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Horny
Old Buck



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Ass fucking with Eva

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Eva had lived in the convent of the Sisters of Saint James since she was 8 years old. When she was 47, the convent went bankrupt. Most nuns found accommodation in other convents, some were unemployable like Eva. She had no education, had never attended school and was solely responsible for the large herb garden all her life. She helped the other sisters in the vegetable garden because she was a kind hearted person. All plants loved her because she talked to them or sang songs to them. The nuns loved her less. They thought Eva was stupid and somehow they were right, she had no idea about life outside the monastery walls, she had never left the monastery and never attended school. When she was 15, one of the few friendly nurses explained to her how to use the sanitary napkins for her monthly bleeding.

She had taught herself to read and knew the Bible almost by heart. She read many of the religious scriptures and she had wonderful, beautiful feelings when she was allowed to read for an hour in the evening. She ignored the loose activity of the other nuns, who were often visited by monks and priests. Eva was so inconspicuous and not pretty that none of the monks or priests even looked at her, not a single unchaste glance was directed at her.

At 10, she accidentally discovered lying naked on her belly under the covers, that pressing a hand over her privates after bedtime, and riding her clit on the hand relieved the pressing feelings in her abdomen. She would smile easily if she thrust the clit on her hand long enough. She did it every night until she was 47.

An old suburban priest took her in, he had put her up in an old two-room apartment in his parish, and his ancient housekeeper was hired to teach her the necessities of life. Grumbling and nagging, she taught Eva how to shop and cook. Eva went shopping and had to shop on credit because in the beginning she couldn't do math or handle money. The parish office paid the bills. Eva was self-employed af-

ter a month, read an old cookbook and prepared breakfast, lunch&d; and dinner based on recipes from the cookbook. The pastor visited her on a Sunday at noon and tasted her meatballs, they were delicious. The pastor didn't come for that, he wanted to accommodate a distant relative for a few weeks or months. Eva shrugged her shoulders when the pastor wanted it. The boy was 17 and had to finish his school year in this village. He sleeps in the second room and you only have to cook for him, nothing else. Eva nodded, the priest would have a bed and furniture brought for the empty room. And of course the pastor would also send her some religious books, which she could read whenever she wanted, now she had to organize her time herself. — Little did they know at that time that the boy would stay with her for years while he was studying at university and that he would help Eva get a formal education.

So it happened, a few days later Alfi, whose name was Alfred, and who was a pretty savvy 17-year-old, came. He grasped the situation quickly, Eva hardly ever spoke and was very compliant, docile and obedient . He went to school, studied until dinnertime, and showered every night. He watched her for a few days and his devious plan began to take shape. He had opened the door a crack and was watching her. She lay naked on her belly, one hand between her legs, and quickly bumped the hand with her clit. He watched it for a few days and his plan was set. He trembled with excitement and lust.

In the evening he waited until she rode her hand, moaning loudly, and called Eva from the shower to come right away! Eva, who rode her clit naked as she did every evening, jumped out of bed and put on a house dress. She ran into the bathroom what he needed? He was standing in the bathtub and had lathered himself. He held out the bath sponge and asked her to wash his back. She nodded and started washing his back. Then he turned and stretched out his hands to his sides. She had never seen a man, a naked man, a stiff cock! She stared at the cock. Dogs had one too, but much smaller ones when they jumped the bitches. She had seen it sometimes, but thought nothing of it. Alfi ordered her to keep washing him, everywhere. She nodded that she was happy to do that and washed his chest, belly, arms and legs.

“That one too?” she asked holding his cock and he nodded, yes of course, wash and rub the cock very hard! Eva nodded that she would like to do that. He grabbed her smock, which was already soaked through. “You can take off that wet one!” he commanded and took off her smock. She stood before him completely innocently naked, without the slightest shame. He showed her how to wash and rub the cock. She nodded. She picked up the bath sponge and cleaned the hard-on and he said to keep rubbing and she obeyed, rubbing and wheezing eagerly. After a few minutes he squirted, she hesitated for a moment and continued rubbing diligently, wiping the semen away with the bath sponge. Alfi nodded, that’s enough now, thank you! She should sit on the stool, he said and looked at her body after sitting on the stool.

She was slim, not an ounce of fat. Her breasts were tiny and had stiff teats, she had long smooth limbs and a small ass. Her pubes were overgrown with a dense bush. He asked her if she didn’t cut her pubic hair? She shook her head, “yes? you have to?” Alfi laughed, “Of course! I shave them too!” She stared at his stiffy, he really was clean-shaven all over. “Would you like me to cut them for you?” he asked and got out the beard clippers. She nodded and he knelt in front of her. You should lean back a little, spread your legs and pull apart the skin under your pubic hair with your hands. Eva obeyed eagerly and Alfi shaved off her pubic hair neatly.

He ran the machine and looked at her cunt. He spread her labia with his fingers and looked at her clit, it was medium sized and straight. It was a beautiful clit, apparently without a foreskin and protruding from the flesh the size of a fingernail. He opened her vaginal opening with his fingers and had to look twice. And swallow hard.

Eva had a hymen!

He let go of her cunt, turned off the trimmer and placed his hand on her thigh. He asked whether she had never slept with a man and she shook her head, no, she had lived in a convent all her life. There weren’t any men lying down with the women, she said thoughtfully, because sometimes she herself doubted whether it was true, said

Eva. Very often the fathers and the monks disappeared into the bowers with the nuns. She has never seen a man like this before, he is the first man she has seen without clothes. Naked. The stiff cock. It was very exciting to see the cock and touch it while washing. She asked if she had properly picked up and washed the cock, because it had suddenly squirted out in the middle? He nodded and said she did everything right and very finely! And that squirting, that was quite normal, a man had to squirt every evening, once or twice. Would she do it again tomorrow? She asked if she should make it squirt again? Alfi nodded so that his head almost fell off. One or two times? she asked and he said at least twice or even three times if possible. All right, she said, if that's how you want it!

“Have you never wanted a man to stick his cock inside you?” Eva shook her head, no, then stopped short. “Like the dogs?” she asked suspiciously and related what she had observed at the time. He nodded, yes exactly. She looked at him searchingly. Alfi said people did it too, like dogs, because their sex felt the urge to do it. Eva thought for a long time. “It's very easy for me, the urge in the sex, I do it completely without a man” she said and he looked at her questioningly. She thought about it, then she said she could show him, she did it every night before she went to sleep.

He followed her into the room and she lay face down on the bed. She began to whet her hand and ride as usual. He stopped her after a short time, he could show her something better. She obediently lay on her back and spread her legs as he said. He moistened her stiff clit and masturbated it, he had learned that from his girlfriends. Eva experienced her first clitoral orgasm and beamed. But that was great! she said. It was much stronger than pinching and poking her hand.

The next day she sat with the young vicar in the courtyard for two hours and asked him about the 6th commandment, she had to know exactly what was sinful and what wasn't. When a man rubs himself to squirt or when a woman rubs her finger to climax, that's a sin. She asked in detail and the vicar explained to her that if a woman rubs her clit with her finger but she is not allowed to rub herself, that would be a sin, the vicar said. Eva understood that Alfi's great new method was a sin. He didn't know whether a woman was allowed to

hit herself lying on her belly, he didn't understand her question and said without thinking that that was fine. And then with the dogs. She had to explain it to him, but he understood her question immediately. All married people fuck and have intercourse, it was legitimate and God-ordained. But if they weren't married to each other, then it was a sin. That was the main idea of the 6th commandment. "Do you already...?" he asked and she answered no, never! He babbled on about fucking for a quarter of an hour, knowing well that a lot of unmarried people did it, but married people also fucked with someone other than the husband or wife. This is the most common of all sins. Even young students threw away their virginity as if it were a nuisance. People fucked like pigs, even the old pastor fucked his old housemaid... Apparently Eva hadn't noticed his mistake and he immediately changed the subject. The vow, the virgin bride of Christ, and that she must not fuck under any circumstances, not without marrying, not even out of curiosity...! The devil was damn clever and took advantage of people's curiosity, and... and... — Eva almost fell asleep with his unclear ramblings.

Alfi had brought a book from the school library and read it to her. Masturbating was normal, natural and healthy for both girls and boys. That's what it said in black and white. But it was a sin, Eva objected, so she couldn't masturbate the way he had shown her. She had to do it like she had for the last 35 years, lying on her belly with her clit bumping her knuckles, if she did it like that it wasn't a sin. And he's no longer allowed to rub himself to squirt, that's a sin! She promised to make him squirt with the bath sponge as often as was necessary. That wasn't a sin. Alfi did not agree with this exegesis, but he shrugged his shoulders indifferently. She would rub him, and that was okay. She wouldn't masturbate the new way, she would masturbate the old way, that was okay too. And fucking like dogs wasn't an option either, which was a shame, but he wasn't going to do it against her will. He could put up with that. She told him what the vicar had said about fucking and he laughed out loud when she reported that even his great-uncle, the vicar, was fucking his hoary old housemaid. He, Alfi, was not a believer and no longer goes to church because they only want to make him feel bad about masturbating and fucking. She questioned him about his masturbating and fucking all evening. She trembled with excitement when he talked about the

couple of married women and the couple of classmates, there were only five. She envies him, she said, because he doesn't have a bad conscience about it. They also discussed the nuns who went to their sleeping quarters with the little monks. She was completely confused when he said, laughing, that you don't need two people to go to the bedchamber to pray! The monks and nuns went in to fuck, he was sure.

