough energy left for sex. Only very few maids gave a hand job, there all gathered curiously around the two and watched horny. When she had let him squirt, she continued with another.

Quite rarely two maids laid naked to each other, cuddled and touched each other completely shameless and provocative. They satisfied or let themselves be satisfied with the fingers of the other. This was rare, but neither indecent nor perverted, yet everyone gathered around the girls and gawked. The girls did it in front of the spectators because the exhibiting excited them even more. They grinned surreptitiously when semen splattered on their bodies. Everyone stood around and gawked when the girls licked the clit for a very long time until they climaxed, it was very kinky but exciting. Often the girl licking was fucked at the same time because her ass wiggled so enticingly and she was obviously eager for the bystanders to fuck her and cum inside her, often more than a dozen; once the inhibitions were overcome, the servants fucked her to their hearts' content. Lesbian part-

nerships were extremely rare, but almost every woman engaged in lesbian acts on occasion, because only women knew the female cunt so well and it was neither indecent nor perverse. It was not by chance that many couples shared the marriage bed with a young girl in threesomes and both master and mistress fucked the girl. The master got excited at the lesbian play of his wives and was able to mount one or the other.

Even more perverted were those old maids who could not find a partner to fuck, but pervertedly sucked a cock in their mouths and rubbed it until it squirted. A general murmur went through the audience when she opened her mouth wide, rubbed the cock furiously and let it squirt deep into her throat. In return, she demanded that he fuck her hard afterwards. She did everything she could to make him stiff again. The spectators grinned because the penetration into the tight old vagina was not so easy and the fucking and climaxes of the old woman looked funny, but they cheered the servant to keep his promise. The old woman almost passed away with pleasure when he finally cum.

Servants as well as maids feared corporal punishment, so most servants squirted themselves and the maid also satisfied herself as often as she wanted. If one dared, the couples fucked and hoped not to be caught. Only on carelessly managed farms did servants and maids fuck each other uninhibitedly. Pregnancies were welcome, they increased the master's property. Children learned masturbation from servants and maids who squirted or rubbed the clitoris quite unabashedly. Not infrequently they went very close, they wanted to see everything up close. The children grew up with it and imitated it, especially when they had watched the fucking. The rascals would hoot when a little boy drilled his little cock into a small vagina and fucked away. He was considered a champion when the girl let him cum inside. Of course, it also spurred others to fuck spontaneously.

The mistress of the house did not have the same freedom that their master took. They remained virtuous, but they secretly fucked anyone they could get hold of. A woman was considered virtuous if she could keep her love affairs secret. She was still considered virtuous if she let herself be jumped by acquaintances or strangers, but it

never became known. This was true for all respectable women. A woman lost her honor only when she was caught in flagrante delicto. If she stole, lied or slandered, there was usually a beating, but her honor remained untouched. The master always spoke only of his virtuous, honorable wife, even when he knew better. Passing wanderers were usually a welcome change, they did the fucking quickly and hastily, rarely needing many words. The women liked to go away from the residential areas, because the clandestine fucking with wild strangers and strays was nicely exciting. On execution day, however, they could let the sow out and be fucked without restraint by anyone, their lord and master had to put up with that.

Incest was not a concept at that time, although it was widespread. After all, it was often unclear whether a child came from the master, the servant, a stranger to the wild, or one's own son. The Old People had created a set of rules that served above all reproduction, male and female should fuck freely and without restriction, as often as they liked — pregnancies should be the rule, not the exception. Especially in rural areas or on small, remote farms, the sexual education of children was the responsibility of the mothers. After all, the men often came home dead tired from heavy field work or hunting, so there wasn't much energy left for sex or child rearing.

Mothers sucked, licked, and rubbed their young sons' cocks in their mouths to increase and strengthen their erectile capacity. Once he was able to squirt, she taught him how she preferred to be squirted in her mouth. Some just wanted to be squirted between the lips or in the front of the mouth and spit out the semen, others wanted him to cum all the way down their throats and swallowed the semen. Mere handjobs or masturbate the son was frowned upon, although many mothers gave handjobs with relish instead of being squirted in their mouths. Or they taught the boy how to best satisfy themselves and how to do it several times in a row. They watched them masturbate with glittering eyes and caught the cum with their cupped hand. If a mother wanted to encourage squirting, she would rub the boy's cock with her hand or in her mouth for many months, making him squirt in her mouth until he squirted in rich jets.

