

Jack X. Faber



**Bangurel**

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Would be nice to hear from you!

# The Planet

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*References are made here to the Valurians, so it is an advantage to know the book “Valuria” by Jack X. Faber.*

Over 200 thousand years ago, a Valurian explorer ship discovered this planet, Bangurel. A rocky planet about 13,000 kilometers in diameter, 60% covered by oceans. The 4 continents were connected by land bridges.

There were animals of all kinds, small and large in great numbers. The oceans were full of fish and sea creatures, teeming with them. Besides vast savannahs, there were huge virgin forests and mountains up to 2,000 meters high. The atmosphere was breathable air, but it turned out to make Valurians sick after 10 to 15 days. Valurians who developed the planet had to wear obstructive breathing devices, which precluded direct settlement. A paradise, then, with a small flaw.

Bangurel was a stroke of luck for Valuria. It was eminently suitable for agriculture, fishing, and animal husbandry. It would be excellent for becoming another supply planet for Valuria, whose 900+ billion inhabitants needed to be supplied. Even with older, slower cargo ships, the distance could be covered in 6 to 8 days. And the icing on the cake: Bangurel belonged to no one, although it was inhabited.

The inhabitants of Bangurel, they were called Daegonnis or Gonnies, were small-bodied, furred humanoids. About 70 to 80 centimeters high, mostly roundish and well-fed, and covered with long-haired fur. Only the eye area, palm, soles and the entire genital area were smooth and fur-free. There were about 2 million of Gonnies living peacefully and carefree in villages scattered over all continents. There were no wars as far as the Valurians could tell, in case of disagreements they would lash out a little at each other, but not seriously. They lived vegetarian, had no weapons and only a few tools to

make clay jugs, carrying bags and couch mats. They could hardly make anything except a simple wine. Nor was it necessary, for they ate fruits, fruits and berries, which were abundant. They never caught or killed animals and did not eat meat. The coastal people caught fish with fan-shaped twigs and fried them over an open fire. When they visited, they brought only wine and food as gifts. Lots of wine especially, the gonnies loved it.

Their language was very simple and easy to learn, but they had a distinctly complex singing culture. Everyone sang, there were many singers who went from village to village singing their stories. There were choirs that competed against each other in friendly competition to win a basket of selected berries and fruits. After the morning swim in the streams, rivers, or on the seashore, everyone gathered fruit, berries, or fruit for the day's needs together in the nearby forests and orchards. The Valurians had never seen such a lazy people.

If the morning was spent gathering food, the afternoon was spent dozing, sleeping, cuddling and snuggling. The young gonnies playfully practiced sex, which for the adults always took place in the evening and in public. Long before sunset, dinner began, wine drinking and pleasurable fucking that lasted well into the night. Most were drunk as a skunk every day and this was considered an excellent complement to sex.

Sexuality dominated much of the life of the Gonnies. Boys and girls were not allowed to fuck properly until they had fucked the chief or chief's wife for the first time, and anyone who violated this got a hefty spanking, so most complied. The youngsters were allowed to cuddle, snuggle, and pleasure each other with their hands. They were seen lying together in groups in the afternoon, masturbating each other. If they thought they were unobserved, the naughtiest fucked each other and were rewarded with whooping cheers.

In the evening, a bonfire burned in the village square, people drank wine in quantities and copulated next to the fire in the circle. A man enjoyed great prestige only when he lasted longer than a quarter of an hour. That was how long it took the girls and women of the Gonnies to reach orgasm. They screamed loudly during orgasm,

which was considered particularly fine and served as a signal to the man to cum. The Gonnies did not know marriage, they lived together in large families and also raised the children together. Sex was possible at any time and with anyone, only very rarely did couples form that only fucked each other for a while. It was tolerated with a smile that these couples fucked as soon as they woke up, continued to fuck throughout the day and late into the night. They were always surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive children or fucked in the circle of youngsters. Always the females of the pair were fucked by the youngsters in turn when the male needed a rest. — Most girls and women were pregnant every few years, but the population grew very slowly because of high infant mortality.

Most Gonnies died at 40 to 45 years of age, the body was given to the water without any special ceremony. To this mortality contributed a poisonous berry of a little tree similar to the mulberry tree, which was eaten by all Gonnies, because it stimulated sexually wonderfully. There were always isolated deaths, especially among women who had eaten an inordinate amount of berries and literally let themselves be fucked to death by a bunch of men. Their orgasmic screams resounded over the village square and they screamed that the next one should fuck them immediately! They ate the berries themselves while fucking, so that they went into the highest excitement and rapture and their hearts eventually failed. The amped up gonnie men continued to fuck them when they were already too weak to scream and even in death they continued to be fucked until the frenzy was over.

The Valurian explorers had to realize that the Gonnies had no interest to cooperate with them or to work at all. What was the point? The Gonnies always had enough to eat, they behaved friendly and curious, but the Valurians hardly interested them.

The penises of the Valurians were much too big, in the beginning many Gonnie women had to pay for that with their lives. The gonnie women and gonnie girls loved to rub the huge Valurian cocks at the campfire and let them squirt into their vaginas without penetration, but very few gonnie women dared to let a Valurian fuck them carefully. In any case, it was always a great event when a gonnie girl or

gonnie woman allowed herself to be fucked by a Valurian around the campfire. The gonnies would gather in a tight circle around the two, the Valurian would fuck with only the foremost part of his penis in the small vagina, and the gonne woman would cheer with pleasure and with lust. Usually afterwards one more was found to be fucked with the second penis. These brave women were cheered loudly. But if a skewered Gonne woman died, the Valurian had to leave the planet.

After a few years, Valurians almost stopped fucking gonnies. You didn't make friends with leopards, elephants or rhinos. They were there and you calmly avoided them and you didn't fuck them either. That was it.

# The Settlement of Bangurel

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The Valurians strictly adhered to their rules and were not allowed to destroy the culture of the Gonnies. These children of nature were not at all suited to become food producers. So they first considered colonizing the planet with prisoners. This was expensive and manpower intensive. In addition, there remained the problem of intolerance of the air they breathed. But one of the explorers had visited the planet Earth years before and knew that the inhabitants of Earth were very industrious farmers. However, the earth was not an optimal cultivation soil. Thus it came to the fact that one settled earth inhabitants on Bangurel, who were willing to leave. They tolerated the atmosphere excellently and in the past 200 thousand years hundreds of thousands of people, mostly whole families, were settled on the planet Bangurel. The early societies on Earth did not notice when one of the families disappeared, or sometimes a whole small village. The camouflaged headhunters lured with images of the fertile land and were able to inspire most of the poorly living families. They had the best successes when they took individual peasants of Bangurel and these could talk with the earthlings.

The people farmed the Bangurel land superbly, soon exporting huge quantities of food, fish and animals to Valuria and building homesteads and cities. They got along very well with the Gonnies, whose culture they did not mind at all. Many Gonnies voluntarily moved into people's homes and in a very short time became well-suited domestic servants, cooks and gardeners. They did not want money, they wanted to build their huts in the courtyard and live as Gonnies lived. People liked to visit their bonfires, listen to the beautiful songs, get intoxicated with the wine and diligently participate in the general evening fucking. Human women could not get pregnant by the gonnies, but they found it entertaining to be fucked by the little men with the little dicks, because the gonnies could fuck for a very long time and very persistently. People had marriages, but fucking with the gonnies was generously tolerated and was not considered

adultery. Boys as young as 12 had their first experience fucking gonnie women as did their sisters.

Men, however, could impregnate gonnie women, the result being the Half-Gonnies, mostly male and infertile. But the Halfs were excellent good fuckers and were highly sought after by human women for their large, sturdy cocks. In many households, there were isolated Halfs who served as willing orgasm givers for the wives. Halfgirls were very rare and were the most popular whores in the brothels. Only the richest men could afford a half-girl for their household. The half-girls were very popular with everyone because they fucked much better than the man- and gonnie women. The halves were a little taller than the gonnies, about 1 to 1,20 meter high, slender, and were furred only on the back. In front they were smooth and not furred, they had no pubic hair as did the Gonnies, and they proudly displayed their genitals as did the Gonnies. Although the Halfs, boys and girls alike, prided themselves on being the best fuckers far and wide, they struggled with the fate of being infertile and not being taken seriously by either the Gonnies or humans and being considered anything other than sex toys. There had been tension between the Halfs and the humans for millennia because of this. The Gonnies also had an emotional distance from the Halfs, who did not consider them one of their own. The humans also snacked on the poisonous mulberry, it was an excellent sexual stimulant and was only deadly in large doses.

There were legends that jealous wives poisoned their husbands' lovers to such an extent that they let themselves be fucked to death with lust. But these were probably just legends.

The Valurians increasingly shipped inventors and scientists from Earth to the planet, many, very many in fact. They also imported Earthly culture, politics and clerics with them. A vast amount of priests. Very soon the politicians and the clerics made common cause and snatched the power to themselves. Peasants and farmers had little to oppose this, they were mainly busy supplying Valuria for good money. Clerics and politicians were the true masters of this world.

Researchers and scientists made much better progress than on Earth thanks to Valurian help. The technicians invented things that did not even exist on Earth. Cities became more modern than any city on Earth. Robots took over menial jobs everywhere, manors had enough land for agricultural production, and gonnies lived in their courtyards, running households for food as payment. There were gliders for mobility and transporting produce that glided over the land using solar energy. Solar energy also cooled their warehouses and powered their spaceships. The people of Bangurel lived in the most futuristic world imaginable. Medical researchers were making equally huge advances. There was no disease left that they could not cure. They could even synthesize the active ingredients of the poisonous mulberry and take away its deadly effects. People used them continuously because by now the whole society was thoroughly sexualized. Fucking and being fucked totally took over the society. Unlike on Earth, the clergy as well as the politicians promoted over-sexualization, which was good for staying in power. When society revolved around sexuality, there was zero critical interest in politics, power or corruption. That was good, very good, said the parsons. Amen!

It was the overbearing monks themselves who imposed a chastity requirement and a sexual ban on the clergy. The realization that the alluring sex addiction and the hidden power of the feminine Sexuality was a threat to their power seemed plausible at first. They kept up appearances for the sake of form — and there were isolated clergy who idealistically adhered to their vows of chastity — but they were as addicted to sex as all men. Even bishops, cardinals and the Lord Pope celebrated orgies as in the times of the Borgias.

Pirates raided some cargo ships and when this became more and more a problem, the people of Bangurel had to raise an army in space thousands of years ago. But they took a different approach than the military on good old Earth. They created a large armada of unmanned combat ships. The control was purely telepathic.

Every newborn was examined for suitability to become a telepath. Suitable boys were injected with special enzymes into their brains, and their brain functions were gradually altered with ultrasound treatment. The boys grew up in the care of a master who gave them

telepathy and military training. After some time, about ten or 12 years, they were deployed. In specially protected bunkers, 500 or 600 telepaths lay side by side, controlling the fleet with their thoughts. Bangurel was now armed to the teeth, and the transport ships were rarely captured. A law was passed that no more than three alien merchant ships could ever land on the planet Bangurel at the same time. Only when one ship had left the atmosphere was the next one allowed to land. A few recalcitrants and insolent badgers were shot down, then it was clear to everyone that the Bangurelians were not to be trifled with. Of course, the merchant ships of the Pirate Union were also allowed to land, after all, trade was more profitable than not being able to carry out any more raids. The last raid had been several decades ago now.

Besides the politicians and priests, the military formed a significant power in the fabric of society. Bangurel had formed the administration and the authority apparatuses after valurian model. The planet was centrally administered, there were no states and nations like on Earth. Of course there were guilds, which stood up for their professional group, and regional administrations. The guilds of different sciences formed the fourth power of the planet. They were the only ones who elected their leaders quasi-democratically; here, expertise and research results still applied to everyone. Neither the politicians nor the priests or the military wanted to submit to this supposed weakness, with these only the right of the stronger, the intrigue and the intrigue game was valid.

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# The Apprentice Years

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Pan d'Aubonville came to old Master Guo at the age of 9. He was a sneaky, cunning and devious old fox, but he took his task of training Pan to be a telepathic fighter pilot very seriously and carried it out conscientiously. Pan had an eidetic memory and just flew by in school lessons. The master's household was run by about 30 gonnies and was impeccable. The first discrepancies the boy noticed were when he overheard that the Master completely disregarded his duty of chastity and brought one of his gonnie wives into his bedroom every night and fucked her. Young Pan already knew how quick-tempered the old Master could become and wisely kept his mouth shut.

Pan was interested in the history of his family from the very beginning. This had immigrated to Bangurel about 3,000 years ago and had produced many famous explorers, scientists, warriors, intellectuals and regional rulers. He was immensely proud of this and was admonished several times by the Master. The pride of position and the arrogance were completely out of place here. Who screws himself in the height, falls all the deeper. The 10-year-old Pan understood instantly that the old man was right. Knowing that the d'Aubonvilles had ruled in cities and provinces gave him a pleasant feeling, but he didn't need to brag about it or feel like something better. He had to accomplish something himself, to prove himself in life. That was the only thing he could be justly proud of.

It was not until he was 12 that his sexuality awakened. He went every evening in the courtyard to the campfire of the Gonnies and learned to fuck with them. It was great, he liked it a lot! Master Guo could not deny him, nor could he deny that almost every night after the boisterous evening and public fucking at the campfire, he would also take a Gonnie girl to his bed to fuck. The synthetic mulberry poison got Pan fully revved up and he fucked the gonnies as often as horniness told him to. There was a dispute between Master and Pupil only at the very beginning, but Pan held his ground. The 12-year-old

reminded in cloistered sentences that the Master was talking out of his ass.

*Master Guo had given him the android Fyy for his 12th birthday. She was ordered to be Pan's teacher and bedfellow during his apprenticeship years and was the one who was always available for him to fuck. She was a girl of about 16 or 17 years with a beautiful body, which the inventor had idealized after the body of his deceased daughter. He had developed only 2 models, the first was unfortunately a failure. Fyy was the only one of her kind and her developer fucked the beautiful daughter model like possessed, day and night, because he had never been able to fuck his sick daughter during her lifetime. He had lost all touch with reality and was going crazy. He fucked the android day and night until his cock was bloody and his heart failed. Master Guo, who had developed large parts of the brain and especially the AI, was the inventor's only interlocutor in recent years. He found him lying dead on the floor after days. Before he notified the police anonymously, he disappeared with Fyy.*

*The inventor's daughter had been admitted to Guo's home, which had some clinic-like rooms, at the age of 14 after an accident in a coma-like state. He was a luminary in brain research and was able to provide her with the best care and treatment during the day. It was clear to him very quickly that she would never awaken.*

*She responded to almost nothing, except when he lay with her at night and stripped her naked, an expectant smile spread across her face. He, of course, asked her what she would have a pleasure with, but she, of course, could not answer. Nevertheless, it seemed to him that her consciousness emerged a little bit from the darkness and floated on the surface of a lake. At first he only caressed her virgin breasts, her body and her pubic, and he immediately saw that she smiled at his caresses. For a long time he did not go further, he caressed her naked body and she smiled. After all, a reaction, a sign that somewhere deep beneath the surface she was still alive.*

*For weeks he caressed her and spoke to her, but other than her smile he saw no reaction. He watched her smile, lifted her knees and let go. Her knees fell apart as if lifeless and spread her legs. He watched her quite intently as she smiled even more intensely when he touched her pussy. He stroked her cunt gently and spoke to her, but she didn't respond to that either other than with a smile.*

*His fingers sought her clit, which was quite soft. The corners of her mouth twitched almost invisibly as her clit very slowly stiffened under his fingers. He lifted her eyelid, but her eyes did not move. Her smile, however, became truly radiant as he delicately masturbated her. He could tell her orgasm only by the fact that her clit was throbbing quite violently. He stared in fascination at her smile, which gradually faded and her face became a smooth mask again.*

*She had missed this so much! Every night she wanted to be masturbated, it was evident in her smile. Absolutely. Only once had there been a twinkle in her smile when he had asked her if she had masturbated often and much so far. Astonished, he asked if she had done it from childhood, and again a facial expression. Had she masturbated very much, he asked, and the corners of her mouth twitched. He masturbated her every night for the next two years. He knew that neither masturbating nor fucking harmed her, and that she experienced it only partially consciously.*

*When she was 15, he said he wanted to deflower her. The corners of her mouth twitched, that was definitely a yes! He deflowered the smiling girl, as gently and softly as he could. He squirted deep into her vagina, not taking his eyes off her smile. She sighed with a smile as he fucked her and made a rich, satisfied sound as he squirted inside. Her smile gradually died and she slept deeply on while he cleaned her vagina and cunt. By the time she was dying at 18, Guo had probably fucked her a thousand times without his friend ever knowing.*

*Guo knew the girl's body inside– out. When she was 17, his friend came every week to measure and photograph his daughter's body in great detail. He helped him undress the girl and lay her on a pad with a grid of lines that made it possible to measure her accurately.*

*The friend lovingly felt every millimeter of her body and photographed everything. Using a laser, he made accurate 3D-images, from all sides and angles. Guo helped him measure and photograph the vagina. He followed his friend's instructions and pulled back the foreskin over the clit. Guo spread her vagina with both hands so that his friend could photograph the inside of the vagina. He penetrated the vagina with a gauge and sighed, so much he would have liked to fuck the girl, but it had just never happened before her accident. Guo kept quiet, that was worth its weight in gold at the moment.*

*Guo was very surprised at how well the android girl worked and was tech savvy enough to take away Fyy's memories of the developer. For over 20 years the android girl was his favorite fuck partner. Fyy never talked about why he had given her to Pan for his 12th birthday, but it was because of his beginning impotence and rapid mental decline during those years. Her AI had reached its peak after only a few months, and she could easily convince the master that this was the right move now.*

*After the first few weeks, Fyy erased her memories of fucking Guo from her mind. She experienced Pan like a young girl in love, she was in love for the first time in her life and remained so forever. Fyy read the boy's mind intensely and explored him thoroughly until she was convinced: he was her man! She solemnly promised him to be his most faithful servant, his wife and his girl all his life. Pan forgot this almost immediately, because this was just romantic nonsense. Later he would realize that she was dead serious. Pan meticulously explored her femininity and she was a master at fucking and masturbating. She had a slender body, her face and her gaze were in clear and open. She had red-gold hair down to her shoulders and neither armpits- nor pubic hair. Her round, full breasts were more fitting for an 18 year old and her private parts for a 14 year old. She let 12-year-old Pan ogle her vagina and clit for hours until he knew every millimeter by heart.*

*For years she seduced him every night and made him the best fucker far and wide. She knew no taboos and taught him even the forbidden arts. He learned telekinesis and teleportation from her*

*without the Master knowing about the shameful activity. Fyy accompanied him to the beds of virgin girls, taught him deflowering and he fucked the girls until his semen was exhausted.*

*Fyy also took him to the beds of newlyweds, where she let the husband sleep soundly while he fucked the young wife to his heart's content. He had a great nefarious deal with Fyy. She would locate the brides for him and they were only allowed to satisfy the groom with their mouths or hands until Pan's visit. Pan teleported to her bed, and the groom slept abysmally. Fyy intervened in the bride's hormonal balance and Pan fucked her to his exhaustion. He wanted to impregnate all these young women, on the eve of their wedding. Only then the young man came to the shot. Pan thought this was insanely great. The brides fucked him with all the passion that Fyy had aroused in them. They gave themselves joyfully, because they were convinced to fuck with their future husband. He impregnated bride after bride over several years and Fyy laughed because he soon surpassed Uncle Alfi. Alphonse d'Aubonville had fathered 134 children and was murdered in the bed of the president's young wife, more than 250 years ago. Without Fyy, Pan could not have fathered so many children, but she helped him with all her arts, she had promised him. She would take him to his next victim when the young woman was impregnated. They stopped the shameful activity only when he was called up for military service.*

*From Fyy he learned to fuck the gonnie women better than any gonnie man. Fyy had a brain that had long been superior to Master Guo's, and she contributed greatly to Pan's education. She was especially good at training him in military techniques, which was a weak point of the Master, who had once been a leading brain scientist and psychologist. Pan was then seriously thinking of serving as a technician in the military.*

*After the dispute over his first night with a gonnie, Pan became as false and devious as his Master and successfully hid his secrets. He practiced telekinesis and teleportation without the master noticing. He practiced telepathy with his gonnies, because only the master and he lived in the household, so he had to enter the gonnies' minds.*

When Fyy taught him the forbidden art of creating and controlling an astral body, he went unseen into the patricians' homes, eavesdropping on their conversations or watching them have sex. He approached the daughters unseen and slipped into their minds. He was by now strong enough to seduce and fuck them with telepathy.

His astral body stood motionless beside the young girl, patiently watching her until she finished masturbating. Then he went very deep into her mind and awakened in her the irrepressible desire to be fucked. Pan enjoyed this power to turn the girls on from the inside and fuck them to exhaustion. Most of the time it was so real for the girl that her hymen tore. Although he was lying in his bed next to the snoring fur ball of a gonnie girl, his astral body was fucking the young patrician girl or the newlywed young woman next to the sleeping hubby and pouring into her. The young married human women fucked the most passionately, the cunning naughty man judged and fucked them all until dawn. It was so genuine and real that he really poured himself in his bed. Pan not only enjoyed the special feeling of power, but developed his telepathic abilities to perfection. The old Master never knew about all this. Years later, Pan was convinced that it was Fyy who had awakened his fondness for young, very young girls in his heart.

Pan had read many thousands of books during those years of apprenticeship and had acquired a vast knowledge. His telepathic and military training came to an end when he was 20, and he went to the medical institute alongside the ancient, frail cane-walking Master Guo. He had to undergo a test to see if he was fit to be a fighter pilot. He was sweating with excitement because this test was neutral, conducted by a machine and could not be manipulated. He entered the mind of the assistant, it was much easier than entering the mind of a gonnie girl. The result was too high, 93%. Master Guo immediately realized that he had missed something. The minimum for fighter pilots was 55%. Pan telepathically ordered the assistant to say 61% and dictate it into the log. The poor guy dutifully obeyed and later erased the original data by mistake.

Master Guo was proud of him and that he had done his job well. Pan completed the two days of test flights excellently, with the third

best result of the year. Pan was satisfied because he did not want to stand out with best performances.

On the third day, Master Guo gave a festive dinner and then took Pan to the Gonnie's bonfire. Pan was worried because the Master was chattering mindlessly about how he was going to rub the other masters' noses in the incredible result and potential that was in his pupil first thing tomorrow. Master Guo laughed at him and his fears and talked his head off. The Master had drunk way too much of the synthetic mulberry liquor and let the gonnie girls fuck him deep into the night until his heart gave out. Pan was very depressed after his first kill, for the old man had kindly mentored, taught and molded him for half his life. Fyy understood his feelings towards the old master and comforted him. But now he had become superfluous and knew far too many of the student's secrets, this could one day take its revenge! said Fyy. Therefore, farewell, honored Master!

*Sanctus!* said the official, who approached him after the solemn funeral. *Sanctus Dominus!* replied Pan well-mannered and took a document. It was his call-up to military service, the day after tomorrow.

# The first battle

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Pan easily put away the duty. Stretched out in a trance on the flatbed for 12 hours nonstop, you piloted a swarm of military space gliders, usually from one of the battleships. After that, you had 24 hours off. Piloting the swarm was fairly easy because the swarm followed the central space glider. The challenging part was keeping in touch with the neighbors and the control center. During each 12-hour-shift, at least one joint combat exercise was conducted by all swarms, followed by a tactical debriefing. The rest of the time, each swarm practiced on its own, attack, defense, and patrol. Pan was very ambitious and used his 12 hours well to perfect his swarm. With three or four other swarms, he made joint attacks on virtual targets or practiced joint defenses against virtual attackers each time. The control center observed these exercises with great favor.

The 24 hours of free time flew by far too quickly. Pan went back to Master Guo's house, read a lot or discussed with Fyy and spent the evening around the campfire with the Gonnies. He really loved fucking with the gennie women and gennie girls. The gonnies looked very droll, Pan thought. Covered from top to bottom with thick, shaggy fur, only their faces were smooth and hairless as was the entire pubic area below the invisible belly button. The female gonnies had a very pronounced genitalia, and the male gonnies also had their mostly large cocks hanging down in plain sight. The Gonnies were very proud of their genitals and liked to show them off at any time. It was, after all, the most important part of the body and Mother Nature had certainly thought of something when she left the fur from the navel down. The gonnies were humanoid and their private parts were completely similar to those of Earth people, only smaller.

But Pan also liked to go to parties like the other cadets to meet human girls. It was a given back then that the girls who went to these parties wanted sex and wanted to be fucked. Of course, people fondled and cuddled at these parties and occasionally went along to sort of test-fuck a girl, but the goal was always to take a girl home. She

would stay for a night or more, some would even go along to the bonfire and get fucked by the gonnies. Pan was only 20 and nowhere near ready to commit to one and start a family.

Naturally, small groups also formed among the fighter pilot cadets who went to parties together and picked up girls. Pan enthusiastically participated in this pack-fucking in the beginning, when five or six cadets would neatly fuck a girl in turn until sunrise. But after a few months he got tired of the pack fucking and went hunting on his own. It excited him much more to sneak unseen into the bedchamber of an untouched, blood young patrician girl. Seducing the untouched child, deflowering her and fucking her until dawn, that was the real adventure!

Not getting caught was very important to him, although cadets, like all military men, were entitled by law to fuck any woman, any girl, at will. Some cadets who had the hots for a certain but unattainable female used this law to claim the right to fuck the female. No father, husband, or brother was allowed to deny them the right to claim the woman and take her. For most girls and women it was a bitter humiliation and they gave themselves only reluctantly and listlessly. The law obliged them to fuck, but passion could not be ordered. However, it could become a problem if you fucked the wife or daughter of someone too powerful. Many a cadet disappeared into the sewers without a trace afterwards.

Millennia ago, women had forfeited all power and autonomy. The clergy made sure that women could only aspire to and achieve two things in life: To give birth to children and to be sexually subservient to men. Sexuality became the main thing, pregnancy the secondary thing. Contraception was officially forbidden, although most women knew how to prevent getting pregnant. Pregnancy, however, was very beneficial for every woman and so there were almost no abortions. Since incest was also viewed positively and encouraged, there were many offspring from incestuous unions. The women and girls spent a lot of time on their appearance, hair, clothing, jewelry and make-up. Most girls and women had a lot of jewelry, because it was common that men gave them jewelry for fucking. Men could thus buy de facto the willingness of the beloved with expensive jewelry. One separated

quite simply, in that the gifts became smaller or cheaper or were omitted completely.

There were very few women who rebelled against this role. They became scientists, doctors or politicians. They were not allowed to join the clergy. There were very few of them and they lived in absolute self-determination, because no man wanted to marry such a recalcitrant woman. A few of these lived asexually, but most took lovers at will or let themselves be fucked by men from whom they expected something in return. It had become the custom among the few called dominatrixes for centuries to dress extremely provocatively unchaste. To dress so skintight that one could see their breasts and nipples, but also their private parts so clearly, as if they were completely naked. This quasi-nudity had an intimidating and sexually arousing effect on most men at the same time. Men who approached them, of course, flashed off. But they were masters at seducing the priests, politicians, men or military men if they wanted something from those.

Pan had slipped into the nursery unseen, watching the beautiful child as she masturbated lustily. He intensified her sexual fantasies to such an extent that she immediately continued to masturbate, after her orgasm he lay down with her and seduced her by cuddling her. The girl was after a very short time quite wild to fuck with him. He deflowered her very considerably and fucked the jubilant girl several times, then he needed a break and dozed a bit. Smiling, he followed the masturbation of the girl, who had been masturbating like an addict every night since childhood. The alarm in the communication module implanted behind his ear jolted him out of his half-sleep. Real alarm!

He jumped up, kissed the young girl on the mouth and whispered that he had to get to his unit immediately. Ignoring her indignant protest, he quickly ran to the King Leonidas-base, to his squad. As he ran, the computer and Fyy had informed him of the situation. He quickly slipped into his coveralls and lay down on his bunk. He had no time to greet his comrades. Then he swung himself high into the air.

The pirates once again made serious with their threat to conquer Bangurel. They attacked the planet from two sides. Fanned out broadly in the arrow-shaped formation typical of their tactics, some 3,000 battleships threatened the planet Bangurel. Pan and his swarm had been ordered to the left flank and fearlessly charged the pirates. The swarm reached firing range after a few minutes and was now firing from all guns. The swarms on the left and right moved into the much practiced attack position and, like his swarm, shot a huge hole in the formation of the enemy. Pan gave the command and the swarms did a quick loop. Then they fanned out a bit and tore the edges of the first hole even wider. A glance at the ship's computer showed him that they had hit 126 enemy ships, 31 had exploded, the others badly damaged. 18 of his own ships had been lost or incapacitated.

He gave the command for the next loop. Amazed, he found that he was able to make contact with an enemy ship. He divided his attention, part of him following the fight, the other part crawling into the enemy ship looking for the captain. Only after the second loop did he find the commander. It was a young woman, giant in stature, a good two and a half meters tall. She towered over the other crews by head length. Pan crawled into her mind, it was much easier than Bangurel's people. She stood bent wide-legged over the consoles, completely focused on firing the guns. He crawled out of her head, slipping over her bare skin in a flash under her leather uniform. Pan lost control for a thousandth of a second, for the giantess' body was beautiful and highly erotic. For a few seconds Pan slid over her body, taking in her erotic appearance. Pan could see the giantess by now completely naked through her uniform, not a single hair covered her white skin as was the fashion even among the Bangurel women. Even her head was carefully shaved. Her face looked youthful under the garish war paint and the fierce-looking helmet. Her large breasts were not very firm; after all, she was not as young as he had originally assumed. His second self could not take his eyes off that beautiful naked body. On Bangurel, she would have given serious competition to the Half-girls in the brothels. His swarm had meanwhile shot another large hole in the formation of the pirates and he now ordered a sideways looping to not predictably reveal their next position.

His other part penetrated powerfully into the vagina of the commander. She stood wide-legged in front of her desk, wincing involuntarily as his cock entered from behind with a jerk. She cried out in disgust as Pan's virtual giant cock tore her hymen with one jerk, which she had spent 20 years guarding with her fists against any tempter. She fired a volley of her guns senselessly into the black nothingness of space in shock. The commander involuntarily spread her legs with a groan and her upper body slumped forward. Pan's virtual huge cock penetrated her vagina again mightily and kept fucking her mercilessly, on and on. She did not understand what happened to her. But Pan managed to make her forget to fire for long seconds, until a pirate yelled at her. She pulled herself together and tried to focus on her guns. She ignored getting fucked as best she could and fired with high concentration. Pan gave the command for the next turn, but a moment later his ship was hit and exploded.

Pan had practiced it a thousand times, his mind jumping over to the closest ship and finishing the loop. The swarm fired from all guns, the guns aimed completely independently and every shot hit a target. The battle had been going on for more than two hours and they had destroyed or rounded up 857 enemy ships. He looked at the display again, they had lost 164 ships, 61 were badly damaged on the way home. Pan nodded grimly and attacked the pirates again.

His attention slid to his second self. The commander was very distracted, no longer fully focused on the guns and at the same time letting the invisible giant penis fuck her from behind. Yes, she stood even more wide-legged in front of her controls than before and stretched her ass all wide and willingly towards the invisible tormentor. Fucking made her the worst shot in the squadron. Every few minutes when she orgasmed during those two hours, she closed her eyes for a few moments, her face contorted with lust and excitement, her teeth bared wildly, and stopped firing. But the virtual penis did not relent and continued to fuck her mercilessly. Pan slid down her naked body and looked at her sex. Wide open her vagina received the invisible cock, he felt quite physically her greed for sexual pleasure until she orgasmed almost every tenth minute. She was very practiced at this, because like most of the virgins of the pirates, she masturbated for hours every night. She fired her projectiles almost indis-

criminally into space, torn back and forth by her unbridled sexual desire and the effort to somehow operate the guns. But Pan suddenly felt her spirit rise triumphantly. She had recognized a favorable firing position and would hit several bangurelian ships of the neighboring swarm with her next salvo. At that moment, Pan slid down to her vagina and bit into her stiff clit with all his might, so that the blood just gushed out!

The commander cried out, let go of the controls and pressed both hands on her pubic. Blood trickled down her uniform onto the floor. Screaming, she left her seat, staggered to a corner and dropped. Pan's swarm made the next two loops on his command, firing accurately and upsetting the enemy formation. The commander's ship sheered out of formation and lurched along beside it as the helm and helmsman were hit. Pan watched the giantess cowering in the corner, spreading her legs wide and pressing both hands on her unbearable pain. Pan fucked her anew, wildly and powerfully, and as she orgasmed screaming in pain, he spurted his invisible seed in powerful jets into the giantess' vagina. She tore her eyes wide open in orgasm and at the same time roared in her pain like a spit. Pan aimed his cannons at her reeling ship and his volley swept it exploding out of space.

Pan had witnessed her last moments first hand, her orgasm tearing at her bleeding clit, she screamed and cried out in pleasure and mad pain and the ship exploded.

Pan again focused on the attacks, 982 enemies destroyed or disabled, 206 own ships lost. The battle soon entered the 5th hour, but it was now clear that the pirates' formation was falling apart, many turning away and fleeing. The control center gave the go-ahead to chase the fugitives, but at a distance of 40 minutes of flight, they would have to turn back. Pan listened only with half an ear as the control center broadcast live the negotiations with the pirates. What morons! He concentrated fully on the pursuit, his swarm taking dozens of pirates out of the sky or shooting them to pieces.

The on-board computer warned that they had reached the 40-minute-limit. Pan gave the command to turn back. On the way back,

his swarm flew diagonally through the enemy formation, destroying dozens of enemies and circling a large battleship. The control center indicated that they were in the process of negotiating a withdrawal, but Pan was burning with fighting spirit and his swarm fired at the large battleship. 180 guns. All at the same time. Volley after volley.

The great battleship reeled at the impacts. Pan ordered to stop firing. It reeled for minutes, then the battleship exploded and burst as if in slow motion. Pan asked the control center, he didn't understand the last one, please repeat, but the guy from the control center waved it off tiredly, it wasn't important anymore. Pan grinned grimly, because of course he had understood every word. But he hated the idea of wide-assed fat politicians or priests trying to negotiate with the pirates. No, that was not something he wanted to be involved in. Pirates only understood the language of guns. Period! Out! Basta!

His swarm returned to the planet with the others at the 7th hour. They had lost hundreds of ships, many of the returnees needed repairs. Pan awoke from his trance and went with the others to the Great Hall, where there was a four-hour debriefing of the control center. The most important realization for Pan was that, first, they had only gotten off with a black eye, and second, they needed 20 to 25% more fighters in the next battle. He was glad that not a single person had fallen on their side, the pirates, on the other hand, probably had thousands dead.

Hours later he sat in his courtyard by the campfire, getting drunk on the sour wine and gazing absently into the flames. He paid no attention at all to the merry fuckers beside the campfire, thinking of the virgin giantess he had first fucked for hours and then killed. If only he could have captured her, which would not have been possible in this fight, who knows? . .

# The Dominatrix

by Jack Faber © 2023

“Sanctus!” chirped the female voice in his communicator, and Pan reflexively replied, “Sanctus Dominus!” because that was the way it was supposed to be. He waited. She had called him, so it was her turn to speak. “My dominatrix is expecting you for afternoon coffee,” the woman whispered, “I have just sent you the exact address.” Before Pan could answer the connection was disconnected.

Pan did a thorough research to find out about the dominatrix Ileana who was expecting him for coffee at 16:00. He had never dealt with a dominatrix before, had never heard of her and there was essentially nothing on the net except that she was counted in the government and worked there in the military administration. There was no information, although Pan researched for over an hour in registers, databases and the general net. Ileana was apparently not interested in publicity. Okay, he told himself, and ordered a glider over. After all, she inhabited a huge palace in the greenbelt around the government district, so she could only be a powerful and wealthy person, that much was certain.

The glider was admitted to the park through the lattice gate and stopped in front of the courtyard minutes later. Pan was in no hurry; he had intentionally arrived five minutes early and stopped next to the gonnie huts. Getting into the mind of the gonnies was tedious as always, but he managed, of course. He skimmed over the chatter of the gonnie women and listened more closely to the men, for they told him the secrets of the mistress. He was not at all surprised, for he had noticed immediately that these gonnie men were proudly displaying big cocks throughout. A woman in a skin-tight uniform (or was it not a uniform?) approached him and motioned for him to follow. He was stunned by the dignified, old-earth design of the baroque Venetian halls they passed through. The woman stopped in front of a door and opened both panels. Pan entered, and the door closed silently.

“Aaah, there’s our fighter pilot!” said a full alto voice. A tall woman stepped out from behind a panel. Pan had never seen a free woman, a dominatrix, before and was stunned. The woman was tall like himself, slim, naked and pregnant. No, she was not naked, but the skin-tight jumpsuit accentuated her large breasts, roly-poly belly, and imposing genitals. She had a beautiful face, in keeping with general taste, that seemed a bit aristocratic and haughty. She raised her eyebrows mockingly as he looked at her shapely, clean-shaven head. She was probably shaved all over, he thought, and she replied, “Yes, I get shaved seven times every week, you won’t see a single hair on my body!” Smiling, she pointed to the seating area where they both took a seat. A uniformed servant appeared and poured coffee before silently disappearing again.

Pan stared at her private parts and then at her round belly. When was she expecting her son? Pan asked politely, and she laughed brightly. “A son, you say?” she laughed, “very few people know that.” She sat up bolt upright and wiped the air with one hand. “Let’s leave the small talk aside,” she said, “let’s get to it!” She was called Ileana, Lan, and had worked in the control center during the battle. She asked if he preferred to just communicate mentally or talk, and he replied that he preferred to talk. He said he didn’t know what he was here for.

Lan seemed to have read his questions and answered freely. She had grown up with her father, a biology professor, after her mother died, and had studied biology herself. He had died when she was 21 and was her first and, until then, only lover. (Pan felt her grief for a moment.) He had deflowered her when she was 11, and they fucked every day for 10 years like a couple in love. He gave his daughter a special potion, a special mix with oxytocin, pitocin, pituisan or orasthin, that sent her into a sexual frenzy. She continued his work at the university until she was appointed to the government. She worked in the military command and control center. She was unmarried and was a Free Woman all her life. She was expecting her child by a young monk who would one day be Pope. She giggled that it was a hell of a job to seduce the chaste virgin boy, she had to guide him step by step to fuck. Pan grinned too, for this was a truly heathen

work. They both grinned at this play on words. He kind of liked this lan.

She had no doubt that the monk would be Pope one day. He was worth passing on his genes and hers to the son combined. But now, Lan said, now to him. He had been given ten days leave like the other pilots and would be able to find out tomorrow that he had received 250,000 credits from the government. He looked at Lan in surprise, that was quite a chunk! She smiled finely. She had managed to get the government to give pilots bonuses based on their shootings and successes. Besides him, 18 other pilots had received this maximum amount. It was a lot of money, almost ten times the annual salary of a commander. “Among others, I put you up for promotion, Commander d’Aubonville!” smiled Lan, and Pan hurried to say thank you. – But where did all these rewards come from?

Lan leaned back and placed one leg lasciviously on her seat, which drew his eyes to her belly and especially her private parts. He had caught her eye among the other pilots because he was the only one piloting his own squadron and the left and right squadrons at the same time. Three squadrons, 36 combat gliders, all alone! That was extraordinary and very effective. From the control center it had looked like a ballet, Lan said, and Pan nodded, although he had no idea what a ballet was. A very ornate kind of dancing, Lan explained, is very popular on ancient Earth. Pan nodded, it was not planned as a dance of the combat gliders, but they wanted to avoid the enemy targeting devices with the well–practiced artistic flights, they had practiced that very intensively. “Your swarms were the only ones not to be irritated by the battle,” Lan interjected, “that’s very unusual.” They discussed the battle in great detail, Lan running individual sequences on the big screen. She listened to his explanations quite attentively; in his eagerness he completely forgot that he was talking to a woman. With a woman! Women had not to be interested in war games, only sex and fucking had to be on their minds! “I am a domiatrix,” Lan whispered almost inaudibly.

Lan made a gesture with her hand and the servants served dinner. It was the finest and best he had ever eaten. “My girls cooked this,” Lan said, “it would be too difficult for the gonnies.” Pan smiled,

thinking of what else the gonnies were good for. Lan didn't let her surprise show. Yes, of course, she let a gonnie or two fuck her to orgasm every night; she'd much, much rather do that than masturbate. Pan almost choked; it was considered indelicate to talk so publicly to strangers about secret sexual habits. He drank his wine in one gulp and the servant immediately poured more. Lan had also finished her meal and pointed to the seating area. Coffee, liqueur and a fine cigarette, it was in style! "A beautiful meal!" thanked Pan. They waited until the girls had cleared the table.

It had struck her that he led his three relays with only half mental effort, albeit with great success. That in itself was quite extraordinary. However, she had been able to follow the other part of his telepathy for long stretches and it seemed too fantastic and unusual what she had seen dimly. He should describe it to her with all frankness. She stretched out on the couch and closed her eyes. Or show it, she whispered in his head. Pan blocked his thoughts for a moment and considered. But she was far above him in rank. Then he showed Lan everything.

He had sought out the commander, he had stripped her naked. He had brutally deflowered her and fucked her for hours with his virtual cock, as it distracted her from aiming and firing every few minutes when she had an orgasm. He had been desperately biting her erect clit so that the blood just gushed out, as she had a dozen of his gliders in her sights and in front of her shotgun. One of his men had managed to hit the helm station and shoot the helmsman. He had fucked the commander, screaming in pain, like a beast, spraying her to the top with his virtual semen before her orgasm. He waited a few moments for her orgasm to break loose and only shot her ship when her orgasm was dying out.

While she was reading his mind and looking at his pictures, Lan had both hands pressed to her sex, her body twitching and writhing full of animal lust. She sat up, lit a cigarette and took a sip of liquor. He knew that the dominatrix was far above his pay scale and his superior, so to speak, and he expected a thunderbolt. But Lan just looked at him piercingly and sipped the liqueur. He searched his memory of what the penalties were for having sex on duty. Lan

smiled and shook her head. It was probably the most effective way to distract, stop and destroy the enemy. "I won't mention it in a word in my report," she said with a smile, "we'd both get to Beringarsgard!" He knew what that was, the island of irreversible felons and the incurably insane.

Lan asked if he could help her out of the jumpsuit or if she should call a girl. He shook his head, he had no idea how to operate her jumpsuit. Silently a servant appeared and peeled the mistress out of the jumpsuit. She dabbed the mistress's labia and vaginal entrance with wet wipes. She paid special attention to the dominatrix's clit and rubbed it with the wet wipe until it was stiff and firm. She dabbed the clit several times with her finger to watch the twitching reaction. She had brought a perfume bottle and sprayed the naked dominatrix, then silently disappeared. Lan lay down on the couch and he was unable to take his eyes off her nakedness. "Uncover yourself and lie down with me," she whispered in his head. The good cadet saw only one direction here: forward!

He had fucked pregnant women a few times before and knew he had to watch out for the baby. But she fucked with as much passion as he had ever experienced only with Half-girls. She was active and ambitious, she had to have her orgasm! He stayed stiff until her second orgasm and didn't squirt until she was shaken by the orgasm. They lay panting side by side, both gasping for breath.

He sat up and lit two cigarettes, they smoked in silence. "You are very good at fucking," she whispered in his head, "really good!" He nodded a little absently, he liked to hear it, of course, but he was worried because they were in too different ranks. To enter into an affair did not seem advisable to him, many things could go wrong. "You're right," her little voice whispered in his head, "it's not working for either of us. Nevertheless, it gave me a lot of pleasure, and no one but the two of us need know that." They fell silent again, for there was nothing to add. He was very sorry, because the mistress fucked better than the best Half-girls. Lan cooed contentedly and whispered that she thanked him for the compliment.

She was already chewing the third mulberry and whispered if he could fuck her with a big cock, a big one, like the pirate woman? He nodded and turned to her. Kissing with her tongue, she teasingly shoved the mulberry into his mouth. She was already burning brightly and he did not usually consume mulberries. The poison instantly shot into his brain and seconds later into his loins. He knelt in front of her and slowly penetrated her vagina. She pressed him against her, but he remained cautious because of the baby. He let his cock grow virtually until he stretched her vagina to the breaking point. She drew in the air sharply and breathed it out again, trembling. She had never had such a huge thing inside her before. The commander had a much larger vagina, but he had to remain very careful with the pregnant human woman. She wanted it, she wanted it badly! He pushed her slowly at first and she pushed him, faster, harder, deeper!

The second time it took much longer for them to finish. He concentrated on making her feel that big cock. It went beautifully and he took the opportunity to look around her mind. He quickly passed over the pictures of fucking the gonnies, that was not interesting at all. The face of the virgin monk he memorized and quickly moved on. He was all the more surprised to see how many lesbian affairs she had. Lesbian women were very rare; society was patrimonially sexualized through and drove women mercilessly into the arms of men. He had never seen women make love and wasted far too much time in these experiences.

He fucked faster, at their pace, and suddenly found himself in front of a locked iron door. What was behind it, he could not even guess. She orgasmed every minute and drove him, faster, harder, deeper! He fucked now highly concentrated and she came screaming loudly to a mad orgasm. The orgasm made her tense and scream, he knew himself at the finish and squirted violently. He squirted and squirted in one go, long ago he only squirted virtual, thick jets into the screaming woman until she gradually fell silent. He thrust a few more times and let his cock shrink. Then he fell heavily on top of her and embraced her. The wildly kicking baby admonished him, and he slid to her side and held her tenderly.

It did him so much good to feel her gratitude, her lust, her sexual satisfaction. Still, he thought, how would she have liked it? Her whispers were instantaneous. She had never experienced such a fireworks display of orgasms, never such a prolonged orgasm as she had at the end, and she would rarely scream at her orgasm! He growled in satisfaction, she obviously loved big cocks. They whispered for a while longer, then he fell asleep. She waited until he was fast asleep and slipped away, into her bedroom.

The Gonnies were already waiting impatiently, eating mulberries and stroking his erect cock from time to time. He looked up as she entered. She sat down next to him, smiling, and fed him mulberries, crushing some berries to rub thickly on his cock. He yelped briefly, as this secret recipe made his already large cock grow painfully even thicker and even longer. “Today you have to fuck me at least three times, little fur man,” she said in the gonnies language. “Three times, or more” said the mistress, “you will get a gold coin tomorrow if you fuck me more than three times! Got it?” The little furry man nodded excitedly and jumped hurriedly onto the bed. The mistress lay down, spread her arms and put her legs apart. The little one sniffed at her vagina and mewed that it stank of human juice! She kept silent and provoked him: “Gold coin?”

In fact, upon entering the service, he was promoted to lieutenant and seconds later to captain and immediately thereafter to commander promoted. The brigadier general didn’t bat an eye as he casually held first the lieutenant’s stars, then the captain’s stars on the collar of Pan’s uniform, and then pinned on the gold commander’s stars. What a ridiculous charade, Pan thought. “Good boy! Good boy!” the general half-cried, giving him a firm handshake. Pan saluted briskly and stepped aside. Several dozen more comrades-in-arms were promoted to lieutenants and captains. After the official part, the promoted were invited by the general to a drink. Everyone was talking excitedly and Pan felt out of place. He was the only one who had been promoted to commander.

He immediately threw himself into his work. He now commanded 12 swarms and had a command cabin at his disposal. He was expected to conduct his command from there. Pan, however, ignored

this privilege. He took over one swarm personally and commanded all 12 simultaneously. The control center wanted to stop it, but after the first exercise they fell silent. He might be a bit peculiar, this commander, but he was extremely effective. He drilled his swarms day after day and liked to go for a beer with his crew after duty. He didn't pander at all, on duty the men paid him every respect, because he was a good commander and an amazing pilot and strategist.

In the evenings, he read for several hours and debated with Fyy before going to the campfire and getting drunk while watching the fuckers. He would take a gonnie girl by the hand and walk her to his bedroom. He took a different one every night, but there were only a handful of very young Gonnie girls and he already knew them all. The Gonnie girls were very docile and soon fucked exactly the way he wanted them to.

The dominatrix called him over almost twice every week and let him fuck her. She still had a few weeks to give birth and had a great sexual appetite. From the beginning she had her best friend with her, Domina Tea. She was only in her early twenties, studying commerce and was Lan's steady lesbian friend. Pan was initially irritated that the three of them were in bed and Tea was just watching. When he needed a break, he watched them make lesbian love, which was insanely exciting, at least at first. He soon knew that Tea had a great longing for him and for fucking. It took quite a while for her to allow more than cuddling and kissing. He was able to enter her mind quite easily and blocked himself so that Lan could not follow him. He fooled Lan into thinking that he was just messing around in the sexual realm of Tea's mind, which he was actually doing. Also.

One day he asked Lan for permission to fuck Tea. She just smiled mockingly, Tea was a sworn lesbian, she doesn't fuck men! He took Tea in his arms, for she was ready. To Pan's great astonishment, Tea was *virgo intacta*, and he quietly asked her if he could fuck her anyway? *Aio te, domine!* breathed the virgin blushing, Yes, my lord! Lan sat up all excited and nervously stroked her belly. Pan softened Teas mind, made her vagina relax completely. Still, he had to thrust a dozen times before her hymen finally tore. She breathed a yes and Pan was allowed to fuck her. He used his natural cock, not the virtu-

ally enlarged one. Ileana's breath caught as he fucked her friend. No matter how hard he tried, Tea did not orgasm. He squirted endlessly in her vagina and then rolled to the side.

Pan fucked them both in turn from now on, taking advantage of Tea's weakness to comb her mind. Most heavily she revealed her masturbations, masturbating for hours every night before falling asleep. Only Lan knew about it. He blanked out her memories related to masturbating, studying, and lesbian love affairs. He had to grin, because there was a lot Lan didn't know. Then he spotted the heavy iron door. No matter how hard he tried, it wouldn't open. Lan asked Tea, while he was fucking her, if she didn't want to fuck his big cock? Tea knew it from Lan's descriptions and nodded, yes, she wanted to. Pan filled her tight young girl vagina to the breaking point and fucked her sensitively and vigorously. Tea gasped and quickly aroused herself to orgasm. He let her orgasm for minutes before he squirted. He dozed a bit while the women whispered excitedly about this fuck. He turned away from the iron door; it was hopeless. He looked again: it was open a crack. He looked inside for the first time.

Lan, who treated him and Tea to an excellent supper every time they visited, questioned him thoroughly. She wanted to know what he knew about business, trade and economic production. He answered all the questions of these friendly interrogations frankly and honestly. He knew little to nothing about it, but he always remained honest because Lan's trust was important to him. She was not only his superior, but an extraordinarily powerful dominatrix whose trust and goodwill could become extremely important.

Of course, they were not interrogations, just conversation, but he tried as hard as he could. Once she had asked him about his gonnies and he told in complete candor that of the 30 or so gonnies he mostly fucked only five very young gonnie girls. They matched his expectations best and fucked significantly better than the older gonnie women. Yes, he confirmed, he had of course fucked all the gonnie girls in the last 15 years, but the young gonnie girls were simply the best. He described in great detail how different it was to fuck the gonnie women, who had much larger vaginas than the gonnie girls, whose small, often very tight vaginas were much better suited for

fucking. In his household there were only these 5 young gonnie girls who were excellent to fuck. The older gonnie girls and the adult gonnie women were not particularly well suited, they were also much too stubborn to respond to his desires. As Lan continued to smile, he described his favorite girls' private parts in great detail until Lan laughed out loud and said, laughing, that she knew exactly what a clit looked like! They all three laughed and the usually reserved Tea slapped her thighs in amusement.

They sometimes discussed the powerful, the rulers and the guilds for hours. He contributed little, knowing little about them and usually only what was in the daily news. However, he learned a great deal on these subjects and especially things that the common man in the street never learned. Lan knew everything about business and corruption and everything about the sexuality of the rulers and the clergy. She did not conceal any man's sexual misconduct, she did not omit any detail, no matter how spicy or piggish, that kept her very busy. It was crystal clear that she completely detested the ruling clergy. On the positive side, she saw her decision to seduce a virgin monk and conceive a child with him. This monk would be pope in the future and restore the clergy from within. Pan did not find it difficult to think and speak positively about this. It was her mission, her vision, and he supported it. He often raised his glass and made a friendly toast to the monk and the boy.

Only when he went home on a glider did he allow himself to think openly. When he sat in Master Guo's library, he and Fyy would erect an impenetrable blockade around the library. He did not know with absolute certainty how strong Lan's mental abilities were. She had seen him fuck the enemy commander. Not many telepaths could do that, he knew for sure. But her father had been a biologist, maybe he'd secretly evolved his daughter higher, the way he'd been evolved. He could tap into Lan's or Tea's mind from any distance, though Lan's active block always stopped him. Maybe Lan could do that too? Tea was not a trained telepath and was not gifted for it. The iron door in her mind was certainly not of her own making.

Pan had looked behind Tea's iron door a few times. He had to piece together what he saw with the conversations like a jigsaw puz-

zle, and carefully locked those thoughts away when he went to Lan. He had seen a whole row of dominatrixes behind the door. He didn't waste a second looking at their breasts and impressive private parts for too long. They sat in meetings, it seemed to him, perhaps they were in management positions. They discussed and argued as only politicians, rulers or the clergy usually did. Only when he mixed in Lan's expressions of opinion did it all make sense.

The Dominas had the power, they had taken over the government.

Something was disturbing about this outcome. The door was in Tea's head, not in Lan's. What were the chances that Tea had concocted something that lacked any basis in fact? Pan thought about it and decided to find out directly from Lan. He dismissed the idea of disinviting Tea. Lan had never even hinted that Tea was not allowed to hear anything. He considered his strategy critically and carefully with Fyy, giving a lot of thought to alternatives, because just winging it would be reckless. He had to improvise anyway, but he needed guidelines along which he could safely navigate.

But he had to wait for an opportunity. It wouldn't come for weeks. Lan and Tea had surprised him again and again by the fact that they had already drunk a lot of mulberry liquor by the time he arrived at their place. No conversation, no dinner, straight to the bedroom! He smiled good-naturedly and also took a sip before getting to work. The first time he went home overtired and hungry, after that he made sure to eat a little during his breaks. He could wait. Lan and Tea were not offended when, after a few weeks, he suggested resuming dinner, complete with conversation. He would feel like a sex toy otherwise, like a Half-boy.

He didn't resist for a moment when Lan gave him a generous raise. Very much, however, he fought off another promotion. He was a fighter and led his people. But becoming a brigadier at 24 seemed wrong to him. Nor did he want to sit among all those generals who had become big-assed armchair fools. Lan, who wanted to radically change the military, ran into granite with Pan. The discussions were heated, but he could not and would not give in. Lan gradually came to his senses; the change could not simply be pushed through in a

jiffy. However, he did agree to revise the training documents and service instructions. He was soon cursing, because it was really a very time-consuming job. Thank God Fyy actively helped to create thousands of pages of service instructions.

Dinners and conversations picked up to his satisfaction. In the evenings he would sit in his library for hours, tweaking new textbooks with Fyy. Sometimes he would call a gonnie girl over late at night, fucking with his girls was getting almost as bland as old married couples. He usually fucked Fyy during or after work, she was as always better at fucking than the Gonnie girls.

And again and again the dominatrix invited him. He had asked during a conversation what to do with his great wealth and now it was Tea who gave him valuable tips. He therefore invested in several landed estates and in transport ship companies under Tea's watchful eye. He gladly took Tea's advice when he and three other military officers discussed the new armament projects with the grandees of the control center. He was noticed because he always stayed on point and argued as if he had been managing companies all his life. He had to grin, the knowledge of a student was enough for that.

Earlier than expected, the opportunity came. They had fucked extensively after dinner and all three needed a breather. Over liquor and cigarettes, Lan asked out of the blue how the military behaved when they took power? Pan didn't have to think for a second. The oath had been sworn to the planet, not to individual politicians or the powerful clergy. The military would never be drawn in if the new rulers were bad apples. He already could not always in good conscience answer for serving the current government, the current politicians. But he was absolutely against the military revolting on its own. Lan listened very carefully and kept nodding in agreement.

He knew at a certain moment that she knew that he knew. He nodded to Lan and said he already knew. She hid her immense surprise and sat back. He was blown away, as he was every time, by the eroticism radiating from her rounded belly and open sex hole. She savored his being overwhelmed for a few moments, smiling, then declared she wanted to open the iron door now and did so. He was

overwhelmed by the sight of dozens of dominatrixes, all naked. He looked closer, they were all wearing only tight-fitting tops, boleros, apparently to support their heavy breasts. Only a few old dominas hid their private parts behind gauzy veils or lace. Lan gave him time to get his fill and waited until he looked at her again.

“We will take power. We will replace this incompetent government.” Lan spoke softly and firmly. “I need to know where the military will stand!” Pan thought and said that what he had said before applied. If they formed a better government ... He did not speak further. He wanted to know what those figures were. It wasn’t an uprising, was it, women against men? Lan shook her head, No, it was not directly about that. No! The Dominas were close to each other and it was a women’s gathering only because of that. The politicians and clerics happened to be all men, but they were corrupt and rotten to the core, she said angrily. She immediately calmed down, “I will introduce them to you one by one.”

Lan introduced him to the Dominas, what their particular area of expertise was, what their function would be, their training and lifestyle. She let him look at their bodies while she was talking, as he was looking at the bodies very attentively and with the sexist interest normal for men. His eyes sucked in the erotic aura of each dominatrix, they sucked on their breasts to explore intensely the private parts afterwards. Lan smiled, for Pan was a man through and through, a child of this time. She reported that only two dominas were asexual, most of the others were habitual masturbators and then very many who fucked men or women. He listened carefully, storing all the information and images in his eidetic memory. He would not forget any of it.