This is how it went for the next few days, she sat on the stool and rubbed it first with the bath sponge and then with her hand, just as he had shown her. She laughed when he told her to squirt on her breasts and grinned as she directed his stream of semen onto her breasts. She rubbed it on her breasts and her teats grew hard and stiff. He put his hands on her shoulders and squirted on her breasts. She rubbed the semen on her teats and whispered that she found it very exciting. It was so exciting, she said, that even her teats had gotten really tight and hard from being rubbed and squirted on, and her clit was urging hard! She rubbed her breasts and squeezed, squeezed and plucked at her stiff teats. "It upset me a lot," she said, "it's pinching me down there!" He smiled understandingly and stroked her breasts and teats. "Come on, do me again," he said, stretching his cock.

She rubbed it, being careful not to splash it on her face. It had happened a few times initially and he said he only wanted to squirt on her lips or between her lips, not in her face. "I was clumsy myself," she laughed, embarrassed, "I have to be more careful!" She didn't mind splashing on her lips at all, and when it happened she made a face into one mischievous laughter so that it spurted between her lips. He would tease her teats if she curled her lips all the way around the glans, he offered and she did it, because she was very keen on him working her teats. She cupped her lips around his entire head and when he squirted, she let the semen run out of the corners of her mouth with a smile. Getting braver every day, she took the whole glans in her mouth and enjoyed how exciting and horny his play with her teats was, he was very good at that and she enjoyed the storm it ignited in her cunt.

Every night for the following weeks and months, she rubbed his cock in her mouth with the head of his penis and let him squirt inside. "It tickles my tongue and mouth so fine when you squirt," she murmured, "and my teats like what you're doing to them!" She let the semen run out of the corners of her mouth and swallowed the rest, grinning. Alfi was happy with this development and did his part as best he could. He played with her teats until they were hard and stiff, twirling, squeezing, and squeezing them the whole time. She once told him that squeezing her teats almost made her orgasm.

She happily and conscientiously masturbated him two or three times to squirt in her mouth, depending on how horny his teat play got her. As soon as the storm raged in her cunt, she quickly lay naked on her belly to ride her hand. She didn't rub her clit with her finger, but her clit rode her knuckle, which wasn't sinful. Alfi sat cross-legged at the foot end night after night and watched as she thrust her clit onto the knuckle of her fist to orgasm. She was lying on her belly with her legs spread as wide as possible. Her round butt rose and fell, thrusting down from above and driving the clit to her knuckles. Her ass, small and spherical, was moving up and down rapidly, arousing him greatly. It was just great how her ass cheeks and asshole widened in the upward movement and were compressed again when thrust. When the orgasm came, she clenched her ass cheeks tightly and rode her clit on her hand at a fast pace.

The whole act just looked awesome and of course he got an erection. If he could lie on her back, he whispered and she stopped. "No, not like the dogs fuck!" she said anxiously. He won't fuck her like dogs, he assured her, he'll just rub his cock in her butt fold, that's okay, isn't it? She thought and nodded. He lay down on her and pushed his cock into her butt fold. She was calmed and pushed again. He matched her beat and banged along with her tempo. Eva loved it because he thrust at the right pace and gave the clit extra momentum. Alfi squirted all over her labia and kept thrusting unabated until she orgasmed. He continued to fuck her bottom fold for quite a long time until he squirted too. His semen squirted all over her ass and labia and she wiped it away with her hand. They hugged and cuddled, it was a nice experience for both of them. They talked about it for a long time and Eva was very happy that neither of them had

sinned. She found the sharpening and squirting in her bottom fold and on her labia ok, he could do that.

Alfi only let himself be rubbed once after the shower to squirt and squirted between her lips into her mouth, he saved the rest for fucking in her butt fold. He laid on her butt and they fucked like before. When he squirted all over her labia for the first time, she was far from finished. His cock was only softer for a few moments, but he wanted one more time. He pressed her buttocks together over his cock, creating a tunnel. Now he continued to fuck in this tunnel at her pace and only squirted all over her labia long after she had had the orgasm. Again they talked about it for a long time. Eva was grateful that he didn't fuck her, she definitely didn't want that. She didn't mind at all that the semen squirted all over her clit, her labia and her fist. She found it rather funny and giggled that was okay.

She was a bit puzzled why he wanted to squirt on her labia but it was okay she said giggling and grinning. If it meant something to him, he was welcome to squirt on her labia, that was okay. He pressed his cock against her vaginal opening when he squirted. Very carefully, of course, because he didn't want to tear her hymen or fuck her, that was a deal. She giggled every time he squirted on her pussy lips and stroked his cock gently until he finished squirting.

He still needed a kick. He had examined her asshole very carefully, it was bigger and softer than the assholes of the boys he used to fuck in the asshole. She wondered if the vicar had said anything about it when Alfi addressed it. No, she decided, the vicar hadn't said anything about it. The vicar would certainly have said something if it were a sin. So she agreed that they should try next time. Night after night he prepared her for it, while fucking in the tunnel between her buttocks he put a finger in Eva's ass and fucked her with his finger. The finger banging in the ass got her going quickly, she obviously liked it a lot. He assured her that ass fucking wouldn't hurt at all, he would use lots of spit and widen her asshole with his finger beforehand, that's how you do it.

He had to tell her how he knew all this and she laughed out loud and vulgarly when he said that he and the other boys fucked each

other in the ass until they later did it with girls. Red-eared, he had to explain that his first two girls were actually married women, friends who let him fuck them during the day. They agreed which was the turn and the two girlfriends taught him all about fucking. This affair lasted 8 months.

Eva questioned him about every detail and got terribly horny during these conversations. She pressed her hand to the clit, asked everything twice and three times and wanted to know exactly how women did it with him and how they could hide it from their husbands. She said thoughtfully that the women surely knew that they sinned very badly. Alfi shrugged, saying that the question of whether it was a sin had never been important to him. She was very concerned about the matter and kept questioning him. He described the women's bodies and genitals as best he could. The more detailed he described the genitals, the hotter became Eva, terribly horny. She pressed her hand to the clit while hanging on his lips.

He also had to tell her how things had gone with the three girls from school. No, they weren't virgins and would fuck anyone who crossed their path without much love fuss. They were completely harmless love affairs that lasted less than a week. It wasn't romantic fucking either, mostly hidden somewhere and squirting hastily, that's all there was to it. Yes, he fucked the girls several times a day and no, he was never in love, just greedy and horny to squirt in the girls as often as he could.

He really had to poke Eva's asshole with his finger for a long time until she wasn't cramped anymore. Very gently he entered her asshole and fucked very slowly until they were both at the same pace. He could tell from her breathing that she was enjoying it. She passively rested her clit on her fist and let him push her. He squirted twice in her asshole and it wasn't until the third round that she squirted. He continued to fuck her for a long time and squirted inside for the third time. Then they hugged, it was very satisfying for both of them. "It's like fucking!" he said. Her eyes widened. "Fuck?" she wondered, "fuck like dogs?" "No," he laughed, "I'm not fucking in your vagina, that would be real fucking!" She breathed a sigh of relief. No, she didn't really want to fuck, that would be a great sin.

For the next few days and the next few weeks they did it like this. She only had to masturbate him once in the shower. She now took the whole glans in her mouth, masturbated it in her mouth and let the semen run out of the corners of her mouth. But the squirting went much better with ass fucking. She enjoyed it very much, because if she let herself be fucked passively, she would have her orgasm regularly. He pulled his cock out of her ass to squirt, pressed it into her vaginal entrance and squirted all the juice into her vagina through the hole in her hymen. The first time she said it felt strange when the warm semen spurted into her vagina. But it's a good feeling, she said thoughtfully.

As careful as he was, the hole in her hymen was getting bigger by the week. He inspected her hymen every weekend when he shaved her pubic area clean. She shrugged, it didn't matter. "You can squirt inside better there," she stated. He said he never wanted to take her virginity, but she said the hymen meant nothing to her. She still didn't want to be fucked "like the dogs," she kept reminding him. He hasn't squirted into her asshole for weeks, to squirt he penetrated her vaginal vestibule and squirted everything into her tight vagina, gently bumping the hole. She liked it a lot and mostly spread her buttocks and labia with both hands so that he could penetrate even easier and deeper.

Weeks later he was able to tip the glans inside, then put the whole glans in and squirt inside. She kept her ass still when he came inside to squirt and widened her eyes when he carefully pushed his head through the hole. She was very ashamed, because in those minutes she rubbed her clit rapidly with her fingertip, the orgasm came within moments. They kept going until he had squirt inside at least three times. So she had at least one orgasm every time he squirted in or when he went back into her asshole to fuck. He was very satisfied because now she dared to rub the clit firmly with a finger and trigger the orgasm. At first there was no more talk of the vicar having declared it a sin. She told him afterwards how nice it was for her at the moment. She had never had three orgasms in a row before.