When he could then squirt well at 13, she taught him to fuck, some even earlier. It was not uncommon for sons to additionally want to be rubbed and squirt in her mouth or get a handjob. The more often the son squirted, the better it was for his semen production and loin strength, so the mother made sure he came to her for a fuck, handjob, or squirt in her mouth as often as possible. In the country blowjobs and cum swallowing were very common, it seemed to please mothers and sons alike. There was also nothing wrong with brother and sister fucking each other, because daughters should also gain experience in fucking when they were older than 13. Fathers fucked their daughters from the age of 13 whenever there was sexual attraction between them; often they were the only men on their farm. On their 13th birthday, the girls finally became women; before that, they were not allowed to fuck.

Both boys and girls were not supposed to act out their sexuality openly until they were 13, this rule of the Old People was generally followed. One refrained from this rule if young people had sex with each other before the age of 13, although it was actually unseemly and forbidden. Exceptions were, of course, mothers, who usually began sex education of their sons from the age of 8. Adults — mostly men — got themselves into big, very big problems if they approached other people's children. The village community judged very harshly, because pedophiles were the very last thing for them. Before the Roman rule they were castrated and chased away, the Romans forbade castration. They now received a severe beating and were banished from the village or district. They lost all rights and if, for example, an angry father beat them to death, it was not considered murder. The rule of the 13th year was strictly observed by the followers of the Old People.

This *thirteen* came about slowly after the Romans banned and prevented summer night fires in the sacred groves. In the sacred groves, before Roman times, people celebrated the fertility goddess Epona, druids and chieftains deflowered 13 year olds in a festive initiation rite and the raucous feast ended only at sunrise. No man or woman could escape the general fucking, one chose one's partners without regard to existing marriages and also took no account of whether one was desired as a fucking partner. No force had to be

used if a man took a woman against her will. Many desires were solved this way with or without violence, many new love affairs were created in public and sexual tensions were released. Men could finally fuck a beloved woman again, even if her husband protested loudly. Some women grinned at their impotent husbands and enjoyed being fucked. Women who never had men visit them on remote farms here let themselves be fucked by ten or more men. The semen flowed in streams, some women conceived, pregnant women could quench the burning desire in their pubic. To the Romans, these barbaric feasts seemed a terrible and perverse fornication, especially since they were not invited. For two hundred years the fires did not burn, but slowly during this time the *thirteen* arose.

The smarter girls didn't wait of course, they fucked as soon as they could. They didn't care much for thirteen, but enjoyed sex with their parents to the fullest — it wasn't hard to play the naive. However, the majority was simple-minded, they waited impatiently for their thirteen and committed the event as virgins. What did this event look like? During the week of the thirteen, the girls had to sleep with their parents. The parents chose a time in the winter when there was little work to be done, because during the week of the thirteen they could hardly get out of bed. The girls were exceptionally allowed to drink alcohol to overcome their fears and inhibitions. Many a keg of strong beer and a few bottles of wine, but mostly home distilled liquor, were drunk on the occasion of the joyous event to put the little daughter in the mood. The parents taught the girl everything she needed to know. First, the girl learned everything about masturbation, although some, of course, already knew. The mother kept demonstrating to her how masturbation went, satisfying herself and the girl with her fingers. Most of the girls were very, very embarrassed at first to satisfy themselves in the presence of their parents, but they had to repeat it over and over again until the mother was satisfied. For the fathers this phase was very exciting. The girl then learned to wash her father's body thoroughly, touching his cock for the first time. She learned to wash and rub the cock until it squirted — the first seed belonged to the goddess Epona. She watched the mother make the cock stiff again with a hand job or her mouth. She learned when to stop at the handjob when all you wanted to do was make the cock stiff. She learned to do a handjob to make her father squirt, which was impor-

tant when you didn't want to fuck for a variety of reasons. It was the same with the blowjob, it could serve to stiffen, but also as a substitute for fucking. That's when the girl had to learn to let her father squirt in her mouth and swallow the cum. She would use it at the latest when she herself would have sons one day. The girl was explained in detail the importance of maternal blowjobs to strengthen the erectile capacity and semen production of sons and was practically demonstrated on the father's cock. She watched the parents fuck up close, palpating the urethra as the semen rushed through in bursts and as the mother rubbed the clit to explode at the exact moment of his squirt. She had to touch the parents' private parts while they fucked and look very closely at exactly how it was happening. She could ask anything and got honest and detailed answers. She conscientiously washed the parents' private parts and then had to shyly excite the cock and clit alternately with her hand and mouth so that the parents could continue. She learned from the mother to give a good blowjob and, of course, to lick the female clitoris to the highest excitement or climax. Especially to learn the licking was exceedingly important, because it was needed during the father's breaks for recreation. The mother let herself fall completely while the girl licked her. And since the girl was only allowed to watch but not participate at the beginning of that week, being licked was quite wonderful for releasing the mother's sexual tension. If the tension was too great and the mother did not feel like licking, she could satisfy herself. To learn all this was enough of enlightenment. The mother decided on what day the daughter became a woman.