Hours had passed by the time Lan finished. Tea had long since fallen asleep. Pan only now realized that there were beads of sweat on his forehead, so sexually aroused had he become. He discussed with Lan the question of why they wanted some ancient dominatrixes in the government. She was quite clear that it was simply not possible to override them. But the two old dominas had immense expertise and they were joined by a younger one. He recalled that Lan had called them both diligent masturbators and saw their overlong,

flaccid clits dangling down. Lan laughed out loud at how predictable male reactions were.

However, she became serious again and debated with him about the government. By now he was also convinced that the Dominas' government was certainly better than the existing one. But that was only his personal opinion; he could not speak for the military. She could not or would not say when the time would come. The conversation died down, she pulled him onto the bed and they fucked silently next to the sleeping Tea. It was almost morning when they fell asleep.

He looked out the library window at the distant mountains. Lan had acknowledged without batting an eye that his telepathic abilities were far beyond the usual. She had immediately accepted that he knew about the power grab. She had mistakenly believed he had opened her carefully locked iron door, apparently unaware that Tea was the weak link. He did not correct that. They had indeed put together a very good government, he had to admit.

They were professionals who wanted the best for the planet, he certainly believed her. But he recalled all the information and pictures. Only with very few he recognized greed or obsession with power, they all would enrich themselves sooner or later, no question. What worried him more was the sexuality of the dominas. That was the most significant weakness! Not even a handful seemed to be sexually stable, most wanted much, much more sexual experience and they were going to get it. That was going to cause some more problems, Fyy agreed. He dismissed the idea of talking to Lan about it.

He immersed himself in his work, dictating for hours in the new textbooks. It was past midnight when he mentally woke up his most devoted Gonnie girl and ordered her to his bedroom. Just in passing, he realized that she had been getting fucked diligently all evening and then had fallen asleep after a few cups of wine. She first went into his bathroom to be clean for her master. Then she quietly got into his bed and snuggled up to her master. He had so many naked dominas in front of him that he fucked the young girl until she was completely exhausted. She only giggled very quietly when she got an

orgasm, because she rarely screamed with him. Today he was silent while fucking, his thoughts were not with her, but with the Dominas. She had to be quiet, she felt that instinctively, although he brought her to orgasm very often.

# Budicca

by Jack Faber © 2023

The most gifted telepaths who had been in the fight with Pan patted him on the back with a grin, for the way he had prevented the pirate from aiming and firing was unique. They invited him for drink after drink and he had to tell them what it was like to fuck the giant-ess for hours. Many of them were promoted to captains, even more to lieutenants. In this regard, Domina Ileana's influence was wise and fair, because the promotions and bonuses were based on comprehensible facts, combat service. Together with some of these captains, the commander participated in the negotiations with the control center. The necessary materials that had to be purchased from Valuria consumed about two years' production of the planet. It required 75,000 new workers for the factories. These two key points were set in stone for Pan, as was his demand that three captains review all cash flows in real time. He concluded his speech with the provocative remark that he naturally assumed that there was no corruption or theft in this giant project, but he had to play it safe. The captains were the only ones grinning.

Pan had the new textbooks read by two dozen officers and took their suggestions and advice seriously. It was another three months before he turned the textbooks over to the generals. Exhausted, he drank a whiskey in the officers' mess, washed away the effort of the last few months with a second and third. He fucked sweet Fyy, slept through two days, and resumed regular duty. He no longer cared about the textbooks or the armor; they ran fine without him. He practiced daily with his 12 swarms and made his men sweat profusely. If a swarm was already doing quite well, he often took over the position of the attacker. The men had to be challenged more than was possible with virtual attackers. The holographic models were not as unpredictable as Pan when he attacked them with all his tricks. The men were sweating blood, but they knew that the commander wanted to form an invincible force.

Every 4 to six weeks, he would go out on patrol with a glider, because his comrades paid him even more respect when he also took part in boring, unloved routine tasks. Most of the time he flew his glider with the soldier Isegrim, with whom he got along very well on those 72-hour-missions. Isegrim, of course, was just the military call sign; he soon forgot what the young man's civil name was. Isegrim lived up to his namesake Wolf. Silent, always attentively scanning the surroundings, and excellent in combat. They had been patrolling together for years. Isegrim refused any promotion, he was a scout, a warrior and a feared pugilist, but not an armchair farter. Pan held him in high regard.

On the second day, he ordered the glider to follow a path through the woods to the mountains. Isegrim looked up briefly, and he said he was following a vague intuition, a barely visible trail. Isegrim nodded, deviating from the well-worn path of all patrols was fine. The glider slowly and cautiously followed the tracks, it went steeply uphill. Radio contact with headquarters kept breaking off, but Pan grumbled that it didn't matter to have radio silence for a few minutes. The tracks led to a pass and then steeply downhill. Isegrim checked the glider's weapons and then his own as well as Pan's. "Everything is okay," he grumbled. Pan watched the surroundings through the panoramic windows, the jungle getting denser and denser. They reached a hollow way, at the end of which a dozen armed men blocked the way. He looked back, behind them some gunmen came out of the grove. The glider stopped automatically, waiting for their orders.

They were Halfs, armed with spears, but most also had modern pulse weapons in their belts. Pan put his hand on Isegrim's arm, who was getting ready to neutralize the 5 or 6 Halfs behind them. Pan asked over the outside speaker what was going on? The Halfs waved for him to come closer, but when he started the glider moving, they protested wildly. "Watch my back," he said to Isegrim and got out. He walked slowly toward the Halfs, both hands on the handles of his pulser. He stopped two steps in front of the Halfs. One of the Halfs took half a step forward and lowered his lance to the ground. He spoke only a few words in Bangurel language, and Pan understood only that he was not a prisoner and should follow him to the Queen.

Queen? Pan asked sharply and the little man nodded vigorously, yes, Queen Budicca. Pan called Isegrim and ordered him to go back so far, to the limit of his communicator and he was going with the troop, to a Queen Budicca, the name he repeated twice. The Half made a hand signal and the Halfs behind the glider disappeared into the bushes. Isegrim made two clicks, meaning yes, and turned the glider. Pan set off with the squad.

They spoke not a word during the half-hour walk. The Halfs struggled to keep up with his pace. He didn't care, Halfs were only half human. He didn't know any different. They stopped at a bluff. He was stunned, hut after hut lined up in the hollow. "Halfgard!" the Half said proudly, making a sweeping hand gesture, "Halfgard!" Pan nodded and had his camera on his uniform take some pictures. They would be sent automatically to headquarters upon radio contact. He hadn't known this Halftown even existed until now, probably no one else knew about it either. They descended to the town and walked through the alleys for fifteen minutes. They stopped in front of a larger hut. The Half gestured for him to enter, "Queen Budicca!" The troop turned back without a word and disappeared into the alleys. Pan stopped for a few moments, scanning to see if he could reach anyone mentally. But there was nothing. He couldn't reach Isegrim or the glider either, even though the glider had a very powerful communicator. He bent down and stepped into the cabin.

It was overwhelming. He hadn't noticed that it was almost ten meters high inside. He corrected himself; the architects had done a masterful job of making the height unnoticeable from the outside. Several hundred Halfs clustered around a podium on which stood a long table and a raised chair. There sat a Half woman; this had to be the "Queen." No one on Bangurel knew she existed, he was quite sure of that. The Halfs moved aside, leaving a corridor clear. He strode toward the Queen. She rose, a Halfling a good three feet tall, her stiff, round breasts hidden under an open simple fur vest, a Bolero, covered from her sex to her knees by a furry loincloth, her feet in simple bound sandals. Not a bit of jewelry, nothing indicated her high rank. She pointed invitingly to the two steps for him to climb. Pan advanced and stopped two steps in front of her. She had long, dark hair

like most half-women and a serious, even aristocratic-looking face. He was to discover later that it was a wig.

“Come, dear brother, sit with me!” She spoke fluently in Bangurel, her voice a deep, full alto. They sat down. A servant brought two wooden cups and poured red wine. The Queen eyed him thoroughly from top to bottom. An older, gray-furred half whispered something in her ear and she shook her head. Pan looked at her questioningly. “No weapons are allowed in the royal house!” the man said in a firm voice. Pan looked directly at him. “I am Commander Pantagrulex d’Aubonville of the Bangurelian forces,” he said loudly. “A soldier never lays down his weapons!” Queen Budicca made a hand gesture and the man stepped back. Pan looked around for a moment; there really was no one carrying a weapon. He placed his combat knife and both pulse weapons on the table in front of him. An approving murmur was heard and Budicca said softly, thanking him for the wise gesture. He nodded and suppressed a question. Two, actually.

Budicca said he could ask, ask anything. Then she grabbed her forehead, “where have my manners gone?” and rose. She loosened her loincloth and let it fall to the ground. “With you, the Half-girls don’t wear loincloths and proudly show their cunts,” she said, looking haughtily around. Pan winced at the word cunt, for in Bangurel it was a vulgar expression. He had to admit, however, that she had a very nice clean-shaven private part. Budicca sat down and looked at him questioningly. He cleared his throat. Budicca was a household name in the old world, he said. She nodded, she had read about it in her youth, Budicca was a warrior princess who led the people of the Celts against occupation by the Romans and lost her life. He nodded and she added that she had taken the name when she was designated Queen, because she led the uprising of the Halffolk against the Bangurelians 25 years ago. “We were scattered to the winds, then we founded this city, Halfgard, and never met you Bangurelians again. I hope it stays that way.”

He was silent, for his camera documented everything. “But you had one more question, it seemed to me,” she said. He cleared his throat again and took a sip of red wine; it was heavy and sweet and of excellent quality. “You called me brother twice, that is not customary

in Bangurel.” It had puzzled him and her mysterious look puzzled him even more than her half-open cunt. She smiled long and put her hand on his arm. “I was born in the d’Aubonville household, was your father’s favorite lover throughout my youth, and am very likely a sister of yours. At least in the biological sense. I saw you in the military — our spies saw you — and I arranged to lure you here. I wanted to meet you face to face before I die. The spies have told so many tales that I have become very curious about you. I hope that answers your question.”

He relaxed; this was strong stuff, but it didn’t knock him down. “I lived with my parents for the first 8 years of my life, but I don’t remember you,” he said, though he knew the answer. “Yes,” Budicca said, “your father was a widower when I shared his bed, but when I was about 23, he married your mother when she became pregnant with you. I was originally supposed to be sold when I was 25, but I ran away. At the time I had been bad to your father, it was much later that I realized he was a man like all other men. He deflowered me before my 11th birthday and we lived like two lovers, making love every night, so many times, until he was exhausted. When I turned 23, his wife made all his friends, clients and visitors fuck me. I must have fucked hundreds, although my heart belonged only to him. I didn’t realize that at the time, my mistake!”

Budicca had wine poured for her and drank the cup in one go. “In those years, between 22 and 25, I experienced the same fate as all Half-girls. Fucking in itself was not a problem for me, even if four or ten men fucked me in turn until dawn I was far from exhausted. I felt betrayed by your father at that time and that offended me the most. After three years it was over, your mother ruled his house and wanted to sell me.” The Queen realized that she had closed the circle of her memory and remained silent.

Pan put his hand on her arm. Did she consider him an enemy, he asked softly. The Queen shook her head. “Not in the least, I consider you my brother! I bear no grudge against Bangurel in the meantime. I promised my people that there would be no war with Bangurel in my lifetime. I promised that all Halfs would be welcome and safe here in Halfgard. Far too much blood has been shed, Budicca has

shed far too much blood. Wine is better than blood.” She fell silent and he nodded in agreement. It would be better if Bangurel knew nothing of Halfgard, Budicca said quietly. He had lost his parents in that uprising, he said. Budicca’s hand squeezed him tightly. “I know,” she said softly and gently, “I murdered them, Budicca murdered them both.” The silence was cutting, the surrounding Halfs holding their breath. Pan looked at their intertwined hands. Was he holding the hand that had murdered his parents? “When I was 11, my master said that my parents had perished during the uprising, he accompanied me to their funeral. He said died, not murdered! I never had any doubts, my father was already 65, at that age many men die. My mother was only 32, but I never had any reason to doubt. They were victims of the uprising.” He kept silent guiltily, for he had not thought of them since the funeral.

Budicca now placed her second hand on his as well. “Perhaps one day you will be able to forgive me,” she said softly. He nodded. “It was a bloody riot, I’ve read about it,” he said graciously, “and then many die. As in every riot.” She nodded in agreement. “My bloodlust faded the moment I stabbed them. I vowed to lead my people without bloodshed, and that still holds true today.” Queen Budicca and Commander d’Aubonville held hands and fell silent.

The night had long ago fallen, the Queen awoke from her torpor. “Please stay, dine with us, and in the morning my men will escort you to your vehicle.” He thought for a moment and said he would have to notify his companion and the headquarters. The Queen nodded that the lockdown was about to be lifted. He could suddenly see into the Halfs’ mind and made radio contact with Isegrim. In a short, concise manner, he informed his partner about the most necessary things and agreed to contact him two hours after sunrise tomorrow. He was to report back and sleep it off, with a squad of Halfs keeping watch at the glider. He laughed that was literally so. So there would be radio silence until tomorrow, Isegrim said questioningly, and he confirmed that the Halfs were jamming the radio. Good night!

The dinner was excellent, he was the only one who had a knife and a pulser on his belt. The huge steak was excellent and he filled his stomach. A slender maid, who like the others had followed the

queen's example and discarded her loincloth, served him another grilled steak, twice the size of the first. She smiled that it was fresh antelope meat, that her husband had led the hunting party that had brought the wild boars and antelopes. She had rewarded the hunters, she said, all 14 of them. Pan raised his eyebrows, and she affirmed, all 14 of them, at night, again in the morning, and again in the afternoon. Yes, she confirmed, she had fucked all 14 in succession and she had some of that, some nice orgasms. Her fingers played thoughtlessly with her labia while she proudly reported how she had fucked all 14 hunters sportily and passionately. So she thanked all the hunters every time they brought back the prey and her husband unharmed. Her husband was not only the leader of a hunting troop, but also the best fucker far and wide. She was one of the Queen's personal handmaidens; she had to bathe every man who came to the Queen and examine his cock, so that none came to Budicca sick. She nodded respectfully to Pan and said she had heard the reports of how good he was at fucking, and if he didn't know where he could spend that night, she would be happy to warm his body, very happy indeed! With a beautiful and fucking seductive look in her eyes, she said goodbye and went back to her work.

The strong red wine had gone a bit to his head and he drank only fruit juice after that, the Queen drank strong liquor. The cigarettes were as strong as cigars and the conversation with the Queen went wonderfully and fluidly, he got a good overview of life in Halfgard. He waited until the others settled down a little farther away and had their own conversation.

He leaned close to Budicca's ear as he named the problem. The cameras were recording fully automatically at intervals, that would tell Bangurel about them and Halfgard. There was no way to manipulate the camera as long as he wore the uniform. The queen laughed as loudly as if he had made a dirty joke. She took his head very gently in both hands and whispered in his ear. She would be glad that he was such a righteous man, she didn't expect that, or did, a little bit. She kissed his ear. The Halfs knew about the camera, of course. His navigation equipment would not have recorded a route. His camera would show, when he returned, that he had been sitting around the Halfs' campfire, still fucking a dozen Half-girls and Half-women un-

til dawn. She giggled like a bashful schoolgirl, the fucking was her idea, for that he was a busy fucker had been reported in detail by the spies. He laughed along with her, because if the Halfs did it right, there would be no danger to Halfgard.

The Queen suddenly grew serious. She couldn't decide which Half-girl he wanted to spend the night with, she said. There was a great surplus of men, all the Half-women were married and out of the question. There would be no unmarried Half-girls to choose from either, that was why they were not married yet, because they were much too young to be fucked. Pan thought far too long, the wine, the goddamn wine! Was she married, he asked ponderously, and she replied, No, her body belonged to everyone in her people! He looked at her uncomprehendingly. She had already reached the end of her life at 49, but everyone from her people was allowed to spend the night in her bedchamber. She looked smilingly into the round. My people have grown to 40,000, and she has shared the bed with maybe everyone over the age of 12. With some more than once. Everyone, every night, and as often as they wanted, she repeated. Sometimes three or more if they were friends. She liked that very much, there she also really had something from it. As often as it could be done, she took several men at the same time, she loved these intense orgasms.

He looked at her very kindly and asked. No, she replied, she never laid with women or girls, although many among her people loved lesbianism at times, but she herself did not at all. And to your second question, she continued, the boys were not allowed to fuck officially until they had lain with her, the Queen, their first night at 12. Budicca hastily drank a cup of liqueur and laughed good-humoredly. She liked the young boys very much in her bedchamber, they could fuck for hours, many continuously, and with some she suspected they had practiced with the girls before that. She grinned wryly. She was even sure about some of them, she said, but so what – if the girls wanted to have their fun!

Whether she was still free tonight, he asked with a grin, or if many groups had already signed up? They both laughed and she kissed him right on the lips. She had never fucked a Bangurelian since the Upris-

ing, it had been 25 or 30 years ago. But she could make an exception for her brother. “I thank you for that,” he said, kissing her on the lips as well, “but tell me, how can I be your brother?”

Budicca gathered her thoughts. “I am convinced of it, and I can explain it to you.” His father was a rich man, about 50 gonnie girls lived in his yard. He loved the young and very young gonnie girls beyond measure and fathered many halves with them. When the Halves were 10, he sold them for good money to his friends and their wives, respectively. This was so common, because all decent wives wanted to have Halves as good fuckers in the house. Many wives only fucked their sex toys, the persistent, well-hung Halves, who fucked much better than their husbands. I was the only Half-girl he fathered, because no one was allowed to fuck his gonnie girls and gonnie women except him. My mother was 14 when she gave birth to me. I wasn’t even 11 when I was allowed to sleep with him and we cuddled for months before he fucked me. He was very considerate and tender. He taught me to masturbate and make him cum because that’s not what gonnie girls or halves usually do. He enjoyed it very much, but also his fingers could give me much nicer orgasms than I could give myself. Maybe you know that gonnie women masturbate very often and liked to be fucked even more. We spent the nights that first year in sensual intoxication, he very slowly preparing me for fucking. We practiced fucking continuously without him damaging my hymen. One evening he gave a feast for the two of us, it was incredibly romantic. He lit the fire in me and deflowered me gently and tenderly. I lay in his bed for the next twelve years before he had to marry your mother. He had tears in his eyes the first time she ordered me to fuck with his four friends all night long.”

Budicca drank a cup of liquor in one gulp and leaned her head against his shoulder. “Your mother was not a good person and I hated her so much at the time that I had to kill her. She never let your father come to my bed again, nor was he allowed to come fuck at the campfires. She brought in men every day with whom I had to fuck. She forced your father to watch and I made the best of the situation. I had many orgasms and looked your father in the eyes during each orgasm. So somehow we were still connected to each other. Your mother banned me from the library last year, which I had been

able to visit since I was 10 years old and became an educated woman. She hit me hard with that, because I almost memorized your father's books that he had collected about the ancient kingdom of England. That's how I got my name."

Budicca clung to his arm even tighter. "I have regretted killing your parents every day since. It took me a long time to realize that your mother's twisted jealousy was her way of loving. But at that time, during the uprising, I was driven only by hatred and revenge. I rammed my combat knife into her vagina and slashed her up to the chin. I tore out her heart and threw it out through the window into the blazing night. I held your father in my bloodied arms until he bled to death. We had a little time left to whisper to each other. He had jumped into my knife to protect your mother from my fury. His last words were to me. "Conlay, I should have stayed with you, I should never have married the human woman!" Conlay, that was my name then, before I became Budicca. My bloodlust was gone with his soul. I buried your father honorably in the garden, I owed him that."

Pan sat up straight, not moving a muscle. He was overwhelmed to hear about the true end of his parents, but they had never been close to him, not before they died. And after the funeral, he never thought of them again. His parents' house had gone up in flames during the uprising, Budicca had had it set on fire. That was in the records, he had read that. It also said that the Comtur d'Aubonville and his wife had perished in the flames. He believed Budicca's report; she had no reason to lie. But he did not feel the slightest emotion. Budicca had led an uprising, a few dozen people had perished, but many thousands of Halfs had been brutally killed.

He had thought about the uprising at the time, and it had always seemed to him an injustice by the government. This was not a heroic struggle, as sung about, but the slaughter of a minority who were rebelling against being reduced to their fuck talent. Although he, like all men of his time, lived the excessively macho, regarded women as second-class people and also saw their *raison d'être* as being only to fuck and have children, although he saw no problem at all in the fact that gonnies ran the households of the farms and were otherwise, like the halves, only there to fuck and get fucked, he had realized in the

course of his life how crooked, slanted, unjust and basically depraved this society was.

Human women had grown accustomed to their limited role over the millennia, and apart from the dominas, none rebelled against it. They had become masters at using sex as currency and a means of combat. There was a cynical word: *The man, that is the head, who determines where it should go*.

*The woman, that's the neck, who knows how to turn the head!*

The Gonnies had learned to keep house for the people, in return they got protection for their huts and campfires and were rewarded with the best food. They insanely liked to fuck the humans because they had big genitals. The Gonnies were proud to carry the children of the humans. The Halfs took great pride in being held in high esteem as the better fuckers by the wives, but they were unhappy with this role. Many Halfs died by suicide before they were 40. Pan realized that Halfgard was the salvation for many Halfs. Here they were among themselves, could become respected hunters, food producers or wine growers. As far as he could find out in the short time, the people of Halfgard were as sex-obsessed as the people of Bangurel, but no one here kept them as sex slaves. Here they were not despised half-breeds. They fucked here on a whim, Budicca said, there was a male surplus of 1:10. Each woman could statistically take ten lovers a night, and quite a few did, she grinned.

He drank his fruit juice and smoked the heavy cigarettes. Budicca rested on his arm and had a whispering conversation with a gray-haired man who pressed his erect cock against her legs as if by chance. He understood their gonnie language very well and got that it was about the next hunt and the hunters, obviously many hunters wanted to go hunting at the same time, but that was not good. The stock of the animals had to be able to recover and one should hunt only so many animals that they could feed the people. Budicca strongly advocated this, because the good man would have liked to give his friends more hunts. Pan was impressed by how kindly and skillfully Budicca handled what was obviously a delicate subject. Judge not by words but by deeds, Master Guo had said a thousand times. When the guy had left, Budicca grinned mischievously and

said, “They try it every few weeks, but I’ll stand firm on that. They imagine they can impress me with a hard cock. But I’m only interested in cocks in my bed. And more than once one rubbed on my leg until it squirted in a high arc on my thighs or my cleft! I laugh at them, because that does not impress me. They should really know that, but they don’t really believe it.”

The feast wound down, friends and guests said more or less formal goodbyes, and Budicca rose. She took Pan’s hand and led him to her private chambers. He was bathed by maids and the maid from before examined his cock thoroughly. She smiled endearingly as she handed him a much too small white tunic. “You can visit me later,” she whispered coyly, “the Queen is a master, but I’m much younger and I really fuck very passionately!” Pan nodded kindly but not approvingly and bent down to step into Budicca’s bedroom.

Budicca was lying on the bed, naked, bathed and lightly perfumed. The bed was huge! There was room for a few lovers. He let the tunic slide to the floor and placed the battle dress and weapons on the floor before lying down with Budicca. She was even more beautiful than he had been allowed to see before. Her face and clean-shaven head looked aristocratic, her snow-white back hair was wavy and curled around her slender body. Only now he could see her breasts, they were amazingly small and roundish. He had only had a few Half-girls before and they all had large to huge breasts. Her hairless cleft was also small, like the clefts of young girls. Budicca seemed to have guessed his thoughts and said that her cunt had remained beautiful despite thousands of lovers. “Come, my brother, lie with me!” He broke away from the sight of her and slid down beside her. “My little sister,” he said tenderly, “my little sister!” He was almost twice her size and took her in his arms. She lay on top of him and smiled, “may it be a beautiful night!”

Budicca was really a master in fucking. Unlike the human women, she was the more active part, he had heard that many times. The Half-girls in Bangurel, the few he knew, had apparently adapted to the passive nature of the human women. Now, however, he experienced a Half-woman who was quite different. Budicca had sat up and was inserting his cock with her hand. She drew in the air sharply

as his big part entered her tight little hole and dilated her. “The first man–cock in an eternity,” she whispered. Then she fucked him until dawn. After hours, as they lay wearily side by side, she asked, slightly mockingly, if he still wanted to go to Walla. He didn’t understand, he said, and she smiled, the hunter’s wife, the maid who had washed and tested his cock. He played dumb, but Budicca laughed up. “I may be old already and my life is coming to an end soon, but I am neither stupid nor deaf yet!” He had to laugh now, too, and told her how one thing had led to another. And that he would not even dream of going to another one now. Budicca smiled wisely, saying that Walla really had fire up her ass and fucked everything that wasn’t up in the trees. That was just the way she was. He said that after such a beautiful night he just wanted to sleep blissfully and gratefully by her side. They dozed slowly tightly entwined.

Not even a minute passed when a soft voice whispered asking if she could come in. Without waiting for an answer, Walla slipped through the curtain. She was wearing only the open vest that was supposed to cover her large breasts. Whispering, she said that she had waited outside until they were ready and now she wanted to join them. Budicca grinned and nudged Pan with her elbow, “I told you so!” and symbolically made a little room. Walla dropped her vest and immediately snuggled up to him. Budicca said he was much too exhausted, but his tail proudly raised its strong little head. Walla swung herself on him without a word. She did not use her hands and sought his glans with her vaginal entrance. She fucked Pan with wild passion and exploded almost immediately.

Budicca pulled a pout and grumbled what she should do now... and Walla gasped, “my teats, dear mistress, my teats!” So it happened that Walla fucked him mercilessly and Budicca took her teats in her mouth. With this, she excited Walla to such an extent that she staggered from orgasm to orgasm. He was in no hurry to cum, because what Walla was doing to him was the highest art, the purest master class. He felt the difference of course, the young girl fucked much more athletically and selfishly than Budicca. He didn’t even count her orgasms anymore, she fucked him like a steam engine with strained expression on her face. Budicca licked her teat with abandon and when Walla’s arousal rose, she bit wildly into the girl’s teat, caus-

ing an immediate orgasm. After some time Walla went limp and Pan laid her on her back. He could see from the corner of his eye that Budicca was almost finished masturbating. He quickly penetrated the young girl's tight vagina and fucked her in good soldier fashion. He watched Budicca's masturbation quite intently, for he had rarely seen a Half-wife or a Gonnie-wife masturbate, only some very young Gonnie-girls who were too young to fuck. Budicca looked at him guiltily and shame-filled, she had not masturbated for many years. He stroked her inner thigh while he fucked Walla hard. Walla orgasmed quite hard at the wild thrusting of the big cock, she clawed at him and suppressed her cries with difficulty. He watched Budicca orgasm and thrust wildly spurting into Walla's subsiding orgasm that lasted for many seconds. He rolled between the women and gasped for air.

"I heard he was leaving again as early as today, I just had to come, Mistress!" said Walla quasi-apologetically, but Budicca did not reply. She kept one hand pressed vibrantly on her cleft and only after a long time said that this should not happen again, she could go now. Walla kissed him passionately on the mouth, picked up her vest and went out. Budicca's hand vibrated on her cunt for minutes after, she relaxed and exhaled deeply as she snuggled against him. He hugged Budicca very gently and nodded as she whispered, watching him had aroused her greatly as she rarely masturbated, not for years. They fell asleep close together.

"Good morning, mistress!" whispered the two young girls and pulled the sheet from Budicca and him. They washed her and Pan with wet cloths. Pan was immediately wide awake and watched as the girls cleaned Budicca's vagina of semen quite carefully and conscientiously. He grinned wryly because Budicca's clit immediately rose up and stood out boldly. Maybe he was just imagining that the girls only let go of Budicca after she had a tiny, gentle orgasm. But Budicca didn't let on. While Budicca was getting dressed, the girls came over to him and scrupulously washed his cock. He suppressed any movement, yet his cock became burstingly stiff. The girls rubbed vigorously and withdrew.

He stopped Budicca before they left. He wanted to visit them again, he said, but could only do it sometime in the future, he did not give an exact time. He said how glad he was to have a sister, they still had a lot to talk about his parents and their lives. Budicca nodded in agreement. He still had something on his mind. He wanted to ask her to then show him the technology they used to jam the radio. That was a significant technology for the military, he said. She nodded after a moment's thought, saying she would show him next time. Then they went to breakfast. When they said goodbye, she said he could take a message for her to any adult Half, she would get it within a day.

He was on his way back with a squad of gunmen when he suddenly realized that the jamming device had been turned off. He immediately contacted Isegrim and ordered the glider to the last location. He was at the rendezvous point shortly after the glider and thanked the escorts in Gonnish. They turned without a word and left. Isegrim received him wordlessly as usual, but no sooner had the glider turned than he sputtered off. In the middle of the night, at 04:23, he had been awakened by soft pulse shots. The gravel and rocks behind the glider splashed up and he recognized a pack of hyenas, or large wild dogs, retreating fearfully a few feet. He fired two of the rear guns into the pack and the animals scampered away yowling. A few turned back briefly, taking their dead comrades in their mouths. He had thanked his invisible protectors with flashing signals and over the outside loudspeaker, but they didn't show.

Good job, Pan said, then reported. He repeated Budicca's tall tale, inwardly ashamed to lie to his partner. But it had to be done. Isegrim kept silent, offended, because he would have liked to join in the fucking with the Halfs. But Pan was the commander and he was not. They flew the predetermined route quickly and returned to King Leonidas-base the next day. He had been proud until now to serve unconditionally like the legendary King of Sparta. Now his stomach clenched as when talking to Lan, he was about to commit treason. He knew the laws word for word, he knew perfectly well that it was treason. They reported back correctly.

One of his captains went to the control center with his and Isegrim's camera and the dictated report. Pan had dictated a wishy-washy rationale to go with the footage. The captain returned with a broad grin. "Bad news first," he grinned, "they want to see you in fifteen minutes!" He paused theatrically. "Now the good: you fucked 11 Half-wives that night! That's probably a new record!" The bystanders grinned and jeered except for Isegrim, whom he had already told. Pan squared his shoulders and walked into the control room.

He saluted as instructed and sat down. The 5 generals looked on with studied indifference, so could he. They ran Isegrim's notes and then his as well. Pan saw with his own eyes that the Halfs had done a good job. He had to grin, his notes showed him ordering Isegrim's retreat, going along with the troop of Halfs to their campsite, the campfire, spit-roasted rabbit and then endless palaver in Gonnish language, then fucking for hours.

The chairman puffed out his cheeks, dereliction of duty, leaving the patrol, sex on duty. Pan held valiantly against it, it was very much part of the patrol's duties to follow up on important leads. He had questioned the Halfs quite correctly about how many and which groups of Halfs roamed the woods. He grinned slyly, for none of the officers spoke Gonnish well enough to follow the palaver. The fucking, well, that was debatable. He had followed the customs of the Halfs on the one hand, that wasn't entirely wrong from his point of view. But, of course, he had violated the general service regulations, no sex on duty! He would have to leave it up to them to accept it or kick him out. Either way, he would accept their judgment. He waited in the corridor, grinning insolently. Kick him out? That's what he wanted to see!

Of course they weren't kicking him out. He had an impeccable reputation, had developed and introduced the new textbooks etc. in his spare time without pay. Helped to design the new armaments orders. No, they simply couldn't kick such a fellow out. What had he actually done wrong? Who could blame him for going through a few Half-wives? At the end, the chairman gave another admonishing speech, discipline, setting an example, and more garbage. In conclusion, unworthy conduct. That's it.

Unworthy conduct. Enough, Pan stood up and reminded the chairman that a good 47 years ago, on April 12, he received an admonition for unworthy conduct because he was two hours late for duty after a visit to a brothel. He stomped to the door without a greeting and slammed it shut. In the corridor he shouted that they could kiss his ass! Then he calmly walked back to his comrades.

# The Tali Girls

by Jack Faber © 2023

The planet Talingur was the one that Baal's student and companion Vanessa had explored millennia ago. The pirates had conquered Talingur and murdered the Valurian explorers and Vanessa. The pirates had supplied Bangurel with the nutritious yumma-fruit for millennia, and the yumma-trees became an important part of Bangurel agriculture. Yumma was tasty when cooked and was a staple food like the potato on ancient Earth. When cooked, the fruit lost its deadly poison and was highly nutritious.

Along with the yumma, the pirates also supplied female slaves of the Tali-people, which were the most expensive slaves on Bangurel. Since the slave trade was at least officially forbidden, the pirates could hardly smuggle in more than a few dozen female slaves a year, despite the well-lubricated corruption. Only the richest and most powerful could afford the slave girls, which were sold only in pairs. They were sinfully expensive.

The Tali were black-skinned, tall, and humanoid. Genetically they were different from Humans, Halfs and Gonnies, so they could not produce offspring with them. Tali-men were never exported, they had little value to the pirates. Tali were very muscular and moved very gracefully. They consistently had large to very large breasts, very small, remarkably tight vaginas, and a giant cock. This was the specialty: tall, slender girls with large breasts and a huge cock. This was the result of feeding on the natural yumma, a giant cock and a huge sexual appetite. The few human women whose husbands could afford a pair of Tali raved about how wonderfully the Tali fucked them. Much better than the talented Half-boys, a hundred times better than their husbands and like the petty gonnies. The women would give anything to fuck Talis. However, the Tali could not afford women's brothels.

The Tali had long since learned Interlingua, which was also spoken on Bangurel. They had no desire to work at all, they took care almost exclusively of their own personal hygiene and made themselves beautiful, fragrant and sexy. Only with the children of the humans and the gonnie they had an intimate relationship, they played endlessly with the small humans, one left them the children very gladly. The Tali let the children snack on the uncooked poisonous yumma, their staple food, and grinning let the children fuck them when they were sexed up from the poison. It was a real feast for them when an immature boy deflowered an immature girl and fucked her insanely. The mothers screamed in horror and separated the fucking children, but the Tali would not let this shameful act go. During the day, the Tali and the children cuddled naked in their beds, stroking and massaging the little ones and teaching the boys how to fuck. It was exasperating, already at 5 or 6 these girls lost their hymen. The Tali had no conscience and knew no taboos. They were just sex slaves and sex toys, so who or what was to stop them from abusing children?

The Tali fucked the mistress every night until her cries of orgasm became quieter and she was completely exhausted from orgasming. The big dicks brought the women to orgasm without any effort, that's why they were so popular. The horny women grabbed the Tali's big breasts and pumped up and sucked and licked the Tali's teats, who were very fond of giving breast to the women while fucking them. The women bit hard on the teats because the Tali loved that to orgasm and then the Tali cum in her widely stretched vagina. The tali squirted in solid, thick jets and made the women scream lustily in orgasm.

The Tali also fucked each other sometimes, but the vaginas of the Gonnie and the Halfs were much too small for their big cocks. Sometimes the husbands fucked the Tali, but the Tali were not very enthusiastic about it. The husbands had decent dicks, but they didn't last long and squirted off way too fast, barely after the Tali got warm. But they were very happy to be fucked by the gonniemen, whose dicks were just the right size for their tight vaginas and also lasted long enough for the Tali to orgasm. The hardworking gonnie men held the big black cocks in their hands when they fucked a Tali to or-

gasm and jerked her off into the air with their fists rubbing. Gonnies and Tali got along excellently sexually and socially.

Just before the last war with the pirates, the latter had managed to smuggle in several large loads of Tali female slaves into Bangurel. The right hands had been greased, the right eyes looked the other way, and so hundreds of thousands of Tali came to Bangurel. Prices fell, many wives sold their Halfs to the brothels and enjoyed two loin-strong Tali they could finally afford. Many a wife experienced her first vaginal orgasm while fucking the Tali. An attentive sociologist would notice how relaxed and detached the wives seemed since then.

Pan, of course, had not been thrown out. The officers of the control center left him in peace, his rude behavior was not commented on in any way and was quickly forgotten. He performed his duties as usual, went on patrol with Isegrim every 4 weeks, and there were no upsets. Once there was almost a scuffle in the officers' mess, which his enviers tried to instigate. But before it really got going, a shadow flitted past him. Isegrim punched the ringleader in the nose so hard it cracked. It was over before it began. He glanced at his partner, words were not needed.

With one of the captains, Ben, he came into an almost friendly contact. Ben was about 10 years older, but like Pan, he served entirely in the spirit of King Leonidas. After a few weeks of training together, he voiced some thoughts that were very well observed and Pan immediately changed the curriculum. He was grateful to Ben for bringing the perfectly valid criticism to the one-on-one meeting. Ben didn't need a circus; that was a very pleasant side of him. He was also the first to be carefully questioned by Pan to find out his attitude to the present government and to a change of power. He was pleasantly surprised at how much Ben shared his disdain for those currently in power, and at the same time his conviction that the military should not be allowed to derive justification for a coup from it. Change of power yes, if it brought an improvement. The military was a significant force and it had to be carefully considered whom to support. Ben, he felt, was an honest, reliable person he could trust.

Naturally, they also talked about private matters. Like him, Ben went home in the evenings and mingled with the Gonnies around the campfire. Unlike him, he had a preference for the older or pregnant gonnies with lots of fucking experience. He had fathered a good 100 halves with the gonnie women in the 25 years, all sons he had given away to friends or their wives. Many of his friends were not as wealthy as he was, so he could give them something really valuable. He was married to a good, rich woman who had borne him three daughters and, despite loving him dearly, was less interested in fucking him. She had some well-built Halfs for years that sometimes gave her good orgasms. Ben had bought her two Tali before the war and she was really in seventh heaven since then. The Tali now made her scream blissfully every night, and from the beginning his wife wanted Ben to be present when he could. Pan had no experience with the Tali yet, so Ben told.

Ben's wife Lia was actually very used to masturbating quite a bit every night, as the Halfs didn't make her orgasm often enough. That changed with the Tali, they fucked the mistress one after the other and quickly brought her to 100. She orgasmed for over an hour, over and over until she was completely satisfied. Ben had fucked both Tali in the beginning and enjoyed it for a while too. The girls' big breasts got his blood pumping and fucking them was also somewhat nice. It increasingly alienated him that the Tali squirted at him during orgasm. The big black cocks twitched and squirted at him. He cleared his throat and said he rarely fucked the Tali anymore.

Pan told Ben that he mostly fucked the very young gonnie girls, the older or pregnant ones only on a case-by-case basis. He had fathered only a handful of halves, seven boys and two girls. The older girl, Conara, was already 16 and was being trained as a healer by the old healers, that had been her expressed wish. She was sexually very reserved in terms of fucking and much preferred to masturbate. As far as he knew, he was the only one she fucked, and she only let herself be fucked lying on her back like no other Half-girl. She was pretty inept at fucking and didn't orgasm when she was fucked. He had asked her to masturbate after fucking, which was perfect for her. He had asked her a few times if she wanted to fuck at all and she had

replied that her heart was in it when she fucked him, but she had no desire at all to fuck other Humans, Halfs or Gonnies.

The younger daughter, Binara, was already 9, almost 10, and very inquisitive. She had a lot of trust in him and slept in his bed every night, but he thought she was still too young to be fucked. She watched very carefully when he fucked a gonne girl or her sister. When the latter had gone, they cuddled together, kissed and caressed each other, she loved to play with his cock and he liked that very much. She waited to masturbate until they stopped caressing, then she pressed herself tightly against his body and always masturbated very quickly. A few weeks ago she had asked if she could fuck with a playmate or wait for him to deflower her? He had hugged and kissed her very gently, of course she was allowed to be fucked if she wanted it herself. She need not wait for him, but surrender when the desire came from herself and not only from the boyfriend. She thought, no, it was his wish, not mine! Pan smiled, he had taught his daughter one important thing. He had promised her at that moment never to sell her to a brothel, because he thought that was wrong. She should think about how she wanted to live. The child thought for a long time. Conara, the older sister, had waited until 12 to let her father deflower her. She had chosen a good job at 15, and she wanted to fuck only one man, him. She liked that, she wanted to follow Conara's example. The playmate would have to find someone else to fuck, Binara laughed.

He didn't tell Ben about Fyy. All his sons had fucked the Android long before they were 12. But it was so wonderful to explore the artificial girl's body caressingly. Fyy waited until the little penis was erect and let the boy fuck. She was an excellent teacher and taught the sons to fuck the gonne women to orgasm. Conara never lay down with Fyy, but Binara did. When the father was away, she took "her girl" to bed with her and blissfully rubbed herself against her beautiful body while masturbating. As a child, she believed for a very long time that Fyy was alive. — No, Ben didn't need to know that Fyy was his perfect assistant and he fucked her sometimes.

Ben had even invited him to dinner at his house once, that was a special honor. The daughters were sent to bed after dinner, he fol-

lowed Ben into a large room. It was the bedroom of Lia. He clutched his whiskey glass and smoked hastily, for he had an inkling of what was to come. Lia, a 35-year-old with a still impressively beautiful figure, was undressing to the beat of ingratiating music. She really was still a beauty and Pan whispered to Ben if it was really okay? Ben replied that it had been her express wish! Pan sat back reassured and looked at Lia's shaved cleft. She was too old for him, of course, but she had a decidedly beautiful body. Now the two naked Tali girls entered. He leaned forward and looked at the beautiful girls. They were certainly not yet 20; on their heads alone they had frizzy hair with jewels woven into it. Otherwise their bodies were completely hairless, in keeping with the fashion. The strikingly large breasts were very firm, the teats much longer than usual, long and stiffly erect. But the cocks, my God, they were a hammer! Big, black like the body and the glans light pink, they had barely a foreskin. They lay down next to the mistress and stroked her intensely, especially Lia's little clit. After a few minutes, one of them mounted Lia, whose vagina widened obediently as she slowly penetrated. Lia began to gasp as the girl fucked her and Pan could see very clearly how her black piston fucked Lia firmly and quickly. Lia screamed loudly at her first orgasm and a bit quieter at the next ones, but her scream expressed pleasure and sexual satisfaction. Lia had the girl's breast in her mouth while fucking and bit the teat very hard before the orgasm so that the girl gasped hornily. The bite into the teat triggered the Tali's orgasm immediately. When the girl paused to cum, Pan realized how the Tali's black-pink vagina contracted and dilated in rhythm with the squirting. He wiped the sweat from his brow as the Tali took turns and the second girl rapidly penetrated Lia's vagina. The second fucked much faster and wilder, Lia's cries grew louder and louder and at the end her scream rang for long seconds, then died away. Lia let go of her breast and in sexual turmoil bit very hard into the girl's teat, who gasped loudly in response. The tali girl orgasmed instantly and squirted into Lia's vagina for quite a long time.

The mistress hugged and kissed the girls before they went out. She wiped her vagina with a little cloth and came to them naked. She kissed Ben quite lovingly and thanked him for getting her nicely aroused by watching and for bringing his famous friend. Ben replied, just as you commanded, my love! Lia turned to Pan and sat on his

lap. This was not unseemly at this time, on the contrary. With one hand he supported her back and the other rested in her lap. How he would have liked her fucking with the Tali, she asked kindly and moved forward so that his fingertips slid into her cleft, this was quite normal in those days.

He expressed his admiration for the masterfully fucking Tali and how impressive her, Lia's, orgasms were. He said he was very impressed with how passionately she fucked and so hornily excited Tali's breasts with her mouth and lips. He had never seen it necessary to bite a Tali's teat to make her squirt immediately. Lia smiled, with the bite she could control whether Tali would cum before, during or after her own orgasm. And you had to bite really hard, because only a bloody bitten teat earned her respect. Did he want to fuck a tali girl? she asked cooing, and he shook his head in the negative, a Tali girl probably couldn't fuck half as well as the mistress. Lia's eyes sparkled as she asked if he would rather fuck her? Very cautiously, he declined the offer, though she did press her clit on his fingertips. He didn't need to look at Ben, it was the only correct answer. Ben finished his drink, then the two men left Lia's bedchamber.

Ben escorted him out the front door and he thanked him for the evening. "You could have had her, my friend" said Ben, "it would have been her wish, but you couldn't have known that. She had been babbling for days about nothing but fucking with the famous commander!" Ben saw the surprise on his face. "That's fine with Lia and me, we give each other free choice. She takes who she wants, and it is her express wish that I be there! I gave her the Tali for her birthday, she's been happier and rounder since then than she's been in years! And of course I would have agreed, that shouldn't have stopped you, old friend!" Pan got into the glider and said he was sorry if he had offended her, but Ben waved it off, oh no! He rode the glider home in silence. The campfire had already burned down, the gonnies had gone to sleep.

Conara and his youngest lay panting in his bed, and he could guess how the two fairies had passed the waiting time. Half-girls loved to masturbate for hours, it was quite alright that way, it was proper. He was still totally horny from Lia's fucking with the Tali and

fucked Conara over and over again, so that she just screamed with pleasure. Binara, the younger one, pressed herself very close to her sister's body and masturbated very fast. He had Lia and the Tali girls in mind and didn't want to stop fucking Conara and watching Binara's masturbation. At some point his semen was used up, his lust satisfied. He lay down between his daughters and hugged one on the left, one on the right. His hands stroked the beautiful soft fur on their backs and the girls purred like kittens. After a long silence, when their breathing had calmed down, Conara whispered in his ear if he had noticed that she had orgasmed several times while fucking, for the first time ever? He nodded and lied, Yes, of course! But he hadn't noticed anything, he had only seen the Tali fucking Lia and making her scream. Even now he could feel the wet, hot hell of Lia's clit in his fingertips. He scolded himself for turning down what must have been a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to fuck a Tali girl, even though he somehow knew they were too old and too routined for him. That he had rejected Lia, however, was quite damn stupid. She was also too old in her mid-thirties, but he had never seen a human woman fuck so passionately, and he had seen several fuck like that. But that she was Ben's wife had determined his decision. That she was a jewel he hadn't picked right away was something he thought about and resented for a long time. He would maybe approach Ben for a second chance. He kissed his girls on the hair and immediately fell asleep, although his daughters were still masturbating pressed tightly against him.

He visited Domina Ileana and her Tea as usual, but she stopped talking about the change of power. He read in her mind that it was not yet time. Lan knew how much he was interested in Dominas masturbating and fucking and played him many secretly made recordings. This was always good to fuel his lust. The lesbian scenes didn't arouse his lust at all anymore, his original curiosity was satisfied and it didn't interest him anymore. Their political conversations became very intense again, as he too wanted to know about the mistakes, corruption and shortcomings of the clergy and politicians. Their sexual perversions only confirmed his conviction of how abysmally depraved the upper classes were. And how their faults hindered the growth, prosperity and advancement of society.

He stopped his glider in front of a brothel, went inside and picked out a gray-haired Half. The man nodded unobtrusively when the uniformed commander asked him if he could relay a message for Mistress Budicca. He knew no word for Queen in the Gonnie language. The old man deftly accepted his letter placed in a folded bill and barked loudly at him, “there were other houses for boy love, damn it!” Pan suppressed his grin and immediately went out cursing loudly. It was very clever how the Half had reacted knowing about the omnipresent spies. He went to the King Leonidas-base and talked to his superior. He was given three days leave and allowed to borrow a glider to go to the southern forests to visit the free-roaming Halfs. His informants had given some squishy but interesting clues and he wanted to follow up on that. The general was very kind, qualifying the three days not as leave but as a special mission and he would be allowed to choose any glider he wanted. Delighted, he went to the equipment master and picked out one of the ancient gliders. It has no automatic camera and no independent location recognition, the old stuffmaster warned him, in an emergency he was on his own. Pan confirmed that was just as well on the special mission. It was far more difficult to shake off Ben and Isegrim. Of course they didn’t want to let him go alone and Isegrim had to see the secret mission on the screen with his own eyes. Which didn’t stop him from following Pan at an hour’s distance, that was just how he was, good Isegrim.

Pan set out before noon the next day, driving 6 hours through the southern woodlands, following the path from memory. Within sight of Halfgard, he parked the glider and signed out at the control center as instructed. The dispatcher asked him twice for his badge number to make sure he was on special assignment. Three days of radio silence, okay, but he had to notify General Podwin. Pan entered the immobilization code and locked the glider. When he descended, a squad of watchmen was already waiting for him. He had them carry the two gift baskets of choice wines and sweets for Budicca and Walla. A quarter of an hour later he entered Budicca’s palace hut.

Hundreds of halves stood crowded around the dais where Budicca sat. She stood up with difficulty, leaning on an ornate walking stick. She grinned broadly when he noticed her exposed abdomen. Good manners. He bowed respectfully before walking up to her and greet-

ing her with cheek kisses left and right. After the first words, he asked what was hurting her. She had caught a cold at the funeral in the pouring rain and lumbago had been gripping her tightly for 5 weeks. “I’m getting old, my brother,” Budicca said with theatrical drama, grinning broadly, “I’m not good for anything, certainly not for my favorite sport!” He nodded understandingly and asked about the funeral.

“Alas,” Budicca sighed, “once again two hunter clans fought out their differences with weapons. They stopped only when I went between the disputants with my handmaidens. A truce was agreed upon, as they received all my maidens for one night as a reward.” Budicca grinned broadly, “our Halfmen are no different from you Humans at all in this respect.” She was present at the burial of the 21 dead as guarantor of the truce, and the bad weather and rain had yet to be affected. An hour later, at sunset, the tables were set and a splendid supper was served.

A pretty young maid served him the huge, grilled pieces of wild boar and he listened carefully to Budicca, who told him about the events of the past 5 months. The Halfs lived their self-determined lives in much greater freedom than under the yoke of the humans, who were not good parents to the Halfs. Pan told her in detail how he treated his own Halfs, none of them were sold or put in a brothel. He considered them his sons, which they indeed were, and left them free to find new masters among his friends. 5 sons had done the same and were happy with their decision. 2 sons were not so far yet and lived in their Gonnie family, they had free access to his big library, thus to knowledge and had also enough gonnie women at the bonfire. They preferred the older ones because of their experience and the pregnant ones who were even keener on fucking than the others. They fucked the gonnie women deep into the night and were able to act out their natural urges. He also told about Conara and Binara, who grew up just as free. Yes, he answered with lowered eyes, Conara was already old enough and fucked only with him, she had much less sexual appetite than other Half-girls. Binara was only 10 and wanted to wait for him to deflower her when she was twelve. But it was her decision, not anyone else’s, she had learned that attitude from him.

But unlike Conara, she had the usual fire in her ass and masturbated pleausurably for hours on end, he grinned.

“And why aren’t your Halfchildren in Halfgard yet?” asked Budicca in a harsh undertone. Pan replied that he had not yet told anyone, not even his Halfs, a dying word about Halfgard, and would not do so even if it was treason. He served his conscience above all, not the rulers. They had proven often enough how venal their consciences were. Thoughtfully, Budicca asked how he dealt with his girls. Conara wanted to fuck him once or at most twice a week, and this was explicitly her wish, not his. Binara was quite different, she had always slept in his bed and was only allowed to watch when he fucked her sister, although she had long wanted to fuck him. Absolutely. But she was adult only with 12 and before it was out of the question for him, in no case. They cuddled and cuddled all the time without him losing his temper. She had really wanted to learn how to masturbate men to squirt and she had gotten to do it twice, but he didn’t really like it at all. She had plenty of fire in her ass, no doubt about it, but she had to settle for masturbating. Budicca nodded in agreement, she could well understand and accept his behavior, his attitude. That he was not a man like others, she had already noticed during the first visit.

Smiling, she answered his question where Walla was. She must have been sitting in the steam room for hours, making herself beautiful and fragrant. No, she would have no idea what she was up to. Pan kept silent, for he thought it a pity that Walla was making herself beautiful for a tête-à-tête. He swallowed his disappointment and inquired about the girls who had washed him in the morning during the last visit. Budicca feigned having to think for a long time and he had to laugh at her attempt. Budicca blinked briefly and joined in the laughter. She said that they were the twins Di and Do, quite good girls and maids. They were still untouched, that is, they were virgins. Whether he ... ? asked Budicca with a sidelong glance, but Pan shook his head. He only wanted to know if they were well or if they were also making themselves beautiful in the steam bath for a tête-à-tête. Budicca didn’t miss his bitterness, and she put a hand on his arm begrudgingly. “I may be an old, sick wreck and not a fiery woman as usual, but you certainly won’t have to spend the night in your oh-so-

comfortable glider in the cold, my love!” He was puzzled and muttered that he didn’t mind watching out for her lumbago while she fucked. Budicca smiled finely, and he could do nothing at all with that.

“Well, that’s settled then,” Budicca babbled perfunctorily, squeezing his arm. She had planned a visit to the Weaponsmith’s and Engineer workshops for tomorrow, he had been interested in the technology they used to disable the radio, after all. He nodded, he would have wanted to ask that soon. Some gray-haired men sat down with them and interesting topics relaxed. The men were apparently on Budicca’s advisory staff and asked him what he thought about Halfgard, how the politicians and military thought about Halfgard. He could not speak for others, only for himself.

He was convinced that the politicians and clergy would immediately subjugate Halfgard, that is, enslave or destroy it, no doubt about it. The military was firmly in the hands of the corrupt and not at all prepared to think for itself or even question orders. Orders had to be strictly obeyed only in war, but very few took advantage of the right of appeal. You look at the military all too theoretically in this respect! There were perhaps a few hundred good men who could think for themselves as he did, but the military consisted of 725,000 faithfully serving men. He would not report a word of Halfgard, he would never betray Halfgard and his sister Budicca. Only now did he notice that Budicca had hobbled off to pee but had not returned. He looked questioningly at the maid serving their drinks and she murmured in his ear that the mistress had already retired and that he should only discuss with the councilors while it lasted. He nodded, but did not want to stall the conversation.

The councilors shared his pessimism about politicians and the clergy, for they had experienced that themselves. But surely he, the Commander d’Aubonville, could speak for Halfgard, convince his comrades? He flatly refused. Halfgard’s secrecy was the only right thing to do; there was no room for lobbying in the military. He would continue to serve faithfully and not make a fool of himself. Or disappear into a quiet dungeon as an agitator. He told them that their reasoning was beautiful and noble, but terribly naive. He could only

warn them strongly not to underestimate the people, the Bangurelians. They were false, morally depraved and obsessed with power. Any negotiation would end in disaster. Enslavement or physical annihilation. That was his 100% opinion.

Most seemed to have understood him. One mentioned that the commander had apparently come knowingly in a blind, ancient glider so that he would leave no trace. He nodded in agreement, no camera, no locator. He would deliberately lie to his superiors because he thought it was the right thing to do. Period.

In the long silence, he asked the councilmen how they lived privately. Some said they were nearing 50 and at the end of their lives, they had no fire left in their asses and were devoted only to training the next generation of advisors for the Queen. Others said they had a large household and would participate in the sexual goings-on as long as they could. A few younger ones grinned wryly. What would come before them. No matter who. The grins were wider and broader. They all remained fair about it, there was no violence, no blackmail and no persuasion. All girls and women were available for fucking in one way or another, even lesbians. It was up to you how the women reacted to you. There was, of course, the problem that there were ten times as many men, but most women fucked 10 or more men in a row every day, so the problem wasn't really a problem. And everyone loved the variety and diversity, men and women alike. The gentlemen grinned in agreement, and the round gradually disbanded. He rose and took his leave for the night. He went to Budicca's bedchamber and sat down in the water basin in the anteroom. Two maids washed him and one thoroughly examined his cock. "A good cock, Commander," said the old maid, cradling the stiff part in her hand, "quite an excellent cock!" She cautioned him that the mistress was very frail, then he entered Budicca's bedroom.

His surprise was genuine. Budicca, yes, he had expected. But a second woman was lying next to her, cuddling and cuddling her horny mistress. Walla! He lay down on Budicca's other side, stroking her gently and gratefully, muttering, shaking his head, how immensely clever his jealousy was. He truly deserved to spend the night in the glider! Walla, of course, did not understand a word and bent to

him, beguiling him with elaborate French kisses. He slowly freed himself and whispered that his first seed belonged to the mistress! Walla nodded, that was only fair. He cuddled Budicca for a long time and mounted her carefully. Infinitely gentle and considerate, he fucked her. She gradually came to orgasm, which made her tremble only slightly. She looked at him radiantly and whispered that he could squirt now. He squirted only a little, because he didn't want to thrust her too hard in the finale.

Then Walla came. He stayed on his back, that's what she wanted. She smelled wonderful, looked beautiful and wanted to fuck him! And how! The fucking of the horny Half-woman overcame him like a whirlwind, she fucked him insatiably until early morning with blowing back fur. Like most Half-women, she fucked him lying on his back, because it was she who had to get her own orgasm. Without stopping, without pause. She gasped and moaned with each of her orgasms, which she worked diligently to achieve. She grinned mischievously and triumphantly when he squirted. He divided his strength as best he could, for the erection had to last for hours! Only towards morning did he grab her energetically by the hips, wildly ripping her back fur and squirting all over her from underneath. Walla orgasmed wildly and violently, then she slumped over him. It was over. When she caught her breath, she kissed the mistress and him, then silently scurried out.

Budicca had pressed against his body like Binara and had masturbated all night without stopping. Most of the Halfs and Gonnies masturbated the same way. They pressed their bodies very tightly against another, one leg hooked into the leg of the other. The fast rubbing fingers were forced between the bodies. At the orgasm the fingers let go and she pressed vagina and clit rubbing violently against the hip bones of the other, after a minute it started all over again. Conara, Binara and also Budicca masturbated like this. In orgasm, Budicca bit his biceps to stifle their cries. His upper arm was littered with small bloody bite marks and she made herself the last orgasm in Walla's finale. Her shrieking scream was muffled by his arm muscles. He had been watching Budicca's masturbation very carefully, she masturbated just like Binara very fast and without stopping. Sometimes he gave her an intimate French kiss after an orgasm, although

Walla fucked him mercilessly. Now Walla was gone and they dozed off tightly embraced.