Weeks later, all Alfi saw was a delicate, thin ring when he inspected her hymen. She said she didn't miss the hymen, you couldn't

do anything with it anyway. He carefully tried to see if his cock went in, it went. But she didn't want it after she went to see the vicar. That would be like the dogs, she said, and suddenly threw everything she had achieved overboard. No, she really wanted to be fucked in the ass again, and no, he should squirt in the ass. Not even penetrate to squirt, no. She was very determined and just wanted it up the ass, everything. She lay flat on her belly and reached back. She spread her buttocks with both hands and he had to penetrate her asshole. Only now did she put a hand flat under her pubic area and put a finger on her clit. She lay there quite passively, he poked and poked, pressing her ass to the clit rubbing his finger. She now reached at least two orgasms when he squirts once. She loved it very much, she told him, that she could now have an orgasm in no time and greedily wanted more and more. After squirting in her asshole, he had to stay calm and wait until she finished masturbating and triggered the orgasm. She was glad and filled with pride at how many times she had brought herself to orgasm. It had become very important for her to have many, many orgasms in a row.

What triggered this change of heart? — Eva had gone back to the vicar, she still had so many questions about sex and sins. The vicar invited them to his private room that afternoon, where they could talk about everything undisturbed. She had thought one step ahead and not put on her panties. It was late summer and she put on her airiest and shortest summer dress. She sat down opposite the spiritual Lord at first and drove him half crazy. She sat down in such a way that the poor fellow had to look down her legs to heaven. She had let Alfi shave her clean and opened her thighs so that he could look into her little hole. She was immediately sure that he was easily seduced. He had to repeat everything about the sins again, she kept asking and asking. He stared incessantly between her thighs and into her little hole, his eyes almost popping out of his head. She kept asking questions, her ass bouncing on the chair and her little hole opening and closing. She asked how the men masturbated, how the women masturbated and how the fucking went. No, she lied, she never had. She got up and sat next to him on the couch.

She'd never seen men do it, she said, placing her hand on the saint's crotch. She felt his strong erection and unobtrusively

squeezed it. She really wanted to see it, she insisted, because only by knowing sin could she avoid it. She stubbornly insisted and unzipped his pants. She must have seen it, she reasoned, pulling out his cock. She was surprised because even when erect he was small, downright tiny compared to Alfi's cock. The cock was maybe as long and a bit thicker than her index finger, the glans was hidden under the foreskin and also small and pointed. And while Alfi's glans protruded from under the foreskin during erection and then protruded quite steeply, the vicar's glans remained covered by the foreskin. She pulled back the foreskin very carefully, looked at the bright red glans very carefully and pretended to be stupid. He flinched when she rubbed her thumb over the glans a couple of times. She asked how the sinful rubbing works, and the puzzled vicar gave a purely theoretical description. Did he do it often, the seductive snake asked, and he admitted, yes, almost every day. She was very pleased and asked him to show her. After much hesitation he said he wanted to show it. He stroked the cock a couple of times and sighed, that's how it goes. He stopped.

She disputed that it hadn't squirt indeed at all, but that she understood well how to do it. She grabbed his cock and pulled the foreskin back all the way over the small glans and he sucked in the air sharply, he hadn't shown her that way! But Eva just kept going, though he moaned and then fell silent. She masturbated him the same way she used to masturbate Alfi. She pulled back the foreskin very tightly and pushed it back over the glans, she masturbated him with increasing speed. She felt his squirt coming and pulled back the foreskin very energetically. He squirted in a high arc, she rubbed him on and on and he squirted out loads of semen, moaning and groaning. She wiped it away with a handkerchief.

She thanked him for seeing it and gradually let go of the little cock. His cock remained semi-rigid, thank goodness. She had to know now how women sinned, that was very, very important to her! The young man was speechless as she turned up her skirt. He stared at her cunt and mumbled he'd never done that before. She urged him, she urged him to show her. The women had described it to him very precisely in the confessional and of course he knew the theory. Hesitantly he touched her cunt and finally found the clit after some

searching. She nodded obediently and let him drive, but he was the most clumsy man in the world. She stopped him after five minutes, it was no use. She stated that his little cock had become burstingly stiff again when he tried to rub her and now vehemently demanded that he still have to show her how to fuck, she had to know how this sin went. His erection almost collapsed in shock. She immediately rubbed his cock and gave him no rest, he had to demonstrate how to fuck, basta! She pulled him energetically between her legs and quickly rubbed his cock stiff.

He almost had tears of desperation in his eyes when she stuffed his cock up her little hole. He fucked for a long time, panting loudly, and then he squirted, she hugged him tightly until he finished, panting with difficulty. She wasn't aroused in the least, but she felt his cock stay stiff. "One more time, one more time!" she commanded and he had to fuck her again. This time it lasted longer than a quarter of an hour, then he squirted with a tortured facial expression, again she held him until he had squirt inside the last drop with desperate thrusting, moaning and groaning. Then she let go of him. She had understood the principle of fucking now, she said, but she wanted to come back and do it a few more times, she absolutely wanted to, yes!

They had put their clothes back in order and sat down. He suddenly started talking about himself. He was having an affair with the farm machinery salesman's wife. Eva knew who that was. A small, ugly woman in her mid-twenties who diligently attended mass. She had very thick glasses that made her even uglier. Her big, full breasts bulged out of her blouse so lewdly that everyone had to look. She always wore such short skirts that her panties flashed with every movement and the short skirt emphasized her enormous ass. No matter how you felt about short skirts, she looked so voluptuous, lewd and unchaste that she was believed to be capable of all the sins of the flesh.

The vicar said she called two or three times a week when her husband was away. They always fucked twice in a row, unfortunately he couldn't do it more often. She always masturbated while fucking but he was never allowed to look down. Masturbating is very private, she said, she was very ashamed when masturbating and she didn't want

him to watch. She mostly had two orgasms and always kept going without a break. When he was off or about to finish squirting, she would masturbate at breakneck speed to finish. He always waited patiently, looking into her eyes and not down as commanded, until she could induce orgasm. The orgasms could only be recognized and felt by the violent trembling of her ass cheeks. After the first fuck she took his cock in her mouth and rubbed it until it was bursting hard again.

He had to mount her from behind the second time she was fucked and spread her huge ass cheeks with both hands because she had overheard that it was easier to get pregnant that way. She also masturbated non-stop the second time she was fucked until she was close to orgasm, and then she finger fucked herself up her ass really hard, the best way to induce orgasm from behind-fucking. In the orgasm she snorted very loudly and her ass cheeks trembled for a few moments, that was all. Most of the time she would masturbate herself to two orgasms on the second fuck and he would calmly get stuck inside her as she masturbated a third time and then finger fucked her asshole to induce the orgasm.

No, he had never seen her masturbating directly, she wouldn't let that happen, she was very ashamed of masturbating. He complied and never looked when she masturbated, not even secretly. But she really wanted to conceive a child and he always had to squirt deep inside her vagina. She cheated on her husband with a light heart as he mostly just wanted to squirt in her mouth and he only fucked her once or twice a week. The husband pulled his cock out of her vagina to squirt and masturbated, slinging the precious semen all over her body, she lamented. He definitely didn't want children. The vicar was very unhappy about planting a child on the husband, but the ugly young woman was dying to fuck him until she was pregnant. They've been fucking for almost a year without her getting pregnant.

He, said the vicar, had been a sinful man since he was a child, he had masturbated every day since he was a child and he had fucked many women. Some were much older than him and certainly not beauties, but they told him everything in the confessional. What they did with whom, how, when and how often, how they preferred to do

it, how often they did it. They described the fucking and masturbating very precisely and seduced him to fuck. After confession, they openly said when and where they were expecting him. He always said yes when the time was right. Many women were young and after confession he knew if they were horny and hot and excited. It surprised him that even very young girls wanted to fuck with the handsome vicar. Even the bishop's 15-year-old niece let him deflower her and fuck her several times.

He was transferred here because of the fucking because he couldn't resist temptation. The Lord Bishop hoped for improvement, since he would not find any young women in this community. That was right, too, said the vicar looking down, here were a few neglected married wives, a few fickle widows and two old women who wanted to be fucked. That was his punishment. The young horny woman, who was almost 23 and desperate to have a child, was a bright spot in all this gloom of old cunts worn out from constant masturbation. — She's already 48, said Eva pointedly, she's probably an old but unused cunt too. He smiled embarrassed, by God he hadn't meant her. Eva soon left and went home.

Alfi laughed out loud as she told him everything, not leaving out even the smallest detail. He thought it was good that she had fucked the vicar and was gaining experience. She said the vicar fucked her for half an hour the second time and she secretly made herself three orgasms in a row. Alfi said he was just jealous that she had really fucked with the vicar and never with him. She was silent and didn't want to say anything. Alfi didn't know the agricultural machinery salesman's wife, so she described what she looked like with drastic gestures. Apart from what she had seen herself, she also described her naked body, because she had questioned the vicar in the most embarrassing way. The huge droopy breasts with the pink teats, the ass and the plump ass cheeks and her asshole, which she fucked herself to orgasm. The hairy cunt, the very tight girlish vagina and the small clit, which she rubbed furiously when she wanted to trigger an orgasm. The vicar was of course allowed to look at her clit at any time, except when she was masturbating. But after the orgasms he was allowed to watch her clit shrinking and sagging or before masturbating how she gently stimulated the clit and it grew and got re-

ally hard. She had once confessed to the saint that she masturbated insanely often and would shave her pubic hair in future because it was a nuisance. How he mounted her from behind and before her orgasm had to spread her ass cheeks very hard with both hands so that she could fuck herself with her finger in her asshole until the orgasm came. Alfi laughed this evening together with Eva as much as they haven't in a long time. She then said seriously that she now knew exactly what the vicar meant by sinful fucking. They would have to change that, she didn't want to sin on purpose, no! He was no longer allowed to squirt inside into her vagina, only into her ass. Alfi said nothing depressed, Eva was nuts, that was a step backwards.