On thirteen itself it began as usual, the girl was allowed to drink some cups of liquor also on her feast day. She washed the father and had him squirting in honor of Epona. After that, she lay on her naked mother's lap with her legs spread and the father waited patiently until the mother had sufficiently aroused her clit and the girl was breathlessly ready for the big moment. He lay on top of her and waited patiently until the girl pushed his cock into her vaginal entrance with one hand. Carefully he pierced the delicate hymen so that it tore. She emitted a small wailing sound and exhaled excitedly — now she had become a woman! Her mother stroked her head and face soothingly while he gently fucked her. He only let go of her after he had squirted it all in. When the father liked it, they stayed in bed

so he could fuck them both in turn, as often as he could. The mother taught her how to support the fucking with the movements of the abdomen. For most girls, thirteen was the most important event in their youth. From that day on, she always had to ask her mother for permission if she wanted to fuck her father. There were daughters who didn't ask for months and there were others who couldn't fuck the father often enough.

It also happened that a girl felt very repulsed by fucking when thirteen. She was a bad fuck partner all her life and rejected her admirers. The father had no choice but to take her to his bed year after year in winter; the Old Folk had ordained it that way. She could not refuse, the mother was on his side, followed the custom and brought her to the marriage bed. It was not easy for the mother to do without her husband during this time; for weeks and months she had only masturbation left. The fathers could not complain about having a younger bedfellow for a few months, and this also usually revived the marital sex life. The girl could not refuse either, as the parents treated her very sweetly and kindly. Night after night the scene repeated itself. The girl drank several large cups of liquor to drop her inhibitions and not resist the inevitable. Only then did she drop her clothes and lay shyly between her father and mother. The mother rubbed her clit and the father kissed and hugged her and after some time lay down on top of her. She hesitantly spread her legs to give room for her father and his cock. Her vagina was tense so that the father could not penetrate immediately. Her mother rubbed her clit sensitively and as soon as she was a little aroused, her mother gently plunged his cock into her tight vagina. Father and mother took turns kissing her so that she was aroused by their tongue kisses, the mother continued to rub her clit very slowly to distract her from getting fucked and squirting. When the daughter noticed that he was thrusting quite wildly, she would stare at him with her eyes wide open. She squinted her eyes and groaned in fright when he squirted in. Her abdomen twitched and undulated as if she were having a climax — but perhaps she was actually having one. Many a drunken girl, however, didn't even realize she was being screwed because she was highly aroused while rubbing her clit, and laughed with satisfaction after her mother had brought her to her final climax after squirting. When the father took a break, he and the daughter would watch

the mother masturbate and be re-inspired. Over time, the girls got used to boozing and fucking and soon had no problem getting drunk and then fucking their father in a tense, nervous way. But he remained her only one and she fucked him every winter. The final thrusting and squirting was always a horror to her. She always looked at him extremely tense and terrified to endure his thrusting and squirting in fear and anxiety. She could never get used to him thrusting wildly like an animal in her vagina and jerking his warm seed into her. The mother indulged in masturbation beside them when the daughter had learned to climax while being fucked or to trigger her clit herself with her finger. She did not sleep in her own bed again until the mother gradually displaced her or, in rare cases, when she had become pregnant.

Rarely were maids to be found on small farms, but they too took on the task of screwing the mistress's or master's son. Very often mothers, daughters or maids became pregnant by the son — for sure one did not know it — that was always an occasion for joy. It was not an eater more, but a future worker who was expected there. So the farms could grow, so the property grew. Fathers did not mind the fucking or the pregnancies, because they too lived by the rules of the Old People and accepted fucking with mothers, daughters and maids. Only his bed, his marriage bed was taboo, it was considered his personal space and he alone determined who could lie with him. He could even punitively banish his wife, for example, who then slept with the maids. Or he could put one of the daughters or maids in his bed if he felt like it, without his wife being able to do anything about it. If a son wanted to fuck again in the evening or at night, he was not allowed to simply traipse into the parents' bedroom. He had to fuck a maid or a nurse in the bedchamber. Otherwise, the mother had to come into the children's and maids' bedchamber and fuck him there. She was not shy about fucking in the presence of the children and maids; today's concept of shamefulness in sexual matters did not exist at all at that time. At the age of 12 or 13, the son was old enough to help his father with field work or hunting. From the age of 13, he also went to the neighboring farms to fuck with the mistress or her maids and daughters. All this helped to multiply the people.