The twins had come in silently and were washing them with warm, damp cloths. They washed Budicca's vagina conscientiously, then his cock, but without making it squirt. They stood in front of the bed in their diaphanous white tunics until one began to speak. "We are Di and Do, twins. The mistress has spoken to us and allowed us to lie with you if you like us. We are about to turn 16 and are adults, so it would not be wrong! We have never lain with a man before, and it would be a great honor for us if you made us both real women!" Budicca shrugged her shoulders hypocritically, sorry, she forgot to tell him that. He laughed out loud as she did and nudged her with his elbow. Budicca called out to an unseen servant to postpone the visit to the engineers until the afternoon.

He smiled at the beautiful girls, who were much smaller than the other Halfs, with delicate, fine skin and even faces. Only now did he realize what had fascinated him from the beginning. They were albinos, their eyes gleaming reddish. They had snow-white, beautifully coiffed long hair, which merged seamlessly into the likewise snow-white back fur. He held out both arms invitingly. "Come, lovely girls, lie with me!" They simultaneously dropped their robes, their breasts beautifully curved and small like Budicca's. Her pubis was naturally hairless and her clefts small and childlike. His mouth watered and his cock straightened greedily, these were girls completely to his perverted taste! Their bodies reminded him of Fyys body, he suddenly became aware.

Budicca made way as the girls lay down at his sides. He would first deflower them lying on their backs the human way, he said, then they would be allowed to fuck him the Half-girl way. The girls nodded in agreement. He kissed both of them in turn, alternately caressing the round breasts with the conspicuously pointed teats. He cuddled and cuddled the gentle hips and their little asses and saw that Budicca was quickly lighting the fire in the little clits. He sensed that one girl was ready and put her in fuck position. He had deflowered many girls and gonnie girls, he was very good at it. Considerately but vigorously he penetrated the small, tight vagina and the hymen tore with-

out hurting the girl. He fucked for a long time until the girl orgasmed. He squirted only a little bit, the night had been exhausting and the second child was already waiting impatiently. The girls exchanged places and he deflowered the second one just as gently. She gave a little giggle as her hymen tore. She also had a very tight vagina, but she fucked more actively than the sister and she gasped, “Mistress, the teats, please!” Budicca bit her teat until her orgasm broke loose. She clung to his arms as he squirted and held him tight until he stopped thrusting.

He lay down between the girls and they both said “Thank you!” at the same time. They all lay very still, only Budicca’s arms moving as she made the fire in their clits blaze. “We’ve only masturbated so far,” one said, “a lot and a lot and a long time!” and the other added, “We love masturbating a lot, but hopefully the Mistress will let us fuck men from now on!” Budicca moaned loudly, “Oh girls, you have so much to learn! You are not slaves, but free women of Halfgard! You take as many men as you can, as you want! There are thousands waiting for you outside the palace. So, enough chatter, I want to see you make the Commander happy!”

They swung on him one by one and fucked him until lunch. Budicca routinely triggered the girls’ orgasms and plopped her vagina on his cock. The girls were so full of fire that it didn’t take them long at all to shiver and jerk to orgasm. Pan held back the squirting, now it was the erection that was needed. He was overwhelmed by the fire that was driving the girls so madly, but he was completely finished by the time the sun was at noon. He grabbed one girl by the hips and squirted a bit, then grabbed the second girl and thrust wildly as he squirted violently. Then it was over. The twins washed their genitals and took the blood-spattered sheet with them.

He embraced Budicca and kissed her on the shaved head. He was infinitely grateful, he murmured, and exhausted to death. He thought his knees would give way at any moment, but he made it to the lunch table. He ate oodles, hungry and exhausted; he needed that now. Then they went to the engineers.

Chief Engineer Wengin greeted them warmly and they took their seats at a conference table. Pan was dead tired, but he didn't let on. Wengin was the oldest Half he had ever met, from the wrinkles he must have been 100 years old. Wengin shook his head, he was only 68 and could read minds, he was a trained telepath. He was the only one of his kind, he added. The clergy had strictly forbidden, on pain of death, training Halfs to be telepaths, hence. He did not mention who had trained him. Turning to Budicca, Wengin said that they had zeroed out the tracking device of the commander's companions and put the device out of commission with a software bug, that would explain everything. Pan asked with discomfort, which companions? The chief engineer said that half an hour after him, a modern glider had arrived about 500 meters behind his glider and was parked there in full view of his glider. Isegrim, it shot through Pan's mind. Militarily correct, but in disregard of his orders. The cameras? Pan asked, but the old man said they didn't need to be manipulated, all they could see was his parked glider.

Budicca had moved away and was conferring with the councilors. Pan could not tell how she was communicating. Wengin said he would be happy to explain the technical from telepath to telepath. He also showed the technique in pictures that floated above the table. Pan had paid close attention during his technical training by Fyy and understood the two devices right away. It was ingenious, yet not witchcraft. All the materials and technical requirements were known on Bangurel, only ingenuity was lacking, Wengin grinned. The mistress ordered to give you a copy, everything was prepared. Your engineers will have no trouble to replicate it.

Under his breath, Wengin asked about Irene Pongin. Pan flipped through his brain, Yes, she had retired as a general, had handed over leadership of engineering to Brigadier General Lesek two years ago. That was all he knew. Wengin rocked his vulture-like head back and forth. He had been her chief engineer and lover for almost twenty years, then the love affair blew up and he had to run off to Halfgard. He let Pan look into his memories. The young Half had conquered the heart of the 45-year-old maiden. He was her first and only lover, the intimate connection between Half and Human woman moved Pan.

He understood the man's desire to see her again. But it was hopeless. He could not enter her world, she could not enter his. Wengin knew perfectly well that she must not learn anything from Halfgard. But Pan suggested that he take General Irene with him on his next visit and drop her off in a clearing far away, where Wengin could entertain her without revealing Halfgard. Wengin grinned broadly. Entertain. All right. He bent down and squeezed Pan's hand. "You would do that for me?" Pan nodded grimly, he had "seen him" and he was one of the good guys.

The chief engineer looked at him seriously. "You do know that we are building weapons, very advanced weapons, to protect us from the Bangurelians?" Pan smiled, he knew it and thought it was right. The humans had no right, none at all, to enslave the Halfs. They had every right to live free and self-determined. Period! Wengin grinned, he hadn't heard that Period! for ages. Budicca rejoined them, and as he said goodbye, he squeezed Wengin's hand tightly. He had promised and would contact him through Budicca. They went over to dinner. Walla was not there again, he noted, but he enjoyed the steaks of lion meat. It had been delivered by Walla's hunters, they had captured 11 lionesses, they were probably the best hunters far and wide! He nodded kindly to the maid, but he still missed Walla.

Budicca had gathered the councilors around him after the meal, they had to be further convinced to hide Halfgard. The main argument was that Halfgard wanted many things from Bangurel. They had stolen all sorts of things so far, but a regulated trade would be better. Pan interjected sharply, what did Halfgard have to offer? Lion skins? Fine wine? The councilors fell silent. One of the younger ones took the floor. What people had always wanted from us: Sex. Pan remained silent, concerned. The Half continued. A few of the younger ones would be quite willing to prostitute themselves, to be sold to brothels, for the prosperity of all. Pan was silent and Budicca interfered. Two things only, two things. First, to betray everything that made Halfgard, she would never allow that, they would have to wait until she was dead. Alright? Checked.

Secondly, the Humans, and especially their wives, had long since stopped being so keen on fucking the Halfs. The new fuck buddies

were the Tali girls and they had information that some powerful ones were already conducting secret negotiations with the pirate-alliance. Millions of Tali for all the women of the Humans, sex with Halfs was a discontinued model. They should take this very seriously. Budicca raised her hand sharply, the discussions are finished! Her naked cleft becoming clearly visible in that movement. All the councilmen had already lain with her, but she was a seductive female despite her age. Gradually the company dispersed.

Pan sat in the sink next to Budicca and asked if Walla would be there. Budicca suppressed her smirk and said, Yes, she was prepared for it, steam bath, full body massage, the whole nine yards. Budicca paused and let him squirm. She continued with relish that her men, the hunters, had locked her up. They defied the Queen's express order, they didn't want to give up their wife for two nights and fuck calves. Budicca made him ponder and fidget. The calves thing was nonsense of course, she had sent 4 fiery maidens to the hunters last night. That was nonsense, the one about the calves. But the hunters did not give Walla away. Pan quietly said that was all right, he understood the men and appreciated that they defended their wife against the intruder. They got out of the pool and went to the bedroom.

Di and Do were waiting for them. Pan's heart was beating up to his throat. He wasted no more thought on Walla. He lay down with Budicca with them. She put her hand on his arm. "I'm too tired to fuck today, you have to understand. It's not a lame excuse, I'm sure you've seen how hard it's been for me despite the walking stick. The fucking lumbago is ... ." She broke off the sentence and lapsed into silence. It would be over in four or five months, but she didn't need to tell him that. He should have a nice night, she said, insisting. "The first seed belongs to the mistress!" said Pan stubbornly, that was a law, that was how he saw it. Budicca didn't want to argue anymore and ordered Do to make the Commander happy, instantly!

He penetrated the beautiful girl, annoyed he did not allow her to swing up on him. Budicca pressed herself very close to Do and began to masturbate with her eyes closed. Di made room and watched her sister being fucked in the humiliating position of human women. Do passively let herself be fucked and tilted her head to the side. It was

far too shameful, her eyes said to her sister, she was aroused and lust rose naturally, but she felt the reluctance to orgasm. Budicca orgasmed wonderfully, pressed against Do. She smiled radiantly at her brother and continued.

Pan felt he was ready. Wordlessly he grabbed Budicca and lifted the astonished one on top of Do, Budicca's belly came to lie on Do's belly. She didn't stop masturbating as Pan spread her ass cheeks wide. He quickly pulled his cock out of Do's vagina and penetrated Budicca's vagina from behind. Half-girls didn't love that at all, but Budicca kept heavily masturbating and Pan squirted roaring in her vagina. He pressed Budicca's ass cheeks really hard on Do's body, he squirted in one go and finally Budicca's orgasm broke loose too. His hands vibrated her trembling ass cheeks really hard until her orgasm subsided. He now lay on his back and grinned as Budicca slid next to him. "The first seed belongs to the mistress!" he repeated stubbornly, and Budicca patted his cock a few times with a flat hand. "Bad, bad boy!" she scolded him jokingly, and kissed him on the mouth. Do sat between his legs, looking perplexed at the soft cock.

"Make him hard with your mouth," Budicca commanded, but Do did not understand. Di bent over his cock, took it into her mouth as a matter of course, and licked, sucked and sucked it vigorously. Her tongue lapped at his glans until he was completely stiff. Do watched and learned something new. Di stroked his cock with her hand masturbating until her sister sat on him. He held Budicca pressed to him with one hand and she masturbated blissfully smiling in a tour until dawn. She bit his arms to keep from crying out loud, so beautiful was the masturbation and orgasms for her.

The girls with the snow-white manes took turns fucking him until dawn, sucking his cock stiff again and again. They even enjoyed the blowjob because his cock kept getting hard. They were both happy that they got to fuck him in the "right" position. The fire in their asses only went out when he squinted into the morning sun and squirted really hard into Do's vagina. The girls were a well-rehearsed team. While one rode his cock hornily, the other clasped her butts and kept the fucking going. With her other hand she rubbed her sister's clit and took her breast in her mouth. To orgasm she bit her sis-

ter's teat very lightly without biting it bloody. The orgasming sister stopped fucking and bent her upper body backwards in delight, the other's fingers racing on her clit until the orgasm was over. She let go of the teat and clit and traded places with her sister.

Pan maintained his erection with all his willpower and rarely squirted a tiny bit. He was saving it for the finale. Di gave him a wonderful blowjob before mounting the big man. She fucked him so vigorously and passionately that he lost sight and hearing. He grabbed the small ass cheeks with his paws and pushed Di wildly from below. Di was almost torn apart by her orgasm, with a loud cry she grabbed onto her tiny clit and let her fingers race on it for minutes, then she collapsed on top of him with a wailing sound. He waited until Budicca had made herself a very big orgasm and, sinking her teeth into his biceps, orgasmed loudly, wailing and crying out. She clung to him with both hands, rubbing her vagina wide open against his hip bone and rubbing her hard clit on the bone with pleasurable wails, just as his daughters did. The right time to hold the fully pumped Di like a vise against her back fur and squirt the semen into her vagina in strong, firm jets.

They lay on top of each other like a tangle for minutes. Gradually the twins stirred and reached for the little cloths and the jug of water. Respectfully they washed Budicca's vagina and then his cock. He almost drove out of his skin with horniness as the girls washed each other's vaginas with incredible lasciviousness and jokingly rubbed each other's clits without really masturbating them. He gave them a friendly pat on the butt and kissed them, "Thank you, lovely girls, that was really a superfine fucking with both of you!" They returned his kiss with bright eyes and left silently. He held Budicca back for a moment and asked her to greet Walla warmly and thank her, because she was a master, without a doubt! Budicca smiled mockingly, that would completely spoil the character of the conceited woman, but she vaguely promised him.

They had breakfast for hours and told each other their past lives. He let her tell about the good times with her father, how he had deflowered her and taught her how to fuck. His father didn't much like being masturbated with his hand either, but she was very stubborn

as a child and kept doing it. She masturbated from an early age and his father loved it when she satisfied herself pressed against him, rubbing her vagina and clit against him to orgasm. His father grinned in doze when she rubbed her vagina and clit against his body to trigger orgasm. He loved her very much and was happy that she had proper fire in her ass like the best Half girls. He loved to laugh when she stiffened his cock again with her mouth and greedily pounced on him. But he always had time for her to discuss anything she read in his library. Her education was very important to him. “He was the best father to me, the best teacher, the best friend and the most loving lover I could ever imagine!”

The time flew by. They remained seated while lunch was served. He told Budicca about his training with Master Guo, whom he had murdered at the end of his life. With mulberries and a dozen horny Gonnie women fucking the old man to death. He had a nice death, Budicca said. And it wasn’t murder, she said stubbornly. He told of his Half-sons and how he had raised them in freedom. He told of Conara and Binara, how they were allowed to play with his cock and cuddle with him naked and sexually in his bed and gradually discovered sex. He was very proud of Conara, who had only recently discovered how to make herself orgasm while fucking. She was very introverted and only had the insatiable fire of the halves when masturbating. Gradually she found pleasure in fucking, although she never fucked anyone but him. Binara already felt the fire in her abdomen, but he himself would not fuck her and let her fuck until she was 12. She wasn’t considered an adult until she was 12. Budicca nodded in agreement, as long as she wasn’t an adult, intense masturbation was just fine.

Lea joined them. A tall, slender Half who towered over the others. Budicca introduced Lea, she was her best friend and designated successor. The councilors and the Great Assembly had accepted her as the future Queen, Budicca said with relief. Lea had been sold into a brothel as a young girl and managed to escape after 4 years. She had studied law and had just returned from a trip of several days in the surrounding countryside, where she was a judge, keeping law and order in the villages and settlements.

Pan took a closer look at Lea. She was not yet 30, her even face framed by a reddish-blond mane that merged without transition into the reddish-blond fur on her back. She wore the traditional open leather vest, the bolero, which supported and concealed her large bosom. She did not take off the loincloth, yet he could look at her hairless cleft. She didn't seem to mind, on the contrary. She did not join in the conversation, but listened very attentively as Budicca went on about his father and he about his daughters. He sometimes wondered if it was right on his part to fixate the girls so strongly on him sexually. He repeated his narrative in detail so that Lea would know everything as well. Into the long silence Lea took the floor. She thought his behavior was right and let him tell her in more detail. She loves you very much, Lea said seriously, she plays with your cock gently and respecting that you can't fuck her. She rubs her vagina and clit against you every night while masturbating. This testifies to a deep attachment that I did not have with my father. She has a much more beautiful youth than many Half-girls who did not have such a good father.

He had to get going. The engineers had packed the equipment into two crates and were waiting with the hover platforms. They were much too heavy to be carried. Lea and Budicca accompanied him to the escort party. Budicca handed her cane to Lea and hugged him tightly. He would have to visit her again, he was all the family she had left. Pan held her for a very long time, perhaps this was a good-bye forever. The troop started to move.

After 200 yards, he looked back. The Halfs had scattered, only Budicca still stood in front of the palace, leaning on the big Lea. They waved, and he continued on, toward the glider. While the Halfs were stowing the boxes in the glider, the radio obstruction was lifted. He immediately called Isegrim and they agreed to fly back to base together. He was still moved by Budicca's farewell and spared Isegrim the thunder. They glided to the base for 6 hours, he reported to the control center and the general in the last hour, they would meet in front of the engineering institute.

Pan handed the crates to the technicians and sat down in the General's office. The General said he did not want to dictate a report on

the special mission; the general only wanted a verbal report. He had followed up the clues diligently, was only led to the hideout after two days by the Halfs, where he was able to buy the equipment for a lot of money. He reported that there were about 10 or 12 groups of Halfs living scattered in the woods, but they were informed about that. Following his lying story, he reported that there were many technical devices in the hideout, which the Halfs had captured in various armories of other Halfs. They could not do anything with them, they were only after handguns and hunting rifles.

And, he reported, he had lain with the Halfs both nights, knowing it was unprescribed. The general's eyes flashed kindly. "That's exactly why I don't want a written report!" he rumbled, slapping his thigh with a laugh. "The d'Aubonville, that horny fellow!" he laughed. The general was satisfied with his long report and called Captain Ben and partner in. Ben and Isegrim reported what they had seen, and the general jammed them for acting on their own. But he was lenient; he thought highly of officers who cared for each other. He dictated into his device the sum Pan told him to pay him for the purchase. He praised all three, then they were dismissed.

They sat in the officers' mess, Pan invited his two friends, big steaks and choice wine. He didn't want to be shadowed in the future, he said, even if it was well-intentioned. He would go on such a mission again and again, and the Halfs had distrusted him from the beginning because he had said nothing about the second glider. And they scolded him because it was a state-of-the-art combat glider. Ben laughed out loud. State-of-the-art, my ass! The instruments had failed and delivered completely insane data. They showed their route with 500km deviation, the ultra-modern paperweights! They laughed and listened to his stories. He had worn a simple uniform instead of the battle suit, so unfortunately there were no records of his amorous adventures.

He did not mention Halfgard with a single word.

# On Special Mission

by Jack Faber © 2023

Wengin had called him twice over the next 3 months on his implanted communications module. The line is secure, he said, no one can listen in. Pan walked out of the officers' mess into the courtyard where he could talk undisturbed. He briefed the chief engineer on what the technicians had found out. The functionality had been recognized immediately; they were not particularly surprised at what the Halfs had accomplished. They could now develop a modified device to jam pirate communications; that was a significant military advantage. At the end, Wengin asked if he had contacted the general, and Pan admitted he had completely forgotten. Sorry, he regretted, he was having quite a busy time, but he would. Yes, soon.

Naturally, he forgot again. Wengin was disappointed, three months wasted. Pan was contrite and made a calendar entry while still talking. He would see the general within a week. He really did.

Irenea Pongin was surprised, she had never heard of a Commander d'Aubonville. He wanted to talk to her personally, it was about her "honey blossom". Oh! The retired general was silent for a long time. Then she composed herself. No details on the communicator, she said firmly, he could see her tomorrow at noon. She hung up and sent him her address, although he already had it. The next day he went to see her.

The little house in the middle of an allotment on the outskirts of the city was very clean and well kept. She came to meet him at the garden gate. A surprisingly small person in her 70s with short gray hair. She wore only a pair of diaphanous knee pants that shamelessly revealed her unshaven pubic hair, disgusting. Her bare breasts hung down almost to her belly button, yet were heavy and full, a sure sign that she was still very sexually active. She probably masturbated quite frequently. They shook hands and he knew instantly that Irenea was not a telepath. She led him to the back of the house to a table in the shade. It was a monkey heat and she fetched a pitcher of iced

fruit juice and a bottle of mulberry brandy through the window. He drank fruit juice, she a glass of mulberry brandy in between.

He could unbutton or take off his uniform jacket as he wished. She didn't waste a second on small talk or where from and where to. He should get going, she said, looking at him tensely. He wasn't allowed to mention Halfgard, so. He was often on special mission in the southern woodlands, he said, and often met the Halfs there. He told Irene the legend he had agreed upon with Wengin, repeating word for word what had been agreed upon. Irene listened open-mouthed, one hand stroking the breast and a teat. He sat back, he had said it all. They were silent for minutes.

"Honey blossom Wen called my pussy," she said with a glow on her face, "he was always diving down to lick my honey blossom." Irene giggled and laughed softly. "I'm so glad he's alive and well," she said, "after all, most halves die by the time they're 40 or 50. He had to be about 67 or 68 now, 4 years younger than me." Pan didn't move; he had said it all. "He took me when I was 44" she continued in her mind. "He had to toil terribly, the dear fellow, until he was finally able to tear my stubborn hymen!" Pan took a deep drink of fruit juice and now took off his uniform jacket, now they were really "private". She took off her breeches, it was too hot, she said, and sat down with her legs wide apart. She didn't mind at all that the young man was staring at her naked cunt and clit. He looked at the cunt between her thighs, fixed his eyes on her red swollen privates and on her breasts. Her clit was swollen as red as a turkey, peeking out perky and naughty. "Wen was my first and only man until our love affair blew up. He was so great at fucking that I lost my hearing and sight every time. We fucked 4 or 5 times a day, as it went. Then they caught us totally naked, on the floor, but to be fair they didn't make their presence known until Wen had finished squirting. A female officer, totally naked, with the lab assistant, a Half! This had consequences, I received a long telling off and 30 days in dark custody. They were terribly annoyed, because the half had fled and remained untraceable. I was glad, because they would have at least whipped him or even killed him."

Irenea poured herself mulberry liquor and drank it down in one draught. “They gently forced me to fuck every of them, which was very humiliating at first, because I was an iron maiden until then. I liked fucking a lot though and fucked hundreds, that was okay because Wen was gone and maybe even dead.” She noticed that Pan was staring at her pubic and at her breasts. She knew instinctively what he was thinking. “I know what you’re thinking, and you’re absolutely right. My pussy is reddened because I’ve been masturbating non-stop since early morning, that’s how excited I was about Wen. I’ve been masturbating every night since I was a kid, the addiction to it has never stopped. Only rarely does an old companion stray here to fuck me anymore. Two or three times a week I order a Half in the brothel here, I absolutely need the fucking and the orgasms unlike other old broads.”

He held her gaze. “I have no reservations,” he said, “I just used to believe, like others, that people stopped having sex when they got older. You seem to be an exception, Irenea.” She drank a mulberry brandy. “Don’t judge hastily, there is true unchaste horniness in old age.” She talked about their sex for a long while longer, then he rose. He would call her as soon as he went on another special mission, he would take her to Wengin. He called her attention to the fact that most halves did not appreciate pubic hair. She nodded unhappily; Wen was no different. She would have her hair removed at a studio before they left.

Three weeks later, an old half-woman selling candy and fruit outside the barracks gate handed him an apple and muttered that there was something in it. He walked a few steps and cut the apple open with his combat knife. A note. “Come as fast as you can, Lea” He immediately called Wengin. It took a long time to reach him. “Budicca is dying,” Wengin said. Pan rolled over his options in a flash. He could leave in an hour, bring Irenea to him at the appointed place, and get to Budicca before sunset, Wengin might pass on to Lea. He immediately called his brigadier general, he had to go on special mission immediately. He hurried to the stuffmaster and told Isegrim and Ben not to follow him. Please. Isegrim muttered somberly that the general had already told him and he would not follow him. Then he called Irenea. She would be ready to leave in 10 minutes, only she

hadn't come to the depilation studio yet. All right, said Pan, we'll do something, he would come to pick her up in 30 minutes.

The stuffmaster held him up for almost half an hour. He insisted that the brigadier general dictate the special mission into the log first, then he released the old glider. An hour later, he read the sweat-soaked Irene at her garden gate. She had a small travel bag with the bare essentials, as he had said, shirt, sweater and a solid jacket. At the lake, Wengen's favorite place, it could get very cold in the evening and at night. She groaned, for it was blisteringly hot in the glider. He sat bare-chested behind the controls and handed her the packet of depilatory gloves. He steered the glider through the suburbs, then made brisk progress. He had entered the waypoints and let the glider fly.

"Six to seven hours," he told Irene, "after the last waypoint I have to steer by hand," he explained, looking at her questioning. "I used to go to the studio," she said plaintively, "but it got too expensive for me pretty soon. How to do it with this device, I don't know." He grinned from ear to ear. "Chief technician? Haha!" They laughed for a long time; it was funny. He pushed the buttons and her seats lowered, becoming couches needed on patrol. She took off her sweaty breeches. She was neither ugly nor unsavory, a plump little woman with large, pendulous breasts. Freshly bathed and fragrant. He had already depilated several women with the electronic glove and knew his way around it.

He had her spread her legs quite wide apart and reassured her that you couldn't see in through the thick mirrored bulletproof glass. He adjusted the glove and parted her tuft of hair with his hands. Contrary to expectations, she had a decidedly beautiful cunt, her clit standing out bursting stiff. She returned his astonished look and said miserably, "your call came in the middle of it and I didn't have time for my orgasm." He murmured that was okay and began. Minutes later the bush was neutralized and he treated her cunt for several minutes. He carefully avoided the bursting stiff clit and neutralized any unruly hairs. He nodded in satisfaction, the cunt was now bare as a baby's bottom.

Naturally, Irene's rising arousal had not escaped him. Her breathing was fast and shallow. He stared up and into her cunt. His cock was also burstingly stiff and now her fingers twitched nervously to her clit. "Damn it, I need it, I need it now!" she gasped and he nodded in agreement. "If you don't mind...?" she left the sentence unfinished and he nodded again. "All right," he croaked, tapping her clit a few times. His womb was in attack mode and he had to do something soon too. At least go to the back to the chemical pot. Irene had long since begun to masturbate.

Only now he heard what she was panting. "I want to fuck, I need the fucking!" He couldn't believe his ears. "Fuck me, fuck me finally, buddy! Masturbating alone is not enough for me! Fuck me, lad, fuck me!" Pan unfastened his belt and quickly removed his pants. He lay down beside her, his cock no longer needing to be made stiff. She looked at him with madness in her eyes. She tugged the much larger man on top of her with superhuman strength, spreading her legs wide and propping her soles against the Plexiglas. His cock slid into her wet, hot vagina of its own accord. He was unable to kiss this old woman and flinched back. She kneaded her breast with one hand, her fingers twirling her teat. He fucked away and felt a satisfaction, he would not squirt too soon. She masturbated continuously and quickly had an orgasm that made her cringe. She quickly relaxed, he penetrated her vagina again and they continued fucking.

She rubbed her clit continuously and orgasmed more and more rapidly. He heard the soft whine of the glider as a waypoint was reached and the course was changed. It had been two hours and he had to squirt at her next orgasm. He reared back and let his cock twitch in her vagina. She grinned broadly with satisfaction, "Go ahead and squirt, my dear, that feels very horny!" He continued to squirt thrusting and enjoying her orgasming vagina. The good woman masturbated on and on and after half a minute he was able to keep fucking.

He made only really very short pauses and heard the insistent beeping, the last waypoint was reached, the glider slowed and stopped 5 meters above the forest floor. They had been fucking for five and a half hours. He waited until she orgasmed and said they

were almost there. He put on his pants as did she. The seats straightened at the push of a button. He drank water and she drank her mulberry brandy. There was no device for washing, they cleaned themselves with wet wipes and Ireneia sprayed her body with a perfume.

He drove from memory the way over hill and dale. He remained highly focused and still asked Ireneia how she was doing. She was relaxed and physically satisfied. She had had as many orgasms as she usually had at a Half, she said. "And thank you again," but he didn't respond right away, "we both needed it badly, goddammit!" he muttered sullenly. He said after 10 minutes they were at the lake where Wengin's cabin stood. They drove in silence and reached the lake, flying close over the water. Wengin came running out of the house as he parked the glider half a meter above ground. He got out first and straightened the staircase so Ireneia could get off safely. Wengin hugged her with a cry and buried his weeping face on her bare breasts. He had to leave right away, he said, and he would be in touch. Wengin turned his tear-stained face to him, "Thank you, Commander!" and then he handed him a piece of paper. A shortcut, he could save half an hour. And give my regards to Budicca! Pan started the glider and roared away, parking a few hundred meters from Halfgard. He ran tear-blind to the palace hut.

He knelt beside Budicca's bed. Lea sat on the bed and shook her head. "She's not responding anymore," she whispered. He held Budicca's hand and buried his face on her body. It was dead quiet, even though there were 20 or 30 people in the room. Budicca suddenly squeezed his hand very weakly. "You came, you came," she whispered. He gently squeezed her hand. "My place is with you now," he stammered, looking at her. Budicca breathed as if she wanted to say something. Pan yelled loudly, "Turn that thing off, turn that goddamn thing off!"

Lea had winced like the others and gave an order. Minutes later his mind was clear, seeking Budicca's rapport. Outside, over the pond, he found her, perched on a branch. The little bird looked at him with Budicca's eyes. "I was just waiting for you, and you came! Now I can go in peace." He stroked the warm feathers. "I am very happy that we met, that we got to know each other, that we loved

each other!” He fell silent and gently stroked her feathers. “And,” said Budicca, “will you ever forgive me?” and he suddenly saw his father’s horrified face, her combat knife rammed into his guts. The wail with which he fell to the ground. Pan had no memory of his mother and now saw her completely naked, she was beautiful and very sexy. She masturbated completely absently and no longer perceived anything, her eyes tightly closed, thighs spread wide and knees folded to the side. Pan looked into her open vagina and the finger racing on the tiny clit. Pan sensed Budicca’s hesitation, the superstitious hesitation to kill someone “in the process.” The beautiful 32-year-old was already in the final and jerked sharply, her thighs slapping together a few times. She remained smiling, her knees sinking wearily to the side. She smiled in surprise as the combat knife entered her open vagina slowly, as if in slow motion, like a penis. His mother’s horrified face as Budicca slashed her to the neck with one jerk. Three quick cuts and Budicca ripped out her heart and threw it through the window, out into the blazing flames. A long silence followed.

He looked at her, he looked at the little bird with Budicca’s eyes all calm and serious. “Budicca, sister, dearest! I was never, never angry with you for this, I would have nothing to forgive you for and I love you with all my heart. Find peace, let go of the horror forever, it has no meaning anymore!” Budicca looked at him gratefully and lovingly. “Then I can go in peace!” and he felt her heartfelt kiss and returned it. The little bird hopped off the branch and flew over the lake. He stared after her until she soared into the air and was out of sight.

He stood up and looked into Lea’s eyes. “She went peacefully,” he said softly, turning to the window door that reached to the floor. Night had already fallen, the small pond black and glassy. He saw the young little tree and the branch on which no bird sat.

Pan had stood motionless at the window, staring at the pond with empty eyes. The maids had washed Budicca’s body, dressed her, and taken her to the back hall, where the Halfs could bid her farewell. They had silently tidied the bedroom and freshly made the bed. He hadn’t noticed any of this, his mind was on Budicca. Queen, sister, lover. The best, most important encounter in this life. Lea tugged him by the sleeve, he would have to eat at least a little something. He

followed her wordlessly, robotically. He had not eaten since breakfast, but he suddenly felt hungry. He ate with great appetite, Lea just a bite.

Pan felt Lea's affection almost physically. "I will answer all your questions now," she said simply. She was 31 years old, at 1,52 meters she was considered a very tall Half-woman. She had been abused by her human father from a young age, he had deflowered her before her 10th birthday and taught her to fuck very intensively. Until then she only knew masturbating, like an addict she still masturbated when it was necessary. Her father's favorite was the blowjob, but she detested it. At 13, he had grown tired of her and sold her to a brothel. She had discovered her interest in law at the brothel and they made her read everything. A whim, a Half and the law? She had fucked many hundreds of men in the brothel and therefore knew pretty well what men wanted. At 18, she had run away and ended up in Budicca's household. Budicca encouraged her interest, appointed her first as a judge, and a few years ago as First Judge. She fucked her Halfs every night, she had very strong urges and needed her orgasms badly. "So far, that's all about me. Tomorrow at noon I will be appointed Queen, the day after tomorrow evening we will give Budicca a ceremonial burial. I hope you can stay until then!" He nodded in agreement and told the control center. He dictated a message to the brigadier general, saying he would report back on his way in three or four days. He dictated the message without any emotion, he did not want to express feelings. He told the same to Isegrim.

He leaned back on the bar's couch after dinner and drank Budicca's liqueur with Lea for once. She told of her intimate friendship with Budicca. She said very few knew that she was a natural telepath, which was a great advantage in judging. She had seen into his and Budicca's minds and had witnessed the death of his parents. Budicca had viewed the events with her very often, for it occupied Budicca's mind greatly. It was the turning point in her life, the transformation from the tough warrior to the soft, peaceful Queen. Pan nodded, looking benevolently at Lea's body as she relaxed on a couch opposite him. Lea's eyes flashed with pride, neither the leather vest nor the loincloth hid her beautiful body. She was very pleased that he could not take his eyes off her breasts and certainly not off her cunt. When-

ever she threw her head back, a tremor passed from her auburn hair to her back fur, down to well below her ass.

He stared spellbound at her cunt, had liqueur poured and said he couldn't remember his mother, not like that. But Budicca had shown her to him, had her finish masturbating, frozen in superstition. It was a beautiful picture, he said, the murder fading more and more behind this beautiful, exciting picture. Lea laughed brightly, Budicca's superstitions were always good for bitter arguments between the girlfriends. She herself thought nothing of superstition, psychology and telepathy were more valuable guides.

Pan enjoyed talking with Lea, Budicca's liquor warmed him from within and lifted his spirits considerably. Budicca had had a beautiful death, he had thankfully come in time to bring her final peace. She had shown him his mother's beautiful and exciting masturbation, the little mischief in Budicca knew exactly how it affected him as a man. He had seen the mischievous smile in the birdie-s Budicca eyes and smiled now. "To Budicca!" he raised his cup and emptied it in one go. Beautiful comfort in his throat and a beautiful cunt before his eyes. He emptied another cup and immediately had it refilled. He thought only for a moment that he would probably stagger to the glider very illuminated. Lea seemed to have read his thoughts and said he could lie with her that night, or with any of the maids he wanted. He glanced under her loincloth at her cunt, which she showed him very freely and quite invitingly.

"Yes," he said with a heavy tongue, "yes and yes again!" He nodded without saying what he was saying yes to so enthusiastically, but Lea knew. They gradually drank the whole bottle and he listened attentively, for she told in what way she preferred to fuck her companions when they were out in the countryside. It was highly interesting, because apart from Conara, no Half-wife or gonnie girl had ever described to him in such detail how she preferred to fuck, what she felt about it. Lea went into all his questions, for hardly anyone was interested in a Half-woman's feelings when she fucked you. Pan soon felt he understood Lea's way of fucking very well. Especially since she let him see telepathically. During Lea's pee break, he embraced the serving maid's ass and probed her pussy under her loincloth. Did she

want to fuck him? But she shook her head in denial, he belonged to the mistress after all! He let her go, it was as he had thought. Lea's choice had been made long before he sat down at the table. He drank the liqueur and had a new bottle opened.

It was past midnight when Lea ended the evening. They sat side by side in the washbasins and the old maid cradled his cock in her hand, examining it. "A good cock, an excellent cock, Commander!" she commented as usual. He bent down and entered the bedroom behind Lea.

They lay in silence for a long time. Lea nestled against him demanding. His cock, that rotten traitor, pointed stiffly and erect to the ceiling of the room. He was drunk and dog-tired. He had no strength left, would let her do all the work. He had been squirting into the general all day and would concentrate on his erection, he didn't really need to squirt anymore.

Lea took her time, cuddling passionately and exciting her fire herself. She mounted him and fucked him until dawn. She let her head sink back on her heels as she orgasmed and let a finger race on her clit. She kept his hard-on in her vagina, then triumphantly straightened up and continued fucking him. He hadn't known for a long time how many times he had cum, but it wasn't often. His erection held out, thank God. At the first rays of sunlight, she lay down next to him on her back. He was to fuck her like men and cum! He obeyed wordlessly, grabbed her beautiful back fur and fucked her quickly and vigorously. Roaring like a deer, he squirted, chasing his seed in solid jets into her vagina at the exact moment her fingers triggered the orgasm. She clung to him and gasped, pressed. It was wonderful.

After breakfast, he followed the Halfs into the great hall. Lea, dressed in a new leather vest and long loincloth, sat alone on the dais. He kept nodding off during the long speeches, admiring Lea, who showed no sign of being overtired. At the end, everyone clapped and cheered, Lea stood up and bowed for minutes to her people. He sat down at the bar and drank fruit juice, he needed that now. He waited until Lea arrived an hour later. The big table was festively set, he enjoyed the lion steaks. After lunch he sat down on the bench in

front of the pond, Walla had served him the lion meat and he had made her understand that he belonged to the new mistress. Walla's disappointment was great and real, but it was just the way it was.

He had spoken very briefly with Wengin, everything was wonderful and in order. He would pick Ileana up again the day after tomorrow around noon. Tomorrow evening was the funeral, but Wengin would not come. In the early evening a maid came to fetch him for dinner. He felt her body under the loincloth and she smiled very sweetly, she thought he was horny. But when he asked if she wanted to fuck him, she shook her head, he belonged to the mistress after all! Shaking his head, he followed the sweet girl. He sat again on the place of honor next to the queen. There he belonged, all agreed.

Lea joined him late in the bar, he was busily arguing with the councilmen he already knew. Lea cut the argument short. She would see to it that the three young councilors got their way. She would accompany the project herself, they should see for themselves that the commander was right. The councilors crumbled away, discussing the new twist at other tables.

Whether she had lost her mind, Pan asked when they were alone. She smiled finely, No, she knew what she was doing. The young gentlemen had to find out for themselves what was going on. And no, Halfgard was not at risk, this secret was not up for discussion, she guaranteed. She told him the plan as she had discussed it with Budicca. It was a good plan, and if it worked out, the councilors would make a good profit. Otherwise, they would lose their heads, she said, as First Judge. He grinned, he had seen this a hundred times before, a few subalterns get terminated and the politicians were off the hook. Lea looked him in the eye for a long time and called the maid, liqueur! She did not touch the subject again and told him about the other things that were put before her. Midnight approached, they went to the bedroom, sat down in the tub. The old maid, praising his cock again, flinched when he jokingly told her to fuck him. Horrified, she refused, saying he belonged to the Queen after all, and ducked her head as he and Lea laughed uproariously.

It turned out to be a beautiful night. He was rested and enjoyed her way of fucking. She gave him a breast and whispered that he should bite the teats for her orgasm, but not bloody bite. He liked to excite her breast with his lips and tongue and bit her teat hard until she leaned back her head on her heels with a cry of pleasure and let her finger race on her clit. She bent over him, panting, and showered him with French kisses. "You can do it beautifully, my man!" As soon as he felt the squirting coming, he turned her over on her back and fucked her men-style. She loved it when he cum right in her orgasm, it felt right to them both. She masturbated from evening to morning, addicted and greedy like he had rarely experienced. She really had fire in her ass and gifted herself with a great many orgasms. At dawn they dozed off, tightly embraced. His last thoughts were of Budicca, who had given him so many beautiful erotic hours of love.

He prowled around the palace during the day, reaching under the loincloths of the maids and delighting in their shaven pussies. The little girl who had picked him up at the pond yesterday allowed herself to be pulled onto his lap. She pretended to whisper in his ear and willingly let him masturbate her with his fingers under the loincloth. He let her go after a good hour, having listened to her panting in his ear and thrillingly enjoying her orgasm. The girl was swell.

He washed and combed his hair before joining the others. Budicca lay naked on the pyre, speeches were being made, but he did not listen at all. He looked at Budicca and was satisfied, they had carefully shaved her pubic and placed red flowers around her cleft and breasts. White flowers framed her face and head. It was a beautiful, dignified sight. There was dead silence as Lea stepped out with the torch and lit the fire. Pan stood at the very back and let his tears flow freely. Budicca's body reared up in the flames, her slit opened wide in the heat, then the flames smashed over her. He memorized the sight of her vagina wide open, through the tears he looked into the flames. After an hour, he went to the bar, took the bottle and two wooden mugs from the shelf, and got thoughtfully drunk. Farewell, sister, Queen, lover!

He was almost sober again when Lea joined him much later. She shooed the councilors away, wanting to be alone with him. They

talked at length about Budicca and the funeral. Budicca had asked for it, she wanted to be cremated and not buried, her ashes left to the wind. The ice broke at some point after Lea told in a heartfelt way how she and Budicca fucked side by side the men of a night on the big bed. Budicca was always very proud of the fact that she had just as much fire in her ass as the other Half-women. She never missed a night and liked to fuck passionately with all the men of her people.

Only the nights with the 12 year old young men were different, Lea said, Budicca let them fuck her in the supine position, all night long, one after the other. Lea laughed brightly and shook her red-gold mane and the beautiful back fur shook down to her ass. Budicca loved the nights with the young boys, they all had to fuck her to orgasm. She knew, of course, that the young men had already practiced fucking the Half-girls diligently, because none of them wanted to disappoint their mistress. Pan listened to Lea's whimsical, funny stories. His eyes sucked in on her breasts and cunt, which kept coming free of the loincloth. She enjoyed his greedy, horny looks and laughed a lot. She shook her mane and back fur as she laughed and let him look freely into her exposed pussy.

Pan had sobered up thanks to the fruit juice and was drinking liquor with Lea again. How they got on the subject, he no longer knew. She went on again about her father, who still had a bit of Chinese blood. She hated masturbating his cock in her mouth and making him cum in her throat. She knew from the beginning, of course, that swallowing semen was not disgusting. Still, she always found it disgusting. Pan nodded, he had heard of it of course, but he had never cum in a woman's mouth. Surely there was a much better orifice to squirt into, goddammit! She looked into his mind, and he really never did.

"And, which orifice might you squirt into tonight, the beautiful maid perhaps who sat on your lap today?" He looked at her perplexed. She was a telepath, so nothing was hidden from her, that was clear. He lowered his head, No, he wasn't going to fuck her, he muttered. This was just a horny, exciting diversion, nothing more. He wanted to feel the girl's orgasms, doing it to her with his fingers and hearing her breathing and panting in his ear he found insanely

horny. Lea nodded, she understood that right away. He had thought in a moment of letting her sit on his cock and fuck her while he fingered her, but he didn't. The lovely girl orgasmed wonderfully every few minutes, breathing her release into his ear. Lea had mentally held back the other maids so they would be undisturbed, she said smiling kindly. He nodded, that had given him time. He smiled, a good time.

They walked happily chattering to the sinks. He apologized to the old maid again for making a stupid joke at her expense yesterday. She looked at him uncertainly and inquiringly, then turned her attention to his cock. "Don't take offense, Commander," she said softly, "but I've held thousands of cocks in my hand and made them all squirt nicely, too, because it was the custom in those days. I know what a good cock is, even from the old days when I liked to fuck myself. And your cock is an excellent cock, Commander, a really good cock, one that will bring many orgasms to my new mistress." He smilingly thanked her that she certainly recognized it very well and rummaged in his uniform pants, but he found only a few worthless coins. Lea put her hand on his arm and said she would give the maid a gold coin tomorrow. The maid was most pleased and stammered, "Shall I make him cum, squirt nice and high? Please, please!" But Lea waved it off and they went to the bedroom.

"I owe you a gold coin, I'll bring one next time!" She laughed sweetly, "that settles it and I won't have to beg you tomorrow to come back!" She laughed so hard her red and gold mane and beautiful back fur flew. They fucked all night until the first rays of sunlight brightly illuminated the room. They were already very well attuned to each other. He licked her breasts in turn and bit her teat before she dropped her head back on her heels and rubbed her clit furiously in orgasm. Lying on her back, she let him fuck and thrust and cum into her orgasm. When he had to take a short break, he would take her breast full in his mouth as she masturbated and bite her teats as she orgasmed. They were two hours late for breakfast. They still discussed everything, and he offered that he would support her as honestly as Budicca. Lea let him have another snack for two, then he left.

An hour before noon he reached the lake and parked behind the house because Wengin and Irene were still fucking on the beach in the shallow water. He watched them and waited patiently until Wengin and Irene came to the glider. They greeted each other amicably and the General climbed into the glider after the last, very last and really very last goodbye kiss. The General was a changed woman, 20 years younger. When they were on the way, she immediately took off her breeches, the spring sun had heated up the glider unbearably. She chattered without interruption as he steered carefully through the forest to the first waypoint.

It was a madness, she babbled, Wen and she told each other their life stories while fucking, he licked her honey flower to orgasm when he needed a break. Three days of nonstop fucking, one orgasm after another! She masturbated herself in the bathtub, Wen sat next to her and kissed her. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Irene was nervously tugging her clit. He accelerated out of the forest and stopped at the waypoint. He needed a short break, a snack and needed to drink. Irene ate proficiently as well, a hot breeze brushed through the open top, not cooling them a bit. She told him to please lower the couches, she preferred to fuck in the supine position. He nodded in agreement, that said it all. He pushed the buttons and climbed into the glider. He took off his pants and sent the glider flying. Irene took a big gulp of mulberry brandy, it was her third and last bottle she would emptying until evening. The brandy immediately drove into her loins and made her fire blaze. Goddamn, that felt good!

They fucked throughout the day and he squirted pleasantly as Irene's vagina felt surprisingly fine and very pleasant today. He enjoyed fucking the old boozier much more than he did four days ago. Although a 72 year old was much too old for him by decades, this one seemed like newborn these days and he found fucking this ancient woman very pleasant and relaxing. She made every effort to fuck like a younger one, she fucked very actively and ambitiously to make his fucking as nice as she could. She masturbated without a break until the end, drank mulberry liquor without a break and babbled endlessly. She talked about every single fucking and licking and only shut up for a few moments when she orgasmed. And she orgasmed

every few minutes. He had never seen the clit licking before and she had to describe it to him in great detail, over and over. Gradually he could see it in front of him and comprehend it, because she was describing Wengin's licking meticulously, technically detailed and full of enthusiasm.

He couldn't have told later how many times he fucked her, but they actually fucked for over 6 hours, in a row. Whenever she came to orgasm, he pulled out his cock and watched her. She braced her soles against the panoramic roof, spread her labia with one hand and let her finger race on her clit. She breathed out her release with a twitching body and continued right away and he started fucking her again. He didn't need long pauses because her greedy masturbation was contagious. He stopped at the last waypoint before the city and watched her go into a big orgasm a few times. Irene made herself have the last, big orgasm and yanked on her breasts and teats to prolong the orgasm. She wrenched her legs wide apart and rubbed her clit furiously, letting the body-twitching orgasm fade for minutes. She gradually calmed down and thanked him for waiting.

They put on their pants and he reported to the control center. He would reach the base in an hour and report to the brigadier general immediately. Then he would talk to Irene and make it clear to her that he could not explain to anyone even halfway plausibly why she had gone along. In any case, he would not mention it during his report, and she would do well not to mention it to anyone. Even the slightest hint would lead to disaster, he would have to reveal Wengin's whereabouts and her lover would certainly be murdered this time. Wengin would be tortured to death to extract his secrets.

Irene swallowed hard. It would probably be very hard for her, because whose heart is full, his mouth is full. But she had few boyfriends or girlfriends, and she was clear that Wen's life depended on it. They had a deal. He promised to take her with him on the next special mission to Wengin. Half an hour later, he dropped her off at her garden gate and drove to the base.

The stuffmaster cursed as he said to clean the seats well. A little Half-child had thrown up all over them. He left the exasperated man

and sat down with the brigadier general. His report was short and to the point. Two groups of halves, from whom he wanted to buy more technology, had gone at each other. Only a volley from his cannon ended the fight. But one of the chiefs had been killed and he had to hold out until the funeral. He therefore returned empty-handed. Such a mission was delicate and sometimes nothing came of it. Whether he should report about the Half-girls... but the general waved it off, talking about fucking was less fun than doing it.

He drove home after having a glass of wine with Ben and Isegrim in the officers' mess. He took a long shower under a synthetic tropical rain and enjoyed the fine grilled chicken. Then he called Conara, saying he was now about to go to sleep with Binara. She promised to come in an hour. Binara cuddled and cuddled wonderfully with him and gently caressed his cock, he had been away for a week. She pressed herself against his naked body and rubbed her dripping wet, open vagina against his hip, literally fucking him with her clit for minutes until her orgasm subsided. She fucked his hips with her stiff, thrusting clit to her next orgasm, but doing it with just clit fucking was far too exhausting. Conara came, squatted on his cock and fucked him Half-girl style. Her instructors had advised her very well and conscientiously, she said, they felt it necessary for her to learn to fuck like a Half-girl. She nodded encouragingly to Binara, who continued masturbating eagerly. Binara pressed herself against him and brought herself up to speed with her finger. Then she pressed and rubbed her wet vagina with open labia against his hip and fucked him with her clit in the finale. He was very pleased, his daughters had both found a good way to make their orgasms wonderful.

Days later, he was sleeping between Binara and a gonnie girl, Lan's call woke him up in the middle of the night. She got right to the point. "Today morning!" was all she needed to say. He quickly hit the showers and was at the base shortly after 4. The officers stood sleepily in small groups smoking, no one knowing anything. The control center had called them in, without giving any reason. It was not a drill, they said.

Pan didn't hesitate for a moment. He had the crews woken up, the men had to hurry. Breakfast standing, weapons issue, line up. The

well drilled men stood in line. An eternity later, a general and his entourage entered the courtyard. He skipped the useless formalities. The order was to occupy and secure the southeastern section 1 to 6 of the city. The enemy? No one and everyone. They had to control the population, prevent roundups and riots. Pulse weapons on stun. Killing only in the most extreme emergency. "I don't want any reports of dead civilians, so that's very clear!" the general bellowed.

Pan and about 40 officers stayed in the large hall and directed the operation from there. Everything went like clockwork. People who met in the streets were shooed back to their homes. There were no exchanges of gunfire. On the big video screen, anchors announced *breaking news* every minute. Fyy kept him informed; she knew pretty much what was going on. He listened to Fyy and watched the teams that had occupied the district well organized. After an hour, the transmitters switched to the government headquarters. A large, empty table in front of the flags of Bangurel's provinces. After a long time, about 15 dominas entered the room.

They had taken all government members into protective custody at 04:30 this morning, none had been arrested or charged. They now formed the government. The previous government had conducted illegal negotiations with the alliance of pirates, made illegal agreements with them and prepared laws to abolish the prohibition of slavery. The agreements were economically very disadvantageous for Bangurel and provided only some politicians with high profits. It was therefore justified for good reason, and quite constitutional, to replace the government. No changes were envisaged for the population, and government business would continue seamlessly, of course without the pirates' alliance, the spokeswoman said smugly. Then the Dominas were introduced one by one.

Pan listened very carefully to the introduction, memorizing every detail and every image. But unlike the other officers, he did not join in their jeering and indecent whistling. He secretly kept in touch with Lan and conversed with her silently whispering. They watched the same show and he listened to Lan's comments.

The images were the usual, it was all as expected. The dominas were shown with all kinds of advantageous shots, that's what the media called transparency. The cameras lingered on the dominatrixes' breasts for a long time, then they slid lower, exploring the private parts like the nastiest paparazzi. This made the officers jeer. The dominatrixes had thoughtfully put on their tightest translucent overalls, they wanted to show their breasts and pussies to the whole population. This was not exhibitionism, but pure calculation.

Men across the country reacted as the officers did, jeering, applauding and clicking their tongues. In this sex-dominated society, it was not only okay, but it was exactly what impressed the men so much. Breasts, shaved pussies, labia and clit — that counted more than any electoral candy from politicians. Dominas, whose secret slowly opened and revealed the more or less large clit, that was great, that was good reporting, that was recorded in countless households to look at again and again.

Lan told him everything that the moderators kept quiet. It made him laugh that Lan knew all the sexual habits, their sexual preferences, and however piggish little secrets of all the dominatrixes. Of course, Lan was not interested in any government job, she preferred to work in secret with her private secret service. That was just the way she was.

The takeover was swift and efficient, not a drop of blood had been spilled. Proceedings were opened against many former government members, evidence had been diligently collected by the Dominas, two-thirds of the government members were guilty of treason, as were over 40 powerful civilians who only wanted to enrich themselves. The government members who were not guilty were sent to their well-paid pensions; at the very least, they were incompetent and had not noticed or done anything. There was a heated discussion among the population, treason was punishable by death, and the death penalty had in principle been abolished, at least not executed since time immemorial.

Pan stood in the courtyard arguing with Lan. He was in favor of the immediate death penalty; she wanted to throw the fat asses and

the businessmen into a dark dungeon. They might be used again, mightn't they? They ended the conversation without giving up their positions.

It took the courts two months to process the appeals. The fatties could afford the most expensive lawyers, but the dominatrix in charge in the government stopped all their games. The courts' rulings held up. Those who followed the proceedings were left open-mouthed in amazement. The government held firm, there was no corruption that had helped the fat cats so far. Two days later, the sentences were carried out. 62 men were executed early in the morning and their assets confiscated. It was tough, very tough. But a clear signal.

Lan was shaken, and he visited her that same evening. The old rules no longer applied, she lamented. But that doesn't matter, she said immediately afterwards. She would adjust, she said, reassessing the dominas. She could have bet that the men would rot in the dungeons. That the confiscated fortunes would go to the widows of the transport ship crews who had been murdered by the pirates was predictable and right. She had talked to the Dominas, they wanted to rule right. Right.

Tea was no longer coming. She had fallen madly in love and had no room for a man in her bed. Lan was pretty much down for the count, she had bonded Tea as a very young girl and awakened her to lesbian love. Now Lan lived alone and had to reevaluate her dominas. It was sobering, but also a new opportunity. She wanted to ask him about his special missions, he wasn't surprised. She got word for word the same legend as the brigadier general. He was sure that her spies had already reported to her. It only became critical when she wanted to know what he was doing with Ireneia.

Lan had an ace up her sleeve. Three blurred infrared photos. He responded icily, the general had changed clothes, changed sweaty clothes. "And here I thought you were watching her masturbate!" said Lan, and he laughed at the top of his lungs. Haha, what a great joke! He looked at her slyly. I wonder if she thought he was fucking a

72 year old? They both had to laugh, because his preference for very young girls was also known to Lan.

He had only taken the retired general for a bit, she was not part of his special mission to the Halfs in the southern woodlands. The old general wanted to visit someone at the edge of the forest inconspicuously, but he didn't know who. "The old woman orders herself a Half at the brothel three times a week," Lan threw out her fishing rod, but he didn't know anything about that. It had seemed a little strange to him that the old woman had let him depilate her, but he had not inquired. As a soldier, he obeyed orders almost automatically. The matter was none of his business and he didn't want to know for whom the general was making herself beautiful. He had to lie as close to the truth as possible, absolutely. She had ordered him to buy the depilatory glove and use it to depilate her thoroughly. Lan nodded with satisfaction, she already knew that. She put four photos on the table, they must have been taken with a drone. The naked general could be seen very well, also her hairy pussy, which he tampered with the depilatory glove. He looked at the razor-sharp photos. "Yeah, so? I'm depilating the old cunt. Yeah, so?"

His tone grew sharper. He was alarmed, he said in a cutting tone, that Lan was spying on him. He didn't deserve that as a friend, and as a military man, he had to say, it could easily lead her to treason. She was, after all, spying on a sanctioned military covert operation. They would beat her backers out of her in the dungeon, he was sure of it! Pan felt the naked fear in Lan's mind. He did not want their friendship to be broken by this and she to be shot as a high traitor, he said, deeply grieved. "Keep your enemies at a distance, but your friends close." Master Guo had scribbled this old saying in one of his training books. He had to stay very close to Lan. She was not an enemy, but much more dangerous, a friend.

He wasn't sure she didn't still have pictures of fucking or masturbating. He looked at her softly. She rowed and rowed, there was no question of spying and treason after all! He nodded in agreement, "because if I catch a drone, you will land in the darkest dungeon of my base immediately! Military high treason, there you do not land in

court, then it goes straight to you to the neck! Hell and damnation!” She shuddered, for it was quite clear to her that he was not joking.

She rowed for her life, she absolutely had to turn the boat around. It was careless and a stupid mistake to spy on him, she muttered. She wanted to know everything about her lover and she was almost consumed with jealousy, he might be cheating on her with the old general. She realized that now, she said contritely. She would stop it immediately, she promised, and his gut feeling told him that she meant it too. He was clear at the same time that another fierce resistance would arouse her distrust.

Smiling, he sat down next to her and hugged her from the side. “What nonsense are we talking, my dominatrix! The good Commander d’Aubonville is depilating the cunt of the old woman he brings to a clandestine tryst! What’s the big deal? Treason, oops, the world is ending!” he laughed, kissing her shoulder. “Why don’t we act like friends? If you want to know something, just ask me. Not your spies who suspect a nuclear bomb under every rock. The old woman is awkwardly changing her clothes, but they see that as masturbating? Nuclear bomb, red alert! Goddamn it, what nonsense! Just ask me! The old lady has a hole as big as a swimming pool and a clit as crooked as a palm tree. Probably bent like that from all the masturbating. I’ll be happy to photograph it though if you want to see for yourself, I don’t need to see it again.” He hugged her tightly and laughed. “When I cart her back to her hermit, I’ll have to depilate her again willy–nilly, that’s when I’ll photograph that old cunt and poor sore clit for you, it’ll be fun! A lot of fun!” he exclaimed, laughing boisterously and slapping Lan’s thigh. She laughed tentatively at first, then more and more loosely. Yes, okay, she would be happy to add his photos to her file. He was looking for a distraction.