He wanted to pull his cock out to squirt into her vagina, but she shook her head firmly, no! He had to pull his cock out again and put it up her ass, she said, ass fucking wasn't sinful. Submissively he entered her asshole again and fucked again. Only a few minutes later her orgasm came, shaking and twitching a little as usual. He continued to fuck, pounding her ass furiously and furiously squirting in her ass. He lay exhausted on her ass and noticed that she was still rubbing her clit. He lay there for a very long time, waiting for her to bring herself to orgasm. Yes, she said, that's how she wanted to keep it in the future, without sinful squirting inside. He wasn't happy at all, but she wouldn't change her mind. He stuck to their guidelines for a few days.

But after a week he said he didn't want to just squirt in her ass anymore. He argued that she had properly fucked the vicar and was condemning him to ass-fucking. That wasn't right, Alfi complained. She gave herself two days before she again allowed him to penetrate her vagina to squirt. But he mustn't thrust in the vagina like the dogs and he nodded that he wouldn't do it. But they both noticed that he couldn't squirt without thrusting. He had to fuck her ass again to get going. For the next few days he would stuff his entire cock into her vagina to squirt, thrusting a little bit to squirt and finish squirting. After a long discussion, she agreed because otherwise he couldn't squirt. She, too, stretched out the moments of clit rubbing, she had found a taste for it, although she felt guilty about the sin. He wanted to thrust longer before squirting and she was reluctant but happy to let him thrust longer because her clit rubbing also increased.

They didn't talk about the fact that he didn't fuck her in the ass at all anymore since she was fucking with the vicar once a month. He had inspected her vagina and found that the hymen had completely disappeared. It was the vicar, she said dejectedly, she felt the tearing of the hymen very clearly. Eva thought aloud that the farm machinery salesman's wife was finger-fucking her asshole to achieve and trigger orgasm. She couldn't, Alfi was lying on her ass. She asked him rather uncertainly and a little embarrassed if he would fuck her ass while thrusting with a finger because that would be so nice! Maybe she would get an orgasm like that woman. Of course, said Alfi, of course! He now fucked her in the ass with a finger every time, that was no problem at all! They tried it, she stopped masturbating the clit just before orgasm and stuck her ass out a little more. He continued to finger fuck her ass and increased his pace. She came and how she came! She cried out softly as he brilliantly triggered her orgasm and gasped loudly. Her ass cheeks expanded and contracted again and again, without pause, like two shutters slamming open and shut in the storm. He continued to fuck her with his finger until the orgasm was over. Gradually her ass cheeks settled and her asshole smacked shut as he pulled his finger out.

She dropped her head to catch her breath, then rolled onto her back. "Come fuck me!" she whispered and they fucked face to face as they had done many times since she had let the vicar fuck her like that. Her hand went to her knob and she masturbated until he squirted and sank onto her. She stopped masturbating and hugged him as he continued to thrust hard and finish squirting. She held him tightly with one arm and continued to masturbate. He lay very still on her and felt her masturbating fingers. It didn't take her very long to trigger her orgasm with her finger. Then she released him and he slid beside her. "I've never had such a strong orgasm as before," she whispered, "the woman was right, triggering the orgasm with your finger in the ass is something very special!"

She liked lying on her belly best. He entered her small, tight cunt from behind, finger fucked her ass at the same time, and they fucked for a long time. She immediately rubbed her clit with her finger and stopped bouncing her ass, she didn't need it anymore. She masturbated with his finger from the start and he tried to elicit her orgasm

his finger up her ass at the same time as he squirted. It was so fine that after her orgasm he continued to fuck for a while to squirt and finish cumming, he lay patiently upon her ass until she finished masturbating and triggered the orgasm with her finger.

From now on she would masturbate from orgasm to orgasm without a break, while fucking as well as during his breaks. It didn't bother her at all when Alfi watched her masturbate during the break, on the contrary, it turned her on. Towards the end of the fucking she was panting very hard and had to really work for the last orgasm. As they both lay side by side, breathing heavily, she whispered that now she rarely masturbated before bed because she'd exhausted herself fucking and didn't feel like it anymore. So far she'd still masturbated before bed a few times when he'd gone into his room, she admitted, blushing when he asked. Yes, every night before bed. She usually fell asleep after the second masturbation or while masturbating for the third time. No, she replied, masturbating once was far too little. But now she was masturbating while fucking so often that she had to wrestle her last orgasm out of her clit and that was enough for the evening.

Eva loved lying on her belly, keeping her ass still and rubbing her clit with a finger from the start. She really liked being fucked prone, being finger fucked in the ass at the same time, and masturbating herself with one finger from the start. Again and again she let her orgasm be triggered by his ass-fucking finger. They hugged for a long time when he'd squirted in enough times and she'd climaxed a dozen or more times. She masturbated while fucking so many times that she didn't need to before she fell asleep. They whispered about sex for a while, then he went to his room.

They never mentioned that they had been fucking regularly and properly for months.

Like the dogs.

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She kept going back to the vicar and fucking him two or three times. She also didn't let the good man look when she was masturbating while she was being fucked. She told Alfi afterwards and they laughed together whenever the lord had experienced something strange again with the agricultural machinery salesman's wife. And there was always something new. The woman was finally pregnant. She was very happy and her tummy grew from month to month. He was no longer allowed to lie on top of her while he was fucking, he leaned back and was finally allowed to watch her masturbating, although she was very ashamed of masturbating. Very slowly she aroused her clit, which slowly stiffened and protruded like a thorn, the size of a phalanx of her finger. Her clit had no visible foreskin, it was exposed and she masturbated the clit in circles. As she picked up the pace, her breathing became shallow and she was aroused beyond measure. He stopped fucking and just watched. She rubbed herself at breakneck speed, exploding in orgasm, wriggling and jerking. Only then did she stop masturbating the clitoris.

She had a permanent clitoral erection throughout her pregnancy. She masturbated obsessively every hour, the flesh around her clit and the clit itself was completely sore and inflamed red. He applied a thick layer of hayflower ointment to the inflamed flesh and poor clit and she moaned for him to keep rubbing the ointment on her! He had watched her masturbating very closely and brought her to orgasm easily and fairly quickly. She stretched all her limbs and grabbed the spherical belly with both hands during orgasm. She held her belly tight while her legs and ass cheeks twitched and wriggled wildly in orgasm. He used her short break and penetrated her. She immediately masturbated again when he started fucking and it was already the third time he cummed. Her third orgasm came just moments before he finished squirting. Her girlish, very tight vagina squeezed every drop out of his cock during orgasm.

They lay side by side, exhausted, whispering to each other. The vicar was very happy to see the child and stroked her big, round belly. She whispered that he was the first man who could masturbate her so perfectly and that's why she looked forward to it every time he masturbated her. She didn't have to expect anything from her hus-

band, she told the vicar, he came home drunk every day after midnight, fucked her briefly and brutally and squirted inside.

It was the same on the last day of this marriage. It didn't help her to point out to her husband that her clit and the flesh around it were completely raw and painfully inflamed from so much masturbation and that fucking was causing her a lot of pain. "You seem to masturbate all day long!" the drunk rumbled, "instead of fucking with me, the fine lady masturbates all day long, so it's no wonder she's so raw and inflamed!" he yelled. "I want to fuck when I get home, remember that at last!" he yelled and gave her a resounding slap in the face. He was the Man, he cursed wildly and took off his trousers and underpants with one hand.

He grabbed her roughly and forcibly pulled down her panties. "Come here, horny bitch!" he cursed and forced her legs apart with force. He stared blankly at her shaved pubic area, which still showed traces of the ointment. With a rough grip of his fingers, the drunk parted her labia. "Ah, there we have it," he laughed, slurring, "the most diligently masturbated cunt in the village and the goddamn clit that goes with it! Everything red, everything inflamed!" She tried to defend herself. "I told you from the start that I have to masturbate very often and a lot," she snapped angrily, "you always knew that and never said anything about it before!"

She felt the tears well up as he roughly and angrily pinched her stiff clit with his fingers and rubbed it roughly and sullenly. He's always done that since she was pregnant, when he wasn't totally drunk. He enjoyed inflicting pain on her as often as possible, the stupid cunt! She cried silently because even that pain fueled her sexual fire. She involuntarily opened her legs wide and closed her eyes in painful pleasure as he masturbated her quickly and brutally. She held her stomach with both hands as her orgasm erupted and he gleefully glared at the wild twitching of her legs. Relentlessly, he continued to masturbate her into orgasm, laughing sardonically as her legs wriggled and twitched high in the air for minutes.