On The Pyre

by Jack Faber © 2021

The judiciary punished major and serious crimes with death, to men the sword, to women the Pyre.

Women at the stake at that time were publicly displayed sexually and raped for hours in front of everyone until their end. The people thought they were entitled to this sexual perversion, the general sexual orgy was more important to the jeering people than the burning itself. The day of execution was a single sexual orgy and often lasted long after sunset. There were also some sacred places where, although there were no executions, there were sexual orgies in the sacred grove. The sexual madness took hold of everyone, even pouring rain did not stop them from public fucking, only the burning could be cancelled. Some parents let their young children watch the goings-on, sexuality was nothing sinful or indecent. The not yet sexually mature children went very close and watched curiously the general fucking.

The condemned woman had to brace herself against the pole, sticking her ass out as far as she could, and was fucked from behind one by one by the executioner's slaves. The condemned knew that it was the last time to be fucked in this life and, facing certain death, wanted to experience at least a little bit of the pleasure of being fucked again. Often they fired up the executioners themselves to drag out the fucking for hours, because afterwards the fire was waiting. It was not uncommon for men to swing up to the podium and enthusiastically join in the fucking. The younger or prettier the victim, the longer the queue of men who could hardly wait to penetrate and cum as fast as they could, as the queue hissed impatiently. Never was the convict younger than 40, and if the convict was already old, the fucking lasted only a short time and there was no queue. Older victims virtually begged to be fucked further to delay the burning.

The executioner's slaves refrained from raping the very old, exposing the old, wrinkled body and exposing the cunt with their hands so

that the jeering, booing people could gawk at it for as long as they wanted. If the people demanded it loudly, their coarse fingers played with the old labia and the ancient ticklers for as long as the people cheered them on. The old women moaned, whimpered and groaned, the ancient clits could only be brought to climax with difficulty. Each additional climax became torture. At the last climax they fucked the pitiful old ones, redeemed the ticklers for the very last time. They fucked and choked the old ones during their wriggling climax until their eyes broke. They kept fucking, spurting their seed into the tight, flaccid vaginas of the dead.

Some of the condemned fainted after prolonged fucking, but the servants held them down so their cronies could continue fucking the unconscious. The fucking in front of the audience stopped only after many hours, when the servants and the men from the people had fucked enough. Of course, there were also the inevitable exhibitionists who made the people jeer and shriek at the same time when they masturbated on the podium in front of a large audience one after the other and squirted their semen into the audience.

The convict wasn't the only one getting fucked at this orgy, of course, but the fucking was lost in the throng. Men who didn't want to stand in line or on the podium approached a random woman from behind in the general throng, groping her butt and breasts with erratic, horny hands. Some women turned around because they wanted to be fucked face to face. The others didn't resist being groped sexually. He flipped up her skirt, she bent over and patiently let him fuck her. Sometimes they didn't know who they had just fucked. The women's vaginas were soon full of semen and it dripped to the floor. Most rarely got climaxes or only when they were fucked by several men in a row. The men were not afraid to penetrate the wet and slippery vaginas and did not care that the vagina was already full of semen. One broke away from each other after the squirting and mingled back into the throng.

Some men fucked the women with their fingers when they just couldn't get erect. Stupid with horniness they rammed the women with their fingers or tried to bring them to climax with clit rubs.

They fucked even the most virtuous women, who normally did not let themselves be fucked, who now indiscriminately gave themselves to everyone in feverish madness. On the execution days, the servants also had the chance to fuck until they dropped. Many of them secretly desired their mistress and used the opportunity to fuck the virtuous in hot love after line and thread. The mistress let the impropriety pass over her in love or smiling, because outside the orgy she could not allow this impropriety. The servant loved to penetrate the vagina of the beloved mistress again and again and cum violently. Even some boys who had never lain with a girl got aroused watching and gave a jerk. An opportunity they did not let pass. Imitating the big ones, they pushed their slender cocks unsteadily into the vaginas of adult and older women. Good-natured women showed them what to do, they learned to fuck and squirt in several passes. The adult women's vaginas were large, warm and wide and not as tight as their playmates', they were moist and warm and eager for the boys' seed. Some women were just eager to screw as many young boys as possible. Some boys didn't need to learn anything, as their games with their peers often ended with the winner being allowed to fuck the playmate very briefly and quickly. This didn't last a minute and most girls only pushed him out of the vagina after he had stopped squirting. These boys and girls participated in the general madness as if they were already adults.