He slapped her thigh amicably. “Show me Domina Liane again, the one with the bondage!” he said, “just to get back in the mood!” Lan nodded and called up the video. Liane had a servant tie her to a St. Andrew’s cross and whip her a bit, then the servant masturbated her quite wildly. Pan’s cock had become stiff and soon he was rolling on the carpet with Lan while the servant masturbated her mistress nonstop.

He went home in a glider and lay with Binara and a gonnie girl. He fucked the gonnie girl with great pleasure. Binara first pressed herself against the gonniegirl as she masturbated, but the girl's fur pricked her as she rubbed her vagina against it in excitement. Binara slid to his legs and rubbed her vagina against his ankle. She grabbed his foot with both hands and fucked the ankle with her clit. She shuddered in orgasm and lay back down with the girl, brushing her hair out of her face and stroking the little face.

“Make her a baby, Papa, make her a baby!” whispered Binara in excitement, and the Gonnie girl's eyes widened fearfully. “Would the Master make me a baby now?” she whispered fearfully in Binara's ear. Binara grinned and laughed, “But Yes, of course!” and she grabbed his cock and thrust it a few times very deep into the terrified Gonniegirl's vagina. He had to laugh as if he had it in him to impregnate the girl. Fyy had bugged him quite a bit in his youth with impregnating a great many young women and a few young girls.

# Simple Steps

by Jack Faber © 2023

Even a few days later, he let Lan know in an aside that he was on his way to the old woman's house to sound her out. Then he drove to Irene's place. She was there, at the back of the garden, lolling naked on a blanket in the tall grass. He pulled the small device out of his pocket and scanned the house and the garden. No bugs, no cameras. He sat down with her and took off his uniform jacket. He kept his T-shirt on, even though she said the grass was high and no one could see them. He told her what he had learned at Lan without mentioning her name. He showed her the photos. Irene was horrified. They would first have to be much more careful in the glider in the future, he said, secondly he would have to photograph her pussy and clit, and thirdly they would have to make a good cover story for her.

Irene thought sharply. On the glider flight to Wen's, she could do without fucking, if only very reluctantly. He would have to explain the photographing in detail, but if it was a matter of his and her safety and credibility, so be it. She had never had her pussy photographed before, the old schoolgirl giggled coyly. The third was trickier, but she would know someone. There was a former lover, a captain, who spent his retirement near the forest area, as an organic farmer. She had not wanted to follow him there and they had parted on good terms. A man of honor she trusted. Captain Pozzebon. She would call him in a moment. Pan nodded in agreement, but not a word on the call, he warned. She had no communication module implanted and went into the house. She called Pozzebon with her ancient handheld communicator. Whether she could see him now, it was important. In an hour, he said, I was just on my way to the bathroom. She giggled and laughed, in an hour then.

"I guess I'll have to fuck him if he wanted a bath now," she giggled and laughed hornily. She also put on a T-shirt because Pan demanded it. They flew out of the settlement at full throttle, and he kept an eye out for drones, flying a complicated maneuver to look for them. But there were none. Half an hour later, he parked in front of

Pozzebon's farm. He came out immediately and hugged Ireneia warmly. He counted the stars on Pan's collar. Commander d'Aubonville, he introduced himself. He wanted a place where they could talk undisturbed and unheard. Pozzebon, a tall, burly man, pointed to the seating area in front of the house. He lived alone, he said, and there was no one there but him. Pan scanned the seating area and the house with the detector. Paranoia, but necessary at the moment, Pan said seriously, but it could cost him and them their heads. Pozzebon brought a large pitcher of iced fruit juice. They drank from silver goblets, an old family heirloom. Then they talked.

Pan said that Ireneia must be able to disappear from the face of the earth for 2 or 3 days, it was very important to her. Pozzebon immediately understood. An alibi, no problem. She only needed to call him, when, etc. He didn't even want to know what it was about, he cut off Pan's sentence. What he should pay attention to? Pan explained that possibly domestic spies would show up looking for Ireneia to check the alibi in real time. Perhaps also disguised as pushy salesmen. It could cost Ireneia her head, so it was not a matter of a carnival joke. All three of them had no idea what a carnival was, but the term was familiar. Pozzebon laughed that he could handle it. Salesmen never sought him out and he didn't let them question him anyway; he didn't tell even good friends anything about himself. If they were looking for Ireneia, he would show them a sex doll from a distance, the sleeping Ireneia. Pan added that he should please always be on guard, the spies were professionals who might be manipulating a supplier, a farmer or anyone else in the market. Pozzebon said with a smile that he had worked in intelligence for 25 years and would not be easily duped. Okay, Pan said, he trusted him.

Pozzebon asked Ireneia if she didn't want to see his sex doll and she winked at Pan. We will leave in an hour, Pan said. The two went into the house and he remained seated, sipping cold fruit juice. He watched them fuck for an hour, Pozzebon was only a little younger than her, but he fucked her effortlessly for a whole hour. Pan smelled the mulberry liquor as she got into the glider. He dropped her off at her garden gate and had the glider fly to the base on automatic. He informed Lan that a certain Pozzebon was the old woman's lover, and that he had a farm outside of town. They had not encountered

Captain Pozzebon and had returned a few minutes ago. He quickly ended the communication, Lan could investigate and he had taken the first step to free himself from her claws.

The next few weeks passed without any special events. He drilled his men day in and day out. He sharpened the senses of his telepaths, for the pirates were arming. One certain diversion was a nationwide competition in the game of sticks. Most of his men were fans of this national sport and gladly took over duty in the stadium. Pan thought nothing of it, but he visited his men regularly to see to their attention. There had not been a major attack in over 100 years, but the crowd was rowdy and the knives were very loose. His men were well trained and in control of the situation. Two teams of 20 athletes each fought each other naked. Thousands of years ago people collected players-portraits, today they collected their cocks. Fans collected pictures of the dicks, bought lifelike replicas of the cocks of their favorites, and also models to masturbate and squirt. When the winning team publicly fucked the wives and daughters of the losers in the stadium until sunset, the audience went into a sexual frenzy. It interfered with the group fucking, all wanting to nibble on the winner's prize and fuck the losers' girls. Pan smiled mockingly when his men took one or the other to safety and fucked the girls in turn. He pretended not to notice and strolled to the base.

Six months had passed, they had festively celebrated Binara's 11th birthday, and Lan was hand-tame and in need of love. The woman at the candy stand handed him an apple and winked. He walked a little way off and cut the apple open. "Come the day after tomorrow if you can, Lea," the note said in beautiful, squiggly handwriting. He contacted Ireneia to have her pubic hair removed at the studio and arranged the time. He called Wengin, who was very happy, everything would be ready. In the morning he went to see the brigadier and had the special mission approved. The stuffmaster nodded grimly as he handed over the old glider, for the brigadier general had entered the mission correctly this time.

The late spring sun blazed down relentlessly. Ireneia reluctantly kept her clothes on, but he only needed to remind her that the spies might be photographing her. She cursed unladylike and drank her

mulberry brandy greedily. Yes, she growled, she had had her pubic hair removed at the studio and called Pozzebon, the good guy was ready. He scanned the glider conscientiously, no bugs, no hidden cameras. He flew full throttle out of town to the first waypoint and climbed steeply. No pursuers, no drones. He sent the glider off and said now she could strip. He lowered the seats and they lay down on the couches. She had been masturbating incessantly all day and all night, she gasped, so looking forward to fucking Wen.

Pan was really enjoying fucking Irene. He somehow didn't care about her old age, because she could – fuck excellently for a human woman. He always made a little pause for his cock as she frantically rubbed herself to orgasm. They fucked throughout the trip, for close to 6 hours, and he never once squirted at the end. The mulberry brandy fueled her fire and she was completely exhausted by the last waypoint, so many times she had brought herself to orgasm. "I need to photograph your pussy and clit," he reminded her. She was very bashful and he took several dozen photos. For the last fifteen minutes he drove carefully through the dense forest, she cleaned herself with wet wipes and perfumed herself. Her eyes sparkled as they skimmed the lake and saw Wengin waving at the front door.

Pan sat down in front of the cottage, drinking and smoking while Wengin informed him. Queen Lea had scheduled a court day for the afternoon and sent word that it was imperative that he attend. Wengin did not know the details, but he had deposited a device for him in the armory. Wengin grinned from ear to ear as Irene pulled him into the house by the sleeve. He started the glider and flew over the shortcut to Halfgard. Parking the glider a distance outside the city gate, he buttoned his uniform jacket as he walked and went into the palace hut.

Lea had received him kindly but gravely. He ate a snack while she explained the details. Half an hour later they went into the great hall, which was packed. He sat down apart beside the podium; Lea sat alone on the podium, wearing a floor-length coat. Queen and First Judge. The three councilors were ushered in, Pan recognizing them immediately. They stood before their judge, who recited the facts. They had made a deal with the Bangurelians. 36 Half-younglings

were willing to work in a brothel for the benefit of Halfgard. The councilors had met with the Bangurelians in the forest far from Halfgard and handed over the younglings. It was discussed to make many more lucrative deals in the future and the council lords would become very rich, richer than rich. The people promised to bring the gold after 10 days. Promised! What the councilors did not know, of course, was that the youths were sold to a death cult. A week later, not a single one of them was alive. The councilors waited for their gold after 10 days, 11, 12 and 13 days. The merchants were untraceable like their gold.

Lea looked into the crowd. The councilors had sent 36 halves to their deaths, greed shining in their eyes. Thirty six dead, for nothing and nothing, thundered the judge. They had betrayed the younglings, they had betrayed their people, they had betrayed the council. Only the gold, they had not betrayed, they had almost become rich by a hair's breadth. By a hair's breadth. Lea paced up and down in front of the defendants. Kneel down, she ordered, kneel down! Lea paced up and down and asked one and the other spectator what was done with traitors. Death, growled one. Death, shouted the other. Death! shouted the bystanders.

Lea raised a hand, they fell silent. Pan knew that Lea had telepathically discovered the truth. One of the three accused was innocent, she said aloud, he had not known what his cronies borrowed the money from him for. He had no idea that young boys were lured and bought with his money. He also didn't know that his cronies only wanted to give him back his money, but they didn't tell him about the fabulous profit. He was too stupid to continue serving in the council, Lea shouted into the crowd, a right simpleton, Yes, but he did not deserve to die. She stepped up to the defendants and slammed her fist into one of them's face so hard that blood gushed from his nose. She kicked him in the chest with her sole so that he fell over backwards. "You can go," she yelled at him, "go into the woods and learn to survive like a man. You're banished from Halfgard for five years!" Bystanders helped the guy to his feet, and he immediately took off running.

Lea had sat down again. She waited patiently and placed a pulser on the table in front of her. Pan read her thoughts and shuddered. She waited until it was quiet as a mouse. The two were guilty of treason and the blood of 36 brothers was on their hands in shame. "You are condemned to death!" She walked gravely and dignified with the pulser in her hand to the condemned and shot one as well as the other in the head. "Give them to their kinsmen to bury quietly," she cried. The Halfs dispersed, only Pan remained seated. He stared blankly at Lea's empty chair and the pulser lying on the table. Surely it was all right, he thought, draconian punishments restored order. He knew that himself. Still, his heart was heavy.

A maid plucked him by the sleeve. The mistress was expecting him for dinner in the small hall, Yes, just the two of them. He followed the maid into the room. Walking around Lea, he stroked her red and gold back fur. Lea was naked except for her loincloth and was beautiful. He placed a gold coin next to her plate. "I haven't forgotten," he said, and they laughed. The seriousness of the afternoon had faded. They ate proficiently, the finest antelope meat, fruits, fruits and berries from the forest. They drank two bottles of wine and moved on to sweets. And they entertained themselves excellently.

They only briefly addressed the court, the sentence, and the execution. He learned that all judges had to execute a death sentence immediately and by themselves. There were no prisons, all offenses were atoned for with beatings, service, fines and reparations, or death. Pan nodded, he had understood that and accepted it, the Halfs apparently did that better than humans. Lea asked him about Irenea and he told her everything truthfully. She laughed, because it was surely no pleasure to fuck the 72 year old? He said that she really fucks excellent and he did not think about her age. Pozzebon, Wengin and he knew very well that the old woman was a great fuck. The old woman had an appetite to masturbate like a Half-girl, she grinned and he laughed, he had often thought so.

About the dominatrix Lan they talked for a long time. Lea said she instinctively sensed behind his words that this woman was devious and incendiary. Pan laid out for her how he planned his approach.

Lea agreed, it made sense. But the future always had an ace up its sleeve, so watch carefully, my love!

He had stroked her mane again and again, stroking and fondling the back fur down to her ass. She shivered comfortably when he stroked her back fur from bottom to top, against the grain. His fingers caressed Lea's breasts mindlessly, playing with her teats until they were burstingly stiff. Lea grasped his chin and French-kissed him. "Is it that urgent already?" she asked, licking his earlobe. He nodded, and they went to the sinks. The old woman examined his washed cock. "Oh, he wants to shoot already!" and then she whispered how good that cock was for the Queen, who was such a just judge. The maids retreated silently as they entered the bedroom.

They cuddled, snuggled and fucked until sunrise. They knew what the other needed. Lea let her head sink back on her heels and her fingers latched onto her clit. He laid her on her back and thrust wildly, making her cum blissfully. Lea was the first woman to take his cock into her mouth and stiffen it again with her lips and tongue. His fatigue from fucking Ireneva evaporated in Lea's arms and thighs. He didn't stop until the first rays of sunlight, he was completely exhausted. Lea masturbated for quite a while longer and he fell out of dozing into deep sleep. The maids were ordered to let him sleep until noon.

After lunch, an engineer picked him up. He showed him the invention Wengin had prepared for him. It was a device that could amplify telepathy tenfold. He had the engineers explain the device in detail, because it would give his men a significant advantage over the pirates. The only problem was that a crystal, which was essential, was found only in the mountains of the Halfs. He was given so many crystals that the military could replicate at least 500 devices. Wengin was convinced that he could supply crystals for another 500 devices within a year.

Dinner was held in the great hall, and everyone enjoyed the grilled pieces of wild boar. Pan had to be very careful, because the various berries of the forest went wonderfully with the wild boar and the red wine made him drunk quickly. He committed a grave mortal sin

against the wild boar when he drank only fruit juice. It was a taste disaster, but he had to sober up. The various dignitaries who joined him and Lea on a case-by-case basis mainly wanted to talk to her anyway. By the time they moved to the bar for sweets and liquor, the effect of the red wine had worn off. He awoke and eloquently joined in the conversation.

When things quieted down around them, he told them about Wengin's magnificent device. Lea knew about it, of course, and at one point he started laughing out loud. He told Lea what had made him laugh. His telepathic pilots would give anything to imitate his feat. The pirates-alliance and its military were, after all, led by women. They lived by matriarchal rules and each female pirate had half a dozen fuckers at her disposal in her household. Instead of "man" they spoke of "fuckers." Even Lea had to laugh out loud at that. He now had to tell Lea about the giant pirate he had upset with the telepathic fucking. His men would want to fuck the aloof female pirate commanders badly, goddammit! When he finished counting, she shook her red-gold mane in disbelief. "I knew you were a telepath, but I didn't know you were that strong. I've tried something like that several times, too, but never succeeded in the end!"

The pirate problem did not touch the Halfs' lives. Pan asked Lea what he could give the Halfs in return for the invention. Lea didn't have to think long. "Books, books, and books!" The Halfs had few stolen books at their disposal, so that was a problem in the long run. Pan promised to bring a wagonload of books. And gold wouldn't she want? Lea swiped at the air. She thought nothing, really nothing of gold. Yes, gold coins were in circulation, but the Halfs only bartered. All their maids had a gold coin or two, but these were only admired and looked at, never would anyone give away their gold piece. It had no meaning in practice.

They went to the sinks and the old maid who washed and examined his cock somehow aroused his pity. She should tell him about her best sex adventure. She thought for a long time. She had been taken on a hunt by a lover when she was quite young. The 11 hunters fucked her day and night in a row for a week and she was in a blissful high from her hundred orgasms. He nodded, he could imagine that

very well. But that was forty years ago, Commander! she said, grinning and pushing her loincloth aside to show him her old cunt before they went into the bedroom.

The night with Lea had been wonderful. They were very well attuned to each other by now. When she had had a few orgasms, she let him fuck her in the supine position. He was completely exhausted when the first rays of the sun shone in his eyes. Lea let him sleep late again and he set off after the extensive late breakfast.

Wengin welcomed him at noon with a surprising lunch. There was grilled fish from the lake. Pan rarely got fish and enjoyed it very much. There was a very interesting conversation with the inventor and Pan was overwhelmed by what great ideas were going through Wengin's mind. But they had to leave, the sun was leaning over the zenith. Ireneia immediately undressed in the scorching hot glider while he carefully steered through the dense forest. She chattered away as usual. She had thought it over back and forth, but then told Wengin nothing. About fucking with many hundreds of officers and crews, about Pozzebon or about him. She left Wengin believing in her innocence and that she was only masturbating. Wen lived as he thought. Once a month he let himself be fucked by changing female engineers or students, this was considered ascetic among the Halfs. Often he let himself be fucked every night for months, but it shamed him greatly. That's how he is, my chaste Wen!

Once again they paused at the edge of the forest, they ate, drank, and he smoked a cigarette. Ireneia had another bottle and a half of mulberry brandy and spoke to him proficiently. He had the seats folded down and climbed naked onto the couches behind her. They did not exchange a word, it was not necessary. She kept her fire blazing with the mulberry brandy, and the only thing she kept groaning in a plaintive tone was, "I need it right back," or "Fuck me, fuck me real hard!" or "Jaa, Jaaah, Jaaaaa!" when her fingers raced to orgasm on her clit. He would always take a short break and pull his cock out to watch her masturbate and orgasm. The 6 hours of flying went by in a flash and he kept the glider hovering high above Pozzebon's farm for a long time because she wasn't ready to masturbate to a big orgasm yet. He hadn't squirted once on the flight back.

Pozzebon welcomed them with iced fruit juice, fine ham and bacon from the market and told. He had, of course, immediately noticed the sad figures loitering at the butcher's. This was on the second day, he bought two schnitzels, two steaks and sausages for two and whispered to the butcher about his old flame from the city who had come to fuck for a few days. A simple-minded old woman, but everything still on and she fucked truly divine! He invited the butcher to come over for a fuck, even though he knew full well that he was gay. Ireneia kicked him in the shins in a friendly way, so much for simple-minded old woman! Pan smiled and told her to hire with Pozzebon as a sex doll and that Pozzebon should bring her home with fanfare at 17:00 the next day. The old man's eyes flashed as he agreed. She kicked Pan in the shins, "You old panderer, you!" but she beamed with lust.

Pan drove straight to the base, calling Lan from the road. His initial anger spent, he counted to 100 until he called her. He told her off the top of his head how low he thought it was that she had Pozzebon spied on. Ireneia and Pozzebon were quite frightened, he said, because they didn't understand why. And she had broken her promise, that was just rotten. He didn't let Lan get a word in edgewise, if she wanted war with him, so be it, she could have it! He ended the conversation abruptly, not taking her many calls all day and letting her stew in her own juices.

He delivered the glider – after clearing waypoints and route – and reported to the Brigadier General. He had bought the device and the bags of crystals for good money and swiped the brigadier's check. He went with the Brigadier General to the Engineering Departement where they spent an hour examining the device. The chief engineer was a weak telepath, but with the device he penetrated farther than ever. It didn't take the general half a second to see the advantages. He immediately ordered production and the necessary modifications to the telepath-s couches. "Good man," the general said, jovially tapping him on the shoulder.

Pan bought three pre-grilled steaks, spicy flatbreads, and two bottles of mulberry brandy on the way and waited outside Ireneia's house. Pozzebon had apparently stolen his glider from a museum;

the ancient piece came to a halt smoking, popping, and farting. Amused, the two drunks hooted as they got out. Pan grinned furtively; the drunks' charade just seemed ridiculous. Pan scanned the house and yard for bugs, all clean. They grilled the steaks behind the house and had a wonderful dinner.

He gave half the general's money to Irene and half to Pozzebon, "for special service to special military missions." Pozzebon did not want to accept it at first, after all, it was an amount of about a thousand gold coins. But Irene convinced him. If the general was paying her so generously, it was probably for future service. She and Pan snorted with laughter, she had to kick the stunned Pozzebon in the shins first. "We're going to fuck again, Pozz, fuck! Fuck! Fuck for gold!" and now he joined in the laughter. Pan had not drunk any mulberry brandy with the two of them, and the two of them were rolling merrily in the grass. Irene, who had been naked all along, yanked Pozzebon's pants down and they fucked wildly in the waist-high grass. Pan watched them for a while and then drove off, to his dominatrix.

Lan was very surprised, but she managed to cry on it with ease. Pan pretended to have a soft heart, sat with her on the couch and put his arm around her shoulders caringly. She sobbed that they hadn't all gotten her orders in time, and he acquiesced. He had thought she was betraying him and wanted to go to war. This had hurt him very much. She set everything in motion to reconcile him. She served him a decidedly good meal, told him openly and frankly about the internal debates of the women's government and projects that had not yet been made public.

A maid in a transparent uniform silently scurried in and placed an envelope on the table, then quietly disappeared. Lan opened the envelope. It was razor-sharp footage, apparently taken by a drone after their dinner. Pozzebon was fucking Irene, every hair bristle of her cunt was very clearly visible. He looked very closely at the 15 photos, which would surely have pleased a divorce lawyer, but he showed not the slightest emotion. Lan watched him keenly. "I get anonymous notices like this all the time," she said, handing him the accompanying letter.

Just one line, “perhaps of interest, dominatrix,” and he could see in Lan’s mind who the anonymous one was. “A woman, well educated, expensive perfume” he said and Lan nodded, “you are a good observer”. He wasn’t even participating, Lan said, just sitting with his fruit juice. He nodded disdainfully, “a 72 year old?” and shook his head in horror. He said he could not accept the fact that eyes were everywhere on the three of them. He could never again, never again have unqualified confidence in her. She was like Prince Metternich or J. Edgar Hoover, collecting important and unimportant facts about everyone, perhaps it could be used someday. It was unimportant that Irene and Pozzebon fucked, it was unimportant how Irene’s cunt or Pozzebon’s cock looked in close-up. It was unimportant that he did not participate in the fucking, because his preference for young things was common knowledge and also unimportant. He fell silent, exasperated, and she thought for a long time, then gave herself a jolt.

There were only a few days left until the birth and she was not supposed to let him fuck her again, but she seduced him and let him go only after hours. She was happy and proud to have gotten him back on track. This was a masterstroke, she knew. He grinned widely as he let himself be flown home by a glider.

He put into circulation that he desperately needed books. Non-fiction, reference books, serious books. After 6 weeks, 3 man-high piles of books had accumulated. Binara sorted out the crap. He contacted Wengin, Irene and Pozzebon, lastly the General. The special mission could begin. The stuff master was completely out of his mind, the commander wanted 4 old gliders and to pilot them all himself. He had piloted over 100 fighter gliders by himself in the last war, so that was a cinch. Shaking his head, the gear master gave him the 4 launch sticks and Pan programmed three to follow the first. His gonies loaded the books into the 3 gliders up to the roof, then he picked Irene up.

Irene already knew she would have to wait. She was amazed that they were flying with 4 gliders and looked curiously into the gliders, but he did not reveal what he needed the books for. At the first waypoint he stopped and flew his glider high up, but no chasers, no

drones. He let the gliders fly off and let the seats fold down. Irene tore off her clothes exultantly, she hadn't fucked yet today, hadn't masturbated in hours and needed it right now, badly! He smiled, because he could smell the mulberry brandy. He took it easy again, holding back the squirting and just giving her his erection. They reached Wengin's house on the lake after the pleasurable fucking.

He was again served grilled fish and talked with Wengin about technical questions. How the amplifier for telepathy could be built even bigger, even more effective? Wengin wanted to get to work, but Pan suggested he just write it down, his technicians would build it. Irene dragged Wengin inside and he flew to Halfgard.

Wengin had announced his coming, but said nothing about the books. He sat down in front of the palace hut and asked a maid to fetch the mistress. Lea sat down beside him. "I have brought books," he said, "books and books, as you said, my Queen!" Lea's eyes snapped open. "Three carts full? There must be hundreds of them!" He grinned, "there are 3,217, and one is especially for you from my own library. Among other things, that tells of the real Budicca. She was a Queen and warrior who sought to avenge the rape of her daughters." Lea looked uncomprehending, "Rape?"

Pan scratched his head. "Their daughters were virgins untouched, far too young. The enemies, called Romans, captured the two girls, stripped them completely naked, and all groped the small breasts and untouched pussies of the weeping girls. After hours the Romans had finished their feast and deflowered the girls, one by one fucking the crying girls. In the early morning they finished and threw the girls in front of Budicca's tent. She was glad they were alive, but Budicca swore revenge because her daughters had been dishonored and raped. She attacked the Romans and killed them all. But more Romans came and captured Budicca and tied her to a stake. Her captured men had to watch their Queen being fucked by all the soldiers, then they cut her throat."

Lea nodded sadly, being publicly fucked was something no Queen deserved. She would read his book diligently. "More than half of the books were written on old Earth, and people revered those authors

greatly. Most of the other books were technical books to learn physics, chemistry or engineering from.” He added that he would bring as many books as possible in the future. However, no military ones, he respected this prohibition. Lea thanked and instructed her people to unload the books.

It had become evening and the tables were set. Leah sat down beside him completely naked, in his honor and to the delight of her people. She was not stingy with her sight, everyone was allowed to stare at her beautiful body at will. She was showing herself naked for the first time in front of her Halfs, she murmured, it is a special occasion after all! She stood up and gave a short speech, the Commander had brought 3 truckloads of books for them all to learn. No longer should the average Half remain uneducated. She sparked a loud cheer and applause. “Long live the Commander!” shouted those present, and he had to rise and bow willy–nilly. Only Lea could hear his murmur of how much he hated it.

There was excellent grilled wild boar with fruit and the best berries from the forest. Pan drank the red wine much more carefully this time and insulted the wild boar with fruit juice. He tickled Lea’s mane and her red–gold back fur, he furtively stroked her thighs and her cleft. Her fiery looks promised him heaven on earth. He ate until he was full and sat down at the bar. Sweets, liquor, and Lea snuggled up to him. He passed on the cigarette, because the Halfs did not smoke. Lea got involved in the discussions with the dignitaries, that was her job, her place. But her hand rested on his thigh.

Lea was preparing an exciting night for him. He hadn’t cum in two days and she made him cum roaring. After all, she knew quite well how Humans liked to fuck. She made him stiff every time with her mouth, lips and tongue, she wasn’t as tense about it as she used to be. Her passion was honest and contagious. They fucked until the first ray of sunlight, then they fell asleep. He did not awaken until mid–morning.

Instead of Lea, that young maid lay naked next to him, whom he had had on his lap during the last visit. She kissed him awake, smiling. The mistress had ordered that she lay down with him. The mis-

tress had ordered her to fuck the commander for as long as he wanted. He closed his eyes, that Lea! She knew what he liked. He kissed the girl on the mouth, if she could do it well? She blushed and whispered that she hadn't fucked many men yet, but she had watched them fuck very often. She was almost 14, and she had only masturbated a lot, as befitted a girl. The Queen, she said, had made her get deflowered a few weeks ago and learn how to fuck. But the Half was not really interested in her and had only deflowered her because the mistress had ordered it. He had fucked her only very fleetingly as humans do, lying in a shameful position on the back fur and had gone quickly, he had not even cum because of haste. The mistress had ordered her to bathe, perfume and make herself beautiful for the commander before dinner. Pan was silent for a long time and stroked her face.

He asked her to fuck him Half-girl style, he liked that. She climbed on him and fucked him very skillfully. Yes, she had watched very often how the Half-girls fucked, and she just imitated them. It was much nicer than the human way, lying on one's back like a stranded bug. She fucked him for a good two hours, orgasming almost by the minute after fifteen minutes. He held her by her long black back fur as he squirted in at the end. She led him to lunch.

Lea joined him first, and he was already eating diligently, having had no breakfast. She asked curiously how the morning was and he thanked her with flowery words. Lea involved him in a conversation about the girl and fucking her. She could fuck quite well, he said, she had seen it many times. She had let the girl deflower to save him the trouble. He had to make something clear, he said immediately. He felt that deflowering a girl was not a trouble, but a great honor that gave him great pleasure. And the poor girl had been deflowered by a very stupid person who took no pleasure in it and left the girl very insecure and unsatisfied. It certainly wouldn't have happened to him. Lea nodded sorrowfully, saying she would keep it in mind. He thanked her again for this gift.

Wengin handed him the new construction drawing and discussed the details with him for a while. He asked if Irene gave him so much time off and the old constructor laughed softly. He had constructed a

very effective dildo for her and she had been practicing for an hour. They laughed, and Pan said the thing would warm her womb on cold winter nights. He would pick Irene a up tomorrow at noon. Okay, said Wengin, you come pick up her leftovers. Laughing, they said good-bye.

He wandered around Halfgard for the rest of the afternoon, striking up conversations with many Halfs. He listened to them well, there were many small problems, but none big. He was interested in the hunting weapons, they were much more modern than any weapon he had seen. He had everything explained to him in detail and was amazed at what the armorers had accomplished. There was a new type of aiming device that “kept track” of the tapped target and directed the pulse beam unerringly into the target. Hunters were excited about this weapon because it guaranteed rich pickings. He found it interesting that there were separate hunting parties for each game. Lion hunters, bird hunters, antelope hunters, wild boar hunters, etc. Everyone kept to it, because hunting was one of the main occupations. Craftsmen, smelters, armorers and engineers were highly valued, but a good hunter played in the upper league.

He returned to dinner. Lea, in leather vest and loincloth, was waiting for him. Before dinner, he approached her about taking some of the modern hunting rifles with the special aiming device, it would justify his trip here very well. He had to explain in detail to Lea how he got the special missions. This is important, she said, she would make sure he brought home “loot.” Then they turned to their antelope meat, which was again accompanied by tasty fruits and berries. He drank hardly any wine and went with Lea to the bar for sweets and liquor. She reported that she had been sitting in court since noon, thank God no serious crimes. But even the small things had to be judged fairly. The knowledge and the feeling that one could expect and get justice kept the community together.

She had been thinking about the term “rape” all day. She was convinced that all men and women abided by the fact that girls and boys were not allowed to be fucked until they were 12. That children under 12 experimented among themselves or practiced with the maids was known and tacitly tolerated. The adults made love to whomever they

wanted, there was no marriage, nor did anyone lay claim to anyone, because that was the main reason why the Halfs fled from the humans to Halfgard. And if someone said no once, which was very rare, it was accepted. If not, the intruder got a beating from the others. Lea said that the crime of rape simply did not exist among her people. Pan nodded in agreement, “there we humans can still learn very much from your people!”

He said he wanted to wake up next to her tomorrow and have breakfast with her. There just wasn’t enough time to fuck with an unknown maid like this morning, he said. Besides, he whispered almost inaudibly, – he loved to caress her red–gold back fur in the morning, which shone so beautifully in the first rays of the sun. Lea nodded, beaming with joy, so be it!

That night, during his pauses, she told him about her life. Of masturbating as a child, as it was common. Of the biological father who taught her mouth–fucking from childhood. Of her breakneck escape to Halfgard and of Budicca, who loved her like a little sister and trained her to be a judge. Lea took his cock in her mouth and quickly made it stiff. They fell asleep arm in arm and she woke him in the morning with a kiss for breakfast.

The engineers gave him 12 modern hunting rifles, then he flew to Wengin’s house. The chief engineer had made a technical drawing and explained the details to him. One had to be very careful that only stable telepaths were connected, weak ones could get their brains burned out. And it needed a powerful battery, Pan said, and Wengin agreed. The fish began to sizzle on the grill and smoke drifted through the open door. Irene’s cries of pleasure in the house died away and she came out naked, her face flushed and her cleft reddened. She put on her breeches and sat down with them. The fish and wild berries tasted delicious and Pan smoked the first cigarette in days. The chief engineer stood waving in front of the house as he flew over it with the 4 gliders.

Irene was sweating in the hot cabin and took off her breeches as he slowly and carefully navigated through the forest to the waypoint. She babbled on about how nice fucking Wen was again and how

sweet it was of him to construct this marvel of a dildo for her! She had used many dildos before, but this one was the best of them all. They stopped at the waypoint and he smoked a cigarette after his snack. Irene took off his pants and lay down on the soft forest floor. He shook his head, they had to go. They fucked until the last waypoint and when she came to the finale while fucking and masturbating, he squatted on his heels and watched her. He kept up his erection, but he didn't squirt once. She gasped for him to squirt if he wanted to, but he shook his head. He delivered her to Pozzebon's farm, where she was to stay a night or two, and flew to King-Leonidas-Base shortly after.

He cleared all waypoints and routes and delivered the gliders to the armorer. He had the rifles taken to the general and reported to him. The General was very pleased with the rifles and already pulled out his checkbook, but the commander asked for patience. The three engineers he had ordered to the general entered. Now he showed Wengin's engineering drawing and discussed the details with them and the general. The flash of insight was accompanied by an outcry from the lead engineer, "Brilliant, just brilliant!" He explained in simple terms to the stunned brigadier general what it was for. He did not know Po Kang's signature and looked to Pan for help, such a genius had to sign on with him. Pan shook his head, saying that the inventor had been dead for some time and that he had bought it from robbers for good money. The engineers left chattering and now the brigadier pulled out his checkbook. Pan added up the items, rifles, special ammunition and the drawing. Cheeky as Oscar, he named the total, 7,500 gold pieces in credits. The general didn't bat an eye, it was a pittance in comparison. Let the commander continue to cultivate his contacts and bring back inventions. Pan called a glider and let himself be driven to Lan's palace.

The servant took him to the dominatrix. She sat naked on the couch and led him to her child. He pretended for a few moments and then said he didn't want to pretend, to him one baby looked like another. He was glad that the birth had gone well, that she was slim and trim again, and that the child of the future pope was a precious pledge. She had beamed at his compliment and nudged him with her elbow. "You think I am a kraken, understandable from your point of

view. But I'm just a proud and happy mother now!" He sat back down on the couch and let Lan undress him. She would have to wait some more time to fuck him, but she wanted him now.

Pan handed her the digistick with the photos of Irene's cunt. "As agreed," he said. They looked at the photos on the big screen and giggled like convent girls. Lan looked at the pictures of the full, old breasts and teats and said that indicated the old woman was a habitual masturbator. He nodded that was true. For a long time she stared at the flaccid clit, which he had photographed from all sides. Then she stared at the stiff, perky outstanding clit he had photographed during Irene's orgasm. "Oh! She's masturbating right now!" commented Lan in amazement, and he nodded, yes. Lan quizzed him and he described the old lecher's masturbation in minute detail. Lan stowed the digistick in a locked drawer and seduced him.

She fucked better than ever before. The bit of flab that childbirth had left on her body didn't bother him at all. He accepted her invitation to stay until breakfast. No matter how hard she tried to hide her thoughts, he learned a lot from her. She told him openly that she aspired to the post of Minister of Police. It was in accordance with her nature and she did not think much of the dominatrix who was currently in office. He could not help her with that, but he assured her that he supported her intention.

She didn't let him sleep for a minute, she was sexually starved and demanded to be fucked. Pan gave her his all and was exhausted only when the servants brought up the sumptuous breakfast. The servants froze in mid-motion as he squirted into Lan's vagina. They continued as well as he did and they froze again as he started the finale, thrusting and squirting very hard. He didn't care at all that the servants were watching. They stood motionless beside the set table and watched until he started the wild finale with Lan's consent. One of the servants opened her mouth wide with excitement as he cum deep and hard into Lan's vagina.

He had a glider fly him home and took the day off. He slept until noon and had lunch with his daughters. Conara was at the end of her training and wanted to set up a healing practice in the center of town.

He said she could set up a nice practice, he had a fortune at his disposal. And, of course, she was allowed to use his name, since the bureaucracy and the clergy were reluctant to allow the Halfs to do these activities. He promised to speak for her to the clergy.

Late in the afternoon he drove to Irene's house, again bringing steaks and mulberry brandy. At the barbecue, he presented the checks to the two, the astonishment was great. It was much more than Pozzebon earned in a year. Pan waved off, maybe there was no check next time, so take it and buy barrels of mulberry brandy! He had given Pozzebon and Irene the anonymous photos of the fucking. Pozzebon was shocked at how sophisticated drone technology had become. The cameras were so good that they could photograph documents quite sharply. Pozzebon looked at the hair-sharp pussy and shook his head. He hadn't spotted any of those flying cameras then. However, they had both had a good fill of mulberry brandy and were fucking exuberantly in the grass. He watched them with amusement and left the two horny cunt-peckers after hours.

He flew home, Conara and Binara were waiting for him and he had promised to have dinner with them. The daughters had bought extra fish and seafood and had prepared the feast together. Conara said she was celebrating her breakthrough in her career, the completion of her education, and his promise to help her financially and with the clergy. Binara said she was rejoicing because it was only three months away and he would be deflowering and fucking her. But she had another reason to celebrate. She had spent half a year doing research and wanted to study engineering. She could take the preparatory courses at 13 and study at 14 if he agreed. He was amazed and questioned her thoroughly. Space engineering and weapons research in the military, that was her goal. Okay, he nodded, go for it!

Of course, he would support them in whatever way he could. He told them both how happy they made their father and ruffled the girls' back fur affectionately before sweets, cognac and cigarettes concluded the feast. The girls chattered away happily and he listened to them with great pleasure. The girls drank fiery mulberry brandy and he felt it blaze in their abdomens. They went to bed and he let

Conara fuck him until midnight. She had mastered the Half-girl technique perfectly by now, and Binara's masturbation, the pressing of her body against his, her rubbing of her vagina against Conara's knee, and the final fucking with her clit drove Conara's lust up even higher. Binara was seriously preparing to fuck him beautifully and passionately one day, he was already looking forward to that.

For the next few weeks he performed his duties casually, drilling his telepaths in aerial combat and going on patrol with Isegrim. He had submitted the request for Conara to the prefecture and was amazed at how quickly a little monk came forward with his *Sanctus!* . He put on his best uniform, pinned all the tinsel on his chest and went to the prefecture. He was directed through the crowded waiting room and entered the *Sanctissimum*.

A large, dark room like a cathedral he knew only from books. Candles and the smell of must and incense. At the far end, a lighted throne on which sat a gaunt man, his face covered by a hood. He loudly shouted his *Sanctus!* and stepped forward. *Laudate dominum!* replied the man, beckoning him to come closer. He was right in front of the throne and the hand beckoned he could sit down. He spotted a small wooden chair off to the side, but he was not going to be humbled so easily. He grabbed the chair and placed it right in front of the throne. He took a seat and looked at the figure demanding.

"You have requested a healing practice for your biological daughter, Conara. I was told that she had completed her training with very good results and was recommended by the healers. I am pleased to hear that, but she is not a human daughter, merely a Half." The man was silent. Pan looked sharply under the hood and looked into the man's eyes. "I am not married, and yet I have raised my Half-sons and Half-daughters as if they were my human children. They are all more educated than most human children and deserve a place in our society. I will vouch for Conara's practice with my fortune and ask only for your permission." he concluded. The confidential tone did not seem to bother the man. This one flipped back his hood; he was a shaven-headed man of about 60, Pan estimated.

“I am Prefect and Archbishop Torx,” the man said, looking at him sharply. “For Conara d’Aubonville I will have the *placet* issued today, we can use every good healer in the city, for there are far too many cranks!” Torx was silent, and Pan saw no reason to speak. “I have of course inquired about your sons, they are all very capable employees of their masters and they please their wives every night with their powerful loins. You have indeed trained your sons well and taught them to fuck well, and that honors you, Commander!” Torx leaned forward. “And, how is it with your daughters?” It was clear to Pan that the Bishop was well informed. “Conara’s training I supervised myself, as I did with my sons, and trained her thoroughly and without tolerating softness. Training her as a healer was her own wish and I actively supported her in this. Since she was an adult at 12, she has lain with me and has the fiery fucking of the Half-girls.” That, he thought, was all the bishop needed to know. Torx had leaned back at his words and smiled, he had expected that answer.

“And what about the younger one?” shot out Torxen’s question as soon as he had finished. He sensed that the bishop knew the answer here, too. “She wants to study engineering when she is old enough. She will take the first courses next year.” Torx looked at him piercingly, despite his smile. Pan was on guard, and sure enough, Torx attacked. “She lies with you every night!” he thundered, and Pan did not miss the threatening undertone. “Yes, she’s been lying with me since she was a child; she never wanted to sleep with the gonnies. But she is still a minor, and it is all right with me if she is not tempted by her playmates, for I do not approve of children’s experimenting at all. Others may tolerate it, I don’t; I’m all for clear age-appropriate parenting.”

The bishop’s eyes continued to bore. “So she lies with you, every night. I see her before me, chastely sleeping beside her father. Doesn’t that hinder your sex life?” Pan smiled, this test was easier than he feared. “Oh, no, not at all! Of course she watches when I fuck a girl or a gonne woman, in the process she learns to fuck!” The bishop nodded and smiled. “That’s quite right, you take good care of education. Not many do, unfortunately.” Torx paused for a moment, then continued to ask, “and, is the fire burning in her ass yet?” Pan wondered where the cleric got this information. “But of course, Arch-

bishop,” he began, “she has been masturbating since early childhood, a lot and every night, as befits Half-girls. She’s already very good at it and is conscientiously preparing to fuck when she’s 12.” He suspected that the bishop had the information from the dominatrix Ileana, Lan, but he saw no way of finding out now.

The Bishop delivered the solution to him immediately and free. Pan answered in the affirmative when Torx asked if he knew Domina Ileana. And what a joy it was, Torx said, that she had recently given birth to a son! Pan looked at the bishop neutrally, not letting his interest show. Torx bent over to appear confidential. Ileana always liked to come to discuss questions of sexuality with him, and she was very happy to stay with him overnight. He had been very surprised that Ileana had just chosen his secretary to be the father of her son. The poor boy, said the bishop with a broad grin, he had never seen a woman naked, he had never lain with a girl! Imagine that! And now Ileana, a true artist in fucking! The bishop licked his lips. It was a real pleasure how this goddess of love lured the boy to her camp and taught him how to fuck! Watching her perform this feat and seeing the young monk fill her chalice to the brim with his seed night after night and finally impregnate her would have surely pleased you, Commander! She let go of the monk after four months, when she was pregnant. Torx leaned back again. He didn’t let on if the younger man’s favoritism bothered him in any way. That he watched the dominatrix and the monk fuck was apparently natural for the bishop.

Pan said that he had already seen the child and congratulated the bishop, that was good for the clergy, wasn’t it? Torx nodded. He would not be able to see the child so soon, he said, for Ileana had sent word to him that, on medical advice, she must remain chaste for several months, although she lusted after him very much. Pan nodded in agreement, saying that one had to submit to the doctors.

He would only come to the Domina when she invited him, Pan said, for example to show him the child. She was actually much too old for him, he usually only fucked girls under 20. Archbishop Torx nodded knowingly. He had sent the dominatrix drone footage the other day showing Irene and Pozzebon fucking, but the dominatrix had ordered him – instead of saying thank you – to stop the surveil-

lance, which he had of course done immediately. Pan kept silent, for he knew the young patrician girl who had sent the photos and served as the bishop's personal palace whore. But Torx still wanted to know everything about Irene, Pan had been there after all. Pan did him the favor without revealing Irene. She was basically addicted to alcohol, Pan diagnosed, because she drank several bottles of mulberry brandy a day. This, of course, had led to her having to masturbate day and night like an underage Half-girl. She was the first human woman he had seen masturbate so much. Torx cradled his bald skull, the mulberry brandy was sometimes a curse, though it fueled the old woman's lust quite wonderfully, the bishop said with satisfaction. The clergy had always been the most important producers of mulberry brandy and could thus actively promote the sexual perversion of the people.

Torx abruptly changed the subject. Whether he was an atheist and what exactly he was doing in the military? He was an agnostic, Pan said; atheists would paradoxically affirm a god, after all. He trained telepaths for air combat, he drilled some men. He had to patrol and sometimes keep order with his men, for example, when the fucking at the end of a game of sticks got out of hand. As commander, he was entitled to four days off, which he devoted mostly to raising his daughter and furthering his own education. He thought nothing of whoring around in the brothels like other comrades; there were plenty of women in his house, after all.

The audience came to an end and he stood up, thanked again for Conaras admission and approached the Archbishop to shake his hand. *Noli me tangere!* exclaimed the bishop, do not touch me! It was unseemly to shake hands with non-clerics, the bishop enlightened him, then nodded in a friendly manner and Pan walked out. He grinned slightly, wondering if he would not let Domina Ileana touch him either? He hurried home to tell Conara the good news. He had already instructed his money house to give Conara credits, as much as she was asking.

He spent a lot of time with the technicians, personally supervising the manufacture of the new device. He had made sure that the device could amplify 8 to 10 telepaths simultaneously. This was a big step

forward and he practiced with the telepaths to use the amplifier. He knew about the danger of being caught using the amplifier on the special missions, so he made sure that the range did not reach Halfgard. But the amplifier would only develop its full power in space.

Conara was out day and night setting up her practice, but she still managed to lay with him at least one night a week. She still insisted on lying only with him and rejected all other men. She let her lust flare up only at night and masturbated with all her passion. Binara was fully occupied with the gonnies, preparing the event with Old Dong.

# Special Missions

by Jack Faber © 2023

The courtyard of 'Master Guo's palace was packed. Binara had expected 200 gonnies, but far more had come. She sent her gonnies out to get more food and firewood. Wine was plentiful; the gonnies from out of town had brought huge quantities of wine. Pan had retreated to the library, such a large amount of gonnies was just too much for him. He looked at the smoke curls of his cigarette and thought about the conversation with the archbishop. He had gotten some questions answered, but why Lan had called him five times now and demanded to be fucked, but kept the bishop waiting, he still didn't see through. Even the child's father she had only informed in writing, the postnatal chastity ... . The dominatrix was playing a game he didn't yet see through. Not for a second did he imagine that it was because of his good fucking. Binara called for him, the old preacher was already there, he should come down. She handed him a pareo, he only had to tie it around his hips. He went into the courtyard and sat down with his own gonnie girls. The youngest sat on his lap to warm his cock.

Old Dong, the old preacher, was an imposing figure. He was a head taller than the others, lean and muscular. His fur was gray and white, he had a snow-white mane on his head, which was very unusual and remarkable. He was supposedly already 120 years old, it was said. Pan immediately noticed the old man's proportionally large cock, and he had the impression that the old man could still handle it well. Old Dong stood motionless in front of the bonfire and waited until it was quiet. When he began to speak in a low but full voice, it became dead silent.

He came from the coast north of the city because his people needed their support. His people, they were about 30,000 gonnies who lived peacefully on the coast and supplied the city with fish in barter. The peace had been disturbed; discarded old gonnies, about 400, had settled nearby and were stealing the yumma in the people's plantations. They shrugged indifferently, the theft of a few fruits did not disturb their business. The Tali appeased them and fucked their

wives for free in gratitude. The wives whooped and restrained their husbands.

He, Old Dong, did not mind, per se. The plantation owners paid the Tali with the stolen yumma for fucking their wives in turn to the 7th heaven. If only it had stayed that way, the old man lamented, plucking his half-stiff cock thoughtlessly. The dozen human women who lived in each plantation were overjoyed to be fucked to heaven by several Tali every day. But the Tali women were far too many and the human women too few. The Tali looked around to see if there was anyone else to fuck. Yes, the gonnie women and gonnie girls who ran the plantation household, they were just fine.

But, as you all know, the Tali cocks are too big for our gonnie vaginas, many injured gonnies came to his people to be healed. Thank God, the wounds were healed quickly. Old Dong paused effectively and walked once around the bonfire. He continued. The Tali had acquired a taste for it. They kept invading his villages in groups, driving the men away with sticks and fucking all the women who hadn't run off with the men. Many stupid women also stayed because they promised themselves fabulously beautiful and exciting orgasms while fucking the Tali.

Old Dong made an effective hand gesture in the air. He could not let this go. We gonnies are peaceful and peaceable by nature, we can't fight. But I can, I have proved it. A handful of men accompanied him as they, armed with sticks like the Tali, beat down a Tali woman from the Gonnie woman. He, yes he, led by example and fucked the Tali. Fucking a Tali is a wonderful thing, the old man raved and the audience held their breath, fucking a Tali was really very, very satisfying for the gonnie man. The Tali came to orgasm very quickly and he held her cock with his fist rubbing and he made her squirt violently in the air. Then he was able to finish fucking the Tali woman quickly and make her cum. Old Dong told about fucking the Tali in spicy, piggish and flowery words and impressed the audience.

The old man bowed deeply and enjoyed the rapturous applause for minutes. Then he raised his hand and everyone fell silent. After him one or two of the brave men fucked the Tali, he continued in a

loud voice, my men began to get excited about fucking a Tali and making her squirt with a firm grip of the rubbing fist. The men lost their fear of the big women with the big dicks. And that's what we do: they fuck our women, and we fuck them, one by one, until their semen is exhausted! The old man looked triumphantly around. Come, men, come with me! Come to fuck the Tali to insanity! If they want war, let them have it!

Thunderous applause, mostly from the gonnies women. They poked and prodded their men, but none really wanted to join in. The gonnies women clustered around the old man, each wanting to fuck him. Old Dong went his way after a good hour, followed by a few gonnies women who were still desperate to be fucked by him. The gonnies ate and drank, the wine and bonfire did their good and soon everyone was fucking to their hearts content in the courtyard. Binara sat on the steps and didn't let anyone into the palace. The gonnies were just terribly curious, no one would want to steal anything. Binara remained friendly and offered everyone a cup of wine. The curious gonnies immediately retreated when she told them their master wanted to be undisturbed.

Pan watched the merry goings and fuckings from the library window, then sat down at the desk and with Fyy dictated a long report to the brigadier general. For the most part, he reproduced Old Dong's address verbatim. At the end he suggested sending several patrols in groups of four or six to the northern coastal areas. If it was possible, every day and several patrols. The situation between Gonnies and Tali was not allowed to escalate, both ethnic groups and peace were needed. He would even allow the men to take individual Tali "to safety" and give them a good screwing. The Tali should know where the big hammer hangs. Pan listened to his report twice and corrected minor details before sending it off.

He called one of his gonnies girls from the window and she came up with Binara. Binara had locked and bolted the palace door and the two girls disappeared into the bathroom, giggling.

A few days later Lan called him. He gave Ben the command and followed her call. She wanted to be fucked immediately, absolutely

and very firmly, as soon as they had greeted each other. She was quickly satisfied and shooed the servants out, they would have seen enough and the work was not doing itself. She lay half on top of him and shooed away the girls, who would have wanted to watch longer, as otherwise. “Enough gawking, girls, go and masturbate quickly!” scolded the dominatrix. “So, now it’s just us, they’ll probably have an hour to do with their clits,” she said with a grin.

She started talking about the new patrols into the northern coastal area. He let her talk, she definitely only knew half of it. He sat up and said he couldn’t give it to her because it was a military report, but she could read it on the screen. She read very carefully and remained silent. “I didn’t know you wrote the original report,” she said meekly after a while. “We can’t tolerate fighting between Gonnies and Tali,” she said thoughtfully, “and the old preacher should be careful not to get nicked.” He spoke against it. The old man just wanted to fuck the horny Tali girls and is looking for like-minded people to protect him as a group. You have to see it as simple as it was and not produce a martyr.

Thankfully, the general had taken his suggestion and dispatched the patrols. The Tali understood right away that they could not go too far. And his men were thrilled to be allowed, quite officially, to fuck the picked-up Tali girls one by one. Fucking on prescription, they joked. This tidbit made the rounds, there were always 4 patrols with highly motivated crews on the coast. Lan admitted unapologetically that he had done a good job. Wouldn’t he like to join her ministry? He declined with thanks, he was appointed space glider commander, that was his destiny.

“It’s a pity that you ... that you sent them away, I would have been very hungry,” and she clapped her hands. A servant immediately appeared. They were immediately given a fine cold plate and drank wine. Ben came forward and Pan said he was in ladies company. Ben understood, he wanted to invite him to dinner, but so ... Pan quickly said, at 19:00 I’ll be there and hung up. An invitation, he said to Lan, because she had probably overheard. Lan nodded, “your friend Isegrim?” but he did not respond. She finished the wine and lay down on her back. She didn’t need to say anything.

He was at Ben's on time. As they sat down at the table, Ben murmured, "Your second chance, take it!" Dinner was a feast of exquisite delicacies and he joined Ben at the small table for cognac and cigarettes while Lia put the girls to bed. She walked tantalizingly past the men, dropping one article of clothing after another. They followed her into the bedroom and sat down on the visitor's chairs, just half an arm's length from Lia's cunt. Pan let his eyes glide over her beautiful body, she was truly the most erotic 35-year-old he had ever seen. The side door opened and the two naked Tali girls entered. They lay down on either side of Lia and began to arouse her with kisses, caresses and cuddles. One Tali girl was right in front of him, just inches away, and he breathed in her wonderful erotic scent.

Lia drank a large glass of mulberry brandy, let the glass slide to the floor and turned onto her back. She saw and heard nothing anymore, her cunt was ablaze. She grabbed one of the girls and pulled her on top of her. She took the large breast in her mouth and Pan saw her tongue playing with the girl's teat. The Tali increased her pace as Lia bit harder and harder into her teat. Lia whooped loudly in orgasm and bit into the teat very hard. The girl cried out softly and thrust and squirted, thrust and squirted. She finally pushed the big cock very deep into Lia's vagina and squirted deeply. The second Tali girl immediately thrust into Lia's orgasm and thrust very fast. Lia couldn't get out of the orgasm at all, she bit the girl's teat a little bloody, she was so enraptured. The girl was out of her mind and squirted in one go when Lia's teeth didn't release her teat at all. The first girl took over fucking again, taking the mistress from orgasm to orgasm. She squirted as the mistress bit her in supreme pleasure in the other teat. She was still squirting into Lia's orgasm when the second girl was already getting into position. The exchange lasted only a blink of an eye, Lia gasped very loudly and her lips sought the teat. Lia clutched the girl and whimpered in orgasm, her lips brutally pressed the teat and she bit down, hard. The girl gave a wailing sound and pushed the mistress as if out of her mind. She pressed herself against the mistress and Pan could only tell by her ass muscles that she was squirting. Lia fainted with a deep sigh. The girls glanced briefly at Ben and him before walking out.

Lia stirred after moments and reached down onto Pan's knee, onto his thigh. He glanced briefly at Ben and pulled out in a flash. He already had a large erection and instantly penetrated Lia's vagina. Her body was still undulating in the dying orgasm and he effortlessly brought her to top speed. Fucking this sensual and passionate woman was a delight, an extraordinary feast! He waited out two of her orgasms and didn't squirt until her third screaming orgasm. Her hand dropped powerlessly and she passed out again and now he finished squirting. He sank down beside her and fondled her breasts and cleft.

Ben was up after a while, walking to the side door and calling the Tali girls. He quickly undressed and lay down on the bed. Gently, he pushed the unconscious Lia aside as the naked Tali girls joined them. Ben whispered, "My friend, now we ride," and had the Tali lie down supine. Pan was very pleasantly surprised at how tight the girl's vagina was. He watched Ben and followed suit. He grabbed his girl's cock with his fist, bit her teat and fucked her with pleasure. The girl unexpectedly orgasmed quickly, he bit her teat hard and rubbed her cock until she squirted a little. He let go of the still stiff cock and grabbed the girl's small ass cheeks. She panted and made soft sounds of pleasure as he thrust into her really fast and hard in the finale. Her vagina felt tight and comfortable like a Gonnie girl's, he thought as he penetrated as deep as he could and cum. He squirted it all, to the last drop, then dropped down beside her. Lia was exhausted and whispered how much she had enjoyed it.

Pan was very pleased with the new amplifier. He trained with 6 telepaths and they effortlessly piloted the space gliders to the border of the pirate alliance. He knew they could push much further, all the way to their central cluster. They stayed for two hours, observing the border patrols. Two telepaths crept up to the pirate commander and fucked her from the front and the back at the same time. She was unable to command for 5 minutes and squirmed in her chair. The telepaths grinned wryly, that was a considerable military advantage! Pan had them turn back, it wasn't just about fucking, it was about training. The pirates now knew that the Bangurelians had something new, and that was not good.

Case by case, he accompanied Ben or Isegrim on patrol to the north coast. One had the Tali finished fucking, beating them down from the Gonnie women and fucking them to the hilt. They traded the Tali among themselves because they argued about which one was the best to fuck. They beat the Tali green and blue and kicked their asses to make them troll. Everyone was happy.

Even Archbishop Torx had come to Conara's practice opening, Ileana had taken the little Prince with her and soon sent him home with the Nana. Lan had put on the most daring jumpsuit, but she might as well have come completely naked. The men clicked their tongues; Lan was the finest jewel of the reception. Some old healers made speeches, then Conara and Pan. He had co-written his speech with Fyy.

So Pan gave his speech, which touchingly expressed his pride in Conara. Conara had to pull the handkerchief a lot and hold back her tears. The guests stormed the buffet and toasted the new healer. Torx floated away with Lan in tow, she winked at Pan and stuck her tongue out behind the Archbishop's back. Isegrim murmured his congratulations to Conara and warped off to the base. Ben hugged her as he congratulated her and felt Conara's ass extensively. "You could sweeten my night with the most beautiful fucking, Mistress Conara!" and Pan kicked him grinning in the shin. The company gradually dispersed and Pan also hurried to the base.