When it was over, he put one of her legs on his shoulder and bent low to her cunt. He masturbated her stiff clit fast and brutally, he was

damn good at it. She closed her eyes crying, because the flashing pain kindled an insane lust in her pussy. She moaned and meowed with relish in her horny pain and stretched her thick legs bolt upright in the air. He rubbed her with brutal pressure for minutes and she clutched her belly protectively. Her orgasm erupted with a faint scream, her little legs kicked and wriggled in the air for minutes. He didn't stop brutally masturbating her even after her legs had calmed down.

He continued relentlessly, for he could clearly see how painful his masturbation was for her. She cried uncontrollably and smiled at the same time, because this pain was the hottest thing she knew. Gradually her legs rose, automatically straightened up in the air. She hadn't been so horny with pain for a long time. With a loud, drawn-out scream, she erupted in orgasm, her fingers clutching the sheet and she kicked and kicked her legs in the air. He was pleased with himself, her terrible scream rewarded his sadistic desires, that was enough. Only when her convulsions subsided after minutes did he stop the painful rubbing. Her clit remained hard and stiff. "Come," she said through tears, "come, come and fuck me, darling!" He nodded contentedly with a stupid grin and brutally penetrated her vagina, ignoring her round belly. She held her belly with both hands protectively and the drunk fucked her long and brutally hard. He squirted after a short time and stayed on her belly until he had finished squirting.

He got up on his knees, pulled out his stiffy and stared at her clit. She was still very sexually aroused from the brutal fucking and her clit stuck out naughty and stiff, big as a knuckle and dark red. She put her finger on the clit and rubbed immediately. "You're masturbate again, bitchy cunt," he grinned grimly, "but it won't work now! Come here!" he ordered and held the half stiff in front of her face. "Squirting in my mouth?" she asked suspiciously, still rubbing her clit, but he shook his head and grinned stupidly. "I want to fuck, you bitch, dammit!" She took the whole cock in her mouth and rubbed it with her hand until it was all hard again. She patiently sucked his cock hard because he was dying to fuck a second time, so he couldn't see her simultaneously rubbing her clit into a quick, stealthy orgasm.

He fucked her roughly, ignoring her bulging belly, thrusting and thrusting like a savage bull. His cock was the dagger to kill, kill, kill her! He had been forced into marriage because she wasn't really pregnant at the time! Booze and anger clouded his brain. He didn't pull his cock out anymore, the damage had already been done and he could squirt inside her without hesitation. He swears while squirting because he didn't want the child. She gave in passively, any refusal he would punish with a beating. The hard fucking and the pain of it excited her madly, but she didn't dare masturbate openly in front of him. Earlier he had beaten her once when she was masturbating while being fucked. Now he wanted to fuck her a third time and she had patiently and masterfully sucked his cock hard for the third time, but he couldn't. She laughed at him gloating as his cock kept going limp. He ended up beating her to the point of hospitalization and kicking like a madman his naked wife who had fallen to the ground.

The neighbor heard every word and the screaming, found the unconscious woman and had her taken to the hospital. She suffered a stillbirth in the hospital and she was deeply broken and devastated. Broken ribs, broken bones and cracks on her privates spoke a clear language. Her husband went to prison and was convicted of manslaughter of her child and domestic violence. She filed for divorce, but it dragged on for over a year.

She stayed in the hospital for three more weeks while everything healed. She complained to the vicar, who was only allowed to visit her in the last week, that she could never masturbate unobserved in the three-bed-room and that it was very embarrassing for her. She couldn't masturbate under the covers and uncovered herself, so it was very humiliating to masturbate naked in front of the audience, but she had to, at least three or four times. The other two women sat up and watched her masturbating, grinning. The viewers also masturbated, but secretly under the covers. — The vicar took her in his arms with a smile and comforted her.

But she had hardly returned from the hospital when she called the vicar. They fucked every day before dinner, after dinner and every night because she really wanted to have a child, even without a husband. The vicar smothered her every thought of leaving the church

and marrying the ugly egomaniac. That was out of the question for him. She held him back when he was about to leave, he had to conceive the child for her, he owed her that. She had a permanent clit erection again, masturbated as much as she had during pregnancy, but now he watched her do it, even though she felt deeply ashamed. She was sore again in no time and he rubbed her with the ointment before masturbating her. She made him fuck her a third time late at night by arousing him. She turned on the bedside lamp, sat on his chest and masturbated just inches from his face, giving him an erection one hundred percent. She was very ashamed of masturbating, and that didn't change over the next years. He was with her every night and she never gave up hope of conceiving. He didn't get to fuck Eva anymore, but she didn't care.

She had her Alfi, with whom she fucked every night and masturbated to exhaustion.

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Horny old buck

by Jack Faber © 2022

Six months after the death of his wife, Jack had turned 69 and was still without a sex partner. He had fucked Juliet against her will as usual and she was masturbating obliviously as usual. She didn't stop and masturbated once, twice and thrice. The third orgasm was very intense and she muttered, "That's it!" before falling onto the pillow. She was dead, but in a panic Jack called the ambulance.

He really missed fucking and after decades he masturbated lonely and mostly without success. Once a month he would meet up for a beer or two with his best friend, Ray, who worked as a hypnotherapist. Of course he couldn't hide it from his boyfriend with the piercing eyes under the bushy eyebrows. Ray laughed good-naturedly and asked, "Why don't you do it like the others? If they need it, they fuck their cleaning ladies!" Ray laughed out loud and shook his white curls.

One word led to another, Jack should get a cleaning lady, the rest would take care of itself. "Just leave it to me, it will work!" Ray said, squeezing Jack's forearm, murmuring magic words almost inaudibly. "Give her a handshake and she will!" Ray gave Jack a confident nod and left. Jack scoured the whole neighborhood, but no one would name him a cleaning lady or step down. He had almost given up when a friendly neighbor gave him the phone number of an agency. He called, it became a long conversation. They could send someone to him once a week, whichever was available at the time. No, not always the same, they could only decide ad hoc. He agreed.

She came on time, a woman in her mid-thirties, not particularly exciting and from Turkey. He watched her cleaning and when she was almost done, he plucked up all his courage and asked her directly. She looked at him dismissively what he thinks of her! He took a hundred from his purse, grabbed her hand and begged. Was it the hundred or the handshake like Ray told him to? She jumped, startled, and nodded hesitantly. "But only with my mouth," she said qui-

etly, following him into the bedroom. He undressed in a flash, she hesitated, leaving the bra and panties on.

She sighed and sat down next to him, grabbing his cock and rubbing it tight. He reached out and touched her body. She allowed it only reluctantly and kept rubbing him. His fingers slipped into her panties and she reluctantly let him do it. He stroked her sex and rubbed the clit. She didn't want the clit touching, she said, taking his cock in her mouth. They rubbed each other, more and more vigorously, and he violently held back the squirting. She had a powerful orgasm while biting his cock hard. Moments later she continued rubbing him hard and sucking his cock. He suddenly squirted into her mouth, she spat out the semen and ran to the bathroom to wash her mouth. She got dressed in no time and was about to leave when he called after her and gave her the hundred.

Ray laughed heartily when Jack told it over the next beer. He couldn't or didn't want to answer whether it was the hundred or the handshake. Anyway, he's happy for his friend, said Ray, squeezing his forearm, murmuring magic words. But he gladly took the third beer that Jack bought him.

The next cleaning lady was a little younger, her family came from somewhere in the former Yugoslavia. When she was done, he gave her his hand and she winced. He asked her and she nodded, ok! She followed him into the bedroom and quickly undressed like him. She snuggled up to him and curiously stroked his cock until it was stiff. He wanted her upstairs, he said, and she swung onto him. She rode him hastily and he squirted before long. She asked if he had to do it again and of course he nodded. She bent down and gradually stiffened him with her mouth and fist. She rode him again and it took a long time before he squirted. She slid down beside him and caressed his chest. She hadn't had an orgasm and he grabbed her clit but after a few minutes she stopped herself from orgasming and shook her head, she didn't want that now. She took a shower, masturbated for a long time and orgasmed hard in the shower before leaving. Only much later did he realize that he hadn't given her the hundred.

Week after week the cleaning ladies would come and fuck him or give him a blowjob. It was very obviously true that they were very happy to do it. He hadn't known until now that cleaning ladies took it for granted, as if it was part of their job. If he remembered in time he would give them a hundred, but mostly he forgot.

It worked beautifully, Jack turned 70 and 71 and the weekly cleaning lady provided a nice fuck or a relaxing blowjob for two years. He would meet Ray for a beer once a month and they would have a great chat about this and that, rarely talking about his cleaning ladies. Ray's Chinese wife, who unfortunately never met Jack in person, had also recently died and Jack was simply there for his friend, he couldn't help him. It was a difficult time for Ray, who has since closed his practice. Jack didn't have to worry about Ray going through the same sexual distress, the jack of all trades would go through a long period of mourning and then get his fuck as usual.

Everything would have been smooth and untroubled if one day the storm hadn't rung at his door, if a fist hadn't pounded on his door. Jack called from the living room, "I'm coming!" and shuffled to the door. When he opened it, a tall guy pushed him back and slammed the door behind him. Jack stumbled back into the kitchen, terrified. The guy looked him over carefully and then asked if anyone else was in the apartment. Jack couldn't make a sound and shook his head. The guy pointed to the armchair, they sat down at the kitchen table.