But also many a virtuous woman who was not infected by the madness was a favorite target precisely because of her virtue and her initial refusal to be fucked. They of all people were fucked against their will by a pack of men, the insanity in the eyes of the men did not allow any resistance. All her crying and sobbing was of no use, they held her ironclad while she was fucked by one after another. They regretted coming to the orgy each time, but they came again each time like moths to a flame. It was perhaps the unspoken pleasure of the humiliation of being dragged into dark corners and fucked through by the faceless pack. For some, this was also the only day to get properly fucked despite all the guilt. Many of the women lived in boring marriages and used the anonymity in all the madness to feel desired. They knew, of course, that this desire was purely animal instinct and the urge of all men to squirt into any vagina. Some women rolled around in bed after the orgy to let their experiences

play out while fantasizing during masturbation before giving themselves to their masters with newly awakened passion or, disillusioned, resuming the usual listless fucking in the marriage bed. Even those who originally did not want to participate in the general fucking gave themselves over to masturbation after the forced fucking and pondered why they had already gone to the orgy again.

Especially heinous criminals like arsonists or poisoners were hand-fucked by drooling women from the people under general shrieking and jeering one after another and fucked during the climax. Two servants spread the legs of the delinquent so that the people could see her open cleft, the little hole and the incessant rubbing of the clit quite clearly. The rubbing women jeered obscenely at every whimper and convulsion of the delinquent, the men stared open-mouthed at the performance. The delinquent's clit rubbing was only briefly interrupted for a man to fuck the twitching and wriggling woman in the middle of her climax. The rubbing woman and the next erect man communicated loudly so that he caught the right moment and squirted his semen into the twitching, quivering abdomen in plain sight. The public clit rubbing impressed the surrounding men, because that was not often seen. Some delinquent suffered cardiac arrest because her body could no longer cope with the uninterrupted climaxes.

The Bitter End

by Jack Faber © 2021

Two times Guinevere's life was in danger, of which this is an account.

Queen Guinevere, now 40, was entertaining the nobles at a banquet when Sir Parisi ate a poisoned apple that Sir Mordred had actually prepared for the murder of Sir Gawain. The nobles accused the Queen of poison murder, since she had prepared the meal herself, and she had to burn at the stake! King Arthur's hands were tied by his own law, he screamed and howled in despair and locked himself in his chamber. His own laws forbade him to fight for Guinevere against Mador. Sir Mador, the dead man's brother, demanded a judgment of God, a duel to the death or the stake. Lancelot immediately rode from his castle in Lyonesse when he received the news from Arthur.

Guinevere knew exactly what to expect. She was bound naked on the funeral pyre, the people looking at her naked body horny and greedy and chanting, "Fuck, fuck!" The executioners grinned promisingly and groped her body. The people jeered and demanded to see her fucked. Guinevere had to lean forward and brace herself against the pole, face the jeering people and spread her legs. The executioners spread her ass cheeks and labia and presented her hole to the jeering people with a grin. Guinevere kept quiet, for she did not want to make a pitiful picture. The people wanted to see her exposed sex? Well, there you go, they should! With a contemptuous smile, she shamelessly presented her little hole and her shame to the gawkers. The executioners spread her ass cheeks very wide and drove their fingers disrespectfully into her vagina, but that was indifferent to her. One hangman slave after another took out his cock, rubbed it in front of the jeering crowd until it was hard and then fucked the humiliated Queen from behind. Before cuming, they fucked in slow motion, spreading Guinevere's sex with their rough fingers for all to see as they pumped their seed into her vagina. Guinevere closed her eyes in humiliation when a servant fucked her and cum inside her. She

knew exactly how the sexual humiliation went, because she had watched it many times. Still, she was very ashamed. The people jeered and cheered the servants with obscenities. The executioner's servants fucked Guinevere for nearly an hour until no one could get it up. The queue of men was very long, many wanting to fuck the beautiful woman. The queue hissed furiously, so the men had to penetrate only very briefly and then hurriedly cum. Some missed the moment and had to rub themselves while the next had already penetrated her vagina. He had to press his cock next to the other cock on Guinevere's labia or on the other's cock to cum. Patiently and without batting an eye, Guinevere let herself be fucked, suppressing any sexual excitement. She kept her head lowered as if humbled, but she looked closely at each cock before it entered her and squirted inside her after hasty thrusting. Of course, many were displaced as they squirted from their successor and continued to rub themselves squirting. Guinevere found it disgusting when they squirted on her pubic from the outside. It disgusted her that one squirted in her vagina and at the same time a second pressed his glans on her labia and continued rubbing and then squirted. She gazed as if absently at the thin trickle where semen flowed tenaciously from her vagina down her legs to the floor. As the knights vigorously broke up the queue after a long time, a big fat woman jumped onto the pyre platform and rubbed Guinevere's clit until she sank to her knees moaning. Guinevere was hopelessly at the mercy of this irritation. The fatty spread Guinevere's legs apart to everyone's jeering so that they could all see her violent contractions. Guinevere cried and howled and could do nothing to stop her body from writhing and trembling treacherously after exploding. The fat woman wanted to continue, sneering, but one of the knights intervened in disgust and kicked the fat woman down from the platform with powerful kicks.