A night drill was due, and he had to round up the men, as some had already had a good drink. But an alarm was possible at any time, so one had to appear even drunk and stand one's ground. He drilled the men relentlessly, the whole planet was dependent on their readiness. He rewarded the best by assigning them to the northern patrol. The failures, on the other hand, didn't get a chance to fuck Tali girls. He retired to his library and dictated the final report to Fyy, spending the rest of the evening reading old books.

He kept in touch with Wengin and his next visit was due. He chatted with Fyy, Conara was mostly sleeping in her new office, Binara was alone. Fyy should lie down with her. Fyy nodded, do you want me to masturbate her? He agreed, if Binara wanted her to. Fyy said

she would also teach her how two girls could fuck. Binara was already so excited to finally turn 12 and Fyy would prepare her for that too. He caressed Fyy's beautiful breasts and the nicely curved abdomen of the girl sitting on his lap. "Give her love, security and pleasure!" he said.

Pozzebon and Irene had already been notified, the brigadier general gave him the order and he picked up the glider from the stuff-master. He had tied two trailers to the glider, which his gonnies stuffed with books. Summer was approaching and it was oppressively hot in the cabin. Irene's shirt was sweaty through after moments and she was gasping for breath by the time they got to the first waypoint. He got the glider on the track and had the seats folded down. She ripped off her wet clothes and stretched out.

He could not imagine how bad she was, she had worked for days from dawn to dusk in her garden and in the fields and fell into bed in the evening dead tired. Too tired to masturbate. Not a single orgasm for four days. Oh, she would rather be dead! This was her first sip of mulberry brandy in a week! A whole goddamn week! He grinned without comment and they fucked without stopping until the last waypoint. He let her masturbate, she masturbated for 6 hours without stopping. He pulled out and watched her increase the pace, bracing her soles against the glass roof, rubbing her clit to orgasm at a furious pace. A deep, greedy swig from the bottle, then it was right on. His erection held out excellently, and though she begged for it, he didn't squirt once. She shook her head disapprovingly, saying it was not at all healthy to hold back semen. At the last waypoint, he got out, smoked, and let Fyy fill him in. No news. Irene freshened up with wet wipes, put on perfume and fresh clothes, which she put on only above the lake. He steered the glider with the trailers through the forest, it was easier that way than with 4 gliders. Wengin stood in front of the house and waved. He stayed just for a cigarette and reported to Wengin how well the new amplifier was working. Then he flew to Halfgard.

Lea received him very warmly, had the books unloaded and the glider cleaned by two maids. He washed his face and put on a clean uniform shirt, then they went to the great hall for dinner. Lea was in

a very good mood and they entertained themselves splendidly. Grilled antelope meat, berries and a light green moss, very tasty and only available at this time of year. They sat in the bar for a long time, sweets, liquor and iced fruit juice.

Lea listened to what subjects and councilors had to say to her. She had exchanged her leather jacket for a bolero of light fabric, which showed off her breasts beautifully. Her mane and back fur were freshly coiffed and he buried his fingers in them. As it grew late, they sat down in the sinks. They were almost finished when a young Half rushed up to Lea and whispered in her ear. She nodded and immediately got dressed again. He should go ahead, she would soon follow. She whispered to a maid on her way out and gave some orders. He went into the bedroom.

He had lain down, it had been a long and tiring day. Then a young girl floated into the bedroom, let her short cloak slide to the floor and lay naked with him. She was quite pretty and childlike, her back fur dark blond. She had been sent by the mistress, she was to give herself to him, explicitly. She swallowed blushing, she was still a virgin and it would be very nice for her to give him her first fire. He stroked her, the face, the beautiful back fur and the body. She should tell him about herself. Her name was Lina, she was 14 and had been brought here to Halfgard 2 years ago. She had never done it with a man, but of course watched very often while fucking, because young Halfgard girls were only allowed to masturbate because it was proper. She and a boy of the same age had been kidnapped by a female warrior and a male warrior at the moment when they wanted to take them to a brothel. The warrior had knocked down the people from the brothel with a single punch, Lina wanted to become such a warrior since then.

During the 12 hour journey, the warrior fucked often with her companion and the boy, his name is Yannick, had become very greedy and of course wanted to fuck Lina. But she did not let him fuck her, because that would have been very dishonorable. Yannick masturbated and taught her too. The adult warriors nodded encouragement as she learned to masturbate Yannick's cock. She had to masturbate too, of course, and was allowed to press herself against

Yannick's body and cock, she always did. The warriors were very pleased with the two children and she masturbated herself and Yannick in one go until they arrived in Halfgard. She worked in the palace, currently in the laundry. So, that was her story.

He asked Lina if she wanted to be deflowered lying on her back, but she shook her blonde mane. That, he said, was the degrading position that only human women loved. He nodded in agreement, Lina lay on top of him and they cuddled and kissed for a long time. Lina straightened up, saying she was ready. He helped her to put his cock in her vaginal entrance. Lina closed her eyes and drove the cock through her hymen with a quick jerk. She smiled happily and kissed him on the mouth. She fucked him Half-girl style and quickly orgasmed. He clawed his fingers into her back fur and squirted like mad. She kissed him again when the squirting stopped, then continued to fuck him, earning orgasm after orgasm.

At about midnight, Lea came and lay with them. It took Lina a few more minutes before she orgasmed. She slid off him, gathered her cloak and said, "Thank you, Commander, and thank you, Mistress!" then scurried out. Lea saw his erection and sat on him. She fucked him voraciously and made him squirt. As they lay side by side, she narrated.

An old hunter, already at the end of his life, had gone mad. He had stabbed a hunter in a quarrel and had taken an 11-year-old girl hostage. He held his bloody knife to the child's neck and screamed to be let escape into the forest. But the hunters would not let him. He was completely mad and confused. He held the girl by the back fur and pressed his cock on her ass. He ordered her to stretch her ass backward toward him and reach between her legs and insert his cock herself. The girl didn't obey until he grabbed her by the back fur at the nape of her neck.

Crying, she obeyed and he deflowered her with a single jerk. She cried out and stuck her ass all the way out so he wouldn't hurt her. He fucked her from behind grinning, the terrible hunting knife in his hand and the others couldn't stop him. They gawked stupidly as he spurted. The screaming went on for more than two hours. The mad-

man fucked the girl without pulling out his cock in the two hours. He was squirting into the girl again with a stupid grin when Lea arrived. The girl whimpered pitifully and he was still in her vagina. By then Lea had had enough. She took off her vest and loincloth and stepped naked in front of the man. She told him to look closely at her, that she was the Queen and First Judge. She told him he had murdered a man and there was only one punishment for that, death. The old man stared dumbfounded and with bloodshot eyes as she solemnly said she hereby sentenced him to death.

She snatched the wailing girl from him and stepped very close to him. If anything, he should fuck a grown woman, she screamed. She grabbed his gray mane and pulled him to her. "Fuck me, you coward, you child fucker!" she yelled at him, shoving his cock into her vagina. "Fuck me!" she screamed. He tore open his eyes and mouth and fucked her, fucked his Queen, fucked his judge. He fucked as fast as he could and squirted endlessly. He was done, but she wouldn't let him go, holding his still stiff cock with her vagina. She grabbed him by the long gray mane, calmly took the knife from his hand and cut his throat. With an ugly sound on his lips his cock slid out of her vagina as he fell to the ground.

They lay side by side in silence for a long time. She had known him well, she said into the silence, he was a good man and a hard-working hunter. She could not understand why he had suddenly gone mad. But that happened sometimes. She buried her face against his armpit and wept silently. He stroked her back fur soothingly. Stroking her back fur calmed her instantly. She told him to tell her about his trip. He told everything truthfully, that Irene had argued with him because he didn't want to squirt. He fucked the old girl only because she needed it for better orgasms, but it didn't make him so horny that he had to squirt. The old woman drank the mulberry brandy like water, so it was not surprising that she masturbated as much as a young Half-girl. He actually didn't like that she didn't tell Wengin everything honestly, that would be only fair. But the human women . . . he left the sentence unfinished, but Lea understood. That wouldn't be her way either, Lea said, and he knew it. When he wasn't around, her people were allowed to screw her, Budicca had instituted it that way, and that was just fine with her. Only she couldn't fuck the

12 year olds as well as Budicca, maybe she was just too impatient. If a boy was clumsy, she threw him out of bed and ordered her maids to teach the lad.

“And,” asked Lea, “how was it with Lina?” He told it in detail, the girl was all right. She had deflowered herself and fucked him wonderfully. He had to thank, the untouched virgin had fucked him perfectly and even made him squirt! He smiled, Lina was a great girl and eagerly wished to become a female warrior. Lea nodded, she knew it and when she was a little older they would train her.

At breakfast, Lea told of the old legends from Halfgard’s founding days. Over 35 years ago, 6 groups, 120 Halfs, had gone south to explore the area. They had never been heard from again. She had been approached by two of the original members who had already turned back after two days to bring home an injured man. They wanted to investigate one last time at the end of their lives. After all, the Halfs were only on foot or horseback; no one needed gliders. But perhaps they could go with the commander ...?

Pan took a realistic approach. The old glider was no good for this, so he would have to take a modern glider with a long range. He might have to refuel the glider here in Halfgard, but that probably wasn’t a problem. He discussed the plan with Lea in detail, it should be feasible in his opinion. The two old men should be accompanied by two young warriors or hunters. Rather hunters, they could read tracks, maybe that was important. He wanted to start in 4 weeks, before midsummer. Lea agreed, her people would appreciate that.

The next morning, the technicians loaded a large crate into the glider. There were 5,000 collars for the human women, and Lea said the collars were beautiful handiwork, but they also had a hidden function. The tiny, beautifully cut crystal worked better than the mulberry brandy and spurred the women’s desire and enjoyment. Human women, not gonnies or halfs. Pan had to grin, the women will snatch it from his hand, but the general would not be happy. He thanked for the gift, he would be back in 4 weeks. Then he flew to Wengin’s house.

The two lay fucking in the shallow water and looked up briefly when he landed. He sat down in front, drank fruit juice, smoked and watched the two until they finished fucking. Wengin looked briefly at the box and laughed, saying the development of the crystal had given his engineers many hours of pleasurable fucking with the test women. The two men laughed. They ate a small snack, then he set off with Irene. He headed through the dense forest to the first way-point. Even on the way home he did not squirt, but enjoyed Irene's masturbation. After a good 6 hours, he delivered her to Pozzebon and continued on to the base.

As expected, the brigadier general was not pleased, the commander brought civilian trinkets and nothing of military use. Pan nodded, so it was, but little could be done to influence what the Half-raiders captured. The general allowed himself to be told at length about the Half-groups, and Pan could effortlessly chant down his web of lies. The general was satisfied and pulled out his checkbook; 2,000 credits was not too much. Pan handed over the glider and let the general think about how he wanted to distribute the collars. He came to the conclusion to sell it in the military warehouse. He rubbed his hands together, he wanted to do the business himself. Pan suspected it, but it was not important. He begrudged the general the few credits, for he was one of the few who did not otherwise enrich themselves.

Binara and Fyy welcomed him with a wonderful barbecued chicken. It was one of the big birds bred on the north coasts especially for the townspeople. He was full, comfortably full, and drank his cognac in the library. Fyy had informed him that there was nothing of substance to report. He went to bed with the girls. He didn't fuck Fyy very often then and was excited to fuck her now. When he stopped, exhausted, Binara told him how nice the nights with the android girl were. Binara was now quite sure that she was not a lesbian. They had masturbated together quite a bit and Fyy had taught her to fuck her. Clit to clit, it was truly an orgasmic pleasure. Binara wondered if many women did that? and Fyy knew the answer, only 4% of women had bisexual sex, because even the few real lesbians had to let men fuck them. And of these 4%, at most 10% made sex clit to clit, so there were not very many. Fyy had her fucked quite often with a vir-

tual cock without damaging her hymen. She fucked the android girl as if Fyy had a cock. She whooped with each orgasm and hugged the older sister she got to fuck so wonderfully, as if it were real. This increased her anticipation for her 12th birthday, it was only a month away. He allowed Binara to continue fucking Fyy, with virtual cock and clit to clit, but she would have to masturbate diligently until the birthday, it was proper for a good Half-girl. He stroked the girls long and fell asleep.

Dominatrix Lan did not invite him to fuck so often anymore, she worked diligently and with good success on her ministerial post. She collected all the mistakes of the incumbent minister and talked them through openly and frankly with Pan. He had to agree with her, as even he, as a non-police officer, acknowledged half of the mistakes. The dominatrix rarely fucked anyone at this time and nearly ate the poor commander with her hungry cunt. He was the only one she could depend on, she often said, and he acted very flattered. He did not trust this woman over the way. He enjoyed her masterful cooking, her masterful fucking, and all the information she divulged or he read in her head.

He visited Irenea and Pozzebon, of course he had brought the biggest steaks to grill. He gave them the checks for 1,000 credits each and discussed the next trip with them, it would last 8 or 9 days this time. Pozzebon made a note of the times, as the two had been busy drinking the mulberry brandy. He asked them if he could film them fucking, it would be the currency with which he could pay for his projects. They giggled like convent schoolgirls and he filmed the fucking in close-up for 3 hours, then he flew home.

Isegrim had been summoned before the generals, he and Ben had to be present as assessors and give their opinion. Isegrim had been ambushed by the Tali with his patrol. The patrol had dropped their pants and were fucking some Tali. Suddenly, about 30 Tali broke out of the ambush and attacked them. He and his men fought back and drove off the warrior women, leaving 11 dead Tali behind. The Tali council of elders had run to the archbishop and vehemently demanded satisfaction. The generals had to investigate the incident.

The fat generals with their fat pig asses had not patrolled in years. Some of their performance ideas were so off the mark that Ben and he rolled their eyes in exasperation. In the end, the two were able to write a final report that confirmed the patrol's actions were military lawful. He sat with Ben and Isegrim in the officers' mess for a long time, and they washed down the bad aftertaste with some proper whiskey. He flew home richly illuminated and lay drunkenly with Binara and Fyy. He fucked Fyy with much relish and watched the girls fuck, clit to clit and with the invisible cock. He almost sobered up in the process and fucked Fyy again because the girls' fucking had made him quite horny.

Four weeks of normal duty, routine except for the thing with Isegrim. Three times Lan called him to fuck. He could read in her mind that she had no one to fuck at the moment and masturbated very little. The child Prince – who on earth named their child Prince? – was going through all the usual teething troubles and handicapped her greatly. But she entertained Pan with choice delicacies and choice wines, for she knew what was proper. She clung to him like a drowning woman and breathed her orgasms tremblingly into his ear. He said nothing of the memory stick with the 3 hour fucking of Irene and Pozzebon, he held that back for an appropriate time. It wasn't until after midnight that he gondolaed home in a glider.

He came very quietly, so as not to wake Binara. Fyy knew that he had squandered his seed with the dominatrix and did not want to fuck. She reported that she had fucked with Binara and she supervised that she masturbated diligently afterwards. They whispered in the library and he passed on everything Lan knew to Fyy. "Just take care, young master" she said, for she distrusted the dominatrix very much. She wanted to watch that he was not tricked, surprised or used.

The brigadier told him in confidence that he was in on the sale of the collars. He felt pretty bad about it, but Pan reassured him. First, the salary was not famous and the general had contributed his to get the military new equipment. Secondly, other generals were brazenly stealing from armament projects and Pan named names and sums. He did not need to burden his conscience, he appeased. But he had

actually come to go on a special mission for a week or 8 days, he said. He lied close to the truth, he would go with a friendly half group to visit some scattered other groups. The halves insisted. The brigadier general understood, entered the special mission and he went to the stuffmaster.

He got a modern glider with two trailers and had his gonnie load the books into the trailers, saying goodbye to Conara and Binara for a good week. Fyy nodded, she would take care of them. He checked the glider and trailer for bugs and flew off, picking up Irene and racing to the first waypoint. The glider indicated no pursuers, no drones. Irene didn't ask about the books and trailers, he wouldn't have answered anyway. She was glad for the air conditioning and took off her clothes anyway. He grinned and lowered the couches. The glider didn't fly at full throttle, the old booze hound masturbated for 6 hours and he fucked her without squirting. He brought her safely to Wengin's house by the lake and they had a snack before he flew to Halfgard.

Lea had the books unloaded, he unhitched the trailers, and the engineers fitted the refueling equipment. They would be ready no later than tomorrow morning, they said, and will fill up the glider. He freshened up briefly and went to dinner with Lea. After dinner they sat down in the bar and Lea introduced him to the two old men, Tan and Pik, and two young hunters, Tark and Manu. Manu was a young woman, but apparently she had a good reputation. Tan and Pik chattered incessantly and told everything they remembered. The huntress and the hunter listened attentively as did Pan and Lea. Only Lea drank liquor, the others fruit juice, for they all wanted to go sober.

Lea did not challenge him much this night, he had to get up early and steer by hand all day. At the first rays of the sun, she woke him up. His 4 companions had come for breakfast and all of them were busy. The maids stowed boxes of provisions in the glider, which had already been refueled that evening. The hunters had state-of-the-art hunting rifles, Tan and Pik only their walking sticks. They were both older than 60. The engineers had installed a camera, it filmed automatically and turned off at night. The footage was a very valu-

able addition to the glider's route guidance. Five of them had plenty of room in the spacious six-seater. Off they flew.

Pan didn't just rely on the glider's electronic devices; he used a tried-and-true tactic. He climbed to a good 200 meters to guess the likely route, then sank as low as he could and flew the route at low altitude. Manu had an excellent feel for the presumed route, recognizing it faster than the electronics. He felt vindicated because Manu was obviously the leader of the group. For two days they found only the ancient trail, Manu and Tark got out more often and examined the trail. They were sure that they were on the right track.

After dinner, Manu asked if she should fuck him. He declined with thanks; he could do without sex for the week. Tark and Manu were obviously partners and fucked wildly before going to sleep. Pan took the first watch and woke Tark at midnight. There was nothing to report except the distant howling of wild dogs or hyenas. The second night they camped in a clearing that had apparently been used as a campsite by the Halfs over 30 years ago; there were clear signs of a several-day rest. He took over the first watch again, now the pack of wild dogs and hyenas had come threateningly close. He switched on the electric fence within a radius of about 500 meters and the angry yelping could be heard when an animal received an electric shock.

On the third day, they found two more campsites littered with bones of the Halfs. The animals had apparently dug up the buried ones again and eaten the flesh. Tark and Manu examined everything closely and said there had been a fierce fight with the wild dogs; about 40 Halfs had perished. Tan and Pik sat down in the glider and wept bitterly. But they wanted to continue following the tracks, even if all they found were bones. They drove a good distance and spent the night under the protection of the electric fence. The yelping of the wild dogs was unbearable as their rush for the morsels sleeping in and around the glider failed.

On the fourth day they came to the end of the jungle. In front of them was the ocean. They found the last campsite on the coast, just a few bones. The trees around the site had been cut down. The Halfs were not seafaring people, but it seemed that they had built boats or

rafts. If you added up the bone finds so far, there were 40 to 50 Halfs still alive here. Here, too, there had been fights with the wild dogs, and here, too, the animals had dug up and eaten the bodies. Pan climbed up in the glider and looked at the coast and the ocean. Manu agreed with him, the Halfs had left the coast. He spotted an island 40 kilometers away. While he thought little of Manu's suggestion to go to the island, they flew. The island was barren and uninhabited, with no animals to be seen. The southern half was covered with snow, and in the far distance they could see the southern ice country covering the entire polar cap. They flew up and down the entire coast.

Pan winced as the electronics reported signs of life. The 4 Halfs stuck their noses to the windows as he flew toward them. "Three life signs," he said with a pounding pulse, bringing the glider down. A dozen or so dilapidated shacks. Three raggedly clad ghosts moved toward the glider with unsteady steps. The 4 halves jumped out before he had even parked properly. They ran toward the three figures. Tak and Manu held their rifles at the ready.

Tan and Pik were gesticulating wildly to the three, speaking an outdated dialect of Gonnies, and Pan was having trouble following the conversation. Manu went to the glider and got provisions. She had realized that the three were starving. Pan warned her to give the poor people only small amounts, they would eat themselves to death. Gradually they sat around the fire that Tak had lit. Then they listened to the three.

At the coast, some 50 Halfs had arrived, still alive after fighting wild dogs and hyenas. Back, through the deadly pack or forward, across the water to the island. They built three rafts and headed for the island. A few hundred yards from the island, the wind became a gale storm, the storm a hurricane. The rafts were smashed, the castaways swam and waded to shore. 10 people were drowned, 41 came to the island, one young woman and 40 men. The green island was not forested as expected, but it was green mossy stones. No tree, no bush, no animal bigger than a mouse. The desperate ate mice, they found shelter in small caves. There was a kind of lagoon where they could catch fish and sea creatures by hand in the knee-deep water. They lived on this for the next 35 years, making clothes out of fish

skin and sitting sorrowfully on the beach. Overcoming the sea was impossible.

Many committed suicide or died. The corpses were left to the current. The young girl Fan was the only ray of hope. Although she had an injured leg, she let all 40 men fuck her every day, in the supine position, since she could not sit on top like the Half-girls. One had no mulberry brandy, of course, but Fan's fire burned in her ass day and night and the grateful men gave her the finest treats. Fan was so cheerful and full of physical love that she kept many from gloomy thoughts and from committing suicide. But over the years, all but them had died. Fan lived with the three of them for the last few years and had also died months ago, but she let the men fuck her until her last breath.

Pan declared the mission over. They had to move, but they all had room. He flew full throttle nonstop to Halfgard, 22 hours. They were greeted with cheers and shouts of joy, the three survivors had to tell their story a hundred times. Again and again the people wanted to hear how heroically the girl Fan let herself be fucked day and night by all, all men. The survivors understood instantly and embellished their stories with flowery sexual details. The councilors decided to name the hitherto nameless square in southern Halfgard "Square of the Lovely, Affectionate Fan."

Pan was too exhausted to listen to all that again and slept a whole day. Lea woke him up with kisses and they fucked until lunch. He enjoyed the venison and pheasant legs, the first real meal in a week. Lea took him to the engineers, they gave him two newly developed cannons. They were better than anything the military had. The cannons were used in pairs, they could be used in space as well as on the planet, something the current ones could not do. They had sophisticated electronics and targeting that far surpassed the Bangurel ones. And, they were smaller and lighter, which was not unimportant. The only downer was that this steel was only made by Valuria, but Pan didn't worry about that. He was sure his general would click his tongue, and he wondered if he could collect 10 or 12,000 gold coins.

The night with Lea was beautiful. He could fully engage with her, which he couldn't do with the dominatrix. She fucked wonderfully too, but the need to pay attention spoiled the full enjoyment. He buried his hands in Lea's magnificent back fur and fucked her lovingly and lightheartedly. She kissed him awake for breakfast.

He thanked the engineers for filling up the glider, but drained half again so as not to make the stuffmaster wonder. Surely the nomadic Halfs in the woods didn't have solar power plants!? He transferred the records and routes from the glider to them and then had them erased. It was nothing unusual for the electronics to stutter or stop working altogether. After breakfast, he flew off, to Wengin's house on the lake.

He had announced himself and Wengin welcomed him with delicious grilled fish. He drank fruit juice on the porch after lunch and listened to the two of them retire for a goodbye fuck. Ireneia didn't bother anymore and climbed naked into the glider. He thanked Wengin again for the double gun and flew carefully through the dense jungle.

He did not care that she was diligently drinking her mulberry brandy and impatiently plucking her clit. At the waypoint, he put the glider on track and lowered the seatback. She braced her soles against the panoramic roof and masturbated for 6 hours. He fucked her without squirting and kept up his erection, which was a good exercise. He delivered her to Pozzebon, telling her to stay with him for a night or two to make his story believable. Pozzebon laughed, he had been eating meat for two for a week and gave him 4 steaks to take home. He left the two to their desire and flew to the base. The general was waiting for him in the armory and he handed over the double gun. The astonishment was great. He had found the dusty cannons in a hiding place and haggled over the price for a very long time. One of the robbers understood the technique and gave him a hard time haggling, but had explained the cannons to him.

The technicians immediately understood what he had captured and made the general understand. The General was quickly convinced that it was a military stroke of luck and immediately ordered

the most detailed technical investigation. He followed the general to his office. The General proudly told him that he had bought a riding horse and had fulfilled his heart's desire. Pan had never ridden a horse before and thought it was a waste of time, but he looked at the photos, it really was a beautiful animal. It didn't take much to make the general happy, and quite easy to get 15,000 credits. He still went to the officers' mess to see Isegrim and Ben. He told them about the visits to the Halfs and explained in detail how the new guns worked. They understood and congratulated him on having made such a rich haul.

No sooner was he home, letting Fyy and Binara tell him everything, than Lan called in, saying he had to come right away, that it was important. He rolled his eyes in exasperation, but then he did call a glider and flew to the dominatrix. She greeted him as if they had not seen each other for many years. He read her mind, she hadn't fucked or masturbated since his last visit. He smiled kindly as she let him fuck her greedily before dinner. The servants stood motionless in the background waiting to serve the food. Lan took no notice of them, and neither did he. Then they sat down to the banquet table. Lan sent the girls away.

She had done it. She was able to convince the Dominas in the government that she would be a better police minister. She didn't need to present any evidence, no dirty laundry. Even the incompetent police minister herself voted for the change. Lan knew why. The minister had discovered her special ways to fuck and that was more important to her than the office. The ceremonial appointment would take place in the next few days, once they had crushed the rebellious Tali. He listened up, Fyy had not reported on this yet, he had left too quickly to fuck the dominatrix. Lan reported in detail about the friction with the Tali, there were many dead Tali and also some policemen, but it was not that bad. They would soon imprison the Tali leadership, that was it. He kept his opinion to himself, because he disagreed.

She asked him flatly if it was true about the new kind of cannons. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up. Attention. She must have good contacts in the military, though, he said, and she smiled

smugly. He gave her word for word the same story as the general. She nodded with a smile when he finished. She even knew exactly how much he had paid for it, 20,000 credits, which he had withdrawn in gold in advance. "I wonder if I paid too much," he asked, and she shrugged. That's for the military to decide; she understood very little about it. He babbled perfunctorily about the guns and military relevance. Finally, he dropped that the general had only paid 15,000. She was welcome to check that too, he grinned. Lan promised to reimburse him the remaining 5,000 from the state treasury.

To the quiet delight of her servants, who of course were again watching in the background, she let him fuck her really hard until midnight. She was satisfied and let him fly home. Binara was already fast asleep and he was whispering with Fyy in the library. She gave him a much more accurate picture of the confrontation with the Tali. It had long since ceased to be confined to the northern coastal areas. In many manors, and even here in the capital, Tali were gathering together, raping gonnie women and sometimes raising their hands against the mistress. The masters had to kill some Tali because they openly rebelled. If it went on like this, an open revolt was to be feared. Purely from the numbers, the humans were outnumbered, a good 250 million humans, 125 million Gonnies and Halfs, and a little over a million Tali. Still, an uprising would be a bloody slaughter. They whispered for a long time until he tiredly went to bed.

Two days later, Domina Ileana's ceremonial induction as Minister of Police was broadcast on all channels. He had a congratulatory telegram sent to her through Fyy. She called him in the early evening, he was prepared for it and went to see her. She was out of her mind and he was amazed to find out that her telepathic abilities had diminished rapidly since birth. This was amazing because many telepaths did not experience this until after the age of 50. Lan was only 29 like him, but he had not read anywhere if childbirth had such an effect. He read her mind carefully and it was true, she had only been fucking him for weeks, she had even stopped masturbating for her efforts. He discovered a beautiful rose garden inside her where she lay fused to him. This girl was in love with him, and how! She loved him with the same fervor as her father, who had been her one and only

lover for the first 27 years of her life. He had died over two years ago and he recognized Lan's great sadness and her sexual longing for him. And now he had shown up, she had let him into her heart completely. She had thought more and more about letting him impregnate her. Only her new job held her back.

He would not for a moment disregard caution. But it warmed his heart, it was the first time a girl or woman had fallen in love with him. He had never been seriously in love before and that was a little strange. He was not in love with Lan and he knew he had to be careful and never trust her fully. Infatuation came and went ruthlessly, he knew that. Somehow he thought it strange of her to let herself be fucked in the presence of her maids – not that it bothered him. But he didn't know any other woman who let herself be fucked in the presence of the maids, that was all.

A feast was laid out, the likes of which he hadn't even seen at Ben and Lia's. She had a very special wine served, it had been her father's favorite. He made a toast to her old man and kissed her on the lips before he drank. Tears glistened in her eyes, if he could see that now! She was at the highest level she had aimed for and was now drinking to her father's health. She told about the beautiful sex and her father's love until the end of the meal. They ate sweets, drank cognac and he smoked with relish, they talked about her future in the ministry, the things she wanted to tackle and how she wanted to develop her relationship with the clergy. This is where he hooked in. He despised the clergy and was annoyed at how much influence the clergy had on society as a whole, it didn't taste good to him.

Lan was convinced that she could ride the tiger. She had the clergy in the bag, at least if she could get her act together to fuck Archbishop Torx again.

Pan looked at her questioningly. That wouldn't be a problem, he interjected. She had been in the bishop's arms many times before, the bishop himself had told him.

Lan did not answer.

# Troubled Times

by Jack Faber © 2023

The patrols had their hands full, for the Tali were rioting, regardless of the dead. Many a landlord had to chain or shoot his Tali. Ben raced home in alarm, his gonnie calling for help. His Tali had brutally beaten Lia and were raping her nonstop. They grinned at him with maniacal looks and would have fucked his wife to death had he not pounced on her. He was able to tear them both away from Lia, but they did not stop raging. He could only hold one down, the other plunged her cock into Lia's vagina and fucked her wildly. Despite her injuries, Lia orgasmed and Ben was in deep discord about what to do. The Tali took nonstop turns fucking Lia frantically, Lia's cries soon turning into desperate whimpers. The Tali raged like furies and Ben had to shoot them both, there was no other way he could stop them. He immediately took Lia to the hospital and let the police arrest him. He called Pan.

Pan discussed it with the brigadier general, prepared a bag with some things and hurried to the prison. A cowardly, haughty prelate ran the prison and Pan had to waste an hour with him. The prelate had nothing to say and chatted for an hour. At last he was let in to see Ben. They communicated with a glance: Bugs! Ben told him the events truthfully, he had done no wrong and had shot in self-defense. Pan reassured him, he had spoken to the hospital, Lia was in good hands and would recover completely. Pan promised to go to the archbishop right away.

Torx immediately received him at the *Sanctissimum*. Pan noticed the palace whore masturbating on the couch in the background and she rose after a few moments. He looked at her naked body, she was really a feast for the eyes, now straightening her clothes in embarrassment. The patrician girl looked shyly at him and the archbishop before she disappeared. He grinned only briefly and became serious again. It didn't even take 5 minutes for Torx to completely grasp the situation. He called a secretary and dictated the documents needed for immediate dismissal. Pan arrived at the base only minutes after

Ben. They went to the general and discussed the situation. Ben immediately left for the hospital.

Pan was exhausted from drilling with his men and smoking in his library. The cognac was well deserved and Fyy was sitting on his lap. She knew how much he liked to caress and fondle her girlish body in situations like this. In the weeks after Ben's release, she had collected and evaluated all the reports of violent incidents involving Tali girls. No single criterion that a police officer or other investigator would consider fit. But she drew an unusual conclusion. What if her food was poisoned, the yumma? He let go of her clit and slapped his forehead. "Girl, you're a genius!" he exclaimed, and she nodded, Yes, of course! He drummed the head of the military epidemic institute out of bed. He described the task to the baffled man. Yes, right now! Yes, he knew what time it was, but the investigation would have to begin immediately. Yes, he had already notified the brigadier general. Hop hop, go!

The scientists knew what they were looking for. On the third day, they discovered the fungus that had affected a large portion of the Yumma-crop. Instantly, they developed a rapid test and people sorted the fruit in the Yumma-plantations. The fungus was neutralized when the yumma was cooked, like the poison, and was harmless to humans. The Tali, who ate the Yumma raw, were given only tested fruit. The Tali attacks rapidly diminished and stopped altogether. The scientists forwarded their findings to Valuria so that the danger would be known on other planets. Attempts were also made, of course, to combat the fungus directly in the plantations, but with only moderate success.

Lan wanted to tie him to her, enamored as she was, but he did not go along with it. He could only visit her once, twice a week at most, and he didn't want to stay all night. He had to sleep in his own bed and check on his house. There was discussion back and forth, because Lan didn't know what feelings she was actually fighting against. But she was an intelligent woman and saw that Pan could not be tied down and meant well by her. It was better for both of them to live in their respective households and not move in together or even get married, as the little girl in her breast ardently wished.

The dominatrix in her, however, knew he was right. Her respect even increased because he was a man with a backbone. It was perhaps better this way, she could concentrate on her ministry without thinking about fucking. She knew when he would come and fuck her for a few hours.

She had finally let him talk her into resuming daily masturbation, not wanting to be fucked by her gonnies or the clergy. She was very ashamed to talk about her masturbation with a man, because it was considered unseemly and shameful among human women to masturbate instead of fucking. By doing so, a woman violated the socially required supreme norm, “You must fuck and be fucked!” But she accepted it, recognizing his good and honest intention. She would rather have sunk into the ground than describe to him, a man, in great detail all the secrets, her favorite techniques and the excitement of masturbation, but she did it, not leaving out the smallest detail. She snuggled up to him and showed him her masturbation, which she had never shown to a man before. She became calmer and more balanced as she resumed masturbating regularly every night. The brigadier general had given her a collar that she only put on when Pan came to fuck or when she masturbated at night. It really boosted her libido better than the mulberry brandy and spurred her orgasms.

Conara had her practice up and running, her gonnies ran her household perfectly, and she had trained two gonne girls to help her with her work. She regretted not staying over as often, but she was masturbating a lot again and that put out the fire in her cunt. She no longer rubbed herself against the hairy gonne girl while masturbating, but against the gonne man’s cock, who afterwards fucked the gonne girl. She rubbed her open vagina back and forth the gonne man’s stiff cock and fucked his glans quite vigorously with her clit. She laughed because she usually fucked the gonne man so skillfully with her clit that he almost squirted. Of course, she let the little guy squirt into her vagina. After her orgasm, she put her vagina over his cock and patiently let him squirt in. She really liked that. Mostly, though, she had to fuck his cock a bit to get him to squirt. It was wonderful to fuck his glans with her clit and then ride his cock for fifteen minutes or more and make him squirt again. That was just fine

with her. But no, she wouldn't let the gonnie men fuck her, or anyone else for that matter, just her father. For her, that was just as right.

Binara's 12th birthday. Conara had come, Binara really wanted her there. The most skilled Gonnie cooks had prepared a wonderful feasty meal. He gave Binara a heavy gold bangle set with precious stones and Conara gave her a golden ring with a diamond. Binara ate proficiently, though she chattered all the while admiring the ring and the bangle. They had the gonnies cleared and the three of them sat in the library. The two girls were allowed to drink cognac and smoke with him for the first time. They had excellent conversation and he put the eroticizing collars around their necks as they went to bed. The effect of the crystal drove straight into their pussies.

Conara and he fondled and caressed Binara, who was soon panting with arousal. Binara lay on her back fur and spread her legs expectantly. He thrust his cock into her vaginal entrance and whispered for her to embrace him. They held each other very tightly and he had to thrust a few times until her hymen tore. She screamed with joy and kissed him continuously. He whispered that she was an adult now and could officially fuck and be fucked. She looked at him with shining eyes as he started to fuck properly. Conara took her small breast in her mouth to excite her. He grabbed Binara's ass cheeks and back fur, he thrust fast and faster and grabbed her ass and back fur really tight as she orgasmed with little screams. He grabbed her ass cheeks like a vice and pulled them all the way apart, widening her ass and vagina and pressing her against him, he squirted into her vagina in her dying orgasm and Conara bit her teat ever so slightly. He dropped down between his daughters and hugged them both.

Binara cried with joy, it was so beautiful! It was her big day and it was beautiful! She and Conara took turns climbing on top of him and fucking him, working up their orgasms the Half-girl way. He praised Binara as he did Conara, she had prepared well and could fuck excellently on her first night. He was glad that he had practiced with Irene to keep his erection long. The girls took turns fucking him until well after midnight. They fell asleep snuggled close together.

Fyy sat down on his lap after breakfast and Conara and Binara left the room as they always did when he had something to discuss with the android girl. Fyy took a long swing. When Master Guo was still a young scientist, he had developed the enhancements for her brain, and most importantly, the learning AI. Pan nodded, he already knew that. He had inherited not only this palace, but also the master's considerable fortune, Fyy continued. She was the only humanoid android on the planet so far, and hardly anyone knew of her existence. But now a team of researchers had bought up the research papers of the Master and the inventor because they had created a humanoid android, but were not satisfied with the brain they had created. Fyy said that two days ago a large amount of millions had been received in his account, that in itself was correct, he was the heir after all.

Fyy said that she was conflicted, to put it in human terms. Pan interrupted her, who owns the institute? Fyy was silent for almost two minutes, searching databases and documents. A ridiculous construction, how they wanted to hide, the girl said, ultimately the institute belonged to the clergy, the papal academy. He just nodded, aha! Fyy continued. The dichotomy was, on the one hand, to see if they could bring about the brain including the AI, or on the other hand, to blow up the institute. She was silent and Pan thought hard. He asked how likely it was that the scientists would succeed? Fyy knew the answer immediately, 99.99% that they succeeded very quickly.

He had decided. Fyy would love to see how well other androids worked, of course. He said with a laugh, presumably the clerical android was a male and Fyy might be interested in fucking that one. Fyy nodded in agreement, of course she had already thought about that and would be happy to describe it in human terms. Pan nodded, he could understand her curiosity very well, he would feel the same way if he were her.

But we have to think of more than just fucking, he said seriously. How many androids do you think they will build? Fyy knew the answer, the researchers had already built 17 models, men between the ages of 18 and 25, with another 5 not yet ready. 17 brains of varying degrees of success, but they had no AI. They had 17 different dicks, Fyy said, big and very big, of course they couldn't squirt. How would

she know? Fyy laughed sweetly, she had already tried the models, but they fucked relatively clumsily.

Pan was amazed. She had fucked all the models? But of course, the girl said, during the last months, but most of them fucked boringly. Only the last two models were good enough at fucking to satisfy any human woman. All right, said Pan, we'll spin it further. The Papal Academy makes androids, several, many. They'd build several hundred that would have all your abilities, Fyy! What if they built thousands? Thousands of highly intelligent androids in the hands of the clergy, the Pope, the Papal Academy!? For heaven's sake! That gives the clergy even more power than they have now.

This is not good, Fyy, he said softly.

Do they have the documents yet? Have they made copies yet? Fyy replied in the negative. The documents are all still at the Ministry and won't be notarized for another week or so. Pan thought for a moment. No, it wasn't wise to blow up the institute. There was a solution that might please him and also Fyy. Let them build androids, as many as they wanted! After all, she, Fyy, could always check how well the newer models fucked. Fyy nodded in agreement, yes, she would really like to do that. Fucking with the androids was really fun!

Fyy, Pan said, you would have to sift through the records at the Ministry, the formulas, etc., and change them inconspicuously so that the Institute couldn't build brains as wonderful with AI as she had. Just some small changes that sabotaged the project a little. It would have to be so that they could only produce brains as weak as they had before. No calf brains, of course, but only brains that they would have made themselves as well. Fyy had understood him immediately, the formulas would have to look impressively good without giving away the real secrets. She nodded, she could do that, no problem! The security at the ministry was hundreds of years old, she would walk in unseen. He wanted it that way, didn't he? Pan nodded, "Good girl, you understood your task, so let's go!" Fyy walked over to the library and stood in the loading dock. He knew she was already working diligently and would teleport if necessary. Of course, she

would teleport to the Institute at night to get fucked by the androids. Grinning, he went into the base for duty.

Days later, he was back on schedule with Lan. As she requested, they fucked twice before dinner, the servants standing silently waiting in the background watching. They wore only short vests and Pan took his fill of their shaved clefts. They were not allowed to masturbate while watching, but almost all of them pressed their fingers to their slits. When they sat down at the table, he shoed the girls out. He wanted to discuss something with her without witnesses. She went to the dresser and pressed a button. "It's all blocked," she said, sitting down expectantly. What she knew about it, about the Pontifical Academy's secret project to construct a humanoid android that could fuck better than any Half and Tali? Lan's jaw dropped, she hadn't heard anything about that, not a single word! Where did he get the information, she asked, knowing immediately that he would not answer. He said it was a big deal. Every wife wanted a great fucker like that, no matter what the cost. He had no relationship with the academy nor with the clergy. But he was going to be involved in this business somehow, with maybe 3 to 5 million credits. Whether she . . .?

Lan thought hard. She didn't know who she could squeeze at the moment, but that could be found out. He really wanted to invest money? Yeah, sure, this promised to be a good deal after all. He wasn't asking for anything illegal, he said, ripping a club out of the pheasant, he just wanted to make some money completely legally. That was all right, Lan said, but it was difficult to find out the details. He smiled. "You've fucked clerics for less!" he interjected, already knowing the answer. "I've only been fucking you, my dear," she said succinctly, "for months!" He smirked that she shouldn't give up the most important combat tool, he said as a military instructor. One of the first things he taught the cadets.

Pan could almost physically feel her thoughts bouncing around like a caged bird. He didn't mind, not at all, if she let someone fuck her to get information, he affirmed. He wasn't a baby after all, he said, and he didn't come from the millennium before last, when men still restricted and patronized their wives regarding fucking. He was

a child of this time, women should and had to have sex with whom they wanted and even if they didn't really want to. And that fucking was sometimes about something completely different than sex, everyone knew that.

He was happy like a crown prince every time he was allowed to fuck her, because she really was a goddess at fucking! But it unsettled him when she refrained from fucking. He kept quiet and let it sink in.

“Oh Pan, how I love you! That was the most beautiful compliment a man has paid me.” She wiped her eyes, for she was truly touched. She would find out what he wanted to know. She would let anyone fuck her if that was what it took, even though her heart wasn't in it. He felt the wistfulness that filled her as she thought about getting fucked for information. But, she sighed, it had to be done.

His gonnies, who had their huts in the palace courtyard, loved him dearly. They had it very well with him, he spoiled them with the choicest delicacies, there he was much more generous than his neighbors. They knew about his preference for young Gonnie girls and they protected the virginity of their daughters, who were already sexually mature at the age of 10. They would put the 10 year old Gonnie girls to bed for him and he would get all excited because he got to deflower them. He made it a celebration every time they gave him a virgin and bought them a dozen pheasants, the Gonnies' favorite fowl. Binara had seen the deflowering many times and was proud of her father every time. Now a grown woman herself, she lovingly embraced the little virgins before deflowering that had been given to her father. Like Conara, she had decided to fuck only him. When he wasn't around, she wanted to fuck the gonnie men's glans with her clit like Conara and ride them to squirt with her vagina.

Fyy sat down on his his lap and let him caress her. She had done it all. She had first made a copy and archived it in his library as *Dante Alighieri's Divina Commedia, Inferno Vol. II to XVII* . Perhaps one day it would be of use. Then she had carefully and expertly altered the formulas so that the Institute could not develop perfect brains, especially a meaningful link to an AI. Fyy smiled mischievously. The androids got implanted a huge desire to fuck instead, she smiled, and

Pan had to laugh out loud. “You little rascal!” Fyy teleported to the Institute every night to get fucked by the androids. She grinned, because when the androids fucked her, it meant nothing to them. But she was much more highly evolved than those, had humanoid feelings, and knew and enjoyed the concept of the female orgasm, her creator had placed great emphasis on that and endowed her with perfection with it. Pan was very pleased with her, he said, the clergy received no additional power, just a good industrial product. The papal academy initially geared up to produce 1,000 androids per month.

Pan brought steaks to Ireneia’s house again. She and Pozzebon were most amazed when he gave them the checks for 7,500 credits each. It was a tremendous amount of money for both of them. He explained to them that he had brought the double gun to the military, which was a great advantage. Pozzebon and Ireneia were technically able to follow his explanations and arguments. Both of them understood that he procured special things for the military during his missions and that all the money came from there. Again he filmed the two fucking in extreme close-ups and suggested that Pozzebon should cum in her mouth. Pozzebon was on fire, but Ireneia blushed with embarrassment. She had never done that before, she said coyly like a convent schoolgirl, shaking her head. Pozzebon explained how she had to do it and she tore her mouth wide open and masturbated his cock in her mouth. Pan recorded the squirting up close in slow motion. She dutifully swallowed the semen, which squirted in rich jets over her tongue and down her throat. She masturbated him in front of her open mouth until it stopped spurting. She laughed hornily grinning into the camera and said that it wasn’t as disgusting as she had thought earlier. Later she let Pozzebon fuck her mouth and squirt deep down her throat, almost choking her. Pan didn’t yet know what he could use the footage for, but he would see the right time.

Two months after Lia got out of the hospital, Pan used Lea’s 5,000 credits to buy two very young Tali for Lia. He told Ben that if you fall out of the saddle while riding, you have to get right back on. Ben understood, but he could not treat Lia like a cadet. It was an expensive purchase and Pan had to pull some levers. The Tali were sisters, 13

and 14 years old, and had been raised by the Wise Women. They were both virgins, they had never lain with a man and together with the Wise Women they had only fucked nursing mothers. Lia quickly overcame her fears as Ben had the raw yumma tested again in the house as a precaution. Lia enjoyed fucking with the new Tali very much and screamed out her orgasms joyfully again. Ben told Pan one day that he had deflowered both Tali in succession and they willingly and gladly let him fuck them. “And Lia back in the saddle?” asked Pan and Ben nodded, better than ever!

Pan was pleased with the developments. The young gonnie girls were in his bed like Binara, giving him their youthful, fiery fucking. Fyy had apparently successfully duped the Academy Institute and he lay with Lan one night a week. She candidly reported to him everything she had found out in the Archbishop's bed. She wasted a lot of time describing how she had let the Archbishop fuck her. She cried a little because she had betrayed her most beautiful feelings. Yes, she said, the Archbishop really fucked very well and she even came to orgasm crying, but her heart was not in it. Anyway, it was fine with the Archbishop if the Minister and the Commander wanted to participate in this project. Lan had received the express permission of the Archbishop, who was enchanted and bewitched by her amorous arts. She had found out, however, that the androids were not as good as pretended. They were exceptionally gifted at fucking, so the academy was awarded the contract for mass production. The monopoly was a financially significant advantage for the clergy, but beyond that, the androids did not bring the power and significant advantage that had been promised.

The Archbishop had told her of the plan to use the intelligent androids, etc. to gain influence and power and to replace the government of the Dominas by a government of the Godmen. Peacefully, democratically and without violence. After all, the clergy was represented in the government only by a bishop, the only man in the government. He was the minister for women, sexuality and sexual education. He had only been able to create a law to whip women who refused to fuck. He fucked all the dominas in the government in turn to get the law passed. He was now outlawing lesbian love and putting it under draconian penalties. But that still took time. The Bishop was

fucking the Dominas by divine mandate and for the good of the people! “Amen!” said Pan mockingly.

Pan thanked her for her success, he would join the project in a moment. Lan cried, she had let herself be fucked by a complete stranger again, and even if her heart was somewhere else entirely, her body had betrayed her, betrayed orgasm after orgasm. She cried and howled, the Archbishop drank the mulberry brandy from full cups, he fucked her relentlessly and her orgasms betrayed her physical lust. Pan hugged her and whispered how grateful he was that she had spent a night and a day fucking the ugly Archbishop and had let the guy mount her incessantly. He loved her very much and felt how much she was grieving, he said.

Lan looked at her servants and asked him if he also thought it was right that they had to shave off their pubic hair? He confirmed to her that the girls looked better that way, he personally did not like pubic hair, absolutely not. Lea had the girls step in front of her one by one. They looked at each girl individually, discussing their bodies, breasts and clefts, and Lan quietly whispered in detail about their sexual habits and preferences. The girls blushed with embarrassment. He palpated their bodies, meticulously exploring their private parts. Lan laughed brightly like a little girl when he rubbed a clit stiff to bursting and the girl tremblingly orgasmed. Most masturbated alone, Lan said, only a few in pairs. They had every night of the week off, where they were allowed to fuck with their lovers, but most went straight to the brothel to the Halfboys. The girls preferred to be fucked by the Halfboys, even the ones who had a human lover. Lan really knew everything about the girls, everything. Lan's fire was blazing, she hugged her lover and pulled him onto the bed.

The brigadier general drove with Pan and Binara to a quarry near the base, which served as a firing- and testing range. The idea of taking Binara came to him when he saw her studying old defense technology. The engineers had set up the third copy of the replica and were proud to show off the first perfect example of the dual cannon. Pan had already seen the earlier models and knew how well they had done. Like claypigeon shooting, the target drone was fired off from random positions and the engineer in the improvised gunner's seat

aimed and fired. The general kept tapping him on the shoulder, “100% hit!” The engineer flipped a switch and left the gunner’s seat. The general waited in amazement. At the command of an engineer, 4 target drones were fired simultaneously. The unmanned dual cannon shot down all 4 in lightning quick succession. This was repeated several times without a single miss. The general’s words stuck in his throat, he was simply stunned. He and Pan shook hands with the technicians and effusively praised the work. Not only the general and he chatted with the technicians for a long time, but Binara also debated with one of them. Pan had introduced his daughter before the demonstration and that she would soon begin her education in engineering. Pan observed that she was treated well by the technicians. He drove to the base with the brigadier general, Binara wanted to watch the dismantling of the cannon and would join him later.

“Your daughter seems like a smart kid to me,” the general said. She could enter the military academy at 14 and train in engineering if she wanted, he continued. Pan thanked him, it was really her heart’s desire and he only had concerns about how a Half-girl would be received in the military. The general laughed, if the girl really had what it took to be an engineer, no one would be upset about her back fur. Speaking of which, the general continued, the girls with back fur were considered good fuckers, right!? Pan nodded, “that’s really true, my daughter fucks quite excellently, boss!” he said, giving emphasis to the words with a nod of his head. “She’s very particular about fucking, but maybe one day she’ll fuck you, chief!” The General was silent and Pan mockingly contemplated his horny thoughts. The General was a man like them all and not a choirboy. He had never dealt with a choirboy before and puzzled over what the phrase actually meant.

He had called a gonnie girl and a gonnie man to bed, for Binara wanted to show him how she did it with the gonnie man. She had had Conara show her several times. Conara slid back and forth quickly on the cock, masturbating herself to orgasm and frantically fucking the glans with her clit. She inserted the cock, continued to masturbate and quickly rode up and down on the cock until she orgasmed. She then fucked the cock much faster than Binara had assumed from the

account and let the cock squirt in. Binara told Conara that it looked like real fucking at the end, but Conara denied that was deceiving.

Pan sat up in bed, penetrated the girl's vagina, and let the gonnie girl sit on his cock while he watched Binara and the little man. The girl bounced up and down impatiently, but he hugged the little girl and murmured that she would have to be patient. Binara knelt to his left and right, her labia claspng the young man's big cock, and she slid back and forth. She slid faster and faster on the cock and her orgasm came. She grabbed the cock with both hands and fucked his glans with her clit, for minutes, until her orgasm ebbed.

She grabbed his cock and plunged her vagina over it. She plunged up and down the vagina, slowly at first, then speeding up, masturbating simultaneously for fifteen minutes. Binara's arousal increased as she masturbated, and she finally fucked the cock so fast that the boy squirted rhythmically. Pan saw that Binara's ass cheeks twitched as he squirted and she released her orgasm at the same time. She hugged the gonnie boy and whispered to him. After a minute or two the same thing again, her labia sliding back and forth on the cock, she fucked his glans with her clit in orgasm and then she inserted his cock. Again she dove up and down, this time she masturbated rapidly from the beginning and jerked in orgasm. Then she fucked him very fast and made him squirt quickly, her ass muscles worked in time with the squirting and her finger raced on her clit in orgasm. She repeated everything two more times, she fucked her clit like a fury and masturbated while diving, after the orgasm she fucked him very quickly making him squirt. Her fourth time was so horny and exciting that the gonnie girl fucked him sitting down like out of her mind and made him squirt.

They took a break, he drank a cognac and the gonnies and Binara mulberry brandy. It was clear to him that she was really fucking the cock to make it squirt. But it didn't matter to him that Conara and Binara didn't consider it "real" fucking, he didn't bring it up again. Conara, who had been practicing it for some time, needed it five or six times in a row and usually took two gonnie men with her to take turns fucking her while she masturbated. His daughters had devel-

oped their method and made it nice and satisfying when he wasn't around. Knowing that was very satisfying.

They switched partners, the gonnie happily fucking away and Binara lay down on her back fur, this was the way he liked to fuck. Binara hugged him and let him bring her to orgasm only then he squirted. He had enough for today and when the gonnie were done they left quietly because the master was already asleep. Binara needed it one more time and masturbated, her body and vagina pressed against him. He was already asleep when she fucked his hip with her clit in orgasm.

He had arranged with Wengin for his next ride, sent Irene to the studio for depilation, and had the brigadier sign off on the mission. He fetched the old glider with two trailers from the stuffmaster and the gonnie packed as many books into the trailers until they were full to the top. He picked up Irene, who had packed several bottles of mulberry brandy in the second bag. Irene had her wonderful collar on and was drinking from the bottle. She couldn't wait to rip off her clothes at the first waypoint and he put the seats down smiling.

Irene's clit was already deep red from all the rubbing and she had asked him to fuck her during orgasm, she liked that best now. He watched her masturbate and thought about the last conversations with Lan. She had had the Archbishop give her an Odo to test. The Odo were the new type of androids and Lan had talked to Odo for a very long time. He had a wealth of knowledge like a well-trained cleric, he could research the public knowledge network faster than a human, and he was excellent at carrying on a conversation.

Lan had let Odo fuck her to exhaustion one night, he was a really skilled and persistent fucker. She reported Odo was athletic as an athlete and could fuck for hours without tiring. She found fault with only two things. First, he was uninvolved and she missed a modicum of love or affection. Secondly, it was irritating that he himself did not orgasm and could not squirt. She had let him fuck all her 20 girls and he still could. She would keep the Odo for her girls, probably. She herself had no desire to let Odo fuck her another time.

Pan fucked Ireneia during all her orgasms and she whooped with pleasure. She gasped grinning, those orgasms were the best. The collar, the booze, plus his fucking, it was a Faustian moment — “Wait a minute! You are so beautiful! Then you may beat me in bonds, then I will gladly perish!” she quoted the thousand year old word. She was amused by his astonishment and continued to masturbate happily. He enjoyed fucking her orgasm very much, their bodies vibrating with pleasure and excitement.

6 hours later, he directed the glider through the forest, to the lake and to Wengin’s house. He accepted Wengin’s invitation for a snack and the old man explained the gift he would receive. It was a bracelet that could shoot a stunning or lethal pulse. It could fire 50 pulse beams and could be worn much more inconspicuously than a handgun. Never again did an officer have to be unarmed, even in the shower stall or while making love. The longer Pan thought, the more clearly he saw the significance. He flew to Halfgard.

Lea unloaded the books and grinned all over her face. “We’re going on a trip,” she said over dinner. When are we leaving? he asked, shivering as her red-gold mane and back fur blew as if in the wind. “After dinner, before liquor,” she said with a laugh. She led him behind the palace, where 8 people were already waiting on horses. He had never ridden a horse before, but this couldn’t be too hard. When they stopped at the first village two hours later, he thanked all the gods of the universe. His butt was mincemeat and Lea rubbed it with an ointment. By the time they were at the communal shelter, where the companions were also fucking peacefully and she was riding him, he had already forgotten the pain.

Lea showed him her work holding court in the villages. He watched the proceedings just as he watched Lea. She was honest, fair, conscientious, and neutral. It was clear that she used her telepathy, but it was only a tool. She strictly followed the laws and rules. More than once, even the winner was sternly admonished and in one case given the same punishment. They dined with the villagers and Pan met many interesting people. In the evening of the second day they arrived back in Halfgard. All too gladly he gave the horse a pat

goodbye. Riding was not his, but perhaps his experience would be of use in conversation with the brigadier general.

He had to admit to himself that he liked sitting in the bar again. Lea asked him if he felt like fucking a virgin today, but he immediately waved it off. He just wanted to be with her alone tonight, her love was his only desire tonight. She kept silent and nodded, that was okay. She held his hand as they sat in the sinks.

After breakfast, Lea asked if she would see him again. He hugged and kissed her. They lived on different planets, he said, there was nothing either of them could do about that. But she was the only woman besides his daughters he could trust and feel safe with. None but her. She looked into his eyes for a long time. "You're my best friend that I can count on, too!" She looked to the ground. In another world, she would give anything to be his wife, she whispered almost inaudibly. He embraced her and they stood still, 5 minutes, 10 minutes, a quarter of an hour. Their bodies melted into each other and he felt how much he loved this woman with all his heart. "In another world you would be my wife, Queen Lea!" and he stroked her red-gold back fur and kissed her deeply. He broke away from her, time to depart. He would come again, again and again, he whispered.

The Halfs loaded the boxes of 2,000 bracelets into the trailers. A technician had demonstrated the bracelet for him. He pointed to a branch on the far bank of the pond. Pan just had to mentally focus on the branch and fire. He was skeptical, but he concentrated and wanted to fire at the branch. The pulse beam shredded the branch. The technician said the bracelet automatically connects to its wearer, recognizing target and fire command automatically. Don't lose it, the technician warned, it could be operated by anyone, even the enemy. Your engineers will be able to replicate the bracelet, but not the special battery that provided 50 pulses. You are welcome to try, but he thought it unlikely. Pan thanked Lea for the loot and flew to Wengin's house.