They looked at each other in silence. Jack took a closer look at the guy. He had a clean-shaven head and his forearms were covered in tattoos. The guy looked like a bouncer from one of the many night-clubs that were here. His little pig eyes looked wild and were obviously weepy.

"You fucked my sister! You fucked her!" the guy roared without beginning. Jack flinched and cleared his throat, No he didn't! The guy reached into his hoodie's pocket and pulled out a cloth-wrapped item. He slammed the thing down on the table, unwrapped it, and tucked the cloth back into the black hoodie. It was a heavy pistol, not plastic. Jack stared at the gun, transfixed.

“You’re Jack,” the man growled, looking wild, “Jack Blaustein?” and rattled off his address. Jack nodded.

“You have a cleaning lady from the agency!” the man growled menacingly. Jack stared at the gun, mesmerized. He nodded, “Yes!”

“You fuck cleaning lady!” the man roared with small spit bubbles on his lips. “You fuck cleaning lady, you fuck my sister!” the man spat out and hit the table with his fist. Jack pulled himself together. It wasn’t the hideous accent that bothered him. The gun. The Agency. The cleaning ladies. A fucked up sister. A fuming brother straight out of the jungle.

Say Nay. Deny. Lying close to the truth. He looked steadily into the little pig eyes. “Yes, I have cleaning ladies from the agency. No, I don’t fuck cleaning ladies. No, I didn’t fuck your sister!” He looked steadily into the pig’s eyes, which did not meet his gaze and strayed. A long silence. The anger in the bald man’s eyes faded, there was only sadness in them. They sat motionless across from each other and Jack expected at any moment that he would raise his pistol and shoot him. The giant rose slowly, with stiff movements. He walked slowly to the door and turned around. “Have to go,” said the burly man, “give me some money!” Jack jumped up and picked up a can from the shelf. He gave the tin to the man who took out the bills. “Four hundred,” he said, “not much.” Jack took the can and sat down again.

The giant man half turned and said softly, “Fucked cleaning lady, fucked sister, fucked Jana. Jana dead!” He scurried out in a fluid motion and pulled the door shut.

Jack sat silently at the kitchen table for who knows how long and didn’t move. He strained to hear the fiend’s footsteps, but it was dead quiet. Not even the downstairs woman’s deranged mutt dog barked. It worried him, the stupid beast always barked when someone came in or went out.

Eventually the tension left him. He grabbed the gun. He had never touched a gun, only knew it from detective films. He weighed the

heavy weapon in his hand, he had no idea if it was safe or loaded. Except that he wasn't allowed to touch the trigger, that was clear to him. He put the gun in his left hand, then in his right hand. Yes, that was correct. Jack held the gun in his hand for a few more minutes, aiming this way and that, and shouting, "Pang! Bang!". How childish, he thought, what am I supposed to do with that? The man would surely miss it and come back. He put it in the cupboard between the breakfast cups. The man would come back and get it. He went into the living room and flipped through the channels until he found something. He forgot the pistol after two minutes.

It couldn't have been an hour before the doorbell rang again and a fist banged on the door. He got up and called from the living room, "I'm coming!" and went to the door. It must have been the man to get the gun. He briefly considered pulling it out right away, but dismissed the idea, who knows what the guy would do if he opened, gun in hand. Jack opened the door.

Three pistols were pointed at his face. Two police officers in uniform and a young man in a sweater and jeans. The three shouted, "Hands up!" and Jack took a step back. He raised his hands above shoulder height and froze. The three crowded in, then the young man said: "Criminal Chief Inspector Dollinger, criminal police!" He said Jack's name, Jakob Blaustein, and Jack nodded, Yes! CCI Dollinger asked if he was armed and Jack shook his head firmly. He thought better of it and nodded towards the kitchen cabinet with his chin. Dollinger went to the kitchen cupboard and said, "Aha!", then put on a glove and took out the pistol with pointed fingers. It came immediately in a plastic bag. Dollinger didn't let Jack speak at all, explained to him in stilted words that he was arrested on suspicion of murder and one of the officers handcuffed him. He looked desperately at his brightly lit apartment, the television blaring in the background. Dollinger grinned that this wasn't his first official act and nodded to one of the police officers. The tall guy reached up and flipped the main switch. It was suddenly quiet and dark, only illuminated by the corridor lights. The officer took the key that was inside and locked the door. They took him to the main police station. They searched him and locked him in a cell. Wearing only his tracksuit, he sat on

the hard bunk and waited. They had taken his watch from him, it was probably already midnight.

CCI Ernst Dollinger had only recently arrived and was on night duty, of course. He came from Ferlach in Carinthia and had been transferred to Vienna. He wanted to aim high, Vienna is where the music was playing! He had created the Brnovici, Jana murder file and typed in the first report. The anonymous call. Finding the corpse. The arrest of the suspect, Jakob “Jack” Blaustein. The presumed murder weapon, which the suspect had voluntarily given up, was unloaded. The guys in ballistics had handed in the report within an hour, clearly the murder weapon. Only the suspect’s fingerprints on it, he must have held it in his hand as if to shoot. No other fingerprints. The suspect had willingly had DNA taken, it had yet to be matched with semen from the dead woman’s vagina. After the first examination, the medical examiner said that the 21-year-old had been deflowered shortly before her death, without a doubt. First raped, then murdered, the doctor said. It was four in the morning and Dollinger had the suspect taken to the interrogation room. A warm feeling in the belly, his first murder in the new position and solved that same night!

He began the interrogation sharply and quickly. The suspect didn’t appear to have slept a second and was buttery, scared and nervous. Dollinger slammed document after document onto the table. Ballistics, fingerprints, the image of the dead. Jack shrugged. He didn’t kill anyone, he ate dinner at home and watched TV. He lived alone and had no witnesses to this. He picked up the picture of the dead and fell silent.

He recognized her even though he wasn’t wearing glasses, they were at home. She was cleaning with him a few weeks ago. She was certainly not yet 25 and had grown up in Albania. He shook her hand like everyone else and asked if he could fuck her. She kind of wanted to fuck, but she’d rather not, she said, she had never fucked before and was still a virgin, that was very important for Albans. She saw his disappointment and asked if there was anything she could do differently if he wanted to. Yes, she wanted everything but not really fuck, not really fuck in her vagina. She liked to undress and cuddle with

him, he was allowed to take a good look at her little hole. She only had very tiny breasts, but a big ass and a juicy, extremely horny vulva. He told her to give a blowjob and that she had to swallow the semen calmly, it came from the body and wasn't poisonous. She was inquisitive and studious, she stayed longer and twice gave him the blowjob and swallowed the semen. At first she was very reluctant letting her to masturbate, it was strictly forbidden. But he did it anyway and she laughed happily after the orgasm. And of course he had never fucked her. Little by little she told her secrets, that when she was 17 her mother had forbidden her to masturbate, which she had been doing since she was a child, everyone did it in the shared dorm. She no longer masturbated, but let the little boys, whose little cocks didn't damage her hymen, fuck and squirt inside. When several boys fucked her one after the other, she got so horny that she had to masturbate. Sometimes she was fucked so hard by the older guys that she masturbated with every fuck and had an orgasm. The hole in her hymen had widened alarmingly, she said sadly to Jack. She also had

Dollinger snapped him back to reality. "What's on your mind?" he asked and Jack answered immediately. He knows her, she was one of the cleaning ladies that the agency sent him weekly. The inspector would like to check that, if he remembers correctly, she had come three times to clean in the last six months, maybe four times. She was from Albania, she had said. He certainly didn't kill her, didn't know where she lived and had never been to her house. He stared at the picture. "So sad to see such a young child dead, she always had a kind demeanor!" he said concerned.

He could explain how the gun got to him. Dollinger nodded encouragingly. Jack told about the man's visit, in great detail. Dollinger had made notes and asked questions. would she be his sister? The allegations that Jack fucked the girl? He had never fucked her, he assured. Dollinger insisted that he hadn't deflowered her and fucked her. No no no! Jack answered all questions conscientiously. Finally Jack asked if he could make a phone call and Dollinger laughed out loud. That's only in crime novels, but he didn't want to be like that and pushed his phone across the table. Jack had to put it on speakerphone and called Ray, the only number he knew by heart. Ray answered sleepily and asked what was so important. Jack asked him for

help, he had been arrested on suspicion of murder. Ray was instantly wide awake. He was in the Main Guard on the Ring Boulevard. His name is Dollinger, Chief Inspector Dollinger. Ray said okay, I'll take care of it. "I didn't kill anyone," Jack said unnecessarily, then Ray hung up. Dollinger said his story about the alleged brother was very fantastic, maybe too fantastic. Jack came back into the cell and went to sleep. Ray would take care of it, that was very reassuring. Now he could sleep.

Dollinger was annoyed that there was no phantom artist on duty at night and that he was not good with the Phantom Paint program, which of course was available. He searched the databases for a brother, but couldn't find one. He emailed Albania to announce the woman's death and asked for information about the family.