Sir Mador stood motionless beside the pyre, armed for battle and ready to take on anyone. He didn't bat an eye while Guinevere was being fucked and humiliated right before his eyes, she was the poisoner! The knights knew his fencing skills, no one wanted to sacrifice his life for the queen, the evidence was clear and the queen was condemned. But hark! What was that?

A mighty knight burst thundering through the grove on his warhorse and stopped in front of the pyre. He threw his cloak over the naked queen and challenged Mador to a duel. They rode at each other, their lances bursting, and Sir Mador lay on the ground. Wildly determined, they hacked at each other with their swords until Lancelot split Mador's skull down the middle and decapitated him with one mighty stroke. God's judgment — Guinevere was innocent and free! Arthur had watched her humiliations with petrified face from the window of the throne hall, screaming his head off in despair as his beloved was raped by the rough servants and the spectators. His jaws ground and he cursed profanely as his subjects queued up and fucked her quickly and hastily. As the fat one maltreated Guinevere's clit and she writhed helplessly, whimpering, hanging from the pole, he fell to the floor in front of the window, crying and unconscious. He awoke during the duel and held on to his sword hilt. He watched with a petrified expression as Lancelot smashed his opponent to pieces, cut his helmet and skull in two with a mighty blow, and decapitated Mador with a swift stroke. He cried out in happiness as Mador's skull rolled across the sand. Lancelot, told by his cousin Gaheris of the queen's public dishonor, dragged the executioners by the hair into the castle courtyard. Arthur beheaded each, cursing violently, then had them and Mador burned at the stake. The fat woman was nowhere to be found, Lancelot raged in anger and vowed to behead her as well. Arthur stood silently beside his friend Lancelot by the fireplace, silently handed him a goblet full to the brim, and let his hand rest for a long time on his friend's shoulder. No words were needed. Later, he lovingly washed Guinevere's martyred body and tearfully anointed her. Still, something had broken irrevocably between them.

Barely a year later, the second blow. Guinevere and Lancelot were betrayed. The traitorous maid was butt-ugly and envied the queen's happiness. She rarely found a compassionate man willing to fuck her for a few coins anymore. The traitress pocketed Mordred's coins and licked her skinny lips, for now she could buy a lot of men to fuck with them. She led the treacherous Sir Mordred and a dozen of his nobles to Guinevere's bower. Guinevere amused herself quite loudly with Lancelot, for Arthur rarely came to her anymore. When the noblemen, shouting loudly, banged on the door to Guinevere's bower with

the pommel of their swords, Lancelot sprang out of bed, but he was unarmed. He yanked the door open and dragged the foremost, Sir Agravaine, in, then slammed the door shut again. He tore the helmet off the stunned Sir Agravaine's head and smashed his skull in with a single punch. Then he threw on a shirt, rushed out with Agravaine's sword and slew all the nobles except Mordred, who had cowardly fled beforehand. Mercilessly Lancelot killed the whimpering traitor. Never had anyone seen him in such a deadly frenzy. Blood dripped from his shirt, but the massive giant had not received a single scratch. Like a raging madman, he raged among the nobles, they obstructed each other and no one had the slightest chance to raise his sword against Lancelot in the narrow passage. The massacre was over in a flash. Guinevere wanted to plunge a dagger into her heart, for being taken to the stake once more would not have been something she could bear. Lancelot calmed her down and they fled together to his Castle Lyonesse. They stayed there for three years until King Arthur went to French-Bretonia to defend his lands. Arthur left the kingdom and Guinevere in Mordred's care, for the faithful Lancelot rode with him.