Wengin's barbecue fish tasted excellent, Wengin gave him every bit of information about the bracelets. Miniaturizing the battery had taken years of research, and the old designer explained it to him from

the technical drawing he gave him. Whether he passed the knowledge on to the military was for Pan to decide. He just had to promise to think conscientiously for a month before passing it on. He, Wengin, did not think that Bangurel was ready for it yet. Pan thanked the old man and climbed into the glider. Irene was already naked as they boarded, ignoring Wengin's dismay at her shamelessness in frivolously showing off her obscene cunt, but summer was approaching and the sun was burning down relentlessly.

Irene, dressed only in the collar, almost could not wait for them to reach the first waypoint. The return trip was much hornier than the outward trip. He pushed the old woman wildly in her climaxes and did not hold back the squirting. Irene cheered because she felt his squirting quite clearly because she paused in masturbation and experienced his wild squirting in the finale heart pounding. He did not know afterwards whether he had squirted only a dozen or forty times. He didn't have a drop left after six hours when he delivered her to Pozzebon. The old captain glanced at him briefly and grumbled that she was sucking Pan's juices like a vampire, exhausted and pale as he was. He, however, was getting fat and fatter at it, having to eat two steaks for days. They looked at each other and burst into loud laughter.

The brigadier general first had to think about how he rated the bracelets. It was immediately clear that they were issued only to military personnel. Equipping the population with weapons would be a very bad idea. The bracelets were a good opportunity to award good officers. But he had to test how the bracelets were received first and would decide later whether to produce them. He absentmindedly wrote the check for 6,000 credits, his thoughts on his sick horse. Pan requested 10 bracelets to distribute among his comrades. He sat in the officers' mess almost until midnight with Ben and Isegrim, who were on night duty. When he got home, Binara and her two gonnie men were already asleep. He sat down in the library and Fyy on his lap.

He was dog tired and leaned his head on Fyy's virgin girl breasts. She told him about the events of the last 5 days, there was nothing spectacular. Lan would have kept the Odo and let him fuck all her

girls every night. They seemed to have a thing for the loin strong boy and currently didn't go to the brothel at all. Fyy searched Lan's mind, but she hadn't let Odo fuck her since the first night, Fyy was sure. He nodded, Lan had told him that the last time they had talked.

Binara took two gonnie men to bed with her every night. No, she didn't let them fuck her, she just used them to masturbate and fuck them to make them squirt. She didn't always take the same men, nor could she take turns. Binara had called her once because she wanted to fuck clit to clit. She seemed to really like it a lot.

The clergy put the first 1,000 Odo's on the market and charged 2,000 credits, Fyy said. It cost much less than a thousand to produce and the clergy made a tidy profit. "He probably didn't tell you," Fyy said, but his good friend Ben had moved heaven and hell to get an android. He acted secretive, so she suspected he wanted to surprise his wife. Pan nodded; he'd figured as much. Fyy said she would set it up so Ben got a well-stocked one. Fyy winked and Pan grinned, "my clever girl!"

Fyy had his cock out and was riding him in the recliner. She knew he loved her 16 year old body and her childish cunt that looked back on over 50 years of fucking experience. She fucked him frequently in the recliner and sank backwards with her head to the floor as her orgasm made her tender body tremble and he cum inside her. She could control the timing of her orgasm wonderfully.

Fyy smiled when he asked if she went to the androids to fuck. Yes, of course, she should try out all the different dicks. The technicians had done a really good job, the current production models were fucking her to glorious orgasms. The two production lines were running at full speed and they produced the last two models, one with a big cock and one with a very big cock. The models were left with head hair only, armpits and pubic hair were omitted entirely, the foreskin was shortened to a minimum and the scrotum was only for appearance. Fyy thought the androids turned out quite well. He told her to keep fucking the androids to test the quality, he had after all invested 4 million and borrowed Lan a million to invest.

He had given Ben, Isegrim, and a handful of his best men a bracelet. He had been wearing one since Halfgard, of course, and took the men to the underground shooting range. He practiced shooting with them and inculcated them to count along. After 50 shots, the bracelet had to be loaded. They were all thrilled, they could wear it 24 hours a day, it was light as a feather and waterproof. You could ditch the clunky pulsers and still be equally armed.

Lia had thanked for the Tali with a beautiful handwritten letter. Her gift was not a bracelet or a ring. She had had her cunt recreated as a 1:1 model in gold completely true to life. He admired the vaginal entrance, the labia, and the clitoris, which presented itself stiff and aroused. He placed it in his library so that it was always in front of his eyes.

Ben asked him if he could come to dinner the other day? Pan agreed, he hadn't seen Lia since the hospital and knew he could expect a feast. Ben agreed, he appreciated that. Ben acted mysterious, there would be a special surprise. He feigned interest because Fyy had already informed him.

He joined Ben right on time, hugged Lia and confirmed that she looked stunningly erotic and horny in her see-through cocktail dress. The feast was excellent, Lia put the daughters to bed and dropped her dress as she walked past the men into the bedroom. They finished the whiskey and stubbed out the cigarettes, then went to Lia's bedchamber. The chairs for Ben and him were again right next to her bed, so close that he could touch Lia's body. Now Ben rose and asked her and him to wait, he would bring in the surprise and disappeared. She put on the eroticizing collar and the effect of the crystal went straight to her cunt. Pan caressed Lia's body, her full breasts and her exciting labia. She rubbed her clit, this really couldn't wait.

The door opened, Ben and naked Odo came in. Lia was really surprised, because the whole city was talking about the androids. Pan stated that Fyy had chosen a specimen with a very large cock. Ben placed the android's hand in Lia's, "This is your mistress!" The android nodded, very much looking forward to fucking the mistress.

His caresses, his kisses seemed a little fake, like a bull he impatiently pushed forward with his cock. Lia gave a little whimper as the huge cock entered her. Odo fucked her for over half an hour and she screamed with pleasure and orgasmed continuously. She groped for Ben's and Pan's hand to hold on to in her half-hour ecstasy. She was completely spent and exhausted and pressed her hands to Odo's chest. "I can't take it anymore!" she brought out, and Odo immediately stopped fucking. She beamed at Ben with shining eyes and squeezed Pan's hand while her breasts rose and fell, breathing heavily. Ben clapped his hands and the two Tali girls came in.

They were a little confused and looked to Ben, but he gestured for them to fuck the mistress as they always did. Lia was soon on fire again as the cuddling girls caressed her, because they were really good at that. One penetrated Lia and began to fuck her. Odo got into position behind the Black Beauty and fucked the fucking Tali girl. She flinched, because she had never been fucked while fucking herself, but she kept going, Odo setting the pace. Lia came screaming to orgasm, Tali just after her and Odo fucked the girl and with her also Lia further and further and further. Lia screamed unabashedly in her pleasure, the Tali girl fucked and squirted without ceasing, as Odo continued to fuck her unabated. Lia's screams became quieter and the Tali girl collapsed after the half hour. Odo released her, she had squirted all her seed and was huddled together exhausted. Although Lia was totally exhausted, the second Tali girl penetrated her. Odo also fucked this girl from behind for half an hour, she gasped with effort and fucked and squirted in one go until she had squirted all her semen into Lia and gave up, exhausted. Lia told Pan she couldn't take any more today. He feigned a little disappointment and soon took a glider to Lan.

She greeted him affectionately and pulled him onto the bed before they sat down to dinner. He wondered, he said, there were only two servants present. Lan laughed brightly as a bell. Odo stayed in the girls' dormitory and fucked them all, 24 hours a day. Minus the time, she corrected herself, that he stood in his loading dock. She grinned and laughed, the first few days the charging station hadn't been installed yet and he looked plenty ridiculous with the charging cord stuck in his asshole.

Cardinal Tomaselli, the former archbishop, had already called her to him after 4 days, he was really infatuated with her. She had left the collar with the crystal at home, she did not want to light her fire with the cardinal. She had always had to cry, because it disgusted her to fuck with him. But her treacherous body responded, she had one orgasm after another. The cardinal drank mulberry brandy to ignite his lust and conjure up his erection. Lan wept bitterly on Pan's shoulder, for it was so shameful for her to orgasm so often during this vile fucking.

No, she was not proud of those orgasms. He listened kindly as she detailed fucking the cardinal, shaken from crying. Her body demanded another after each orgasm and she almost fucked the cardinal to death, so greedy and horny she fought for each orgasm. She didn't have the magic crystal on her neck, nor did she drink even a drop of mulberry brandy, but she hadn't fucked in far too long and just had to have the orgasms! she said, shaken by shame and crying. He hugged and comforted her and pulled her onto the bed.

Pan closely controlled the production of the dual cannons. All new spacefighters were equipped with them, and the cannons of old fighters were gradually replaced. Valuria supplied enough special steel and the factories' assembly lines ran day and night. Still, it would be a long time before Bangurel had enough battleships. He had a battleship with the new cannon permanently installed in the quarry and let the telepaths practice with it tirelessly. He let them aim and fire themselves, leaving the automatics switched off. The telepaths made good progress, the new cannons were easier to control than the old ones.

Pozzebon visited Ireneia quite often, Pan joined only occasionally, bringing steaks. The two were quite good conversationalists because they understood a lot about military technology and had an outside perspective. Pan listened very attentively because the two were not operationally blind. He scanned the house and garden as usual and Ireneia was always completely naked. He filmed the two of them fucking, Pozzebon liked to pull his cock out before he squirted so he could film in slow motion the squirting into her cunt. Only her finger could

be seen, racing on her stiff clit in slow motion. He still didn't know what he would use the footage for.

Binara always let Conara go first when she – came over rarely enough – to spend the night. He was very proud of his daughters, who had found their place in society. Binara was already in the 1st preparatory course and crammed diligently day after day, she was not satisfied with a good placement. That they also fucked him excellently was more than just an extra. Binara had shown Conara how to fuck clit to clit and it was their favorite when he took a break. He enjoyed watching them, it was always very exciting.

Wengin was his connection to Lea. She had her hands full, more and more often groups were fighting each other over nothing, nothing at all. She had to react with hard bandages, so that there were not too many dead. A pulse shot had injured her shoulder, yet she swung into the saddle to join the fray. When she appeared on horseback, the weapons soon fell silent. She allowed herself bed rest only at night to cure herself. Wengin reassured him it was not a bad injury and it would be wiser if he did not visit her and distract her from the fight. He trusted the old constructor's judgment that at present only the Halfs could help themselves. He, with his military background, could not help her. He dictated a long loving message to Wengin for Lea.

Ben and Lia also let Odo spend the night with the servant girls, who enjoyed the fucking insanely. Lia preferred the Tali girls because they were much more sensitive than Odo, the wild bull. She rarely let the beast fuck her anymore, only when she wanted to pass out after orgasming, which Odo was very good at. The Tali girls also let Odo fuck them only sometimes, as he completely deflated them. They too lost their senses if they didn't stop him in time. This was difficult because the two girls were getting many, many orgasms and would not stop. Odo was very good-natured and tirelessly brought all the servant girls to orgasm. Many of them used to come rarely to fuck, often not for months or years, because they were too ugly or too poor to go to the brothel. Now they got orgasms from Odo whenever they felt like it. This had a very positive effect on their morale, Ben reported.

Isegrim had wisely arrested four dozen of the Tali leadership class from the northern coastal areas and thrown them into the dungeon. Without them, permanent peace returned and the poorer crews now had Tali women to fuck. It was not an uncontroversial decision, but the facts were in Isegrim's favor. The peace held and the soldiers had about 50 Talifemales to fuck for free at the base. The soldiers thanked Isegrim by making a vagina-shaped medal and awarding it to him with much cheering. Of course, one and the other donated a drink once in a while.

Intelligence contacted the brigadier generals and they contacted the commanders and captains. One watched the pirates-alliance with Argus eyes, observed the material transports and the gigantic flying cities in the universe. Now, some two years after the last war, they had built about 1,500 new battleships and 70 to 80 large battle domes. That wasn't much yet, but in a year the numbers would double. People were watching the combat drills, of course; the pirates were sticking to their old tactics and had no significant new weapons. More and more women or warriors took command, there was a brutal power struggle between men and women. Pan, who was attending the briefing with some of his captains, poked Ben in the side. "If the telepaths find out ..." He didn't have to say it, "... this is going to be the big fuck!" Still, he later told his officers, that was just the intelligence community's view, so!

He guessed it was no more than a year or two before the next pirate attack.

# The Raid of the Zulu

by Jack Faber © 2023

The raid came in the middle of the night.

Fyy sat on his lap in the armchair and they whispered after fucking. Fyy's and his communication module beeped simultaneously. He listened silently. Unknowns from space had landed next to some southern cities and thousands of their infantrymen had swarmed out. Alert, alert, this is not a drill! All hands to the base! He jumped up, Fyy would have to get all the information, then he jumped into uniform and raced in a glider into the base.

Isegrim got there before him and had the crews roused. Ben didn't arrive until later, when the briefing with the control center was already underway. They would send out all the fighter gliders equipped with the new cannons. 600 telepaths ran into the bunker where their berths were. The generals had the crews get into the troop gliders and roar south. Pan and Ben went into the bunker; they would guide and supervise the telepathic pilots and fly along themselves.

Fyy had information. Some killed enemies were examined. They were black like Tali, humanoid and slightly larger than Bangurelians. The infantrymen's protective clothing was primitive, they were armed mainly with spears and sabers, only their airships had pulse weapons. They killed only men, robbed girls and women on the estates and the villages. They raped all the women on the spot and then took them to their spaceships. The control center called them Zulu, they robbed only violated women and apparently had no interest in valuables, materials or food. So far over 250,000 infantrymen had landed, they were on foot and had no vehicles. Fyy end.

Pan briefed Ben and the other officers in the bunker, then flew the fighter gliders south. The vanguard had reached the first front line and was firing at the infantrymen from all guns. The alien spacecrafts immediately retreated and camouflaged themselves. No matter how much Pan and some telepaths scanned, they could not reach the

ships and their crew. The Zulu infantrymen had no mental protection; Pan and the others could enter their minds with ease. They were simple, not to say primitive creatures, who apparently fought intoxicated by drugs, killing all the men and boys and then raping the women. There seemed to be a kind of hierarchy, the higher ones fucked the young girls, gonnie girls and half girls, the others fucked the older semesters. Women who resisted with success were sabered or impaled. The lowest ranks ravished even dead women and fucked them. The Zulu overran estates and small villages. In larger villages and towns they met resistance; the Bangurelians' pulse weapons were superior to their primitive weapons.

For a few minutes, the Zulu-spaceships de-cloaked, apparently to bring the captured women aboard to immediately re-cloak. The telepaths accidentally managed to attack a starship with several fighter gliders and it crashed far behind the battle lines. Pan knew that no one could reach them there at the moment and split off part of his mind for the fight and went into the crashed spaceship with the other part. Several things immediately struck him.

The spaceship was far too complex to have been constructed by the primitive Zulu. He also discovered in the destroyed command center about 10 or 12 alien corpses, as small as gonnies, completely hairless and naked with relatively huge heads and black eyes. Most were female, two male. The penises were tiny as were the vaginas. He flipped open a vagina, there were labia and clits and a tiny vagina that he couldn't even stick a finger into. The dwarves with the big heads and their white, almost translucent skin looked more like they had built the spaceship. And they were humanoid, too. He slid further through the chaos of the destroyed spaceship, bodies lying everywhere. He slid deeper.

A surprising sight presented itself. It appeared to be a cargo hold. That was where most had survived. Many hundreds of human women in torn clothes and about 30 to 40 Zulus. They were naked and fucking one woman after another as if the crash had not happened. They were indeed black-skinned people, muscular and wild. And only men, not a single woman among the Zulus. He looked at them more closely. Their testicles, like their cocks, were larger than

ours, he thought. They were a bit bigger than Bangurelians, their primitive brains clouded by drugs. And they fucked one woman after another, squirting neatly and grabbing the next one.

He entered the mind of a Zulu. The fellow thought only about fucking, he had to impregnate the human girl. Pan felt the big cock pounding inside the woman and felt the scrotum tighten and the semen shoot out. He did not want to hurt the woman, nor kill her – only impregnate her.

Pan stayed in his cock, which remained stiff even after he squirted, and he grabbed the next girl. The Zulu ignored her protests and pulled her rags aside over her cleft. He felt the big cock making its way inside the vagina as the Zulu fucked the girl with no particular emotion. “A child! A child!” it pounded in Zulu’s mind. He squirted and let go of the girl, then took two steps and grabbed the next girl.

He left the mind of Zulu after fucking 5 girls. He gave the next crew operating nearby the exact location that everyone outside the cargo hold was dead and there were still 30 unarmed Zulus and about 250 to 300 live Bangurelian girls trapped in the cargo hold.

He immediately made telepathic contact with the control center while part of him fired on the Zulus. The medium in the control center was a good, natural telepath, but still terribly young. She had apparently never fucked before, but that didn’t interest him at the moment. He relayed his observations to her, of the smallish white race, the dead, and of the fucking in the cargo hold. The medium dreaded fucking from the Zulu-s penis point of view, but she promised to report everything in detail. He demanded that the Zulu DNA be tested immediately, and she replied that it had already been done. The DNA was very similar but not compatible with the Bangurel one. The impregnation did not work, clearly! He described that he had ordered a crew to the wreck and ended the communication, it had lasted less than 3 seconds.

As the control center had ordered, he concentrated on encircling the Zulu infantrymen. It all took far too long. Half an hour passed before he had rounded up and killed about 50 Zulus. He had to watch

like hell when the Zulus were raping Bangurelian women. He had to wait until the Zulu had finished fucking and moved on to the next one, at which point he could kill the man with a well-aimed shot to the head. Of course, that slowed down his successes. He was kind of glad that the Zulu couldn't impregnate a woman, on the other hand it showed him the futility of war. The Zulu somehow had a shortage of women and were kidnapping Bangurelian women to produce offspring. Not a single Bangurelian woman would bear them children.

The slaughter of the Zulus lasted well into the night, over 18 hours. The Zulus camped in open areas and rested until morning. He stayed in the bunker and slept as well, some telepathic pilots keeping watch. He dreamed that he fucked one girl after another and after only a few minutes she gave birth to an ugly little white monster and that he stuck a finger into the tiny vagina. The creature giggled and laughed at him, the concept of orgasm was so old-fashioned that it had to laugh. The little monster suddenly got bigger than him and spread its hairless labia. "Look, the clit is pierced! Masturbating is bad, masturbating is forbidden!" The bishop minister whipped with a cord girls who masturbated and fucked them brutally.

He jolted awake. He was lying on his couch in the bunker. He drank a lot of water and contacted Fyy. She informed him of the situation. They had killed close to 100,000 Zulus, but there was a steady stream of new Zulus coming from the cloaked spaceships; by tomorrow morning there would be more than 500,000. Fyy confirmed that the Zulu were not compatible with Bangurelians, Gonnies, Halfs or Tali. Just another humanoid variety of the universe. He relayed the memories of the small-bodied whites to Fyy, and she looked closely at the big heads. Humanoids, clearly, Fyy said, and probably powers more evolved than the Zulu. His memories of Zulu dick fucking 5 girls exhilarated her. She knew all kinds of cocks, human, gonnies, halves. And clerics, she added with a laugh. They all fucked like Zulu, that concept of fucking was probably universal. She looked at the penises and vaginas of the White Tiny Ones and said that they too fucked like all of them. Fyy laughed, "I'll show you what I noticed, okay?" It was only meant rhetorically, Pan knew that.

First, Fyy began, due to the impact, the shockwave effectively shock-froze the Whites, freezing them in position on impact. The Whites have 4 fingers, a thumb and three fingers. They have seven toes on each foot, and I suspect they handle them as well as we handle our fingers. For I see that in front of their toes is a battery of buttons and switches. I share your assumption that there is intelligence in the proportionally large heads. But further, they have tails above their asses, the fellows a short one, the girls a longer one. Fyy showed Pan clips where you could see these tails, and he nodded in agreement. There are 11 whites in total, we see 9 here, one lad, 8 girls. In the vaginas of 6 girls I discovered fresh semen, and again Fyy let him see. “Damn, I didn’t have time for this!” growled Pan angrily.

Fyy continued, 6 girls so, freshly fucked, okay? Semen in the vagina, the little white clits flaccid. The other two girls were getting ready to fuck, look here, stiff and bright red clits! I claim they are using the longer dicks to stimulate their clits and vaginas. One sticks her cock firmly in her vagina, the other has her cock right on her clit. Maybe this is how White girls masturbate, maybe? And now the ninth, the fellow has his penis hanging down, and if you look closely you can see semen stains under his cock on the floor. He fucked some of the girls and his cock was still dripping. “Just brilliant, Sherlock!” he exclaimed, and she nodded, “Yes, my dear Dr. Watson!”

Fyy continued, “9 white people you saw, how do I get to 11?” Of course, that was just rhetorical, too. Fyy enlarged a section of his memory and sharpened the image. There they are, Fyy said triumphantly, enlarging the image. She’s lying on her back, her little legs stretched up in the air, and she’s widening her vagina with both hands! Look at that little clit, stiff and dark red. He kneels in front of her, pulled out his stiff little cock at the moment of the crash, his semen was splattered over her abdomen. Well? Fyy paused and he had to admit that she was right. Fyy laughed, she would have had more time for the details, that’s why.

They talked for a long time more about the situation of the battle, and her ideas revealed that she had researched in the military history works. He said it was a pity that he was not allowed to have sex in the bunker, he would have teleported her here otherwise. Fyy knew that

there were several options for fucking, but he was not really in the mood. They ended the communication, it had lasted less than 12 seconds in total. He turned to the other side cursing and immediately fell asleep. He dreamed of the White girls being fucked one by one and their clits being blood red before and transparent and white after. He was allowed to deflower and fuck all 9 white girls one after the other and it was insanely horny.

In the morning the murmur of the pilots woke him up, he drank water and ate the horrible sandwiches, where he wondered every time what the cook had to do to get this non-quality? He lay down on the couch and positioned his spacecraft in one of the front rows. The Zulus also scrambled to their feet and continued the advance. Kill, rape, and run on. He looked to the sun for an optimal shooting position. He could shoot more Zulus than yesterday, the Zulus formed groups after raping, which were easier to hit.

All at once the advance faltered. Suddenly and for no apparent reason. The Zulus stared at the rankers who were driving them back. Back? Pan ordered the pilots to cease fire and observe. The Zulus ran back in droves, all of them! No killing, no raping. Pan looked behind to see who or what they were running from in a panic, but there was nothing, absolutely nothing! He ordered the fleeing to follow and watch.

The Zulu, all 500,000 of them, ran into a wall of fog and disappeared. They were met by Bangurelians, Gonnies, women, Half-girls and Tali. He counted 400, 600, 800, and there were still some coming out of the smoke screen. It took over 4 hours for all the Zulus to disappear. The wall of fog also disappeared and he saw 10, 12, 15 flashes in the sky. It was dead silent. One pilot took a chance and whispered from the speakers, "What now, chief?" Pan was the senior officer here and ordered 45 fighter gliders to remain here for further observation, everyone else back to their bases, reload! Two proven captains were given orders, one had to carefully recover the 11 frozen aliens and take them to the base pathology. The other had to salvage the cockpit with all the equipment and if possible get the entire alien spacecraft to the base. Then he called the pathologist.

The debriefing lasted an unspeakable three hours and it could have been said in a few words: They fled and we have no idea why. He fled the base, he didn't take time for the officers' mess. At home, he stood in the cleaning booth for 20 minutes and set the synthetic warm rain program. Then he sat down naked in the library in the armchair and Fyy on his lap. He knew as well as she did why the Whites had withdrawn the Zulus and disappeared back into space.

The Whites had found out that the Zulus' DNA was incompatible.

The 1,600 abducted women and girls were brought home. A cardinal actually offered a bounty of 10,000 gold coins in credits to any man who took a widow or daughter as a wife and continued to farm the estate. There had been 1,231 men and 281 women murdered, and 69 soldiers had died.

Lan had already negotiated with the Minister of Military Affairs, again there were bonuses and promotions. He indignantly pushed her back when she congratulated him on becoming a brigadier general. He was enraged; he did not accept the promotion. He was a fighter and a warrior, but not an armchair farter! He would resign from the service instantly if the dominatrix promoted him. Lan was meek in the face of his wild indignation and immediately communicated with the minister. He was mollified after the conversation. He only asked Lan to provide well financially for the families and bereaved families of the 69 fallen soldiers, that was all he wanted. He gladly took the bonus payment, Conara and Binara could use it well.

He sat naked again in the armchair in the library after the synthetic shower, it had somehow become so ingrained. Fyy was sitting on his lap and they were discussing the latest information when the pathologist called. He submitted the report in writing and discussed it with the Commander, as required and mandated by duty. The Commander was to ask immediately if there was anything he did not understand, the professor said. The conversation then lasted almost two hours.

They had first examined many Zulus who had been killed. They were genetically most closely related to the Tali, but genetically in-

compatible. This was also supported by the fact that they apparently rubbed their cocks with yummajuice like the female Tali to enlarge the cock. One had found yummajuice on their cocks. The Zulu were absolutely humanoid like the Bangurelians. The professor even knew exactly what minor changes would be necessary to make them compatible with Bangurelian females, if that were someday desired.

The White Aliens were known to the Valurian researchers, calling themselves Xtulhuxine. The Valurians had only a week to study one of their spaceship crews. Their findings, of course, were incorporated into his report, which he also wanted to provide to Valuria, since the Valurians could not do an autopsy. Pan noted that Fyy was instantly searching the Valurian databases.

The professor confirmed all his suspicions. The Whites had a pattern around the skull that was only visible under blacklight. He had forwarded the pattern to the cryptological institute for decoding. He suspected it was for identification or rank insignia or both. He had dissected the brains, which were undoubtedly highly intelligent. The Whites were four-handed, as the Valurians also confirmed. The feet also served for walking. Four-handedness was known and studied by several species, he added.

Wishfully, he had studied the genitals intensively. The Valurians reported that the Whites spent a great deal of time fucking. There were four times as many females as males in the spacecraft observed by the Valurians. Observations ranged from 5 to 12 copulations daily among the females. Each male fucked at least 20 females a day. There did not appear to be any close partnerships or marriages; everyone fucked everyone, the researchers confirmed. Not a single crew member appeared to be pregnant. Their ages could not be estimated, but there appeared to be no child on board.

All 9 females autopsied were pregnant! This was unexpected. The fetuses were differently developed and all were female. But the further examinations also brought surprising results. The semen in the vaginas of all females came from both males. Different layers of semen could be seen; some had recently been fucked three or four times. Since the seminal vesicles of the males were still three-quar-

ters full, it could be assumed that they had just begun their daily workload of fucking.

Accidentally, it was discovered that the females had all already given birth, but not vaginally, but by cesarean section. The scars were almost invisible and testified to excellent surgery; no suture marks were visible, presumably an adhesive had been used. One had given birth to three, four had given birth to two, and four had given birth to only one. Although it was obvious, the professor did not want to take it as an age determination.

The Valurians had filmed many females masturbating. They wanted to be filmed and tugged at the researchers' sleeves, come on, let's go masturbate! As suspected, they masturbated the clit with their tails, the end of which was shaped like a penis. They masturbated the clit with the tail until the color changed from transparent white to blood red, which took an average of four to five minutes. They clasped the end of the tail with the 14 toes of their feet and squeezed very hard until the penis-shaped end was very firm and stiff and the small glans became blood red, at the same time the small vagina had opened very wide. They clutched this penis with both foot hands and fucked themselves with the penis quite energetically and quickly into the vagina. They tore the penis out completely each time and brutally rammed it back into the vagina with both feet, two or three minutes and gradually opened their mouths very wide. They paused and pressed the penis in very deeply, pulling it out very slowly. The clit quickly became flaccid and transparent again. The females, as the Valurians observed, masturbated on average twice a day, but some masturbated 25 times, depending on how often they were fucked.

Last, the professor said, the shock wave on impact should have killed the whites instantly. Their tissues, their muscles, had immediately turned into a gelatinous state. Examination of the muscle tissue was therefore impossible, the professor ended. Pan, of course, gave him permission to send the results to Valuria.

Fyy nodded to him during the lecture, she had checked everything. Pan was tired, drank another cognac and dozed until dinner. Binara

had been quietly reading on a screen in a corner, listening to the lecture. She still had many questions and he answered everything he understood. After dinner, they sat down in the library and let Fyy show them the Valurian recordings of White people fucking and masturbating. For some reason, the Whites were interested in the Valurians documenting their lovemaking in great detail. Often a male would pull his cock out so far that the squirting in could be recorded in slow motion. Their faces showed no emotion, but Pan thought the guys were grinning outrageously. The females' orgasms as they fucked and masturbated could only be detected by the way they opened their mouths to a long, soundless scream. The Whites did not speak, probably communicating telepathically, Fyy thought. But maybe neither males nor females had orgasms like some animal species, Fyy said. Maybe.

Lan had been summoned to the Cardinal again and there was a hand-wringing, she complained to Pan. She had undressed and laid down on the bed when the cardinal announced with a sly grin that his people wanted to fuck her, too. She jumped up in horror and covered her nakedness as four or five men came in. She shouted unseemly at the cardinal that she wasn't a cheap hooker or a brothel whore, goddammit! She and the cardinal yelled at each other until she began to dress angrily. The cardinal backed down and shooed the deacons out.

She stopped undressing and the cardinal had to fuck her dressed and standing up. She was proud of herself, she didn't get a single orgasm! She flew home immediately on a glider and they had said a frosty goodbye. She didn't know if the cardinal was gone forever. Pan reassured her, she hadn't made a mistake, only he had. How stupid must someone be to take a dominatrix, a minister to fuck in his circle of friends? She was absolutely right, there were plenty of hookers and whores for that. She must not give in an iota in this matter.

He hoped it wouldn't have been disrespectful of him for groping her naked servants? he asked mendaciously with a worried look. But no, Lan said laughing, she knew how he liked to fondle their bodies and their clits in particular! Laughing, she called a girl over and put his hands on her breasts. She stood in front of him and he let her

spread her legs a little. He stroked the girl with satisfaction, her breasts, belly and labia.

She let it happen shamefully and her breathing became shallow and tense as he excited her clit. She slapped her hands in front of her face as he masturbated her. She sank to a crouch with her knees wide apart as he continued to masturbate her in orgasm. She slapped a hand over her mouth to keep from crying out loud. He let her go and Lan beckoned the second girl over. She let it be known that she wanted it. She stood wide-legged in front of him and pulled her labia apart with both hands so that her aroused and stiff clit stood out. He masturbated her quickly and she stretched her clit out to him, her ass cheeks quivering in orgasm. He let her go and stopped Lan, they should eat now. The girls served up the food and he cheekily grabbed one and the other's ass. As they lay on the bed, the naked servants stood in the background watching.

Pan was concerned that they saw no way to detect the approach of a White spacecraft. That they would not be back anytime soon, of course, was obvious to him. Nevertheless. He was one of the chiefs of the space patrols and had responsibility. He sat with two radar officers in front of a screen and videophoned with a radar officer in Valuria. He was happy to help. He gave his officers the latest settings and picked out the log, from the encounter with the Xtulhu-things. He grinned wryly, with more than 43,000 different races they dealt with, it is impossible to remember all the names. Pan laughed and said we call them the Whites for simplicity. The Valurian had found the appropriate entry and transmitted the signatures. With it, they could detect the Whites if they were not cloaked. One would see the ships as blurred shadows on the radar if cloaked. An amicable farewell was said and Pan instructed his officers to adjust the radars and then to notify him and the Brigadier in writing.

After a long time he again flew a 2-day-patrol with Isegrim. In the evening, they parked the glider high in the trees, sitting in the branches and dangling their legs under the stars. Isegrim spoke almost not a word during the day, only in the evening they got entangled in discussions. He went on and on, describing how he saw Isegrim's achievements. The old warrior did not like that at all, there

were so many other topics. But Pan would not let him go. He would like Isegrim to be an officer, a lieutenant, a captain or something. It annoyed him that his best buddy and best warrior was not present at various meetings, that he could not assign a mission to his best warrior. He, Isegrim, had shown in this and that situation that he could lead his people. He had what it took to be an officer, and he had shown that an officer did not have to be an armchair farter. He had refused the promotion to brigadier only a few weeks ago, as Isegrim knew very well. He should sleep on it and let him know in the near future. The subject was closed.

The other day, when they had returned the glider and were dictating their report together, Isegrim said in passing, okay, lieutenant then! Pan nodded in agreement and initiated the procedure that same day. Three days later, the general pinned the stars on Isegrim's collar and welcomed him as an officer. The general offered a drink in the officers' mess and everyone surrounded the newcomer. Pan's firm handshake and a whiskey on the rocks was celebration enough. He never regretted it, Isegrim was a good choice.

Wengin had told him that the hostilities were over. Lea was half healed and healthy, she had held court and had slit the throats of 5 ringleaders. Wengin said grimly that Lea had done the only right thing. She would like to see him in two days. He arranged the details with Wengin. The general dispatched him on the special mission, Irenea rejoiced and went to the studio for depilation. He told Conara, Binara, and Lan. Fyy knew what she had to do. The second day he picked up the glider with 2 trailers, the gonnies packed both trailers to the top with books and he picked up Irenea. The summer sun burned relentlessly on the glider.

Passing the first waypoint, he had the seats folded down and Irenea undressed. The crystal in her necklace and the mulberry brandy drove into her freshly shaved cunt. He wanted to masturbate her in orgasm, he said, and she nodded eagerly, that will be wicked for sure. He fucked her just a little before she rubbed herself to orgasm and masturbated her in orgasm. He prolonged the orgasm, as long as possible and rubbed her wildly and firmly. She screamed with pleasure and horniness until he was done. The 6 hours were soon up, Ire-

nea orgasmed in one go and he masturbated and fucked her without cuming and she screamed herself hoarse.

At the last waypoint he got dressed and headed for the lake, for Wengin's house. Ireneia had decided to walk around completely naked in the summer. Poor Wengin almost passed out from shame when she frivolously presented her obscene pussy, but she wouldn't budge. He ate the snack with Wengin and naked Ireneia and chatted with Wengin over a cigarette. The poor guy kept looking at his sweetheart, who was stretched out with her legs wide open to the sun. "You're going to get a sunburn on your clit," Wengin said to the lewd old girl, but she stuck her tongue out at him and said she had to make shade for herself with her fingers now. Wengin wanted to sink into the ground as she masturbated in the blazing sun, her legs spread wide apart. Pan lit a cigarette, he had time. He told the poor, completely confused man to put some ointment on her later. He put a hand on Wengin's forearm as she writhed lustily in orgasm. "Wengin," he said quietly, "she is a very naughty girl, your Ireneia. She fucks and masturbates as long as her body plays along. She knows no shame by now, and I don't want that to offend or upset you. Our world out there revolves almost exclusively around sex. The former values you still cling to today don't count for anything anymore. Be a good lover, give her your attention, but let her do her thing. She needs it, she loves it, she lives for it. She wants to be a naughty girl, she really does. Your relationship will be more solid and loving if you can be happy about her being a naughty girl and wanting to be one."

Wengin thought for a long time. Then he smiled. "She's a spoiled, dirty, naughty girl, and I love that about her, too." He smiled and looked kindly at Ireneia. Pan said to sit next to him, looking directly into her cleft. Wengin smiled broadly and sat down next to him. "Two men gawking side by side into the cunt of a naughty girl masturbating pleausurably in the blazing sun," Wengin laughed softly. "She's already over 73 and needs it so badly!" Pan hadn't even realized she was already 73. They both watched, smiling, as she struggled to orgasm and then kicked both legs high in the air. She laughed and looked at the big boys watching her masturbate. After her fourth orgasm, he tapped Wengin's arm, climbed into the glider and flew to Halfgard.

Lea stood outside the palace hut and hugged him affectionately. She let unload the books and pulled him into her chambers. She was not like Lan, she did not immediately drag him to the mat. He washed his torso and face and put on a clean uniform shirt. They stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window for minutes, looking out at the pond. "It's nice to have you here," she said simply. He asked how her injury was doing. She brushed aside her light vest, pushed aside the bandage and showed him the wound. He was startled; the pulse beam had passed smoothly under the collarbone. The healers had done a good job, as far as he could tell.

He took some photos, he would show them to his daughter, she is a good healer. Lea nodded and led him to dinner. They had shot lions and he ate the prime seasoned steaks. They sat down in the bar, sweets and liquor and Lea snuggled close to him. Only a few councilmen and others came to speak with Lea. She had asked that they might not speak to her until three days later. But some things had to be discussed now, she agreed. But she stayed by Pan's side and snuggled up to him.

Pan still couldn't get used to the strange customs among the councilors. They rubbed their cocks against Lea's thighs or buttocks and squirted hard. Lea pulled her loincloth aside to let them squirt on her cleft. The very young men pressed their cocks firmly on the cleft as they squirted, a few penetrated her vagina to squirt. Lea said that this ritual had been around for ages. In earlier times they masturbated standing in front of the Queen, that they were allowed to rub themselves against the Queen and squirt had only been introduced by Budicca. She herself had extended the ritual and let them squirt on her cleft. Also that the boys penetrated at the end of the masturbating into the slit was okay for her.

They talked splendidly, he drank little and quenched his thirst with fruit juice. The wound hurt her, she said, he had to take it easy. Sure, he said, that goes without saying. She emphasized again that he had to take care of her, and therefore a girl would lie with them. She was giving him the virgin, she whispered softly. He said nothing. She had carefully chosen the girl, she bathed, perfumed herself and made herself beautiful for the commander. She was already 13 and eagerly

wished to lie with the Commander and give herself to him. Lea smiled, he would remain hers, the girl would not tie him to herself. "I'd sooner cut her throat than give you away!" Now he smiled, he had kept it that way with Budicca too, "but the first seed belongs to the mistress!" He kissed her very softly on the lips, something he usually never did in public. He would accept her gift.

They sat side by side in the washbasins, holding hands. The old maid washed his cock conscientiously as always. She had checked the gift of the mistress herself and the girl smells very good, she said confidentially, the commander will have his real pleasure with her! He thanked the maid, she was always kind to him and that meant a lot to him. They entered the bedroom.

The girl's light blue eyes flashed as he walked towards her. Her light blonde mane blended into her beautiful, well-groomed back coat, it was also light blonde. Lea noticed his look and said, Nora was the child of a very old family that had migrated from Norway from the old earth. They all had this rare hair color. Nora nodded and snuggled up to him. How she had come here, he wanted to know. Her family gave all Halfs to the brothel at the age of 10 at the latest, they needed the money. She had run away to Halfgard with other Halfs when she was 9 and Queen Budicca gave her to a winery. In 4 years she had learned to make wine and various liqueurs and brandies, she was proud of that. The wine and liqueur they had drunk today, she had made all by herself. He clicked his tongue appreciatively, that had tasted very good.

He sucked in the scent of the girl, she smelled really good. She cuddled and caressed him, but he pushed her back after a while. "The first seed belongs to the mistress!" he said and she looked questioningly at Lea. She nodded and said that was true, an ancient custom of men. He laid Lea on her red-gold back fur and penetrated very gently. He fucked her slowly, taking care not to hurt her. Nora fondled Lea's breasts and watched very curiously as he poured himself into Lea. He didn't push her, but pulled his cock all the way out and squirted into Lea's vagina from the outside. Lea nodded gratefully as he finished squirting.

Nora's caresses made him hot. Does she know how to do it? he asked and she nodded in the affirmative. She had been masturbating since she was a little child, she did it very often because it was proper for a Half-girl. Since she was in Halfgard, she watched the others fuck every night and knew how it went. He made her lie on her back, he stroked her face, the beautiful mane and her back fur. Lea took her full breast in her mouth and excited her teat with tiny bites. Lea's fingers masturbated Nora's clit vigorously and he waited until Nora orgasmed. He penetrated and deflowered her with a jerk, as her orgasm erupted. She beamed at him from her bright blue eyes and he fucked her for a long time. He waited for her third orgasm and squirted. He sank down on the bed next to her. Nimbly she sat on him, gradually made his cock stiff again with her mouth and tongue, she could do it very well. She fucked him like all Half-girls until the first ray of sunlight. Lea pressed her vaginal entrance to his hip and masturbated with her healthy hand tirelessly and non-stop until the first ray of sunlight. During the orgasm she bit lightly or also firmly into Nora's teats, because she wanted it. At the first sunbeam Nora stopped and threw her cape around. She thanked the Commander for the great honor and the Mistress for her generosity, she kissed them both on the mouth and silently scurried away.

Lea let him sleep until noon and held meetings with the council until lunch. The maid who gently woke him could not tear her gaze away from his cock. He let her wash him with wet cloths and suppressed his desire as she rubbed his cock stiffly and washed it conscientiously with a devout look. He sat next to Lea at lunch and enjoyed himself. They spent the afternoon on the far bank of the pond in the shade. No one disturbed their intimate togetherness. They laughed about funny things and he listened to her very attentively, for they did not often have the opportunity to talk seriously to each other. She, in turn, wanted to know everything about his daughters, everything about Lia and Lan.

She laughed heartily when he told her about Lia's gift, her cunt in gold. He had taken it with him in his jacket pocket, and Lea twisted and turned the precious cunt in her hands. "A really nice cunt," she said, "and you fucked with her?" He now told the whole story and she wondered why his friend Ben let his wife fuck him. He said it hap-

pened very rarely and was something very special. But in this case Lia, not Ben was the driving force. And it made him a little proud to be desired by the most beautiful woman in town. Lia's fingers slid over Lia's golden cunt until evening.

She wanted to know everything about the Odo-program. She had understood that the clergy sought unrestricted power and that he had certainly averted disaster by sabotaging their efforts. She grinned lustily as he described Odo in action. It was the first time she had heard of Fyy, and he told her everything truthfully. Was he sure that Fyy was the only specimen? She most certainly was, he said, Fyy would have found out long ago otherwise. He showed Lea a picture of Fyy and she asked if the android always walked around naked? He confirmed she only dressed when she went for a ride. "She's a beautiful girl," Lea said thoughtfully. He guessed her feelings and said he never forgot for a moment that she was an android, not a girl.

Lea had heard about the Zulu raid, of course, but he still had much news to tell. She could absolutely understand that the lack of women was the reason for the raid. She had read in Budicca's books about the raid of the Sabine women. But it was fortunate that the Zulu were incompatible, or they probably would have ravaged Bangurel. He nodded, it would have been a terrible bloodbath, for the Bangurelians would have fought to their last breath. Lea shuddered, Halfgard had sophisticated weaponry, but the Zulu would have killed thousands of Halfs. He threw himself into a heroic pose, if need be his men would have protected Halfgard. She immediately threw herself into his ridiculous pose and they burst out laughing.

Before they left for dinner, Lea said that tonight a special girl would lie with him. Freya was also a 13-year-old virgin and related to her. She was the daughter of her father's brother. Pan put an arm on Lea's shoulders, saying he would take the girl as gently as if she were Lea's sister.

Dinner was a feast, Lea took his visit as an occasion to treat her people to delicacies. The hunters had swarmed out and made plenty of prey to feed thousands. Several hundred Halfs had room in the great hall, thousands were fed in the streets. In the bar afterwards

there were sweets, liquor and Lea. Pan was happy as he had seldom been before. The old maid who washed his cock in the washbasin praised the Queen's gift in the highest terms. She had chosen the perfume herself and she smelled quite wonderful. He praised her with beautiful words, saying she served the mistress and him excellently. They entered the bedroom.

He looked at Freya. She had striking Asian eyes, you could see her Chinese ancestry, more than Lea. She had small, girlish breasts with very large teats. Her Asian face was framed by a thick, red-gold mane, and her back coat was also red-gold. He recognized some similarities with Lea, but Lea did not look very Chinese except for her eyes. Freya nestled against his body and caressed him. She kissed and caressed him very affectionately and whispered in a pause that she knew, the first seed belongs to the mistress. He kissed her on the mouth and turned to Lea. As he had done the day before, he fucked Lea slowly and carefully, pulling his cock out of her vagina to squirt. Lea spread her vaginal entrance with both hands and let him squirt in. She kissed him for a very long time, then they turned both to Freya.

She had been well prepared and lay down on her beautiful back fur. Lea masturbated her clit and Freya gasped, "The teats, Auntie, the teats!" Lea bit and nibbled on a teat, both getting quite stiff. Freya's orgasm came quite quickly and he was thrusting hard several times until the hymen tore. Freya let out a little giggle, then she grabbed his shoulders and he fucked her forever. She always orgasmed quickly and he squirted pleasantly in her tight vagina. He lay on his back and she took his cock in her mouth. Lea had instructed her well and she caressed his glans with her tongue and lips until his cock was stiff. Lea had spread her labia and pressed her vaginal entrance against his hip as she masturbated.

Freya fucked him very wild, that was her way. Before the orgasm she shouted that Lea must bite her teat and Lea bit her quite hard. She instantly triggered Freya's orgasm with the bites, who pressed Lea's head on her breasts and orgasmed trembling with satisfied sounds on his cock. Freya kept up her pace until dawn, making him squirt again and again and making Lea bite her teats. Lea mastur-

bated in one go and only stopped when Freya finished her fucking in the morning. Freya gave them both lots of French kisses at the end, thanked them for the fine, beautiful fucking and left quietly. They could have slept on for days, but a maid woke them up and washed their genitals. So they were still in time for breakfast. He thanked Lea for giving him Freya's first night. The girl was already fucking like an experienced Half-wife at 13. Lea grinned, glad that he had had a nice time.

The technicians stowed his loot in the trailers. There were 4,000 pairs of night vision goggles. The technicians had him compare, the military's current night vision goggles and the new goggles. They were light as a feather and you could see ten times more in the dark. They only had to be in sunlight for an hour and automatically charged for a night. He was thrilled; the glasses were a big improvement. He said goodbye and flew to Wengin's house.

Wengin had caught many fish – he had specially designed an electrically charged net – and they grilled and ate for an hour. Wengin was proud of the night vision goggles; the miniature self-charging battery was an engineering masterpiece. You Bangurelians won't be able to replicate it easily, but he would produce supplies for the military. Irenea finished before them, sunning her cunt with her thighs open. "She wasn't sunburned," Wengin whispered, "and I've reconciled myself these three days to the idea that she wants to live a frivolous, obscene, horny and naughty life. It's just fine with me."

As Irenea climbed naked into the glider, deliberately displaying her pussy in a frivolous manner, Wengin murmured in his ear, "If she wants to fuck you, go ahead, I don't mind," and Pan nodded. "Is she 73 now or almost 74?" he asked softly, winking. "More like soon to be 74," the old man whispered, "and I'm 70, the only one in the world of Halfs. No one has ever lived to be that old. No one."

His mind was in Lea's arms as he steered through the forest and promptly shaved a few branches. He stopped, but the glider had only gotten a few new scrapes. He continued to drive with concentration and got the glider on its way. He folded the seats down without prompting and lay down with Irenea. As on the outward trip, he

fucked her just short of orgasm and masturbated her clit wildly and for a long time. She herself would have stopped much earlier, but he pushed her down violently and masturbated her until her clit was soft again. She liked it, she said, getting it forcibly done was insanely horny! They fucked and masturbated the whole way back without him squirting and it wasn't until the last waypoint that he got dressed and had the seats folded up.

He had announced their coming and Pozzebon welcomed them with almost ready grilled steaks. Pozzebon looked up only briefly as Irene bounced around completely naked. He grinned wryly and muttered that summer had apparently arrived at his farm as well. Pan took a hearty bite at dinner; the steaks were truly excellent. He asked again not to bring Irene home for two or three days, so they wouldn't arrive at the same time. The spies. Pozzebon showed him his latest acquisition, a new glider that could be used as a transporter for his products. Pan examined the good piece, Pozzebon had shown a good hand there. It even had a small loading crane to hoist heavy pieces from the ground onto the loading platform. The age, grumbled Pozzebon poisonously, the age!

The brigadier general was very pleased. The night vision goggles were a great advantage for the infantrymen and the special forces. He was in good spirits, his horse was fully recovered and he enjoyed the early morning and after duty rides. He pulled out the checkbook and gladly paid the 6,000 credits; the military would have spent many times that on night vision goggles, which were big and clunky and offered much poorer visibility.

He went to join Ben and Isegrim in the officers' mess for just a drink, but said goodbye after 20 minutes and took a glider straight to Lan. He told Fyy that Binara should not wait. Lan had tried to reach him several times, but he could not be reached in Halfgard. She was glad to hear from him and promised him a decidedly fine dinner. She knew as well as he that the authorities were listening to every communication. He would be there in fifteen minutes, he said.

It was as usual, even before dinner she pulled him onto the mat, needing the loving embraces of a loved one and the fucking with the

lover. The half naked servants stood in the background watching as usual. When dinner was served, she shooed the girls out. She had already turned on the blocker. She didn't need any witnesses.

First she reported on the visit to the Cardinal. Her voice was dull and toneless, the visit to the cardinal was disappointing. He had forgotten about the screaming and was just greedy and horny. She was with him for 36 hours, they fucked when they were not dozing. He was no longer the youngest and puffed himself up with mulberry brandy, without which he could not fuck. She had left the crystal at home and didn't drink a drop of mulberry brandy, because she didn't fuck for her own pleasure. Her body betrayed her shamefully again. She fucked the cardinal with irrepressible force, getting orgasm after orgasm without shame. She stopped crying long ago, she fucked and fucked for all she was worth. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she told. After she left, she heard rumors that the Cardinal was secretly filming her and it circulated among the clergy. She was pale, she would beat the cardinal to death for that, she said.

Pan shook his head. The cardinal couldn't be that stupid. "He is completely infatuated with me," she said pallidly, "his horniness and lust for me are boundless and deviant." Rocking his head, the Cardinal could only lose at this after all, with those who saw the records and also those who wanted him dead long ago. The Pope would have to turn his back on his best man if this became known. That would be pure suicide, Pan said. She looked at him strangely. "The cardinal keeps fantasizing about eloping with me and starting a new life." He fell silent, there was nothing more to say about such foolishness.

There was a new scandal, Lan said, the latest talk of the town. The minister in charge of women's affairs, the bishop, had released a film. He had hired professional cameramen. The film showed secretly made recordings of the incarcerated women masturbating day in and day out. Then, how he punished the women who didn't want to fuck, but preferred to masturbate. Masturbated a lot. He had them tied to St. Andrew's crosses and whipped them with leather straps. Then he fucked the bound women from behind and whipped them all over again. He took turns with his deacons, they whipped and fucked

them alternately. At the end, he read out the text of the law and threatened all the women who did not let fuck themselves.

Pan shook his head, so this is what the bishop understood. Lan played the film for him. She wanted to hear his impression as a man. He waved it off halfway through, he had seen enough. The obsessively masturbating women in the dungeon were very horny to watch, because all the men got horny from it. It was in the nature of men. Pan suspected that the women had been turned on beforehand with copious amounts of mulberry brandy. Their snarling and their uninterrupted masturbation after orgasm spoke for it.

Also, the footage that showed only the women's pussies getting fucked from behind in close-ups and slow motion was quite eroticizing. Especially when they were fucked from behind and their fucked pussies had been filmed full screen. The cameramen had done an excellent job of filming. The screen-filling pussies were widened by the cocks fucking and the semen of the previous man dripped viscously to the floor. Even the smallest clits stiffened very quickly and nodded to the rhythm of the fucking. A few women got orgasms and cried out in their pleasure. Most, however, did not have orgasms. The bishop as well as the deacons pulled out their dicks while squirting and squirted their semen on the ass cheeks of the women.

Neither the bishop nor the deacons were good fuckers, because you could see quite clearly how most of the clits stiffened and the women almost came to orgasm. Pan said the clits were tense to bursting and so stiff that the women would have orgasmed in a second if someone had touched them with a finger. Such images definitely excite us men, Pan said, probably most men reacted as he did with sexual arousal. The whipping and beating, on the other hand, was downright repulsive and gruesome. He didn't even want to imagine that there might have been people who got a sadistic pleasure out of it.

Lan stopped the movie. He didn't want to see the rest at all. He asked her what the townspeople thought of it? She said that many outraged and angry people had flooded the government with protests and there had been demos and processions against the law and the

pathetic bishop. However, the polls that were immediately arranged did not produce a majority against that law or the bishop. Most Dominas in the government were repulsed in private conversation. But no one with weight or power could be found to take the bishop to task.

He left Lan long after midnight. His visit, his hugs, and the good conversation had restored his domina's spirits. He was satisfied with that because even if Ileana was not his sexual favorite, she was his best informant and a powerful member of the government. Regardless of fucking the beautiful dominatrix, he thought keeping her warm was important. Although Fyy warned him of the potential danger, she still thought it was right to stay near her. Ben agreed; he and Isegrim were the only ones in the military with whom he could talk openly about it. Ben had lain with her one night a long time ago, but she really didn't fuck well in his opinion.

Binara was already asleep, he went briefly into the cleaning cabin and sat down naked and comfortable in his armchair, Fyy on his lap.

# Death Of A Cardinal

by Jack Faber © 2023

He visited Irene, of course, and they grilled the lovely steaks. She moved around quite relaxed and completely naked with her two friends. He had discarded the uniform jacket; in a T-shirt he felt private enough. He handed them the checks and Pozzebon gladly accepted the night vision goggles. He examined them expertly and said that it was almost unbelievable, this level of miniaturization. Pan also gave him a bracelet, which he immediately put on and tried out. He recognized the masterful work here as well. And the fact that the glasses could be charged with sunlight and the bracelet with a standard cable showed how advanced the technology was. He immediately understood the value of this to the special forces. Pan pointed out to him that the Bangorelian engineers could not replicate either.

Irene, dressed only in the crystal collar, cleared the dishes and demonstratively placed mulberry brandy and fruit juice on the table, ending the conversation. Pozzebon and she emptied their cups and he filmed their wild fucking for two hours. The close-ups and slow motion filmed everything professionally. She masturbated Pozzebon's cock with the glans in her mouth and took it out to let the rich jets of semen that twitched into her mouth rub in plain view. She wouldn't let Pozzebon fuck in her mouth anymore, the feeling of choking was too strong. Pan was very pleased to see how well the two old men harmonized. She fucked the old farmer passionately like a young girl, whooping and cheering like a 13years old.

Since he could rely on Fyy to pass him any important information, he went with Isegrim and 6 men to patrol the northern coastal areas. They were on the road for two days and everything was quiet. The crews whistled and gestured when one passed a Tali girl. Amazingly, both midday and late afternoon found a girl who was happy to be fucked. The 6 men fucked the girl one by one while one masturbated her cock and made her squirt with much hurrah. He sat on the floor with Isegrim next to the glider and let the crew fuck in the glider. Isegrim had no desire for a Tali girl, he had plenty of experienced

gonnie women in the base that he was very happy to lay with. Iseg-rim didn't talk about it often, but Pan knew that the old chum let the gonnies fuck him to the last drop every night at the base. Besides, Pan said, it would be unbecoming of an officer. Keep your distance.

He took time to visit Conara in the office. She had become a very successful healer and woman despite her 19 years. She no longer needed anxious mothering and it was enough for her to lie with him every 4 to 6 weeks. Binara studied non-stop and did everything to be among the best. But after dinner she put everything aside and loved to discuss anything and everything with him and Fyy in the library. She had kept her fire in check during the day and fucked him with sexual greed and passion in the Half-girl way. When he had long since fallen asleep, she masturbated pressed against him until her fire was extinguished.

Fyy did confirm Lan's hint that the Papal Academy was working on improving the androids, but they would have to research for at least 80 to 100 years. She would sabotage the research if he wished, but he still wanted to think about that as he was thinking about the miniature battery. At present he had to agree with Wengin, Bangurel was not ready for it yet. He wanted to wait and see how the clergy and the government developed before deciding on the sabotage. Fyy nodded in agreement, she would inform him anyway when the papal academy reached a milestone. Grinning, Fyy confirmed that she was checking on the quality of the new Odos every night. He laughed brightly and grabbed her ass cheeks, "checking, ha!" She smiled coyly like a 12 year old and whispered full of false shame, "I can only get the quality check right when I'm fucking them, Dad!" They both laughed, so funny was their childish histrionics.

It was a few days later that Fyy clicked twice in his communication module. Urgent. He handed over the command to an officer and went to the courtyard to talk to her undisturbed. Fyy informed him that Cardinal Tomaselli was hospitalized and Lan was at a police station. Fyy ended. He immediately called Lan's house to have underwear, dress and coat brought to the police station express! He told Ben, put on the uniform jacket with all the tinsel and flew to the po-

lice station in a glider. Lan had received the clothes and was changing, regardless of the gawking guard. Fyy reported that Cardinal Tomaselli had been pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital. Heart attack.

He introduced himself to the commander and got a report. They had arrived at the Cardinal's house at the same time as the emergency doctor, the Cardinal was immediately flown to the hospital, and they had taken the girl into custody according to regulations. Pan nodded and looked at the good man seriously. She was not a "girl", but the police minister, he should immediately look at the police minister on the net! The frightened man actually looked, because he had no idea what the supreme chief looked like.

He jumped up when Lan entered and now greeted her formally. He apologized, saying she had been mistaken for a "girl," which was understandable since the cardinal and she were naked in the bedroom. He said nothing about the fact that he and his men could not tear their eyes away from her naked body and only after fifteen minutes got the idea that the girl should slip into her shameless clothes.