He was upset. No confession, a tattooed phantom brother, everything uncleared. The crime scene squad hadn't found the suspect's DNA or fingerprints, damn it! He went to the canteen and got himself some breakfast. He had barely finished breakfast when the porter reported a visitor, and Dollinger had him brought upstairs. Of course he didn't know Ray and Ray wasn't allowed to visit the suspect. But the white-haired man with the distinctive face was very likeable, so Dollinger told everything in a confidential tone.

Ray said the DNA would exonerate his friend, he was sure. He's known him since school, since 65 years and Jack would never shoot anyone. Ray doubted whether Jack would still fuck at his age, but Jack had confided to his friend that he was no longer capable of it. And Jack was terrified of deflowering a woman, Ray knew that for sure. He would never put it together, never in life! Ray said goodbye and left. Dollinger felt a tremendous urge to pursue every lead in this case. He studied the e-mails from Albania, read through the bumpy English text and made a sketch of the extensive family. He showed the photos of several brothers to Jack, who immediately pointed to one. Jack was dead sure this was the one who had come to him. Dollinger issued the APB for Memet. Late afternoon the DNA lab called, Jack's DNA did not match the DNA of the semen from the dead woman's vagina at all. The DNA had to come from a close rela-

tive, i.e. father, uncle or brother. Dollinger sent all DNA information from Albania to the lab, but no match.

He went to Jack's cell, he is relieved and can go. However, he should remain available for further questioning. Jack breathed a sigh of relief and was taken home.

It took weeks for Dollinger to find a lead. Inspector Coincidence, he was called to an armed scuffle, Memet had been stabbed. He arrested both of them. The other was a cousin of Memet and the dead Jana. The cousin's DNA was identical to the semen in Jana's vagina. Direct hit! After lengthy interrogations, the petty criminal confessed to having been rejected by Jana. He really wanted to fuck her but she pushed him back, not wanting to let him fuck her. He had nevertheless brutally raped his cousin and accidentally shot her. They were fighting fiercely, he had torn off her skirt and panties and thrown her on the floor. He had forced her legs apart and pulled his pants down. She had grabbed his stiff cock and held it in her fist. They continued to tussle and she rubbed his cock vigorously as they tussled, like whores do. He stopped struggling and stayed very still. Jana thought she could stop him from fucking and rubbed his cock evenly. She pulled back the foreskin and licked his head. He rolled his eyes in pleasure and moaned happily. She continued rubbing his cock and licking the head, over and over again. She rubbed his cock like a whore for a very long time and made him squirt with her hand. It splashed a little in her mouth and on her lips. She slowly rubbed out the last drops and grinned triumphantly and maliciously in his face. The malicious grin drove him wild again and then she grabbed the gun in his hand. The shot had gone off by itself. Yes, he admitted, she was alive when he deflowered her. She had cried out when her hymen tore. He had had to fuck her for a very, very long time because he had already gotten off and wasn't actively fucking her. She was still trying to scream when he squirted violently inside her. She gasped for the last time as he squirted madly, then fell silent. After the squirting he woke up from his bloodlust, Jana was dead. He wiped his semen from her lips with his hand, left the gun in panic and fled. Memet had found Jana and a note with Jack's name and address was next to the body. Memet, not the smartest one, made the

wrong assumption and raced to Jack. Dollinger took a deep breath, the case was solved.

Jack found out from the newspaper and called Ray. Ray called Dollinger, who played the confession tape for him. Ray didn't know what was bothering him, but the killer was hiding something. He brushed the thoughts aside, it was certainly nothing important. But the whole the confession was fine, he told Dollinger. He learned the final details when he was allowed to visit the killer in custody. After the cousin had squirt inside into Jana's mouth, she licked his glans and his cock clean with pleasure. It was so hot that he begged Jana to do it again. Jana smiled smugly, took his cock in her mouth and rubbed it until it got stiff. She continued rubbing his cock really hard to make him squirt. He squirted into her mouth and she swallowed his semen, cursing like a horsegroom. She said very condescendingly and dismissively that he had yet to be masturbated like a baby and wasn't man enough to fuck properly. Only then did he see red and waved the gun around. He had yelled at her that he would fuck her immediately, she grabbed his hand and then the shot went off. Ray nodded happily, that was the missing piece of the puzzle!

For Jack, life went back to normal. He was quite sure by now that it had something to do with Ray's hypnotic skills that women would do anything after a handshake. Also the married ones and also those who otherwise didn't bother to do so. Most of the cleaning ladies wanted to fuck, very few just gave him a blowjob. And some didn't make it at all.

Jack wanted to know for sure, was it really the handshake? He pulled himself together and spoke to a young woman in front of his house. She was at first impression a junkie, leaning against a tree and smoking weed. He slowly shuffled closer as she stubbed out the joint and pocketed the butt. He stretched out his hand and said: "Hey you, I'm Jack! Would you like to come with me, would you like to fuck?" She shook his hand and squeaked, "Melanie. Fucking?" She seemed to hesitate for a moment. "Sure thing, I'd like to fuck you!" She followed him into the bedroom. She wanted to take a shower, he stood in the bathroom door and looked at her body while showering. She was shorter than him and very skinny, tattooed from top to bottom.

He guessed she was in her mid-twenties at most when they went to bed. She suck his cock until it was stiff. He studied her tattoos carefully, he had never seen anything like it. "Well, are you going to fuck?" she urged. She was really good at shagging and held him tight as he started thrusting harder, gasping excitedly as he squirted. He grabbed her clit and was amazed because she had a clit piercing. He had never seen this before and bent down to take a closer look. Her fingers stole onto the clit and she moaned in desperation, she'd never let anyone else watch her masturbate! She masturbated anyway and let him watch. "Never let anyone watch!" she groaned again and again full of desperation and rubbed faster and faster. When she orgasmed, she curled up into a ball, groaning and groaning in pleasure and shame. He gave her a hundred as she left.

Very often came a young negress, Mkele, who was incredibly good at fucking and made him squirt at least twice. She was cross-eyed and ugly as hell, she had big, heavy breasts and a huge ass. She always lay down with him completely naked and sucked his cock until it was hard. Barely 20, she was surprisingly agile and athletic for her weight. She shaved her pubic hair at his request, which underlined her beautiful black sex. She masturbated while riding, triggering her orgasm at the same time as his squirting. He was about to take her in, but she waved him off. To his great delight, she also came to fuck in between and rode him all afternoon. He paid her well because she didn't have much. No doubt that was her motivation, but he didn't care. Unfortunately she had to return to Africa after a few months because of a death.

Just a week later he managed to persuade one to visit him during the week as well. Eleni was a Greek woman in her forties, very slim and had worked as a prostitute for many years. She was no longer young and pretty enough and had to go cleaning. She laid naked next to him and bent her mouth right over his cock. She loved to fuck and was incredibly good at it. She never had an orgasm riding him, but after the fuck she masturbated with both hands and it made her horny when he watched and caressed her. She was very focused and passionate about fucking and made him squirt whenever he got hard over the afternoon. She mostly made him stiff with her mouth and sometimes let him squirt in her mouth as well. She didn't give him a

hand job. She rarely kissed him and was very happy because he always paid her well. She needed the money because she had to support her sick mother. He experienced a second spring. He didn't care that her mother had died years ago.

Right after his wife died, one of the upper floors, Christine, came to his apartment door. She was around 30, lived alone and was mentally very disturbed. About once a month she rang Jack's bell and babbled on about cosmic rays, spaceships and dubious men who broke into her bedroom at night and only wanted one thing from her. Ghosts and deceased people from the past also came up. He grumbled politely and she left after five minutes. A few times a religious tic broke out in her and she took his hands to pray with him. He pulled her into the apartment by the hands and closed the door. "I'd like to unwrap you," he murmured as she prayed aloud. She continued to pray, undeterred, even as he unbuttoned her blouse, pulled her bra all the way down, and took hold of her large, flabby breasts. He squeezed and stimulated her nipples, she continued to pray in a faltering voice. After the Amen, she crossed him like a priest giving a blessing, adjusted her bra, and quietly disappeared. This was repeated a few times.

Mkele had not come in the afternoon when Christine rang the bell in the evening. He quickly pulled her into the kitchen. He was wearing only a t-shirt, his cock wagging sadly as they sat down. The topic today: Men had come into her bedroom during the night. She rattled down like a machine gun as one masked man after another lay on top of her. Jack had already unpacked her breasts and was playing with them. She kept rattling off her story and stared spellbound at his cock. He fondled her breasts and she hesitantly talked about the nocturnal visitors, without a period or comma. His cock stiffened and he pulled the foreskin all the way back to expose the glans. She stared spellbound at his head and her story became smutty and explicit. Her mouth chattered incessantly and she let herself be laid on the kitchen bench without resistance. She kept chattering as he pushed up her skirt and grabbed the waistband of her panties. She lifted her butt a bit so he could take off her panties.

The masked men continued to fuck and squirt non-stop, and Jack effortlessly penetrated her vagina. Her vagina was soft and very wide, not as tight as most cleaning ladies' vaginas. She kept chattering, he fucked her fast and had to squirt way too fast. She only paused for a moment as he squirted and then it was the turn of the masked men again. His cock was still half erect, he had to squirt inside again. He penetrated sensitively and fucked her again. She only fell silent when he got into the finals and thrust really hard. She stared into his eyes in horror as he squirted for a long time and kept squirting. She jumped up abruptly, grabbed her panties and ran out of the apartment.