Mordred approached Guinevere in an unseemly manner, and when she refused him, he held her captive in her bower and chastised her with the whip until she gave up. Her only condition was that her maid was always present so that he would not whip her again or demand something perverted of her. So there was always a maid sitting in her bower when Mordred came. She watched them fuck and was allowed to play with her clit as often as she wanted. When Mordred took a break, she would flip up her skirt, spread her legs, and masturbate herself as she pleased, according to the queen's orders. Mordred was not only unsettled, but also horny. The maid had to look fondly at Mordred like a lover or smile at him. At the same time, she had to make him stare into her open cleft and clit. Some maids understood the queen's ulterior motive and moved the stool close to the couple for demonstrative and provocative masturbation. They rubbed the clit just an arm's length in front of Mordred, whose eyes almost fell out of his head. They moved back immediately if he tried to touch them without permission. They were happy to let him fuck them, though, since Guinevere's head nod allowed them to.

Mordred was not ugly, after all, could fuck quite well by now and had a big and persistent cock with which he triggered good climaxes.

He fucked Guinevere day and night, but he could not arouse her passion for a long time. He was barely 25 with little sexual experience and she was already 45, with quite a lot of experience. She could fuck very well and climaxed very easily while fucking. But she was used to Arthur's and Lancelot's manhood and Mordred was not very skilled. She opened her vagina quite wide and vigorously rubbed his cock inside her vagina, which Mordred quite liked. She let him squirt in quickly so it was over quickly. She put up with the fucking day and night so Mordred would not physically chastise her again. As often as she could, she rubbed his cock in her vagina and quickly made him squirt. She gave herself to the libertine and feigned enthusiasm at first, for he wanted to mount her day and night. Mordred, however, had Arthur's strong loins, a powerful cock and could well fuck her a dozen times a day. Full of contempt, she hid her arousal from him. She got many climaxes, even these she hid at the beginning with bated breath. But more and more often she could not hold it back and her trembling, gasping and moaning provoked another round. After a few days, she dispensed with the pretense, fucking along at the top of her lungs and forcing Mordred to perform at his best. It was always Mordred who wanted to fuck, but then she took over and fucked him so wildly that he lost hearing and seeing. She sucked, licked and rubbed Mordred's cock in her mouth until it was firm again, forcing him to fuck her over and over. Although she didn't like it at first, she soon realized that the best way to make him hard was with her mouth. So she took the cock all the way into her mouth and licked it while rubbing it. Often Mordred would lose control and squirt deep down her throat. She would put a finger on her clit while fucking and trigger her climaxes when he couldn't. Guinevere and her handmaidens liked to take turns fucking, so Mordred lost a lot of valuable time and energy conducting government business. The poor man did not see through that, there was nothing more important for him than to mount Guinevere and all her maids and fuck them all. The maids relieved each other in a circular fashion, so the older maids also got their turn. They probably enjoyed fucking more than Mordred, who had no influence on which maid came to the bower. The maids kept sneaking in new ones, because then Mordred was

busy fucking the new ones and Guinevere had peace for a while. Some maids soon got the hang of it. After letting Mordred fuck them, they took his cock in their mouths and let it squirt deep down their throats while rubbing it. Renewed licking made him stiff again and so they got back to fucking. Guinevere rejoiced at any loss of time, which only hurt Mordred, and encouraged her maids to keep him busy as long as they could. Guinevere watched excitedly herself when a maid rubbed his cock furiously and made it squirt down her throat. Some maids did it very passionately and seemed to enjoy it very much themselves. The maids rejoiced with relish in this job, doing their best, and Guinevere thanked them as soon as he left. During this hard time, she learned how beautiful and intense the licking of her tickler was. In the quiet time Mordred allowed her, she enjoyed having her clitoris licked by her handmaidens and quickly learned it from them.

Some days Guinevere was so exhausted from fucking that she cried because her violent physical reactions only further fueled his sexual greed. But her sexuality demanded passion from her. If she had to fuck in captivity, she wanted to do it the way that did her body the most good. She got her climaxes and enjoyed fucking with the highest pleasure. Already to unsettle Mordred she rubbed her clit unabashedly while fucking. Each climax she made for herself offended Mordred all the more.

She smiled with disdain when Mordred took a nobleman and tried to prove by fucking Guinevere that he had succeeded to Arthur's inheritance in every way. The noblemen, all of them decent men, of course could not take their eyes off her beautiful body. They watched full of greed, for Guinevere fucked very gracefully, passionately and full of animal ferocity. They were amazed that the maid present was satisfying herself unabashedly and silently thought that it was a perversion of Mordred. Mordred's eyes glittered insidiously as soon as Guinevere finally became aroused and fucked him with greed. She behaved in this show-fucking in such a way that the nobles could feel her contempt for Mordred despite her sexual reactions. Even when she was once hand-fucked by Mordred in front of a nobleman because he wanted to show off that he could inflame her passion at will, the nobleman could see her contempt for Mordred. She did not

do Mordred the favor and denied him her arousal and climax. May Mordred try what he wanted, she made him look foolish in the end.