She interrupted him with a generous gesture, he and his men had behaved correctly and properly, for which she thanked him. She also did not mention with a word that she liked to keep the policemen from their work with her naked body, but Pan could "see" it quite clearly. She packed her bundle of ordinary clothes and told the police officer that if she was needed or if she had to make her statement, she would be available at any time. She walked out with Pan, praising her servants for sending her decent clothes. He just nodded, she would only find out later who had arranged it.

They sat down in one of the many public gliders, but he put a finger over his lips and scanned the vehicle. Without further ado, he yanked out the hidden microphone with his fingers. "There, now we can talk." Lan immediately began to cry, and he saw how ugly she looked when she cried so mendaciously. She should tell, not waste her time, he said impassively. She stopped crying.

It was true, the Cardinal had secretly made recordings and his men watched her fucking. The recordings had been copied rapidly and were surely already scattered all over the planet. The Cardinal denied it and she could not counter anything. They fucked as usual, he full of mulberry brandy and she with a great hunger for orgasm. After all, Pan had no time for two weeks, she interjected in a huff. He kept silent, he really hadn't had time. She fucked the cardinal for over 30 hours, giving herself orgasm after orgasm. Pan watched her from the side, he saw no emotion or regret as she told in detail about her orgasms and the different positions. She waited until the cardinal fell asleep and researched on his device. She found at least one recording, then another, and she flipped the device closed as his cock reared hard again and he woke up.

She fucked the cardinal very wildly, once, twice and three times. They drank the last glass of red wine and mulberry brandy and he fell over after a few seconds. The poison took effect immediately, he suffered a very ordinary heart attack. The poison was not detectable in his body or in the mulberry brandy cup. The empty vial would still be missed, she had hidden it in her vagina from the police. They were both silent. "You killed him!?" he said, and she confirmed without emotion. "Yes, I killed him. He had it coming!" He nodded, he had long understood her and her motive. And she had done it mainly because that was the best way to get out of this predicament. It was no paradox, he knew. He started the glider and gave Lan's address. He had to get back to duty, unfortunately, he didn't have time for her right now.

He called afternoon duty to attention and drank with Ben and Isegrim for a while longer. Of course, everyone in town knew he was the Domina's lover and favorite. He steered the conversation along harmless lines. She was a police minister and had just fucked the cardinal, who was already seen as the successor of the aged Pope Tirpin XVI. Of course, he had no idea what the dominatrix wanted from the cardinal, or he from her. That his heart failed was not to be foreseen, at 62 he was still comparatively young. His suspicions were along the lines that she wanted to find out what the Pope needed an armed church army of currently over 50,000 men for. The generals and the control center had been puzzling over this for a whole year. Ben and

Isegrim nodded in agreement, the train of thought seemed to be one of the options.

He contacted Lan and inquired how she was doing. He promised to come for dinner “andso’on” tomorrow late afternoon. They were both careful in their communication, the enemy was always listening in. Tonight was no go, he had a longer video conference because of the Xtulhuxine, the horny little white people, “you know!” She giggled, because of course she had seen the recordings of the White females masturbating and fucking.

He went home. 10 minutes of synthetic rain shower, after which he sat naked in the armchair and Fyy sat on his lap.

In his library, he didn’t want to communicate telepathically with Fyy, he just wanted to talk. As always, she had shielded the library from the outside and showed him a recording. She had, of course, found the Cardinal’s hidden cameras before the Domina’s first visit and recorded everything each time. He had watched the recordings on a case-by-case basis to compare Lan’s tearful tales with the reality. He was ostensibly concerned not only with voyeurism, but with becoming clearer about the dominatrix’s game.

Fyy had tampered with the last recording and cut out part of it. From dropping the poison into the cup to inserting the glass vial into her vagina, Fyy had erased everything after copying the original. Maybe one day Pan would have to prove the murder. He agreed with her, that was smart thinking. And then another thing. The dominatrix (Fyy just called her dominatrix) had really sounded out the cardinal. The Cardinal did not give the information completely, what the Pope wanted to use his church army for. But very clearly it came to light that he, the Cardinal, was secretly building the Church Army and even Pope Tirpin XVI did not know anything specific about it. Nobody.

The Domina had cut off the head of the snake with the murder and the Cardinal had taken his ingenious plan to heaven with him. Fine. Fyy confirmed that everything in writing concerned only the arming and formation of the army. Not a single reference to the who, where,

when, and why. Fyy had run through possible scenarios, 17 probables remained. No, he didn't want to hear them at the moment, maybe later. But what seemed to be true in any case: it would not occur until after Pope Tirpin's death, when Tomaselli was Pope. It would have been better, of course, if Tomaselli's intention had been known, but that with his death the acute situation no longer existed was a good result. He discarded the idea of informing the generals right now. He had to find out more.

His fingers caressed Lia's golden cunt. She probably had no idea how much he enjoyed playing with her unusual gift.

The next afternoon he drove to Lan's. She received him lovingly and lightheartedly. He laughed and joked that in the future she would have to sip his drink before he drank. She laughed as he did at the supposed joke, but again and again he let her sip his cup. After the first fuck, she shooed the girls out and had flipped the switch to block.

They talked about the cardinal's end for over an hour. He didn't blame her in the least. But he wanted to hear her reasons from her himself. The secret recordings were what made her a murderer, she was clear and honest about that. She felt this as a betrayal, because everything they had spoken was also published. She liked to fuck and orgasm frequently, everyone was allowed to know that, okay, but see it? Her most intimate moments, her facial expressions in ecstasy, on public display like a convicted felon? All female criminals were publicly fucked and masturbated and humiliated, that was the most watched reality-show in all media. But her, a female minister? Lan fretted that she could not penetrate the clergy web and know the footage. He suppressed the impulse to reveal Tomaselli's passwords. She had to find out for herself or take legal action. When she uttered just that, he laughed out loud. "Sue in court? From the clergy? Good luck with that!" She looked at him from the side, but he was quite serious.

Slowly he moved on to the subject of the church army. Surely she would know more about that? She immediately got on the subject and, as far as he could judge at the moment, she told him everything

she knew. A smile of triumph flitted across her face. She said that when he got his favorite thing, the Cardinal told it like a waterfall. "Favorite thing?" he asked. She grinned. She had to masturbate right in front of his face and urinate in his mouth in orgasm. Piss in his mouth? he asked and she confirmed. She had to do that a lot, especially during his recovery breaks.

She knew from government work that the pope was raising a church army. The cardinal claimed that he was raising the army, not the pope. He. The pope knew next to nothing about it. But every time she asked why he needed the army, the cardinal just laughed and said, "Just you wait, just you wait!" He never revealed this secret. On solid facts, he confirmed what the government already knew.

There were 6 locations of military bases, about 50,000 men and about 10,000 gonnies, but they were poorly paid. In each of the 6 bases there was a brothel with about 150 to 200 convicted women, of course the real military bases had no brothels. The armament was a problem of the Cardinal. It came from mostly discarded military material, but very few modern weapons. What also distinguished the Church Army was that the soldiers were not drilled as insistently. There was several weeks of basic training, but only a little drill after that on a case-by-case basis. To keep them from getting all rusty, they marched to a different base every few weeks.

He stayed with Lan until after midnight, she really enjoyed fucking him. She denied it when he asked if she missed the Cardinal's ungusty practices. However, he continued with a grin, he wouldn't let her piss him in the mouth. They both had to laugh. She would have liked to keep him overnight, but he flew home. After a short shower he sat down naked in the library in the armchair and Fyy on his lap. They discussed the church army until three in the morning.

The generals had asked him if he could take in an orphan and he could not well refuse, as they liked to marry off widows or daughters of fallen comrades to the officers and enlisted men with gentle insistence. He was definitely not ready to marry, he told them, but he could take the girl in as a foster daughter. The widow of a captain

who had been killed in the Zulu attack had died, leaving a daughter barely 16 years old. He agreed, so Jana came into his household.

Jana was not quite 16 and her face was not particularly pretty either, though not ugly. She was very slim and had surprisingly large breasts for her age. She had a quiet, reserved and friendly disposition. She had started an apprenticeship as a goldsmith and wanted to become a jeweler. Four days a week she went to work.

Jana was completely inexperienced sexually and her fire had not yet awakened. She had not yet menstruated and had assured Binara that she never masturbated. Sex was something distant, unknown. She had made friends with Binara right away and was happy to sleep with her and her father. She had always slept with her father, he had fondled and caressed her and she missed that the most. She loved it when he caressed and fondled her breasts. She loved to open her thighs so that he could caress and rub her pussy and clit. She did not know then that the exploding sensation was an orgasm. She had been allowed to touch him and masturbate for years because that was not sex to her. And of course he was allowed to squirt down her throat when she masturbated him, that was just another form of play. She had never seen her parents fuck, her mother never let him fuck her. She watched her husband and daughter play, smiling, and masturbated every night quite openly without interruption until she fell asleep. He loved very much to stick his cock into Jana's cleft while squirting, as far as it would go, and fuck until he cum in her vaginal entrance. His mother often asked him why he didn't want to deflower her, but he wanted to do it later. Jana loved these games more than anything.

She now pressed herself against the new foster father in childlike nakedness, letting him stroke her almost everywhere and breathing excitedly when he caressed her large breasts and teats. But her cleft withdrew, she did not want that yet.

When Pan fucked a gonnie girl and Binara, she went to the library and read a history book. When there was no more sound from the bedroom, she came back to bed. Binara had no problem explaining to Jana that he was her biological father and she was half human and

half Gonnie. Fyy was a big sister to Jana who was insanely smart. She never noticed that she was an android. Secretly, she was a little surprised that Sister Fyy sat naked in the library reading all day, but that was just how Fyy was. One got used to it.

Jana had Fyy cut the light, sparse down of her pubic hair on the side two or three times a week, but she wanted to leave a small strip of downy hair above the cleft like her mother. To her, it was just a fine game like with her father when Fyy masturbated her afterwards. Fyy read in her mind that the girl really never masturbated and was not sexually awakened yet, Pan had read that in her too. Human girls were not considered adults until they were 16 and were not allowed to fuck until they were 16, gonnie girls were 10 and half girls were 12. This order had been in effect for a very long time and of course Pan strictly adhered to it. These age-based classifications had been in effect for centuries, if not millennia. He was sure that he would have to wait a long time before Jana was internally ready to fuck, she was turning 16 in a few weeks, but sexually she was still a child.

She was an unexpected addition to his household, but she was a well-behaved, sweet child who held silent communion with her father and mother every morning before getting up, and loved them both with all her heart.

Lia called him on duty, she also did not reveal anything in the communication. Would he have time for a cup of coffee? No, without Ben, just him and her. He immediately took himself off duty and flew off. Lia had apparently changed her mind and walked past the coffee into the bedroom. He scanned the room thoroughly before joining her. She fucked by far the best and most passionately with him of all the human women. She climbed on top of him after he had cum and worked up an intimate orgasm, sinking on top of him with her flanks trembling violently. He knew what she wanted to talk about.

They lay smoking side by side and he asked what she was going to name her son. "Benford, like his father, Ben Jr," Lia answered immediately. From where . . ? He smiled and murmured that it was magic. She was unsettled because it didn't sound like a joke. She knew it herself only since one week definitely, and whether boy or girl, she

did not know at all. He thought for a moment, he had fucked this beautiful woman 15 or 20 times. She said he was definitely the father, she had fucked only him, Odo and the Tali girls in the last year. It had to be him. She let the Tali fuck her every day and Odo fuck her once or twice a week because she thought it was so nice to be fucked until she passed out. But they were all incompatible.

After a long pause he said that he was happy for her, he could feel that she was so happy about it. He had fathered many children in his youth, but never lived fatherhood, it was never necessary. He had 7 Half-children, whom he had raised alone and with a lot of love, that was his decision, his destiny. He did not believe he could live fatherhood for Ben Jr. Lia nodded and said she really didn't intend to intrude on his life either, by golly! She wanted to share her happiness with him, it was as simple as that. They were silent and Lia caressed his chest.

She had fucked Ben several times in the last 10 days, not knowing yet if and when to tell Ben the truth. Maybe she would let Ben believe that he had impregnated her. Pan understood her very well and didn't want to say anything about it. She pushed into him, how he would decide? He sat up and took her face in both hands. He wouldn't lie to Ben, wouldn't foist a cuckold child on him. But the decision was hers alone, he would bow to her judgment. She nodded after a while. He was right, you don't lie to friends and dear life partners. She would tell Ben herself. They had agreed on an open marriage and she was pretty sure Ben would accept the child as his own.

Pan enjoyed her caresses and closed his eyes in pleasure. He read her mind, searching for a very specific memory. She had let the young goldsmith take hundreds of pictures of her pussy and film herself masturbating many times. He filmed while masturbating from a few inches away in slow motion. She was surprised at how clear and lifelike the footage had become. The young man shifted restlessly on his chair and she knew that he had become horny as hell. She pulled him to her and let him fuck her, smiling. If the result was lifelike and traced her arousal, he got to fuck her again, deal? Pan looked at her sexual memories for what seemed like an eternity and smirked, thinking only of him while filming. She therefore let the Goldsmith

fuck her three times that afternoon, that's how much she liked that golden cunt. Lia climbed on top of him again. He was very proud that the most beautiful and passionate woman in town just desired him so much.

And indeed, two days later Ben told him and Isegrim in the officers' mess that his wife was expecting a child. The friends shouted hurrah, patted him on the back, and ordered whiskey after whiskey. Isegrim muttered with a grin that he wouldn't have thought he was capable of that, since he was already sooo old! He grinned, although the 38-year-old Ben kicked him in the shin. When Isegrim went for a pee break, Ben said Lia had told him everything and of course he would accept the child as his own. Pan nodded and thanked him with a firm handshake. Isegrim asked suspiciously what the two had cooked up now, and Pan said with a serious face, if it will be a girl, it will be called Lia after the mother. But if it will be a son, then after the father, Isegrim. He recited it so seriously that it took Isegrim seconds to join in the friends' neighing laughter. He had never seen Lia before and of course he had never fucked her.

The civil war broke out insidiously over months, not on a specific day. For months, parts of the church army raided small villages, robbed everything possible and raped all women and girls. There were almost no deaths, they chased the men away with clubs, tore down the skirts of women and girls and raped them. The women had to serve a lot of dicks, then the guys disappeared again. Of course, the police arrived much too late, they were already gone. Domina Ileana was insulted in the media on a daily basis and her appearances were always embarrassing excuses in front of the population.

The clergy, of course, denied everything. They had never ordered the marauding, besides, no one could prove with certainty that it was people from the Church Army at all. Pope Tirpin XVI condemned the raids in the strongest terms, his press spokesman let it be known. The robbery of goods and food was, of course, a serious crime, but the fact that the women and girls were fucked was entirely in the spirit of the clerical doctrine. It was right because the women were there to be fucked, according to the divine plan, and the fact that it was not the husbands but strangers was secondary and insignificant.

The population knew quite well that that was nonsense, but it concerned only a few women from the countryside and not themselves.

The government, the Dominas, of course, issued quite different press releases. Rape was rape and there was no divine or secular mandate for it, damn it! Everybody knew that the criminals were to be looked for in the so-called church army. This illegitimate army would not only be watched more closely, but a law would be introduced to ban it.

Now it became apparent that the population was conflicted. Many belonged to the church and just as many did not. Now there was daily friction, brawls and stabbings between the two groups. The military, the generals, stayed out of it. Military personnel were forbidden to take sides under penalty of punishment, and many a bully ended up in the dungeon. Police patrolled non-stop, but the criminals knew where they were not. The church announced once again that fucking was part of the divine plan and reminded again that every girl, every woman over 16 was obliged by church law to fuck, under penalty of incarceration and public flogging. The angry government announced that the so-called church law was not a generally applicable law and had no relevance outside the church. It would be examined which church laws were not compatible with state law.

Week after week, the dispute came to a head. Clergy against the Dominas, media against media, clubs against clubs, people against people. Scuffles soon turned into manslaughter, murder and rape were the order of the day. The police were increased by thousands, they patrolled the streets day and night and left the kid gloves at home. Whoever resisted was summarily dealt with.

Of course, Pan went to Lan's once a week, she hastily fucked him and went on to the seat of government. He always stayed until midnight and fucked her maids, but only one per evening. He took his time, one was enough for him to empty his seed. Quality over quantity. The maids were all eager to be fucked and gave it their all. He told his dominatrix freely and she shrugged her shoulders, she was a police minister and unfortunately had little time to fuck. He came at least twice a week to fuck one of her girls.

He had hired 8 security guards to guard his palace. Hand-picked, state-of-the-art men who had formerly served in the special forces. It was a good decision, because no one came too close to the palace during either the riots or the civil war. He had ordered Conara two security guards in front of the practice and ignored her protests. She was his daughter, period! Irene and Pozzebon were absolutely against it, but he obliged Pozzebon to take her to him if things got tight.

The clergy became more and more insolent. They talked endlessly and more and more one-sidedly about the divine plan, sexuality and fucking were called the most important thing in many a lecture, in many a sermon. God had not created cocks and pussies to be unused. *Coitus Sanctissimum, Coitus supra omnia!* was the clerical battle cry. Even deep believers shook their heads at the folly.

Conference in the control center. All generals, commanders and captains. The government declared civil war and deployed the military. That was their mission. The Church Army was advancing from three directions, in three columns from the east toward the capital. They were still 11 days march away. There was dead silence when the generalissimo read out the government's order to deploy.

Three brigades were formed, Pan's brigadier general led Brigade B and was put on the middle column of the Church Army. Stopping, rounding up, capturing and neutralizing if necessary. General permission to fire. The Generalissimo rose to the microphone once again. "Be determined, tough and professional. I expect you back by dinner!" That was the beginning.

Pan immediately communicated with the chief of his palace guard. He was to arrange everything necessary immediately. His daughter Fyy would pay the weekly wages as before and would have his authority to finance everything necessary for him. Lastly, the guards for Conara's practice should be increased to 4 or 6 men. He spoke telepathically with Fyy for only a few seconds, which was enough. He called Conara and Binara. Conara refused to arm herself, she was a healer! That he increased her guard, she reluctantly swallowed. He spoke to Binara and explained everything to her. She would strap on

a pulser, no problem. And neither she nor Jana would leave the palace for school, she understood immediately. Like Conara, she said he would have to duck when fired upon. He grinned, "I'll be there for dinner for sure, I just don't know what day!" he promised. That she could turn to Fyy for help was obvious to her. "I love you very much, Dad!" he heard before ending the conversation.

Cameradrones had been sent to the Church Army hours ago, and the officers regarded the center column with keen eyes. Their commander, the brigadier general, wanted to attack only from the air at first and send the infantrymen later. No argument. He wanted to firebomb all 65 of the older-style fighter planes, release the main force of fighter gliders with the dual cannons, machine guns and 500,000 rounds with the telepathic pilots on the column first. The brigadier general looked around, general nodding of heads. "Let's go then!" Pan and Ben took off at a run to the bunker, Isegrim joined his infantrymen. The battle was about to begin.

The clergy's spies reported immediately, and the clergy instantly issued a note of protest. The government dominatrixes were excommunicated, it said. One dominatrix flicked a speck of dust off her jumpsuit and grinned at the cameras, "The speck of dust upset me more!" This provocation instantly became a common word, an unequivocal gesture of contempt.

The civil war was not over until the third day. For two days and two nights, the telepaths flew attack after attack with Pan and Ben, leaving the couches only for block-ordered 5-minute-pee breaks. The conventional planes dropped their incendiary bombs during the night and the columns burned to the ground. It was like chasing rabbits, Pan later told his dominatrix, we lost only three conventional old planes with 6 comrades to technical failure. Isegrim and the infantrymen did not move out until the fighting was over, capturing several hundred men.

The Generalissimo gave a beautiful speech that lasted over an hour. It would have been enough to simply say "You have fought and won magnificently. There's a feast for everyone and bonuses for everyone." But they had to listen to their boss for a solid hour. Pan, of

course, had Fyy report to him at the same time, everything had gone well, there was only the usual unrest in the city, but it had died down completely. Conara, Binara and Jana were okay, as were all the gonnies. His guards had shot a group of 15 looters as they tried to enter. No guards injured. Fyy end. He pretended to go to the bathroom and called his dominatrix. She was still stressed from three days of nonstop duty. If he wanted to see the aftermath, he should come by after 10pm. No, not because of “and so on,” she said succinctly, it was just about the aftermath. She ended the conversation because she was still at the government office. He wondered what she meant by aftermath; he couldn’t make it out of her, since she was talking on a secured line. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up, he was alarmed somehow.

The feast began, he had to be there at least at the beginning. He spoke to Conara and to Binara beforehand, he would not be home until after midnight or later. Both were glad that he was unharmed, that the war was over and that the riots were largely over as well. He talked at length with the chief of the guards and got a detailed report. They should still stay on post, there were still scattered riots. He would come that night or tomorrow morning, then they could discuss everything else in person. He had finished his calls and was still sitting in his seat in front of the brigadier general and the generalissimo. Finally, after three days, the first cigarette. He shook many hands, waved to Lieutenant Isegrim, who was sitting in the midst of his infantrymen, and murmured to Ben that he had to leave at half past nine, kind of duty. Domina. Ben grinned and puffed him, can’t she take it like that? He repeated, kind of duty. Ben pointed his chin at the boss. Pan winced, for God’s sake, No!

His glider arrived 10 minutes to 10. He hurried into Lan’s palace, she was lying naked on the large playground in the great hall. The girls were no longer there. “We’re alone, the blocker is on. The girls are downstairs with Odo. Lie down with me, dearest!” He quickly put off his uniform and said, “I stink like a polecat after three days of civil war!” and she called after him, “I’ll hold my nose!” but he had already slipped out. The cleaning booth took less than a minute and he went to her naked.

She pressed the antediluvian handheld device to her ear and listened, nodded, listened again. He had seen a similar device at Irene's, a centuries-old device for talking. He lay down behind her wonderful ass and noticed that she was watching a program of incredibly poor quality on her state-of-the-art big screen. She put the great-great-great-great-great-grandfather-s device aside and noticed his gaze. "These devices, these conversations are untraceable." He nodded and asked what they were looking at and she said again, the aftermath. He sat up and she pushed him back again. "You were right on the money," and pressed his cock back into her vagina from behind with her hand. "I haven't had it in a week, my darling," she groaned hornily, thrusting her ass cheeks at him with an obscene pose. Oh yeah, he hadn't had a fuck in the past four days either, he thought. And moved until he had a good position behind her cute little ass. He couldn't wait to cum.

What did she mean by aftermath, he asked, as the blocker hampered his telepathic abilities. "I've been threatening the blackcoats for weeks, there would be an aftermath!" she said, turning to look at him, as he paused in the middle of the first, far too early squirt. With the greatest effort he overcame the blockage for a blink and read her mind. "My God, you did it!" he gasped, depressed.

She spun around, for her lover was not thinking of fucking further at the moment. Yes, she said seriously, she had spent weeks going through lists of names and ticking off names. No, Pope Tirpin XVI was not among them. But most of the 598 cardinals, hundreds of bishops and many dozens of subordinate clergy. Just over 2,100 names. The oldfashioned handset beeped; she held it to her ear after pressing a button. She listened and thanked, then pressed a button and set the device aside. "You're going to have 2,100 clerics killed?!" he said a little more sharply than he intended. She nodded slowly. "The riots and the civil war had cost 300,000 lives, or more."

The device beeped again, and she held it to her ear and listened. She sharply said not to waste too much time fucking the girls and to stay on schedule! She listened again and put the device aside. "Of course, they may fuck the girls of the priests, but they must keep to the schedule." Of course, he nodded, his infantrymen were allowed to

fuck prisoners too, only the women had stayed in the brothels during the Civil War. "You said the Civil War cost over 300,000 lives," he picked up the thread again, "I shot a few thousand myself, I think." She looked at him for a long moment. "The angel of the Lord went into the houses of the Egyptians and smote their first ones," she quoted with a meaningful look, and he automatically corrected, "The firstborn."

She had threatened them with the aftermath, Lan said tonelessly, over and over again. So sure were they of their cause, so sure that the church army would be victorious and they would all become rich ministers of a new world order. Tomorrow morning poor old Tirpin will read 2,100 masses for the dead and weep bitterly. They all, who wanted to create a new world order behind his back, went straight to heaven. Again he corrected, "To hell!" She smiled, "because of me!"

She said she was sure the late Cardinal Tomaselli did not have such a ridiculous civil war with so many dead people in mind. He nodded in affirmation, the civil war had arisen out of the unrest that the clerics had conjured up and had gone over their heads. But killing the entire leadership of the clergy within an hour was risky for herself, he said, she was risking her own life. She said tonelessly, she had done everything possible to make sure she left no trace. The lists were printed on special paper that burned automatically after 3 hours. The conversations could not be traced back to her; the device she would destroy in the morning. The groups of her executioners had been carefully mixed, no one knew the other under the mask. The groups knew nothing about the other groups, they had to move strictly in a marked out rayon, stab the priests or cut their throats. They were only allowed to use knives, not pulsers whose signature would give them away. They were to kill only those on the list, sparing all others. Since they were hooded, they did not need to kill the witnesses. Of course, if there was time, they were allowed to fuck the girls and scatter to the winds immediately after the job was done. They were paid with gold coins in advance.

She had thought of many things, perhaps she had made a mistake. Perhaps her deed was being uncovered. But she was a dominatrix in the government, Minister of Police and not entirely without power

and influence. And, she had spoken privately with all the dominas, and all of them, privately of course, agreed. He said she could count on him if he could help. He was a strategic military thinker and believed that even the thickest armchair farts in the generalship understood how valuable her brutal purge was to themselves as well. Lan smiled, glad that he understood her, because that was very important to her, she said. It was midnight and her device beeped continuously. The groups reported consummation and dispersed. 10 minutes after midnight, the last group reported consummation. She put the speaking device aside, this time for good.

They ate some of the cold food and fucked on the playground. He ordered a glider at 2 o'clock and went home. The guard stopped him and first called the boss, who knew him. Binara and Jana slept close together. He sat down naked in the library and pulled Fyy onto his lap.

It had been a long, tiring few days, he told Fyy. She should wake him for breakfast tomorrow, he said, before he fell asleep in the armchair. She woke him on time. There was important news, Fyy said, and he nodded wearily.

The city was dead silent, as if it knew how deadly the angel of the Lord had raged. All that could be heard was the early summer wind sweeping through the streets with hurricane force. All the cardinals and bishops had been found murdered. 2,087, to be exact. Fyy looked into his eyes, at his morning glory, and back into his eyes. "Oh, you already knew!" the telepathic android casually remarked, sitting down across his morning glory on his lap. "The kids?" he asked sleepily, and she nodded, "they're still asleep!" She knew him well, of course he was pleased that she was taking care of his morning wood. She rode him at just the right pace and bent over backwards, her body bent backwards like a taut bow, her head on the floor as she came to orgasm. He held her ass cheeks with both hands and squirted into her vagina, which opened in front of him like part of the taut bow. Fyy was the only girl who let him squirt in this unique position. She sat up and kept his cock in her vagina. "Do you want to talk about it?" she whispered and he nodded, telling her everything in a whisper.

Cardinal Tomaselli had anointed the monk Pina bishop, very shortly before his death. Bishop Pina, it was known, was the father of Lan's son Prince. The boy was already 3, but Pan could detect neither special talent nor outstanding intellect in Prince. Lan, of course, praised her child to the skies and he had no reason to disagree. The Pope had been deprived of all clergy management overnight, and so the bishop became Cardinal Pina, who willingly took over Cardinal Tomaselli's agenda, his palace, and the cardinal's not-so-little fortune. He had inherited three favorites from the Cardinal, who of course were warming Pina's cock even before the Cardinal's death. The three dirty patrician girls were young, halfway pretty and understood as much about fucking as the most expensive noble whores. Cardinal Pina had discovered the great invention of fucking with Lan, although the dominatrix Ileana continued to persistently refuse him. He loved to frivolously sweeten his nights with the three young palace whores, without neglecting his duties during the day. Pope Tirpin took a liking to the young energetic cardinal, who soon had more power and influence than anyone else in his circle of advisors. Lan brought it up every week, this is how my little monk becomes Pope! Pan was silent about it, probably she was right, but it was not his business and he did not care.

Isegrim was among the officers who, with the infantry and sappers, were to raze the 6 fortresses of the Church Army to the ground, bury the 300,000 or so fallen of the Church Army in mass graves, and break up the brothels. The order was reversed, of course. First they dissolved the brothels after all the soldiers had fucked the ladies in the brothels. The dead were buried meters deep and the barracks were dragged. Isegrim was glad to finally return to his gonnie women after 4 busy weeks.

Irenea, as Pozzebon later told him, was attacked twice during the riots by marauding groups. There was nothing to steal from her and they did not need to rape her. Irenea had let the group fuck diligently and asked the ones crawling on their gums quite cheekily if she could fuck another one? She laughed triumphantly, there she would by gosh not call for help! Pozzebon laughed, she was really a naughty girl!

They had celebrated Jana's birthday properly months ago. Frequent masturbation by Fyy gradually awakened Jana's sexual fire, she masturbated together with Binara every night and learned the Half-girl masturbation from her. She learned fucking clit to clit and she loved it so much that she fucked Binara at least once every night in that way. She was the more active part in fucking clit to clit and she fucked Binara like an aroused bull. She did it with Binara even when Pan, the daddy, was lying with them. It was exciting to watch the two girls when they fucked each other wedged in each other until their ass cheeks twitched and trembled in orgasm. Long ago Jana also, hiding her face in her hands in shame, let her foster dad masturbate her, who couldn't get enough of her big breasts and stiff teats.

She had let her father cum in her mouth from a young age on and now she was happily sucking and licking the foster father's cock during his breaks. In her mouth he did not like to squirt at all, although she did it again and again, for she had done it always to her father. He never let the girls masturbate him. Jana now watched very curiously and attentively when he fucked Binara or Binara fucked him. Day by day the fire in her cunt grew and she whispered with Binara how much she would like to fuck daddy too. He was not deliberately putting Jana on the rack, but he had been very busy since his brigadier general had been promoted to 5-star-general. He himself did not get promoted and only accepted the bonus payment, because Conara and Binara could make good use of all that money.

One of the rare evenings when Pan was sleeping at home, Jana snuggled up to him demanding. She wanted it today, she whispered in his ear, she wanted to be made a woman today. He nodded and they cuddled for what seemed like an eternity, Binara masturbating Jana's clit with great skill. He bent over Jana, she spread her legs wide apart and happily let him penetrate. He had to thrust a dozen times, her hymen was thick and firm and resisted hard. She should relax, let go completely and he had to thrust really hard a few times until the hymen gave way and tore. Jana screamed loudly, but not from pain, but from proudness. He fucked her for a very long time and squirted with pleasure, although she didn't have an orgasm while he fucked her. He assured her that he would use the spray for

contraception as soon as she started menstruating. She nodded eagerly, not wanting to have a child so young. She was always included in the fucking now and Binara patiently taught her how to orgasm while fucking.

After two years, Jana moved to the jeweler's household and lay in the son's bed very much in love. They would take over the jewelry business together and start a family. As the orphaned daughter of a fallen man, she was entitled to a large dowry from the military and a beautiful wedding feast, where a general escorted her to the registrar in her father's place. Unfortunately, because the husband was very weak in the loins, she fucked Pan very often to get pregnant. Her husband took her to Pan every day for months and flew her home after a quarter of an hour. In the beginning, her husband brushed her rampant pubic hair aside and spread her vaginal entrance with both hands. Soon Pan didn't want to see the disgusting pubic hair anymore and Jana propped herself up on a chair with both hands. Her husband flipped up her skirt and she stretched her ass cheeks far back, so Pan could fuck her from behind. Her husband spread her ass cheeks apart and Pan filled her cup. She conceived three children, whom her husband raised as his and loved dearly. He continued to bring Jana to Pan every day for many many months and had her fucked, but she never became pregnant again.

The clergy never recovered from the purge. The population had not forgotten and without that backing it could not flourish. Stronger than ever was the whipping of the faithful into sex, into fucking as an expression of faith preached. Pope Tirpin XVI was now almost 100 years old and let cardinals and bishops do as they pleased. He slept nearly 20 hours a day and read 4 hours in old, pious books. The Minister of Justice had overturned a large part of the church laws without replacement and forbade the clergy to carry any weapons. Anyone who wanted protection had to hire secular guards or bodyguard. Clergy were limited to two things. First, they were allowed to be charitable, and second, they were free to preach their sexual views. They were allowed to run sex houses that offered every conceivable variety of sex for free. They were not allowed to take money, because that was the essential difference to the brothels. The brothels were aware of their quality and did not consider the sex houses as competition.

Fyy had won his permission to sabotage the research of the papal academy. There were now quite a few brilliant scientists in the academy, they had been scraped together from all over the world. Fyy urged caution, because these scientists were making giant strides and making good progress. Fyy was very skillful and unobtrusive. The scientists never figured out why they didn't make a millimeter of progress or suffered setbacks. Pan understood little of this technology, but he trusted Fyy and knew she was doing the right thing in the right way.

Fyy reported that the Papal Academy continued to produce Odos and make a fortune from them. Lan and he were raking in their profits and it was by gosh not little. After two years they had balanced their deposits and the flow of money did not ebb. They had also launched a much cheaper model that could actually only fuck, the brain was primitive. They had to double production because of this model, called Hargrim, sold fabulously well. It was the most sought after model for the old, single and ugly. All those who had never fucked before or had not fucked for ages, pressed the Hargrim between their thighs and let themselves be fucked to orgasm. The loin strong Hargrim fucked all the girls and women of a manless household tirelessly, that was his destiny.

The purge was neither investigated nor criminologically processed. It was shelved without resistance and no one was interested in clearing it up.

Lan developed the police apparatus into a well-trained force and successively removed thugs, corrupt people and bad apples. Lan liked to seek Pan's advice, as he was a military instructor and very good at what he was doing. He was always amazed that Lan's infatuation had lasted for years and that she liked to give him a new maid, a dominatrix or a naughty patrician girl on her playground for sexual variety. She kissed him smiling, knowing how much he loved variety. She no longer suppressed her lesbian inclinations and thus enlivened the weekly evenings.

Pan drilled his men relentlessly. He made frequent trips to the pirates' border patrols and floating cities with the help of the telepathic

repeater. He counted weapons, battleships, and the distribution of outstations. He kept accurate records and kept all officers informed. They wanted to be well prepared and not be unclear about the enemy as they had been during the last attack. When the pirates attacked, he did not know either, of course. Only that the women had triumphed over the men, he realized very clearly. They dominated 90% of all positions.

He could not refrain from sexually harassing the female commanders of the border patrols. The amplifier was just too good. Women who ran a household, had husbands to fuck and children, didn't go to the combat troops. He virtually stripped all the female pirates and ogled their naked bodies. Most were only moderately pretty. He followed the pretty ones into their cabins and feasted his eyes on their masturbation. Or he would lay them on the bed, remove their armor and clothes, and then fuck them to his heart's content. He didn't care that the girls were completely confused and didn't know who the invisible bastard was.

It surprised him how important virginity seemed to be for the warrior women. He knew from rumors that they defended their virginity with their fists, because if they had surrendered to a fucker, motherhood was the consequence and they had to give up the war craft. He deflowered all the virgins and fucked them as long as he wanted. He never knew which pirate was genetically compatible, since the pirates had a wide variety of humanoids in their ranks. He didn't care if he could impregnate the female pirates this way, but probably not. Some humanoids had physical differences that he examined with voyeuristic interest. Many humanoid girls fell into a kind of animalistic rigidity when he approached them sexually. Some convulsed violently in orgasm and screamed. Others curled up into a ball and willingly presented their open vaginas for fucking.

He was particularly keen on fucking the commander of a border patrol in the middle of her duty. He fucked her from behind when she bent over her controls. He fucked her sitting down when she was in the command chair. He fucked her lying down when she lay down on a break. He grinned wryly when the other crews watched their commander, shaking their heads in disgust. He knew how damaging

that was to the subordinates' readiness for duty. He rubbed his hands together, because that was always a success for him. These were things he shared only with Fyy.

Every 5 or 6 weeks he would go to Halfgard and spend two nights with Lea. He enjoyed the peace and quiet of Halfgard and would sit with her in the shade by the pond in the afternoons. He could talk to this woman about everything and laugh about everything. She had become the most important person in his life. He sometimes thought with a shudder that the Halfs were very short-lived and Lea had perhaps less than 10 years left. He pushed those thoughts aside; they had themselves in the here and now. She was very interested in his reports on the pirate women. He had to describe the various humanoids in detail, their anatomy as well as their sexual behavior. She had a strong voyeuristic streak and did not hide it. Sometimes he showed her pictures and processes telepathically, but she was not as strong as him and could not always see a clear, distinct picture. But she laughed hornily when she saw his fucking from his point of view. Lea looked at the strange anatomy of the women, some breed had finger-length clits or ones that sucked on his cock as he fucked them. She laughed uproariously when she saw a race whose labia sucked and nibbled on his cock like lips.

On the ride, he fucked Ireneas as he always did, not squirting often and fucking her in her orgasm, then forcibly holding her down and masturbating her until her clit softened. She liked this kind of rape very much and demanded it again and again. She had revealed almost all secrets to Wengin over time and the old lover was kind of glad that she was not hiding anything from him anymore. She walked around naked all summer long, proudly presenting her pussy, always and everywhere.

It was still mid-summer when old Wengin was dying. The engineers had brought him to his house on the lake and Pan drove straight to him with Ireneas. On this trip they thought neither of masturbating nor of fucking. Ireneas sat by Wengin's bedside all night, holding his hand, and they whispered softly. Wengin died early in the morning, peacefully falling asleep. The engineers promised to bury him with dignity. Ireneas was tempted to stay that long, but Pan was

able to talk her out of it. They drove back in silence, crying. He took her to Pozzebon's farm and they talked about their friend for two more hours. Irene's sadness quickly subsided as she spoke of him and told many anecdotes. Pan knew that his successor Tinan could clone Wengin's communicator and would keep in touch with him.

# Changes and Imbalance

by Jack Faber © 2023

Since Lia was pregnant, Pan had already been invited to dinner with Ben twice. She had given up fucking Odo with a heavy heart. She had been with the healers, the famous Three Sisters, but they weren't really sisters. She had visited them for her sore throat and had gotten some good medicine. Before she left again, one asked when she was expecting her son? Lia was totally perplexed, from where...? The healer just smiled and asked her to lie naked on the couch. All three healers fingered her pussy and then very specifically her clit, so that she almost had an orgasm. They fingered and rubbed her clit until she jerked in orgasm and her thighs trembled. All three had a hand on her belly until the orgasm subsided. The three sisters whispered and then one said, the little fellow is fine and so are you, thanks God! But she shouldn't let Odo fuck her anymore, it would hurt her and especially her little son. Lia wanted to ask how they knew that, but one of them said that they had a Hargrim of their own for the three of them to fuck. The Hargrim was good for healthy, sex-hungry women, but he was wild like a bull and that was bad for the baby and dangerous for the mother's health. She had seen many women perish and they knew it, that's why.

Lia let the Tali fuck her, then Ben and Pan. The Tali she let her fuck only once and sent them out. For Ben and him she took her time and gave them both all her passion. Pan drove home thoughtfully, Lia had changed for the best, forgoing the animalistic, brutal fucking of Odo. The loving, passionate one suited her better. He held Fyy on his lap and listened to her report. The latest news about the pirates and the ruling Dominas' discussions about it. He didn't even need to ask how she obtained her information from the Dominas. Fyy was second to none in these matters.

Since Jana wanted a 4th child, he drove by her house every day after he finished his shift, it was on the way home. Her husband walked into the living room with the little triplets, he walked behind

Jana into another room. She bent her upper body over the back of the couch, which was the right height, and flipped up her skirt. She stretched her ass all the way back so that he could use both hands to spread her ass cheeks all the way apart and easily penetrate her from behind. She was always bathed clean and smelled very good, her pussy still hot from masturbating.

Mostly she had made herself hot with masturbating just before, then her orgasm came already after a short push and he squirted immediately. When it went so fast, he kept fucking and squirting the second time and waited patiently until she was done masturbating. He was good-natured and fucked her almost every day, because she wanted another child, badly. A son, after three daughters. She and her husband had made the business of their father flourish, after they had taken over, bought this big house and were a very happy family. She masturbated every night intensely and her husband fucked her in her orgasm, but the poor guy couldn't squirt anymore. It was just an insignificant little blemish that didn't put much strain on their relationship. In any case, Jana was very grateful to Pan that he was willing to fuck daily, cum and impregnate. Rarely was he in such a hurry that he left after the first squirt, usually he fucked her a second time. The whole thing lasted a quarter of an hour at most, then he went home.

Binara was doing very well in her courses. She had reminded the general of his promise; she was now almost 14 and wanted to be accepted for training in engineering. He could remember, of course, and immediately called the academy. Binara awaited her father with bright eyes. "Don't you notice anything?" she asked teasingly. He took off his uniform jacket more slowly than usual and muttered to himself whether it had something to do with the call from the academy two hours ago? He turned to her with a wide grin and held out his arms. She flew into his arms, "they accepted me!" She kept kissing him on the mouth, she was so happy and proud. "They looked at my grades and test reports right away and said yes within a minute!" They sat down to dinner, the Gonnies had made fine roast chicken. He poured her a red wine, "you're a big girl already!" It turned out to be a very nice evening.

Fyy woke him up in the middle of the night. Pope Tirpin XVI had passed away peacefully in his 101st year. He growled and muttered sleepily that it was none of his business. Fyy pushed the sleeping Binara aside and lay down with him. She stroked his short-cropped neck hair and prevented him from falling asleep. The dominatrix would hear it from him, for the cardinals had armed their men. Many of the older cardinals disliked the Pope's favorite and they would gladly send Cardinal Pina after Pope Tirpin. He was wide awake. He patted Fyy's girlish ass affectionately and went with her to the library. He woke Lan.

As Fyy had predicted, Cardinal Pina's life was in grave danger. An armed mob was already entering the palace to kill him, but he was no longer there. Lan had had him taken to a safe house in time. The cardinal kept a low profile and gang fights broke out among the cardinals. They lasted over a week and two dozen cardinals, who already considered themselves pope, bled to death under the knives. Lan sent her people to the crime scenes, but did not let them stop the murders in time. If a cardinal was not quite dead, her men would wait for an unguarded moment and finish off the job. The more cardinals ready to fight were killed by the mob, the better for her son's father. She knew exactly which cardinals could still be dangerous to her ex-lover and had 43 of them imprisoned. Many of the charges had been fabricated by herself and it would be many months before the cardinals could justify themselves in court. She shrugged coldly when Pan asked her about it. It didn't affect innocent people, she said, they had all committed enough crimes with impunity to be locked away for years.

Lan kept Cardinal Pina in the safe house for three months, until the cardinals had all calmed down and there was peace again. Cardinal Pina showed up at just the right time, with 14 days left to make important friends. The conclave elected him pope on the first ballot. He was the one and only, the true one, the best. "Habemus Papam!" cheered the clergy as well as the media. Lan called him in a tear-stained voice, her prophecy had come true! Cardinal Pina would call himself Pope Pippin I, for he wanted a name that no pope before him had ever borne. Pan growled, as he lay exhausted next to Lan, the

Vein Fool would only care about being called “the I”. He laughed loudly and grimly.

The first thing the new Pope Pippin I did was to have the deceased pope buried with great pomp. The embalmed body was buried in a glass coffin in the crypt of St.-Evita-Perón-Cathedral. Afterwards there was a big party, because the new pope wanted to win over the population with wine and fried chicken. He gave interviews in various media, in which his education and quick wit shone. The population was very pleasantly surprised, the man was good for something. Pope Pippin I had the private chambers of the papal palace lavishly renovated and, of course, did not skimp on luxury. Critics complained that the old pope had lived without a mistress, and he had three. This gave Pippin I the opportunity to talk about God’s creation, the cocks and pussies and the commandment to fuck. He announced that the papal congregation would deal with the question of obliging the very celibate monastic orders to fuck as well, perhaps together with the chaste nunneries. It is, after all, the divine plan, ultimately.

Pan only listened with half an ear when Lan reported to him what the spies were telling her. He grinned wryly when she told how the monks of one monastery overran the neighboring nunnery with papal blessing, deflowering and fucking all the nuns. The women, who kept chaste all their lives and refused to fuck, were raped by the Fathers. They tore off their robes, deflowered and fucked the naked, frightened, crying nuns. Lan showed him a recording of this orgy and while fucking some couples they both had to laugh. Many could tell they had never fucked before, the monks had even more of an idea of how to do it. The nuns were clearly mentally and physically overwhelmed and cried non-stop while being fucked by a dozen monks. It had quite the appearance that monks and nuns were going to obey the new papal orders. — Inside, Pan knew how brutalized, filthy and sexually depraved disgusting the population had become by now. So did he, he was part of them.

He drilled his men and practiced space combat with them. The telepaths were watching the pirates nonstop and it wasn’t time yet. He was convinced the attack wouldn’t come for another two or three

years. He and a dozen telepaths were assigned as “lookouts” for delegations of the pirates. He also accompanied the pirates to the clergy, because the pirates increasingly wanted to buy Hargrims. The government had strictly forbidden the export of Odos, but the Hargrims were so primitive that they were allowed to be exported.

The pirate women were able to sell the Hargrims at five times the price in the floating cities and paid the priests with gold bars. At first, the overseers were allowed to be available to fuck the pirate women, but after they discovered the Hargrims, they were no longer in demand. The delegations came 5 or 6 times a year and once the delegates saw for themselves the quality of the Hargrims at night, their mental barriers were no longer strong and he could read their minds. He found a lot of information, political and military, which he reviewed and discussed with the officers. The pirates were still arming, but they were not ready, that was his opinion.

He flew to Halfgard as often as he could, he took the fastest gliders and was there after 5 hours. He brought only a few more boxes of books and brought no loot from Halfgard. His general had given him a general power of command and he entered the special mission himself. He remained vigilant, always checking the glider for bugs and always scanning the horizon for drones. He usually stayed 2 nights with Lea, she always took off from noon and they sat either by the pond or some other picturesque spot. She was very smart and was good at focusing on his main interest, the pirates. She, in turn, had an exceptionally smart listener in him, who was very good at getting into the Halfs’ way of thinking and living. Her injury had healed well, yet she often surprised him with a sweet gift, a virgin. He gave all these girls a gold coin, which they guarded like their eyeballs.

On the way back he regularly visited Pozzebon’s farm, Irene lived with him almost fixed. He brought them bags of sweets from Halfgard, because this they both liked very much. They always had a barbecue and talked animatedly about things of the day. Pozzebon once murmured in his ear, the bees in her ass had calmed down, she was now 76 and had become much calmer. She tended the herb garden behind the house while he worked in his fields. Pan thought the two of them had found a good way to manage aging. That his missions no

longer brought them gold was not a problem; they still had plenty left.

He had been visiting Jana for a good eight years now, for him it was a pleasant way to end the work day. She seemed to be attached to it as well and never thought for a moment about giving up. She had bought a depilatory glove for his sake and he liked her better that way. They hadn't changed their fucking, she was still bent forward over the back of the sofa, flipping up her skirt and spreading her ass cheeks with both hands for him to penetrate her from behind. She had shaved her pussy and he looked with pleasure at the beautiful labia and the perky, pointed clit. Her vagina opened willingly, she desperately wanted a child.

He had become accustomed to her masturbating while fucking, and after squirting he left his cock stuck in her vagina until she had finished masturbating. He was the salvation of her marriage, she said gratefully, because her poor husband had stopped having erections more and more often. Pan was the only one she fucked, she never cheated on her husband. He listened to her, but he kept his mouth shut, he never made a comment. She had become much skinnier than before, which gradually made her face ugly. But she still had big, full breasts, a nice swelling cunt, and her ass was visibly getting bigger. He knew that one day he would have to end this sloppy relationship, but he kept putting it off.

Binara looked very smart in her uniform, the tailor had left the back bare, leaving her mane and back fur exposed. She had been through basic training and went home every night. During basic training, she had slept in the big crew tent like everyone else, avoiding the general fucking. The most importunate were allowed to fuck in her fist and squirt in the moss or on her slit. The most abstruse rumors about the Half-girl's fucking abilities circulated among the boys. She was never tempted to do more than press her fist on her slit and let the lad fuck and squirt in her fist. She always turned her head away because kissing with strangers was something she detested. Pan said, when she reported it, that she must not put up any nonsensical obstacles. But she stubbornly maintained that he re-

maintained the only one she wanted to fuck properly. It was her decision, not his, she said.

He told her to look at the example of Conara, who spoiled some good opportunities for herself by not fucking anyone. Binara stuck her tongue out cheekily, Conara was a good example! She had bought the entire floor by now and hired 2 female doctors. Human women. Halfs couldn't study medicine, after all, and this human female doctors were highly specialized. Her practice was equipped with the latest equipment and was a healing practice in name only. In fact, it was a full-fledged hospital, you could do all the operations. She had already bought out a large part of the floor above and had 60 beds along with staff. Conara was already considering hiring more doctors. Binara stuck her tongue out cheekily once again, saying she would take that as a model. Pan smiled gently, for he was secretly really very proud of Conara.

He had made sure that the pirates were under complete surveillance, the telepaths saw everything thanks to the amplifiers and played their tricks on the female pirates. Only a few managed to fuck the commander of a border patrol. Most of the other telepaths took on the crews when they were resting. There it was much easier to fuck the girls and they did it with great zeal. Often the telepaths would fuck an entire crew, leaving out only the few men. This created heated debates among the pirates, since girls and women were obviously unsuitable for war service, weren't they?! Pan praised his men. In the course of a year, they had sensitively disturbed the order and discipline of the border patrols, that was very good.

He was just standing behind Jana and fucking her for the second time, squirting into her vagina in a very loose and detached way, when the call came. Tinan, the successor of Wengin. Queen Lea was dying. He tore his cock from Jana's vagina and ran. He raced across the country at breakneck speed, was in Halfgard after barely 5 hours. He was two hours late. He knelt before her bed, held her cold hand and searched her mind, but she was no longer there. He stood up as the maids washed Leah's body. He walked over to the technicians, Tinan had to explain everything to him.

Once again two groups were at each other and Lea threw herself high on her horse between the parties. She and her warrior women dashed fearlessly into the breach as always. Lea's horse was hit and fell, the advancing hunters ran over them and one stabbed Lea with his knife. The fighting stopped as she lay bleeding on the ground. The warriors brought her back immediately, but she died from her wounds.

The councilors had gathered the people in the great hall. Three female judges sat in judgment. Pan had stopped at the very back, but the women judges waved him forward. The kneeling, bound man admitted to having made the two stabs. He had no regrets; it was a fight. One judge asked if he had fought with Queen Lea? The man bowed his head, lying here went against all decency. No, she had not fought, only he, said the murderer. He had murdered her and there was only the death penalty for that, said a female judge. The female judges whispered for a few minutes, then one waved the commander over and handed him a knife. "She was your mistress, too," she said loudly, "so we find that you should judge him!" He took the knife and walked thoughtfully to the condemned man. The man returned his look proudly, almost haughtily. Pan addressed the judges and the bystanders. "Queen Lea did not fight this man," he said very loudly, "but he will have to fight me, I owe it to my mistress!" Everyone looked dumbfounded as he cut the man's bonds. "Stand up, you murderer of my Queen, and fight like a man! If you kill me, then you can go into the woods!" He handed the knife to the man.

The bystanders backed away as the man stood up. He weighed the knife examiningly in his hand and Pan noticed his shifty look, the man was sure to win. Pan took a step back and drew his combat knife. The man mistook his step backward for weakness, his knife jerked forward, but Pan was no longer there. Quick as a flash, he cut his opponent in the thigh. He cried out in pain and Pan cut his other arm lengthwise. The opponent roared and stabbed here and there. Pan gave him a deep cut on the forehead and inflicted a deep cut on the other thigh. Blood ran down his opponent's eyes, down his face, and he could see almost nothing. He stabbed and hacked wildly, but Pan was already behind him, cutting deep into his neck.

His opponent was already badly hurt, he was bleeding like a pig and stabbed with the knife in the air, but Pan hacked him so hard in the arm that he had to drop the knife. Pan kicked him in the back of the knee so that he was kneeling in front of the judges again, roaring in anger and pain. Pan stood wide-legged behind him, yanked his head back by the mane, and cut his throat. He did not let go of the mane until the killer made no more sound. He wiped his combat knife on the dead man's back fur and sheathed it. Tired and worn out, he nodded to the judges and went to the Queen's chamber.

He watched the maids who had already washed Lea and were now carefully shaving her pubic. Two maids did Lea's mane and her back fur, then they made up the Queen. He went to the door and asked what would happen next. Lea would be laid out in the small hall in an hour for the people to say goodbye; tomorrow night is the cremation at the stake. Pan went to the engineers for an hour and discussed technical things with them. At the end he asked Tinan who would be queen now. The chief engineer did not know, no one knew. Queen Lea had treated one of the judges as her favorite, but the population was deeply divided and several groups wanted to determine the queen of their choice. He, Tinan, had no influence on that and was glad of it. Which one it became didn't really matter to him, he in any case would stay in his place.

He walked over to the bedroom and sat down on the bed. It was the second Queen he was seeing off. He asked a maid to bring him dinner, just a snack. He was hungry and ate heartily, the trifle was quite large and substantial. Contrary to his habits, he smoked on the bank of the pond. He watched the smoke rising to the sky. He was tired. The old maid beckoned him, she had to wash him. He followed her to the washbasins.

She washed him conscientiously and asked if she should send him a girl. He shook his head, no thanks. That would be unhealthy, the old woman muttered. He didn't say a word as the old maid washed his cock more and more intensely, almost making it squirt. Nor did he say a word when the old maid asked if she could mount him. Nimbly she dropped her loincloth and sat on his hard-on. He stared blankly at her old wrinkled cunt, which rode him painstakingly. He

didn't care if she made him squirt. She babbled that she hadn't fucked in 10 years and how good his cock did her. She worked very hard, breathlessly.

She shooed away a maid who had approached curiously. He automatically registered that the young maid stopped behind the curtain. The old woman rode him moaning and groaning without making him squirt and gave up, "the old joints, the old joints!" She climbed out of the sink and almost instantly the young maid sat on his cock. He didn't seem to notice, staring blankly at the young, beautiful cunt. She rode him very limberly and made him squirt several times. She stopped only when he could not squirt any more and his cock began to soften. The young maid shook him by the shoulder and told him to go to sleep. He got up and let her lead him to the bed. The young maid lay naked with him and gently stroked his cock until he was deeply asleep.

The next day he roamed through alleys of Halfgard, peering into houses and chatting with men, this and that. Of course, it did not escape his notice that some women pushed aside their loincloths and stroked their fingers over the slit. They would have liked to fuck the big warrior, but he was not in the mood. The men patted him on the back, he had given a fair and good knife fight yesterday. He asked all the men who would be the new queen. Many didn't care, some named names.

An older hunter with a glassy, clever look asked him why he hadn't cut the killer's throat right away and taken the risk of a knife fight? He looked the man straight in the eye. In his culture, it was considered fair to fight. And it was not a risk, he had assessed the man in the first moment and knew for sure that he was not a good fighter. The wise man returned his gaze. The convict was the leader of the group he had fought. And he was generally considered a good knife fighter with many victories. The man lowered his gaze only briefly; he, at least, was grateful that the senseless fighting was over and that the Queen's murderer had been justly punished. "I know that you and the queen were a happy couple, and I am sorry for you!" Pan thanked the man and asked who could be the next Queen? The answer came immediately, "Daraca, the judge who handed you the

knife. She was also the Queen's favorite!" The man nodded several times, that was her. There would surely be a prolonged tussle, but he and many of the friendly clans were united behind Dara.

Pan sat down in the bar for dinner. He wanted to eat alone, everyone understood. He stayed sitting in the bar, sweets, Lea's liquor and no Lea. He was a little drunk when he went with the people to the funeral pyre. Lea's body had been beautifully decorated, flowers lined her face and hair, breasts and pubic. An alderman made a speech, then grabbed a torch and lit the pyre. The flames flickered around Lea's body for a long time until they collapsed over her, greedily eating the body.

He was quite sober when the fire only smoldered. No, he didn't want to sleep here, he said to Tinan, who should come forward when a new Queen was chosen. He put on his night vision goggles and flew back through the night. He had to admit, he saw more with the goggles than with the glider's electronic night vision. He flew leisurely, thinking of the many beautiful moments he had experienced with Lea. Here, unobserved in the glider, he could let his tears run. He handed over the glider and took a public one for the trip home. He did not want to visit Irenea and Pozzebon, nor Lan or Jana; he needed to be alone with his grief. He stood in the cleaning booth for fifteen minutes, being refreshed with warm tropical rain. Fyy had been upset when he had told her of Lea's death and understood his grief. He was momentarily grateful to Master Guo that Fyy could feel human. She sat down on his lap and let him tell her everything. She did not possess tear ducts, but she cried along with him. She knew how close he and Lea were.

Binara came home for dinner and was relieved that he was back. She had only been informed by Fyy that he had to leave head over heels and stay away for 2 days. She had spent the 2 nights with Fyy and the big sister had been able to reassure her that he was not in danger. They ate fine fish that he had bought and the gonnies had finely prepared. He told Binara that his dearest friend had been murdered and he had cut the murderer's throat with his own hands. He owed her that. Binara accepted that he was not allowed to tell anything beyond that and put her hand on his arm. She would be very

sorry that she had been murdered and that he was grieving for her. She could sleep in the library if he wanted to be alone. But then he said no, she would have to sleep with him as always. A soldier had to deal with death, however painful it was. Binara hugged and cuddled him even more than usual as she fucked him.