She devised a clever plan and escaped after ten months. She had endured the unspeakably humiliating fucking for ten months, had whipped Mordred to peak performance as soon as she could enjoy being fucked. She had done all she could to make Mordred take little pleasure in fucking her. Her handmaidens shared Mordred's contempt, although they found their queen's fucking very graceful and arousing and had enjoyed all the masturbation. Then one day the time came. She fled to the Christian Archbishop in Westminster, although she was not a Christian. The Archbishop had an impregnable fortress and generously offered her safe shelter, he sent messengers to Arthur and informed him of everything. Arthur immediately returned home with a large force. There was a battle with Mordred at Dover and then the decisive battle at Camlann. Mordred struck Arthur a mortal head wound and Arthur plunged his spear into Mordred's heart.

Guinevere nursed Lancelot, who was seriously injured at the Battle of Camlann, at the castle in Lyonesse and stayed with him for a long time after his recovery. At his request, she told him everything about her captivity with Mordred, leaving out no detail, no sexual detail, no matter how small. How Mordred fucked her and her maids in turns, and how the maids meanwhile satisfied themselves when Mordred fucked her. How she had gradually learned to squirt down her throat and how the maids taught her to lick their clit. She kept her eyes closed and talked about how she felt when Mordred entered her and how his big cock felt inside her. She described how it felt when his warm seed squirted into her vagina. She described her climaxes or when she deliberately masturbated herself naughtily to make him doubt his loin strength.

She described her beautiful and exciting feelings when a maid licked her clit. Each maid licked slightly differently, some only specifically the clit, others also her labia, vaginal entrance and vagina. She described with exact detail the private parts of the girls she licked herself. She described in detail how differently the girls rubbed their clits right in front of her face, because she was not very skilled at clit

licking to begin with. Guinevere smiled as she described the shape and size of the labia and clits. There were large ones and medium ones and very small ones that could only be felt with the tip of the tongue once they had stiffened. The girls' private parts looked different, and they smelled and tasted different.

Guinevere talked about these lesbian acts much more often than Mordred's fucking. She had liked it a lot and left a much deeper impression on her. When she talked about it, a stroking finger often slid to her cleft, touched her clit. Lancelot liked to listen to her because she described her own experiences in beautifully erotic, dirty or obscene words. She took great pleasure in the narration itself; he hoped it would help her get over it. Sometimes they would fuck passionately after a tale, if Guinevere had become sexually aroused in the process. Lancelot realized how much Guinevere loved these lesbian acts, so he made sure that a maid stood by when they fucked. Guinevere whooped when, after Lancelot, the maid immediately attended to her clit. The maid first had to push back the foreskin over Guinevere's clit with her tongue to expose the head of the clit. Lancelot, of course, did not remain idle, pushed up the maid's skirt and penetrated the licker. The maid diligently licked Guinevere's clit and moaned as Lancelot's cock aroused her. Guinevere enjoyed these acts at least as much as the maid and Lancelot, who loved the variety. Lancelot would never have admitted it to himself how much he loved the varied fucking and how right Guinevere was that the maids all had different vaginas and fucked completely differently. Guinevere could not explain why she was gradually drifting away from Lancelot inside. Her imprisonment and dishonor at the hands of Mordred had hurt her deeply, she mourned Arthur all her life and now incomprehensibly lost Lancelot as well.

With a heavy heart she left Lancelot and moved with her maids to a kind of old people's home for women. Like her maids, she lived her sexuality to the full until old age. Bishops, monks, nobles and men of all ranks came and went, visited the disgraced queen and some fucked her with pleasure when it pleased her. Her body remained youthfully beautiful until old age and the desire of men filled her with pride and lust. Legendary was her graceful way of making semen squirt down her throat. Even at 70, her body looked like that of

a 50 year old, she fucked passionately and devotedly and could sometimes forget the painful gout while fucking. At some point she stopped fucking and withdrew completely, as her end was approaching. The aged Lancelot was the last to fuck her reconciliatory and in great pain on her deathbed; it was one of her last wishes. She wanted to be buried next to Arthur and, when his time came, have Lancelot laid beside her, which he promised to do. He held her hand as she passed away days later. He buried her befittingly beside her king, retired to the woods, and became a hermit. He was once one of the first knights and now the last of King Arthur's retinue.

Arthur, his entire knighthood, and the Old People were gone forever.