He had taken the day off and went to see Jana as early as noon. She was very surprised and wanted to bathe first, but he wanted to take her as she was. She was clean enough for him, her pussy stretched out to him full of desire under her thick ass cheeks and he fucked her wildly. His cock remained stiff and he fucked her twice more and squirted juicily into her vagina. He was only doing that because the last time he had run off while she was still jerking off. She beamed over the whole face, wow, three times injected! But that's not the new norm, he said laughing as he left after an hour. He would be back at the end of his shift, as usual. She would receive him bathed and fragrant, she said with shining eyes.

He sat in the library, Fyy on his lap, and she told him about everything important and less important in the government, the clergy and the city. Lia would give birth in the next few days, that was good news. In the late afternoon he flew back to Jana, she had freshly depilated, bathed and smelled wonderful. He inspected her beautiful pussy, the little clit was stiff to bursting. He had gotten so used to her cunt and the uncomplicated fucking. She masturbated immediately and he fucked her with pleasure. He fucked the second time after a short pause and squirted with pleasure. He waited patiently until she had finished masturbating and pulled out his soft cock. She hugged him lovingly and gratefully, squirted 5 times today! He caressed her big full breasts, tomorrow is another day! He drove home very satisfied.

A few days later Ben left the base and raced to Conara's hospital. He later called him and Isegrim, Ben junior had been born, healthy and Lia was doing according to the circumstances. The birth had been natural and relatively easy, Lia had not suffered much. She wanted to avoid a C-section as long as possible. Pan ordered Ben to take 10 days off at least. He shifted his duties and services to other officers, no problem!

The Domina had a lot on her mind, the investigations and inquiries around the clergy were important and urgent. She had two more cardinals thrown into the dungeon, who were not well-disposed towards the pope and secretly armed their people. She had to make sure once and for all that the clergy's teeth and claws were pulled out. She called him to her. He came to her for dinner, as every time they fucked before dinner and she shooed the girls out, turned on the blockade. They were talking very animatedly about their efforts when suddenly loud yelling and gunshots were heard in the anteroom. He pushed Lan behind the dresser, telling her to stay there under cover. He stood, naked as he was, to the side of the door. The door burst open and he fired with lightning speed with his bracelet, taking down 12 men. Two were still in the anteroom and he shot one. The last one was totally confused, threw away his gun and surrendered.

Lan came forward. He nodded, "all but this one are dead, you can question him." The girls had already called the police and he and Lan threw on capes. Lan waited no longer. He had tied the guy's hands and feet together with rags and sat down in the background. Lan punched the man in the face a few times and yelled at him to start over. The frightened man said Cardinal Ruggeri had paid them, 14 men, to kill the police minister. Lan looked stunned at Pan, Ruggeri was in the dungeon after all! He shrugged his shoulders, money can buy anything. The captured guy feared for his life and pointed with his chin at one of the dead. He was the leader and he had communicated with Ruggeri very often, so the police would find confirmation. The police arrived, collected the dead and Pan got dressed, he was going home. Lan looked at him perplexed, so he said she was on her way to the Ministry after all, to search for the fugitive Ruggeri. She stared at him, stunned, from where... ? He shrugged his shoulders. If Ruggeri wasn't already long gone, he would eat his uniform jacket. And that Ruggeri was stupid, he did not believe for a second.

Lan stared at the floor and brooded for seconds. Then she dropped the covers, unconcerned about the cops' gawking, and dressed furiously. She disappeared with a police escort. He dictated his statement to the police officer and flew home in a summoned glider.

Lan was smart enough to call him only on the secure line. But she wasn't smart enough not to call him every half hour. She had been trying to figure out why he didn't take that bracelet off even in the cleaning booth. Now she knew. Pan wasn't surprised that Ruggeri had actually taken off. His accounts were frozen and he couldn't move around easily; without the accounts, he couldn't shop anywhere, order anything, or, of course, use public gliders. And he certainly hadn't just been hiding behind the bushes. Lan sicced the best criminalists on the guards in the prison. They found all 4 in no time. But the three men and the woman said nothing, not a single word. Pan nodded, that was to be expected. He wanted to know how much money they had with them? Three had 4 gold coins, one had 9 gold coins. Aha, said Pan, and were their vehicles complete? No, one glider was missing. The one that belonged to the one with 9 gold coins? he said. It wasn't really meant as a question, but she answered: Yes, right! Well, then, look for the glider! Pan said and grinned. They will find the glider in the east of the city, won't they? he said to Fyy and she nodded, a hundred pro! It took Fyy only seconds to find the glider.

Lan reported back. The glider had been found in the east of the city on a public glider stand. And you're already looking at the surveillance tapes, of course, aren't you? Lan nodded in annoyance, Yes, of course! You'll find him when he changes vehicles, but the false name under which the escape vehicle was registered is not important. More important was to find out the signature of the glider and search for it. They found the glider in the backyard of a large residential complex among many other vehicles, and there were no cameras there. Now ask the arrestees if Ruggeri had a bag of gold coins with him? he ordered Lan, even though he already knew the answer. She called back, exasperated. Yes, one of them had seen the bag of gold coins, there must have been more than 100 gold coins still inside. He said Ruggeri had prepared Plan B from long ago, because this is where the trail ends. There is no point in questioning the residents of the apartment complex. Here the trail ends, Ruggeri's escape had succeeded. It would be necessary to wait until he reappeared.

Lan did not want to believe it, did not want to accept that a cardinal should have succeeded in running away. Pan almost didn't feel

like listening to her chatter, because the cardinal was up to no good, a clever, criminal fellow. He told Lan that his palace had probably been emptied and the staff had gone into hiding. She said, Yes, that would have been discovered by now. Okay, said Pan, there is only one chance left, vanishingly small and long. The cardinal has, first, acquired a new name, a new identity, and second, moved a real lot of money from his previous accounts, now frozen, to an account with the new name. Both of these things cost a lot of money. So you have to go through all the account activity for the last 10 years and get lucky. Lan said she would arrange that in a moment.

He was sure Lan would definitely not call again today, and he was to be proved right. She didn't get back to him for another week, very meekly. Two dozen detectives went through the bank records, with no breakthrough. She had ordered a seafood menu for the evening, knowing how much he loved it. Pan smiled mockingly, so tonight for dinner "and so on"? Yes, she said, I hope so. Done, so see you in the evening!

He called Jana, he would come an hour early and finish the service. He fucked the overjoyed Jana twice, she was already hot when he arrived and he palpated her beautiful cunt and her little perky clit with pleasure much longer than usual. She was the right starter and very grateful that he squirted juicy into her twice. She masturbated for an unusually long time this time, until her ass cheeks began to quiver and she expelled the pent-up air through her nose. He kissed her on one ass cheek and pulled her skirt up. He called a glider and drove to the dominatrix.

Look, the dominatrix had a surprise for him! She was lying naked as usual on the big playground bed and licking a young girl! He only stepped to the bed when the girl had come to orgasm. She looked like she already knew the licking and orgasming well. He immediately noticed Lan's magic crystal around her neck and smelled the mulberry brandy. Lan said Norinchen was already 16, knew only masturbation and lesbian love and wanted to be made a woman now.

She had heard, Lan stretched, that he had a penchant for deflowering. Nori is here for that, isn't she, Nori? The girl nodded in agree-

ment, nodding and nodding and looking at him with big, bullet-round eyes. So, he asked, you like lesbian lovemaking? Can you fuck clit to clit too? Nori looked at him with bright eyes. That's what she likes best, the girl said with a smile. He shook his head, No, she didn't need to do it now, he said, whether she was the active one or the passive one in it? and Lan explained the foreign words with hearty, folksy expressions. She was always the active one, Nori said, she was always fucking the other girl as a man when they played man and wife.

He smiled, but now you want to be made a woman, can you act like a woman? Nori smiled, yes! Nori he didn't have to fire up, she was already on fire. He laid her across Lan's breasts and spread the girl's legs. "You're the woman now and I'm the man, okay? Relax!" Nori nodded eagerly and he leaned over her. He kissed Lan and she returned his French kiss. Kissing, he thrust quickly, Nori's hymen tore ever so slightly and he fucked her for a very long time before he cum inside her tight vagina. He kissed Lan again and dropped down on his back next to the girls. His cock had gone all soft, Jana had already gotten most of it and he was now drained and exhausted. Lan kissed Nori and said she was a woman now. The two cuddled and tasted and let him rest as they gradually wedged themselves into each other.

Cardinal Ruggeri remained missing for months. Fyy had begun following the trail after weeks, and after a few hours she knew his new identity and whereabouts. Pan nodded appreciatively, but he gave nothing to his dominatrix. Fyy's anonymity was more important than Lan's progress. He asked Fyy to follow the fellow's every move, nothing more. He visited the dominatrix once a week and listened to her carefully. Fyy had proven that the trail could be followed, so he did not interfere.

Lan kept bringing up the subject of the bracelet, but he was strictly against arming civilians. He made no secret of the fact that their police officers were also just civilians to him. Armed, but only poorly trained and some of dubious reputation. The armbands were administered by the general, who would have to decide. He had reminded the general, of course, not to arm civilians, and certainly not the po-

lice minister. The general had raised an eyebrow and muttered that this was his mistress, but Pan did not bat an eyelash. That did not affect his opinion at all. So then, No!

Pan went to Jana's after duty ended and enjoyed the quiet in his library. Fyy was an excellent conversationalist and Binara had grown up very quickly. She had a thousand questions about military matters, but she paid more and more attention to the day's news and political issues as they came up. He didn't mourn her childhood, he was much more happy to see her grow up like an adult. Conara now employed 8 male and female doctors, managed the clinic superbly, and practiced the healing art of Halfs herself, she did not give that up. She had a large gonnie community and fucked only young gonnie boys. Unfortunately, she rarely came to stay with him anymore.

He checked with Chief Engineer Tinan on a case-by-case basis, but it took almost two months for Daraca to be named Queen. It took another few weeks for the Queen to invite him. He bought a beautiful necklace of heavy gold in Jana's jewelry store to give to the Queen. He postponed his trip twice because pirate watching tied him up longer than expected. The first time, he dropped off a handwritten letter for her so as not to upset her. When he was able to take a few days off, he flew out at sunrise and was in Halfgard in time for lunch.

Queen Daraca received him very kindly, she was pleased with the golden necklace and offered him the place of honor next to her at lunch. She had lions hunted and he ate the magnificent steaks with great appetite. She was no telepath, he noticed immediately. He drank only fruit juice; it seemed important to him to listen well to the new Queen. She was calm, wise and educated. She had studied law under Budicca and had been a respected judge. She was used to the saddle; even the most remote settlements needed judges. She was unbound and to fuck she had her escort, she said with disarming frankness. She would rule like the Queens before her and continue the good customs.

After lunch, she sat down with him on the bench by the pond, where no one disturbed them. They wanted to get to know each other. She listened to him very attentively as he told her about Bu-

dicca and Lea as prompted. He was not used to talking about feelings, but he did. She watched him from the side. He let her tell him her life story and looked at her. She was as small as all the Halfs, 26 years old, and had only been involved in law school and lawyering. She was sexually unattached and her body as of now belonged to the people, the men and boys who wanted to lie with her. He nodded, Budicca and Lea had held the same.

Dara's face was very prominent and deep wrinkles stretched from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth. Her lips were narrow and it all indicated a very energetic personality. Snow-white strands ran conspicuously through her black mane and black back fur. She was slender, but a bit rounder than Lea. Like most Half-women, she wore an open leather jacket, a bolero, that did not completely hide her breasts, and an unusually small and short leather loincloth that rarely hid her cleft. He noted that Dara was very fond of showing off her body and simply enjoyed the looks, whether greedy, horny or admiring. A woman who was completely aware of her beautiful body.

The afternoon passed in a flash, they talked so animatedly that a maid had to fetch them for dinner. They sat down in the bar after dinner, sweets, liquor and Dara. She drank much more than Lea and he drank very carefully. Councilors and others sat with them, but Dara did not allow the rubbing of the cocks on her body. This custom seemed undignified to her and could not sway her opinion. She had told everyone from the beginning and sent everyone packing who took out his cock. But she listened to everyone else, gave hints or advice, or promised to discuss the problem in council, let them write it down in bullet points. Pan was amazed, for she was as sure of these things as if she had been Queen for decades. Lea had prepared her well and had also rightly favored her, he was sure.

She stood up swaying and he handed her his arm. She had to reach up, because Pan, at six-foot-five, towered over every Half. She joked if he preferred to sleep in the glider or dared to sit next to her in the sink? He smiled mildly and she didn't expect an answer, of course. They sat down in the washbasin and were washed. The old maid looked at him only briefly and refrained from any comment. They entered the bedroom.

Dara's body immediately pleased him. She was a tiny bit plumper than Lea, she had a much bigger chest than other Half maids, wider hips and a nice shaved cunt. Her nakedness emphasized the black-white coloring of her mane and back fur. He ran his fingers through her mane and through her back fur, he liked that a lot, he let her know. She laughed for the first time that day. She heard that very often, she said, she had been sold to a brothel for exactly that reason when she was 12, at one and a half times the price. It was a pity that only 6 months later she left and made her way to Halfgard with the help of the Half-network. She laughed happily. Whenever she imagined the face of the grumpy brothel owner who had lost a lot of money, that was a reason to be happy!

He had to lie on his back, human style, she never wanted to be fucked again since the brothel. He said they didn't have to do it if she was reluctant. She leaned on his chest and looked at him seriously. She had admired Lea for how deeply she loved the Commander. Lea once said to her, there is a love you only experience once in a lifetime. She participated in this love of Lea's, even though she had never met the Commander. For her, it was a very natural progression of a thread that the Norns spun for her. Yes, she wanted to lie with him of her own accord, and not because it was expected of the Queen. He had the same freedom to refuse her, no one would hold it against him. They were both silent and looked at each other. He gently caressed her large breasts, the stiff teats. She had much larger breasts than most Half-women and Half-girls, they lay full and heavy in his hand. He looked at the teats and thought to himself that perhaps biting her teats excited her. Of course he asked and she confirmed that she really liked that. He stroked her nicely curved hips and ass cheeks and she closed her eyes because she obviously loved to be stroked and touched.

Dara stroked his cock and her eyes glistened in anticipation. She parted her labia with one hand and pressed his cock into her vagina. With one hand she supported herself on his chest, with the other she slowly masturbated her clit. She rode him concentrated and without haste. They had the whole night ahead of them, after all. He held her breasts in his hands almost all the time and his fingers pressed and twirled her teats. When she came to an orgasm, she bent low to him

and he took her teat between his teeth and bit very lightly. When the orgasm shook her, he bit hard into one teat and the other. He always held back the squirting a bit, not wanting to shoot all the powder too soon. When he felt it rising, he curled his fingers into her back fur and pressed her ass firmly onto his cock. She fucked him until well past midnight, and he got everything from Dara as she did from him.

When they went to breakfast in the morning, he could read in the faces of the maids what had spread like wildfire: he belonged to the mistress, not a single one would give herself to him. In the morning Dara was in the council and he roamed the alleys. Not a single woman pushed aside her loincloth or stroked her cleft; he belonged to the Queen. He chatted with the men about this and that, but he really wanted to find out what the groups had been fighting about when Lea had been murdered. The clearest information came from the hunter who had spoken to him before Daraca was elected. His name was Fin and he led a group of antelope hunters. Fin offered him a cup of wine. Several groups of lion hunters on two sides had been arguing for as long as anyone could remember about the frequency of assignments and about hunting grounds. The problem was not solved, there was only truce. He, Fin, had lived with this conflict all his life and would probably not live to see the end of it. Although the lion hunters were very belligerent and sneaky, Fin did not think they were angry with him for the knife fight. It was a fair fight, it was a good fight, and the more skillful one had justly avenged the murder of the Queen, who was popular with everyone. Fin believed that the lion hunters also saw it that way. They were ashamed because the murder meant shame for them too.

After lunch, Dara and he sat down again on the bench by the pond, and he smoked and listened to her carefully. She was apparently as good a judge as Lea, and that was now serving her well on the council. She was teaching law to three young girls and preparing them to be judges. She no longer rode out to hold court; work in the council filled her day. Only rarely did the Queen sit in judgment. She let him tell her what it was like as commander, what the pirate threat was like. He could answer almost anything without giving away secrets.

Of course, she wanted to know everything about his personal life. That he was a minister's favorite impressed her. That he almost daily fucked his former foster daughter because she wanted to have a 4th child, he had to tell far out, but she finally did not understand Jana. She knew that he had raised 7 half-children and that his sons did good work in the plantations and led respectable lives. She was quite surprised that he was fucking both daughters and he had to go far there too. She understood the daughters quite well, Conara had had a great start in life. She was very impressed that 8 human male and female doctors were working for her. She sighed, if the humans would treat the Halfs like that, they wouldn't have to hide in Halfgard. He agreed with her, it would be better for everyone.

Binara's development also pleased her when he told that truthfully and completely as well. Dara wanted to know if many Halfs served in the military, and he had to admit, almost none. He knew some male Halfs in military engineering, but no females. She must be a very brave girl, Dara said, and he nodded, she is. He had never thought about it that way before, but he wanted to prove to himself that his children could achieve anything they wanted for themselves. He was silent, for he had never thought about that before.

Understandably, Dara said she knew of his penchant for deflowering virgins. His daughters, the foster daughter, the Gonnie girls and many more. She, along with Lea, had chosen the virgins Lea gave him, so that's how she knew. How about that? He scratched his head. He had fucked only Lea for a long time and before the fucking led to boredom, Lea had made her decision. She was badly hurt at the time and didn't want to stop him from fucking. He lowered his eyes. "Lea was a very special woman, not like the others." His tears were real, coming from his heart. Dara had listened silently and did not look at him; for humans, crying was something very intimate. She said that the question of virgins was not relevant now.

After dinner they sat in the bar, sweets, liquor and Dara. Every now and then someone sat down with them to seek Dara's advice and help. Again he noticed that she drank quite a bit. There were some in his circle who drank. He himself had resolved to drink very little and to avoid drunkenness altogether. She had one down pretty quickly,

but by the end she seemed to be slowly sobering up. They walked together to the sinks and into the bedroom.

It struck him more today than yesterday that Dara's cunt had blossomed like a flower and was a feast for the eyes. He stared fascinated at her beautiful cunt while she fucked him beautifully like yesterday. She masturbated during the fucking without haste, she offered her teats for him to bite into before her orgasm, she seemed to like that very much. She stopped masturbating when his fingers grabbed her back fur and he squirted. This night she fucked him much longer, almost until dawn.

After breakfast, Pan talked with Chief Engineer Tinan for a long time, catching up on ongoing developments. This time, too, he took a few boxes of shooting bracelets and night vision goggles. He again flew directly to King-Leonidas-base and presented bracelets and night vision goggles to the general. He would give the check for 5,000 to Conara, that was for sure. Before he left, he called Jana.

# Wars, Raids, Battles

by Jack Faber © 2023

Three years had passed and everything was going in an orderly fashion. Binara had done splendidly and received her first star before her 18th birthday. She could be justifiably proud of that. Conara now employed 12 human doctors and the clinic ran like a well-oiled clock. She had hired 2 healers, because many small and larger aches and pains could be treated with the old healing methods. Unfortunately, many Bangurelians gave birth to their children by Caesarean section, which was a stupid idea. It was good business for the clinic, but Conara was still vehemently against it. For many millennia, women had given birth to their children naturally, and for that to change so suddenly was, in her view, completely wrong and unnecessary.

Pan only visited Jana every few weeks now. She had given up hope of having a fourth child. After 10 years her husband had declared one day that it made no sense and they should end it. Pan breathed a sigh of relief, it came to an end and he didn't have to have a painful conversation with Jana. So much for the theory. She, of course, called Pan every time her husband wasn't home and fucked him in the big marital bed. He was sure that her husband knew, but as long as she was satisfied with fucking once in 1 or 2 weeks, it was fine with him. She hadn't gotten any prettier, by golly, but she fucked a lot better than Lan and made no demands. Now that they were fucking in the large marriage bed and not standing up, he could grab her gorgeous breasts full of pleasure and play with her teats at will. He showed her that some women let their teats be bitten before or for orgasms. She tried it and then was hooked. Jana gave herself vulgar, frivolous, filthy or passionate, just as she felt at the moment. It was fine with him, it was a welcome change from fucking with Binara and the Gonnie girls.

For Lan, he was no longer the desirable favorite, her infatuation had faded. Still, she continued to want to be fucked by him. She only invited him every few weeks now, but rewarded him with a dewy vir-

gin each time. He eavesdropped on her, although Fyy kept him much more fully informed. Fyy watched Cardinal Ruggeri quite closely and began to warn. Ruggeri had set up shop in a small town to the east and was arming his private army with the latest weapons, planning something big, and was in close contact with four cardinals who had been released from prison months ago. Pan felt now was the moment to pique Lan's interest. In an aside, he dropped a remark and mentioned the 4 names. They would have contact with Ruggeri. Lan jumped up as if stung by a tarantula. Ruggeri! Immediately she called her detectives to check the 4 for contacts with Ruggeri.

Her ministry worked slowly and sluggishly. After weeks of surveillance, they had intercepted and decoded the cardinals' communications. Lan drew the right conclusion, anyone who used such complex encryption had something to hide. And anyone who secretly set up a private army was up to something. They found Ruggeri, secretly got all the data on shipments from the legal and illegal arms dealers, and watched closely his private army.

Lan did not hesitate for a moment. She informed the Dominas and requested support from the military. Pan stayed out of it, he had done more than enough. Lan had a good 200,000 men with the police forces and the military and that had to be enough for Ruggeri's 65,000 men. She asked Pan several times if he would like to raid with her, but he vigorously refused. This was a mission for the infantrymen, not the space corps.

Of course Lan was far too clumsy and soon every barber and hairdresser in town knew that a military expedition to the east was imminent. It took the force over 3 weeks to follow the rebels over hill and dale, through forests and ambushes, to encircle and disarm them. The infantry leadership refused the order for bloodshed and led the prisoners away. Ruggeri had a narrow escape, but he had nothing left but the shirt on his back. Plenty of evidence was found in the seized papers, deployment plans and operational plans. The target was the Pope and the government. A few days later, because of the reward, he was betrayed and captured. He was brought in chains before the minister and — here there were no reliable reports — shot as he fled. Lan later admitted to Pan that he had shot Ruggeri single-handedly

without batting an eye. Ruggeri had admitted to plotting the assassination of the Pope and the government in order to become Pope himself and form a clerical government. Lan had no interest in a long trial. Similarly, the 4 cardinals were shot for allegedly resisting. “Now there is peace in the box!” said Lan before going to the Pope. She spoke privately with Pope Pippin I for an hour and fucking her he issued a press release that 5 cardinals had resisted police forces and had unfortunately perished. Peace to their poor souls!

Pope Pippin I had not remained idle during the military expedition. He had stripped the last stubborn cardinals of all their dignities, confiscated their palaces and their fortunes. Those who did not surrender and did not take the offered monk’s robe were incarcerated, and these were all those who would not follow him. That was the deal, and mortality in the dungeon was enormous. 6 months later, not a single one of them was alive.

Speaking of the dungeon, Pan hurried into the base. He went straight to the dungeon, Binara had been given 40 days solitary confinement. Fyy had woken him up early in the morning and he had left right away. Fyy had only told him that Binara was in the dungeon because of a fight. He had to get quite vocal with the guard until she let him see Binara. He scanned the meeting room, no bugs. He quietly said they could speak freely. The guard watched them from the ante-room after he gave his pulse. Binara was very depressed and narrow in the face. — What was going on? What had happened?

Binara took a few minutes, then told. She had stupidly gone along with a bunch of cadets to the crew mess, it was fun and they drank properly. Late at night they wanted to continue partying at a bar outside and she went along, it was a fun party. She went with 4 cadets through the underground corridors to trick the guards at the main gate, as she had done so many times before. But suddenly the fellows grabbed her and raped her. She managed to get away and holed up in her room. She took a shower and suddenly sobered up.

She intercepted the lads early in the morning and beat them up with her baton so mercilessly that they had to be taken to the medical wing and the medics had to report her. The captains in charge had

her arrested and after a short trial they locked the bully up in solitary confinement for 40 days. She had allowed herself to be arrested without resistance and admitted everything. She said nothing about the rape. She would serve the time and asked the father not to do anything. That would be interpreted as weakness if the dad, the commander, helped his daughter. He thought and agreed with her with a heavy heart. In principle, the punishment was justified; bullies were always punished that way. He promised to bring her fresh underwear and sanitary items and left after half an hour. Binara had a good grip on herself and was not quite so down after their conversation. He would be back tomorrow.

He did not strictly keep his promise, of course. On his way out, he took on the guard leader. He didn't want special treatment for his daughter, just decent treatment without harassment. No food deprivation, normal portions. A shower every day. The guards should know that he came every day and if there were any complaints, he would give them so much trouble, that. He went up to the infirmary. He had to grin when he saw the cadets' injuries. Binara had dealt out properly, gentlemen! He inquired from the doctor how long they would remain in the infirmary? Two or three days, after a week fit for duty.

He pushed the cadets' beds together, because he wanted to say it only once. He asked the doctor to leave. Then he gave a short speech. Real soldiers didn't rape their own female comrades. They were a goddamn disgrace to this unit, he said. He gave them 3 days to go straight to their captains after discharge from the infirmary and turn themselves in, for rape. If they didn't, he would turn them in and make sure they went to the dungeon for a very long time. They had a choice. He left, leaving the pale cadets behind.

He visited Binara every morning, bringing fresh underwear and smuggling in some candy. Binara was composed and no longer depressed. She was treated decently, she could not complain. Of course, she thought she was handled with kid gloves because of her father. He protested, acting decently would be normal for real military men and women, no matter who the father was. On the third day, the cadets were released from the infirmary and went to their captains

with their heads hanging. They were sentenced to 200 days in the dungeon and were then dishonorably discharged from military service. Binara was released immediately after reluctantly confirming the facts to the captains. She could not shake the suspicion that her father had something to do with it, but she did not bring it up. She was given a week off duty and was soon able to forget the terrible experience. She never forgot the rape, but the days in the dungeon. Fyy was an excellent psychologist and spent a lot of time with Binara in casual sister-to-sister conversation. He and Fyy took touching care of her and soon she was back on solid ground. He was concerned that Binara would not like to fuck after being raped, but he was wrong. She would never let herself be raped again, she said seriously, she would be much, much more careful in the future and look carefully at whose cock she took in her hands. He nodded in agreement.

Every six to eight weeks he flew to Halfgard. When Dara sat in the council in the mornings, he often went to see the hunter Fin, with whom he got along very well. They would talk for hours about the issues of the day and the politics of the day, and he appreciated the old hunter's wise and calm manner. Dara was very passionate about fucking and it did not escape his notice that she was falling more and more in love with him. As much as he enjoyed letting her fuck him, he didn't have the same feelings for her as he did for Budicca and Lea. But she was a distinctly sensual, passionate and erotically playful fuck partner. She very much loved to take his cock in her mouth and pleasure him. She was tireless in fucking him and masturbating while fucking herself, offering her teats for him to bite before orgasm and laughing overjoyed when he gripped her back fur tightly and squirted.

She soon had as much prestige among the population as Budicca and Lea, and that was truly deserved. Dara was a superbly good queen who had a firm grip on even the aggressive lion clans. Lea had been far too lenient, radiating calm and appealing to reason in dealing with the lion clans. Dara, on the other hand, let them know that she was the ruler and had strictly ordered them to behave well. She did not deviate an inch from that and beat many a hunter's nose bloody. That was a language they understood.

The telepaths watched the deployment of the pirates very closely. They formed their familiar arrow-shaped battle formation in the north quadrant and in the east quadrant of the planet, just as before. There were 2,000 starships in each quadrant, and over 100 battle domes commanding the starships from the back row. Four brigades of telepaths with a total of 3,000 combat gliders stood in their way. Only one in 10 telepaths had an amplifier and less than half of the fighter gliders were equipped with the most advanced dual cannons. The control center was manned at its total strength and correctly waited until the pirates got closer. It looks quite likely, Pan told his officers and men, that it will be like last time, so be on your guard!

Unbeknownst to the controlcenter, some 200,000 infantrymen of the pirates had landed on the planet to the south, about where the Zulus had landed years ago. These fighting units were on foot and had no vehicles. This was to lead to their failure. They were led by women warriors and Amazons, and the crews were two-thirds men. The control center was stunned for only a second, then they evaluated the information and dispatched 120,000 infantrymen in armed team gliders to the south. Pan observed the situation and breathed a sigh of relief; Halfgard was in no danger. He formed swarms with his telepaths and awaited the attack.

The pirates' ground forces raided plantations and small villages. Some men were killed, most fled. Girls and women were raped by the pirates. The attack stalled and came to a halt. The pirates had lost their sexual freedoms and were kept short in terms of fucking. Fighting could be done later, now they could fuck as much as their hearts desired. The formations disbanded, the men fucked, and the warrior women and Amazons fought the superior numbers of the Bangurel infantrymen. The outnumbered were overwhelmed. The fighting ebbed away. The captured women and girls had to let themselves be fucked by a great many men, there was no thought of resistance. The entire southern plantation region had become a huge brothel for the pirates. They fucked on both sides of the front line for all they were worth. The pirates staggered from fuck to fuck in this southern brothel, the local infantrymen raped and fucked the tall, muscular warrior women and Amazons they had captured. Each of these fe-

male pirates also had to be fucked by thousands of infantrymen and there was no way for them to escape from that mass fucking.

Pan and his men charged at the enemy, tearing up their orderly formations. He slipped through the lines with his swarm and set his sights on a battle dome. The mighty battle domes were nothing new, but they were huge, heavily armored and loaded with many gun batteries. The big guns of the battle domes were much too ponderous to threaten Pan's fighter gliders, but the small guns were really dangerous and the gunners well trained. These were the ones his swarm had to be wary of. It was soon clear that even with the biggest projectiles he could not blow up the domes. He was looking for their Achilles heel, the drives. If he fired at and damaged the drives, the colossus slid helplessly off into space. It was no longer able to participate in combat. Pan attacked the nearest battle dome with his swarm and sent it into space as well. He often had to fly complicated maneuvers because the battle domes were well-equipped and the gunners were not unskilled. He only listened with half an ear when the fighter pilots fucked a commander and maneuvered their spaceship in front of their colleagues' guns.

He had now by golly no time to fuck pirates, to fight the battle domes demanded his full concentration. His swarm targeted three giants at once, he knew by now exactly where the drives were vulnerable and stabbed the vulnerable parts with surgical precision. He had to fire several salvos into the drives, because with only one hit the matter was not done. Keeping the Dome's gunners at bay while simultaneously thundering volley after volley into the drive was the fine art he had to pull off. One colossus collided with another and both drifted majestically into the black void. A glance at the on-board computer. His unit had destroyed or shot to pieces 249 enemy space ships, 17 own space gliders were lost. 9 battle domes were drifting in space and were disabled. The 9 domes were his doing.

It had been 3 hours and he somehow felt that things were moving much too slowly. He scolded into his microphone, the gentlemen pilots should please fire more and fuck less! There was radio silence for a few moments, then everyone started chattering away. They shoot so that the pipes glow and the fucking was a tactical measure, right?

He angrily ripped the virtual headphones off his virtual head and dumped them on the virtual cockpit floor, then set his sights on the nearest combat dome. He sent three of them into the void in quick succession, and the on-board computer dutifully registered the 12th dome. He had exhausted all power and had to land with his swarm to change batteries.

The trip took half an hour and the battery change a quarter of an hour. He got up from the couch, went for a piss and ate one of the inedible sandwiches. Fyy watched over his house and loved ones, everything okay, no news. He had to wait almost half an hour because there were some problems at the battery changing station. He swung onto the stretcher and flew carefully through the front line to the combat domes. They had set up a barrage of smaller fighters around the domes to deflect him and his swarm. His armament was good; he could incinerate a battleship with one salvo. He had his swarm do a death dance, not a single enemy projectile hit him and he had destroyed all their battleships after an hour. The Domes were far too ponderous and slow and could not escape. He had to dodge the Dome's excellent gunners, who very skillfully tried not to let him get into firing position. He flew cunning feints, deceiving the gunners about his real target. He managed to take out two more Colossi, but Domes and the pirate battleships retreated. They were retreating!? He was smart enough not to follow them.

The enemy formation retreated after 13 hours of fighting. He ordered his pilots to retreat to the rear line and observe. He and half of his armada returned to the planet for fresh batteries. They then took turns with the observers, who were also given new batteries. The pirates had retreated to their floating cities and Pan and his men had a breather. The pirates did not budge, for a full 12 hours.

The upshot of the day was that they had destroyed about 1,000 enemy starships with only 241 of their own losses. The pirates had about 3,000 battleships and 160 domes left. The surviving crews of the combat-disabled domes had been rescued overnight. They had not lost a single pilot, but the pirates had lost 25 to 30,000 men. On the southern front, they had lost 162 infantrymen, the pirates about

400 or 450, and about 1,200 warrior women and Amazons had been captured.

Pan sat down with Ben and Isegrim in the officers' mess, they could be back in action in minutes if it went off. Ben was very annoyed that the pilots were wasting valuable time fucking the pirate women. Isegrim reported that the southern front line had been at a standstill for hours because the infantrymen as well as the pirates were not fighting each other. Both sides were busy fucking the prisoners, he concluded, shaking his head. Ben laughed sweetly-sourly, this will go down in history as "the short battle of the long fuck." After the steak and the third whisky, Pan went back to the bunker and slept until morning.

Ben woke him up with a mug of hot coffee. "The war is definitely over," Ben said, the control center had confirmed it 10 minutes ago. Apparently the Dominas of the government and the leaders of the pirates-alliance had negotiated a truce and they would evacuate the infantrymen of the pirates today. Next week, they would negotiate further. He nudged Ben in the arm. "The Trojan War lasted 10 years, old champ," Pan said shaking his head, "if they and the Greeks had had a government of women, it would have been over in a day and no sow would read the Iliad today, it probably wouldn't exist either." Ben, like him, had studied in depth at the military academy this war, which had been fought millennia ago on a distant planet, old Earth. "So you're suggesting that I should be happy to fuck a maiden in my own house on a case-by-case basis?" He winked and they both laughed.

The pirates — actually: the pirate women — had given up. Pan didn't quite believe it yet, but high politics was not his business. He ordered the pirates to be watched nonstop day and night. Rumors from government circles said that the pirate women had finally given up on conquering Bangurel and instead wanted to focus on a regulated, prosperous trade with the planet. Ben bet Isegrim that the 1,200 captured warrior women and Amazons would not be released until they had been fucked by all 120,000 infantrymen. He was to be proved right. The last warrior women did not return home for another 4 months.

The telepaths notified Pan immediately, it was 3am. Fyy answered the call in his voice. She quietly woke Pan up. The telepaths reported that there was a fierce battle going on out there far away in space, the spaceships were only visible as blurred shadows on the screens. It had been found out when several hundred pirate-spaceships were in the same area and one by one they burned to dust. The battle of the unknowns had already lasted three days, with only a dozen pirates-spaceships left. A good 430 spaceships had turned to dust with man and mouse.

The number of cloaked starships was also completely decimated, exact numbers were not had, but there were certainly more than 1,200 already destroyed. There were only about 1,400 of the schemes left, 700 on each side. The battlefield moved slowly but surely toward the pirate's Floating Cities, the route going straight from there toward Bangurel. First impacts hit the Floating Cities and caused great damage. The pirates sent out 2,000 battleships to draw the fighting away from their cities. They were successful in this and Bangurel could breathe a sigh of relief. The pirates were decimated at an incredible rate, losing many hundreds of starships, but pushing the battlefield away from the floating cities and Bangurel.

Pan had been sleeping in the base for 4 days. He had placed the Space Corps fighter gliders on constant standby out in orbit, and he was sure his people could not detect Halfgard. He had already manipulated the software of the observation systems 8 years ago so that Halfgard could not be detected by the satellites or the fighter gliders. The fighter gliders stayed on the side of the planet where the battlefield was far out and watched the action from a distance. Pan was nevertheless highly alarmed, for one of the fighting ships had decloaked and was clearly visible on the screens. It was drifting with lurching movements directly toward Bangurel. Pan calculated and checked the result three times, but the damaged starship would crash directly into Halfgard! No Half would survive the impact, no living thing on the planet would survive that impact. He had a single plan, a single attempt. But he had to dare it.

He flew a swarm of 30 fighter gliders directly toward the damaged ship. Pan saw at first glance that it was a ship of the Xtulhuxine, the

Whites. He broadcast on all channels, but no one answered. There were only three hours left before the impact that would endanger the whole planet. Like a comet, it would strike and destroy all life. He had given orders for all the fighter gliders to fire what they could when the damaged ship came within 50,000 kilometers of the planet. They had to shoot the spaceship to dust to save the planet. Literally to dust to prevent any impact. He had to dare to do it, even if it was life-threatening. He knew from the Valurian encounter with the Whites that they had made themselves understood with drawings. He broadcast on all channels an animated picture of the spaceship heading for the planet. A few small spacecraft slid under the spaceship, piggybacked it, and gently brought it in for a landing. After the third repetition, he suddenly received a picture, the spaceship was depicted with red spots. They were exactly those spots that he also had in his mind. He sent the image, this time with yellow and blue spots and received it again, the red spots blinking. He took that as the Okay.

Never before had there been such a maneuver, but he completed it as if he did it every day. He very carefully moved his swarm into position space glider by space glider, they bumped into the spacecraft and pressed steel against steel. He was successful with this and stopped the spin. He kept in contact with his pilots and said he would take the spaceship to the exact spot where the Zulu spaceship had crashed years ago. He slowed the flight at the right time, and the pilots cleared the entry lane and chased away all civilian traffic. The protests will be dealt with later, he said.

He had ordered 8 rescue gliders there. At 150 meters above the ground, he had them fire their harpoons, powerful steel cables held the alien craft in suspension. His swarm moved to safety and the rescue gliders lowered the unknown spacecraft to the ground on the steel cables. The maneuver was successful, the pilots screamed in confusion and only now he realized that he was completely sweaty. He left his couch and staggered to the nearest fruit juice dispenser. He drank until it gurgled in his stomach. Then he sat down by the big screen and watched the reception of the rescued crew.

Armed crew gliders with hundreds of infantrymen surrounded the ill-fated craft. After 5 minutes of waiting, a squad of infantrymen walked onto the craft and pointed their weapons at what was thought to be a door. Slowly, a hatch opened quite a ways away. Tentatively, a small white figure came out, barely 80 centimeters tall. Then more came out, in the end there were 17 Xtulhuxine waiting high up on a platform. As the commander ordered the infantrymen back, a spiral band appeared next to the whites, who came down to the ground in single file on the band. The infantrymen formed a trellis and the Whites climbed into a team glider.

Pan, following this closely, immediately contacted his partners in Valuria, they would be there in 5 hours, including those who had already met up with the Whites. Most of the pilots were keeping watch far out in orbit, the battlefield was moving away from the planet at breakneck speed. Fyy was informed about everything, their conversation lasted less than 2 seconds.

Pan went to the officers mess for a real steak, the first decent meal after 5 days. He and Ben were surrounded by officers who wanted to know all the details of the hussar. Ben had commanded the pilots who were standing by in case of emergency. The officers, who revered Pan anyway because of his special skills, all understood that this complex maneuver had gone well in part because he had done it all by himself and it did not require coordination with others. Pan insisted, however, that a well-coordinated group of telepaths could have done it as well. They would practice such maneuvers in the future, Pan said, grinning as some of the lazier officers rolled their eyes.

Pan spent the night at home with Fyy and Binara, but flew into the base at sunrise. They had placed the 3 males and 14 females in a large empty warehouse, couches and benches had been set up there and plenty of cameras had been installed. The whites did not speak, presumably they did not understand Interlingua and responded only to a few hand signals. They were shown how to drink water, but only one sniffed it. They did not drink. It was the same with food, they did not eat. One of the guards pissed in the bucket in the corner, they un-

derstood. They put a chair in front of the bucket, climbed up and peed in it.

The research team had arrived from Valuria, the two-meter guys were wearing very cumbersome breathing apparatus. They were gawked at, they had snow white skin and snow white hair adorned with colorful strands and jewels woven into them. They all wore robes of exquisite fabrics and beautifully decorated gold bands set into their skulls. The soldiers gawked at the two huge female explorers who wore their breasts bare and whose large teats had been shaped like small penises. They were the shit. Pan, of course, had gawked at the breasts and teats of Valurian women on previous occasions and knew that these teats had been sculpted with cosmetic surgery. Still, they were a real looker.

The Valurians knew they could communicate with the Xtulhuxine by means of drawing boards. They drew containers and one of the White Girls completed the drawing. Containers for drinks and for the paste they ate. She made a diagram of the spaceship and where to find the containers. These arrived 2 hours later and they drank, ate and peed. She drew their space and the grids, then a hanging of cloth. They were brought sheets of cloth, which the whites used to put up a screen. The whites obviously knew the Valurians and communicated with them through drawings.

Their home was several planets in the Eridanus-system, where they primarily manufactured technology for friendly races. The planets had been attacked by a distant race, that was the battle. The enemies looked a bit reptilian, neither Valurians nor Bangurelians had ever met them. The whites communicated only telepathically with each other and with drawings with others. The Bangurelian telepaths could not communicate with them, their thought world was completely different. Pan was very disappointed, for he too saw only white noise.

The visual protection was crucial for the whites to behave uninhibitedly. The females usually masturbated before fucking, pressing the end of the cock with their feet until the end formed into a stiff penis, which they then grabbed with their feet and brutally fucked them-

selves with. The three males fucked all the females side by side, taking only a two minute break before fucking the next female. The females tore their mouths wide open at the end, which the Valurians judged to be a sign of orgasm. The footage of the masturbating and fucking was all the rage in the media for some time. The world had never seen anything like it!

Exactly 20 days after the crash landing, the Xtulhuxine had disappeared, all 17 of them. Where to and why, no one knew. The cameras recorded nothing. One moment they were there, the next moment they were gone. The Valurians suspected that they had been taken away by their people. That it could just as well be their enemies, nobody wanted to say out loud. The Valurians said goodbye and wanted to send some specialists to investigate the stranded spaceship. The Bangurelians had already examined the first crashed spaceship and had not been able to understand anything about the technology. A chapter of encountering a related species that was virtually impossible to get close to was over.

Pan visited Dara only after several weeks and explained to her the situation he had feared for Halfgard. That he had to keep the damaged White spaceship away from the city without revealing Halfgard's existence. He brought Dara records of the mission and the Whites, which she looked at very carefully. She had never heard of them before. She said it was very interesting that the White females only fucked in the position like humans, lying on their backs. She found it equally exciting that the females used the end of their tails like a dildo to masturbate. She also found it very interesting that the females used their penis-shaped tail end to fuck other females after the latter had just returned from fucking the male. This happened very frequently. Dara saw Valurians for the first time, which she knew only from reports and stories. He left the videoplayer with Dara and promised to bring recordings about the pirate battle as well as about the Valurians on the next visit, because the sexuality of the Valurians was also quite interesting.

He had the antelope hunters lead him to the Antelope Desert, where his friend Fin was buried. Dara had appointed Fin to the council because she listened carefully to Pan. Fin was councilor for two

years and died when he turned 50. Pan placed a uniform button on Fin's grave, as was customary among military men. He would miss his friend.

Binara was at the end of her 4th year, given the lieutenant's stars and assigned to a development group to improve the long-range radars' foresight. At 19, she was a big sister to the maidens of the Gonnies who came to Father. She prepared the girls for deflowering and explained everything to them. She showed the girls what it was like to be fucked lying on their backs, because father deflowered everyone in that position. If the girl was docile, she would fuck her clit to clit so that she could practice being fucked on her back with her. Pan liked to watch them because it was very arousing.

He was rarely invited to Lan anymore, but he kept up with the dominatrix and got to know many of her secrets. All the more often he went to Jana, who seemed to have forced her husband to agree. Her vagina had become tight again like a virgin and she knew she had to fuck him like a virgin. By now she had honed her technique a lot and designed the fucking to be so frivolous, obscene or filthy that it was a wonderful experience for Pan every time. She tied him up without binding him and enjoyed it very much that he came to fuck her four times a week. He looked into her mind and saw that he was the only one she fucked. She gave blowjobs to especially persistent boys to keep them inclined to her. They were welcome to feel her breasts and pussy, and she spread her legs wide if someone wanted to masturbate her or squirt on her cleft while masturbating but no one was allowed to fuck her.

When Binara worked in the evenings and at night, she did like Conara. She masturbated sliding on the man's cock and fucked him after her orgasm so he could squirt. She fucked most of them to squirt again later when they had recovered. She made no secret of the fact that this was not fucking for her. By her definition, she only fucked with Pan. She only did it with work colleagues she knew well: never again was she raped.

Binara's mother was in Conara's clinic for 4 days, but she had leukemia in the last stage and went home, because she wanted to die

at home. Fyy called Binara at work, saying the mother only had a few hours left. Binara came and sat next to her in the hut until she died. The Gonnies were the only people who believed that the soul or spirit lived on in a paradisiacal land, in eternal happiness, if one had not done anything bad in life. The Gonnies had a small cemetery behind the palace where Binara's mother was buried. Pan accompanied Binara to the funeral and held her hand. He had had very little to do with her mother after she entrusted Binara to him when she was 8 years old. He had a clear conscience toward her, as he had really taken very good care of Binara. Binara later told him that she felt pity because her mother had to die at the age of 35, 20 or 30 years too early. However, she did not feel deep sorrow because her mother had been very much looking forward to the paradise land.

Pan spent the next evening with the dominatrix, who gave him not only more information about the government work of dominas, but a wonderful dinner and the "and so on", which he enjoyed very much. The following afternoon he fucked Jana in her marital bed and she once again managed to outshine the filthiest virgin on the planet. She made him squirt three times and grinned widely because it almost worked a fourth time. The 7 year old little daughter had just come into the room and waited a moment for mommy to take Pan's cock out of her mouth. "The dad wanted to know when they were finally done fucking, because you could hear everything through the walls." the little girl said. He wasn't sure if the 7 year old knew what she was talking about. But the knowing look on the girl's face said it all, she had been spying on them for some time.

Jana he hardly visited and then stayed away completely, because she had become too slutty for him. She had given up her chastity and lived out her inflamed sexuality to the full. After a few months she was the hottest private hooker in town. She had left her husband, daughters, house and jewelry store after a bitter quarrel and lived in a posh apartment in the center of town, fucking earned her a lot of money. The three daughters had finally pushed their unloved mother out of the house and now had their father all to themselves. Her husband lay naked in the marriage bed with the three naked daughters and he loved to play with them sexually, cuddling and arousing their sexuality. The naked girls cuddled and wrestled with the naked father

and rubbed their bodies against his as they had seen mom do. The 11 year old girls rubbed against him tirelessly and always managed to get his cock erect. He masturbated the girls until just before orgasm and they were allowed to rub their erect clits against his cock until it flashed and thundered in their crevices and clits. Mostly the other two grabbed the legs of the girl he was masturbating and pulled her legs really wide apart. They pressed very hard against it when it flashed and thundered in the girl's cleft and clit and she wanted to slam her legs together in orgasm. It took a very long time before he could squirt regularly again. The girls had by now turned 12 and were shrieking in victory, sliding their clits over his cock until he squirted. His broken cock seemed to have recovered and the 12 year olds took him in their mouths like mom. They quickly learned to make him squirt in their mouths with tongue play. The other two shrieked with pleasure when he squirted in the girl's mouth. They made pleased slurping noises until she swallowed all the semen. They had turned 12, the little breasts were budding sweetly and a delicate fuzz was visible over the slit. Like mom, they wanted to fuck him properly and pushed dad tirelessly. He enjoyed their shrill begging for a long time, then deflowered his daughters, one after the other. He didn't think for a second that they were too young to fuck. He fucked them, a different one every day. Finally, finally, he was a real man again, able to fuck and squirt like before. And the girls wanted to be fucked, goddammit!

Pan dreaded a little when Jana told him, because the girls of the humans were not allowed to be fucked regularly until they were 16. He wanted to know exactly and penetrated the mind of the girls. But everything Jana had told him was true. The girls had often watched Jana and him fucking and were now hot to fuck themselves. Pan read their memories for hours and found many horny and exciting scenes. He immediately made a firm resolution to fuck the triplets.

Blackmailing the father into acquiescence was a piece of cake, he was just as guilty of child abuse as Pan. He had, after all, fucked a daughter many times, Fyy calling his attention to it each time with a sneer, for in his youth he had fucked mostly the young married women for hours and impregnated almost all of them. Often he had fucked the young girls shortly before the wedding hour after hour,

and poor Fyy had to stop him, when the young lady was impregnated before the husband has made his first shot. Pan was clear that it was child abuse and a punishable crime, but it was incredibly tempting to fuck the 12-year-olds.

The girls shrieked with pleasure the first time he lay with them. The perverse pleasure was right up Pan's alley and for many weeks he came to fuck them daily. The girls' insanely tight vaginas, the ease with which they orgasmed, and their obscene greed to be fucked by him made up much of the magic. At first he fucked all three girls in a row, but soon he fucked only one, but for so long that she was completely exhausted. She orgasmed and now he grabbed her little ass cheeks with his paws. He pulled her ass cheeks high and very far apart and her vagina opened like a ripe fruit. He penetrated very deeply and the tip of his glans forced the cervix apart a tiny bit. He heard her sounds of pain and squirted it all in. Of course, he didn't know if he was really squirting through the cervix into the womb, but he was squirting wildly and in solid jets. Jana's daughters were no longer innocent children, they desperately wanted to fuck like the big ones, for that they went along with every perversion and every action, no matter how shameful. They were well on their way to becoming whores like their mother.

Pan had 4 days off duty and flew to Halfgard.

# Epilog

by Jack Faber © 2023

Pan sat in his favorite seat.

The rocky outcrop had, of course, caught his eye on his first trips to Halfgard. Since Ireneia stopped flying with him, he had explored the place. It was only visible when approaching from the north. In the middle of the dense jungle, the rock jutted out like an index finger over the 60-meter drop. Since then, he always stopped on the way back, be it just for a cigarette break or an overnight stay. Here the night was special, the really black sky and the intoxicating amount of stars often tempted him to spend the night under the open sky.

Now he sat on the rocky outcrop, his gaze wandering over the green jungle that stretched for many miles beneath his feet to the horizon. The dawning evening was conducive to remembering that tomorrow was his birthday, the 40th. Conara and Binara would prepare the seafood menu as early as late afternoon. He had bought himself a Set of new gold-plated uniform buttons, because some friends had died or fallen and he had cut off a button each time and placed it on the grave. He put one on Ireneia's grave when he accompanied Pozzebon to the funeral. Her heart had stopped after fucking, Pozzebon said, in the middle of orgasm. A beautiful death, Pan thought.

The God Death had taken many with him. Binara's mother. He had taken her to his bed when she was 12 and deflowered her. She was a very sweet, fuckable and affectionate girl. She lay with him day in and day out for two years and had gotten pregnant. She kept coming to his bed during the pregnancy and in the following years, and Binara was his youngest child, who was pretty, lovely and very smart. Just as he had already taught Conara himself and sparked her interest in the books in his library, he taught Binara from the time she was 4. She liked to play with her peers and even more to sit in the library and read. He was home from late afternoon as often as he

could and answered all her questions. Her mother came late in the evening, went to the bathroom and awaited her daughter and father in bed. Binara watched them fuck quietly and attentively, then snuggled up to him. At 6 or 7, she learned to masturbate and it was unmistakable that she had really proper fire in her ass. Her mother moved in with some gonnie men and rarely came to his bed. Binara stayed with him, that's what they all three wanted. Her mother was sure that the Master would support Binara in everything in the best way.

Binara's mother had died of leukemia the previous year; she was only 35. That was the first time he consciously thought about death. His ancestors, the d'Aubonvilles, had always lived to a ripe old age over the centuries. They had mostly died in their 90s, which was quite old even then. Of course, the d'Aubonvilles had always been warriors or rulers. The d'Aubonvilles also died earlier sometimes, they fell in battle or were assassinated. He himself thought that he would fall in battle, but the telepaths nowadays never died in battle. He was much more likely to live past 90 and pass away peacefully. A shiver ran down his spine. Conara and Binara would surely die before him, hardly any Half lived past 50.

Fyy would outlive them all, she had been created 60 years ago as a 16 year old girl, she was a unique android and would not pass away until there was no more power. She was his loyal companion, committed to serve him until his death, be it as a lover, a detective, researcher, monitor of all channels and people. She was certainly the smartest person in his world, she thought and felt like a human being and could think her way into all situations. She was a telepath and also mastered black, forbidden magic, telekinesis and teleportation. Above all, she had been his most devoted lover for 25 years, with her 16-year-old body and 60 years of experience in sex, she lay always in his arms when he needed her.

His dominatrix had been the victim of an assassination attempt last year and nearly died. Her companions had been uninjured in the crash of the rigged glider, but Lan's right arm had been severed. She received an artificial arm at the Pontifical Academy, which worked very well. If you didn't know, you didn't realize it was just an intelli-

gent prosthesis. Lan lamented to him that she could no longer masturbate with the arm, she had tried again and again with increasing desperation, but she had no feedback from her arm, hand and fingers. For a while a servant had to do it, but she very soon got two or three well equipped gonnie men in bed, because that was the only way she could get the daily orgasms. She was no longer in love with him, but she called him over every few weeks. He gave her as many orgasms as he could and she kept him up to date on government business. He was quite sure by now that she was no longer spying on him. She was about the same age as he was, but her ancestors had mostly died young, hardly anyone lived to 50. He had talked to her about it after the assassination attempt and she was sure she would die before 50 too like her ancestors. But she really wanted to die naturally. She had sought out the string-puller of the assassination in the dungeon after the trial, strangled him herself with her strong prosthesis, and hung the body from the grate, a classic suicide.

Pan stretched out on the moss. His gaze slid over the stars, searching for the mythical figures he knew from astronomy class. The fleeing nymph pursued by the buck-footed faun. The star Uzgurani, the brightest star that shone bright white in the glans of the faun. This was the allegorical representation of the planet's society: the men ran after the girls with erect cocks. The faun's cock pointed directly at the pubic mist that covered the nymph's cleft. Pan groped in his pocket for the golden cunt of Lia. Every day he touched this golden gem, he knew all the details of Lia's cunt. He had fucked Lia only three times in this year, and 20 times the year before. She fucked by far the best of the human women he knew. She had somehow slipped away from him; she had fallen completely for her Odo. She had agreed to Ben selling the two Tali girls. She hardly ever let the black girls fuck her anymore, and Ben didn't find fucking the Tali girls very exciting anyway.

Pan had been attending the funerals of the gonnies more and more often and in return the respect of the little people for their master increased. The number of his gonnies increased very slowly, there were currently about 42, which was 12 more than when Master Guo died 20 years ago. They managed his household perfectly, all the rooms shone with cleanliness and his cooks and chefs were the best

far and wide. And they passed on their knowledge from generation to generation. His gonnie chefs were often borrowed from neighbors when something special needed to be cooked. Pan almost never sat around their campfire, but he treated the little people very well, friendly and helpful. He sent them to Conara when they were sick and paid the expenses. Almost no one did that except him. Likewise, his gonnies could buy whatever they wanted from plantations and grocers. No one else allowed that.

He still took young gonnie girls into his bed, he really liked fucking the fiery young girls. The gonnie girls knew much better than the human women how and when the master needed an orgasm. Binara was the last girl he had conceived with the gonnie women. However, he had fathered many halfboys with the gonnie girls. He taught these sons to read, write, and do arithmetic; they were allowed to read anything to further their education. But none of the sons grew on him the way Conara and Binara did. They grew up with their gonnie families and when they were old enough, he placed them with plantation owners who treated them decently. They had learned to fuck from the gonnies and were most welcome by the women and girls in the plantations. Long ago, Fyy was the only one who knew exactly who and where his Half-sons were.

Once Chief Engineer Tinan gave him a huge cannon complete with special aiming device, it would be better than anything the Bangurelians currently had. The aiming device was a real marvel, Tinan pointed out. He gave the commander the technical drawings and design specifications, and the military could replicate the super cannon. Tinan said that unfortunately there was no one like Wengin, but he was very sure that his people could do better than the military engineers. He had shown the cannon to the general and collected 20,000 credits, which he gave to Conara and Binara. Binara had examined the new aiming device and raved about it. He spoke to Tinan and congratulated him.

Pan had been lying with Dara once a month for years now, but she was still girlishly in love with him, she could fuck just divinely and there was no reason at all to put virgins in his bed. Dara had maybe 12 or 13 years left to live. She had already decided on a successor, it

was young Phi, who was at the end of her law studies and now rode with the older judges to learn the practice. He knew Phi, Budicca had given her to him when she was 13 and he had deflowered and fucked the lovely, fuck happy, very fuckable and bright girl. He only saw her again now, as a pretty and relatively tall woman in her early 20's. Dara had once asked if he wanted to fuck Phi tonight, because Phi was quite addicted to fucking and had already asked if the Commander could be fucked, but he had shaken his head. Maybe if she were Queen some day, he said with embarrassment. Dara didn't like to think about her own dying; she had completed all the formalities. The successor had been chosen, the funeral arranged. She also wanted to be burned at the stake and leave her ashes to the wind. He had said to her after a council meeting that the lion clan would murder her one day, but she looked at him with flashing eyes and showed him her fist. She was still capable of punching them on the nose, goddammit!

He stretched out on the moss, gazed at the stars for a while longer, and closed his eyes. It was time to sleep, tomorrow bright and early he would fly home. Jana's horny daughters danced frivolously in front of his eyes with their legs obscenely spread and tugged madly at their clits.

It was his 40th birthday.