She came back surprisingly quickly, a few days later. The process stayed the same. She was chattering about the nightly visitors, he had his pants off and was arousing her jiggling breasts. She lay down on the kitchen bench and took off her panties herself when his cock got stiff. He fucked for a very, very long time since Mkele had already banged him properly in the afternoon. She only fell silent as he squirted, as he laboriously squirted out a few drops. She jumped up nimbly and ran out. She came to him every two or three weeks naked under the teasing babydoll and let him fuck and masturbate her. If Mkele or later Eleni hadn't fucked him completely in the afternoon, he squirted juicy into Christine's vagina, usually a second time. There were rumors in the house that Christine was a lesbian, but he couldn't believe it. She liked to fuck, passionately and very actively, so he didn't believe the rumours. The fact that she loved passionately to be masturbated by him was no proof that she was a lesbian. He never found out whether she fucked women or had other lovers and he really didn't care.

The postman brought a summons to court. He was reported to have raped Mrs. Christine Bernowsky. Ray reassured him that it was testimony against testimony, nothing would come of it. Nevertheless, he recommended a good lawyer. When Christine rang before the court hearing, he dismissed her coldly, she knew nothing about the summons.

The court hearing was short and unspectacular. Christine had failed to show up and her attorney read out her lawsuit. The aged

judge admonished him when it became too explicit and too juicy. The judge asked Jack what he had to say after his attorney denied the allegations. Jack got up and lied to the judge that he had never raped a woman and neither had Christine. The judge asked whether Ms. Christine had been in his apartment. “Yes, Your Honor, every few weeks she rings and I listen to her for a few minutes. Her stories are absurd and very confusing, unfortunately she doesn’t have all the cups in the closet!” His lawyer had tried to talk him out of it, but he remained stubborn.

“Have you had sex with Ms. B?” asked the old judge.

“No, Your Honor, I never fucked with Ms. B.” lied Jack.

“So you deny the rape?” the judge insisted.

“Yes, Your Honor, I dispute that!” Jack lied and looked innocently at the judge. “Your Honor, I’m over 70 and my fountain has long since dried up!”

The judge nodded his head and flipped through the files. The woman Christine B. had already sued 12 men for rape in recent years, he said to the two lay judges. The three judges whispered for a while, then the judge shrugged and announced the verdict. 500 euros compensation for pain and suffering for Mrs. B., then the judge took a break. “The decision wasn’t unanimous, so you won’t get a criminal record, Blaustein!” His attorney whispered, “Accept!” and Jack nodded. The judge banged his gavel, it was over.

Christine rang in late in the evening looking adorable, naked in her babydoll. His anger subsided immediately, he let her enter. Before she could begin her fantasy story, he reported on the court hearing. She shook her head vigorously, she didn’t know anything about that. She was really upset and promised to give him back the 500 euros. She did that later, several times. Jack gave the money to Mkele and Eleni, they could use it well. Jack and Christine fucked without further incident for the next few years. For a long time she came to him naked under the babydoll or bathrobe and followed him into the bedroom. He already knew her stories by heart, the masked guys in-

vaded her bedroom, fucked her and squirted loads of it into her vagina. She always described fucking and squirting very nicely, pig-gish, whining and excited, she got insanely horny while being fucked. But she never had an orgasm and never masturbated in front of him. He grabbed her clit after fucking and masturbated her. She liked that a lot and bent her head down to look at his nimble fingers and her clit. She threw her head back and cried out softly as she orgasmed. She said in one of the rare lucid moments that she came mainly to be masturbated nicely. She loved being exposed and defenseless when being passively masturbated. She always had some scarves with her and really wanted to be tied tight to the bed before getting masturbated. Then she played her role of being masturbated against her will. Jack played along with her, fucking the defenseless girl again or masturbating her several times until she wanted to stop. She came naked under the babydoll or bathrobe and immediately had herself tied to the bed and blindfolded. He fucked the defenseless or masturbated at will. He taught her to pleadably beg him to masturbate, she begged, cried and softly screamed for him to masturbate her right away! Christine definitely was crazy like dumbfuck!

Over time, Christine told everything. She was orphaned at the age of 6 after her parents' car accident and her aunt and her husband adopted her as a child. He earned hundreds of thousands in bribes as a customs director. The aunt was a very loving mother and took very good care of her as if she were her own daughter. But she never wanted to know what her husband was doing in the children's room at night. When Christine told her about it, she laughed shrilly and said she was a lying thing and had a very, very dirty imagination! The uncle came into her room every night and woke her up. She had to take off her nightgown, spread her legs wide apart, and pull the pillow over her face because he didn't want her to see him rubbing himself. Finally he pressed his cock on her pee hole and squirted. Then he grabbed the clit and masturbated the kid. Of course she peeked out from under the pillow and watched everything. Being squirted on wasn't particularly exciting, but being masturbated was great! Sometimes he would masturbate her a second time if she would lie with her legs apart, wiggling her ass impatiently and not putting her nightgown back on right away. He did this every night for a good five years, Christine had gotten used to it and each time lay there shaking

her ass so that he could masturbate her a second and third time. At 11 he deflowered her, it didn't hurt at all and his cock fitted her vagina beautifully. She loved it very much, she liked the short fucking much better than being squirted on. It aroused her greatly, her vagina expanded pleasantly and she felt the fucking movements almost bringing her to orgasm. By the time she was 12, she had figured out how to orgasm. Form a hollow back, press your entire cunt against him, press your clit on his cock. He was visibly pleased when she climaxed and grunted with pleasure as he squirted into her vagina. She was always so aroused after being fucked that she was masturbate so she would climax again almost instantly. But she always had to hide her face under the pillow. The older she got the more she liked being fucked, having orgasms and then being masturbated. He couldn't fuck for very long and soon squirted. Sometimes her masturbating would arouse him and he would quickly fuck her again before masturbating her further.

When he was gone, she masturbated like she had every night since she was 6, because she was much better at it than he was. If she was menstruating, he would leave immediately without touching her. On Saturday evening she bathed with her aunt and watched her shave her private parts. The uncle wanted it that way, her labia and clit should be clearly visible in the smooth pubic area like a baby's. He didn't bathe with them every Saturday, but he loved it when his wife lathered his cock properly, washed it vigorously and rubbed it clean for a very long time. Finally she took his cock in her mouth and he squirted in with a big grin. She kept licking his cock until he wanted to stop. The daughter was very excited about all this and played with her clit under the water, the adults didn't bother about it. She only caught her uncle sometimes when he glanced at her nimble fingers out of the corner of his eye. She sat between the two of them to see the cock sucking and mouth squirting up close. The aunt had a much bigger hole than her, but she had a much bigger clit than the aunt and she was proud of that. Her clit was much better suited to masturbate than the aunt's little one. She hid her orgasm as best she could, but mostly her aunt winked at her in agreement. Her mouth full of cock, she looked at the girl's pubic area and nodded in agreement. Once, after bathing, she said that it was all right if the child played with its clit under water, she didn't say any more. The aunt was very

proud, because he really liked squirting into her mouth and she was good at it. She winked at the little daughter with a mischievous grin while she was sucking cock and later explained to her that all men like to squirt in their mouths and that it almost tastes like cream. The little girl nodded understandingly, because she always spied when her aunt fucked strange men on weekdays and she then rubbed some of the cocks for a long time and finally let them squirt into her mouth. She dropped her skirt and panties on the floor and only stripped completely naked when she already knew him well. Most of the time she had to rub the cock vigorously before fucking until it was stiff and the men stroked her heaving breasts, which were soft and flabby like the Italian matrons. She laid down on the kitchen bench to get fucked and the little spy could see everything clearly, her big hole in the middle of her big ass and the cock that went in and out tirelessly. Most of the cocks were bigger than uncle's. The little spy envied her because most men could fuck much longer than the uncle. Laying on the kitchen bench, she sometimes masturbated while being fucked. But only for men who came to fuck very often. If she masturbated while being fucked, she would have one small orgasm after another. The two chatted for a while after the fucking and then he left. Most of them still wanted to squirt in her mouth after the fuck, so she rubbed his cock again. She finally let him squirt into her mouth and kept licking until the cock had softened. If she didn't already know the man well, she sat on the man's thighs. Then the daughter could only see her huge ass moving up and down rapidly. When she stopped and rhythmically clenched her ass cheeks, the man was about to squirt inside. She wiped the semen off with a tissue and the man gave the money to her. After the fuck, the aunt usually went to the bedroom to masturbate and afterwards she was very sweet, happy and hummed a song. The little one never betrayed her because she wasn't a lying thing and didn't have a dirty imagination!

On Sunday morning the child crept into the master bedroom. She had to be as still as a mouse, then she was allowed to sit next to her uncle on the bed. The aunt had a black blindfold over her eyes and was completely naked, her legs spread wide. She masturbated with a very large plastic penis, in and out, sometimes for over an hour. She had smeared the dildo well with lubricating gel, she pushed it firmly between her labia with her hand so that it squeaked very loudly. The

aunt used to masturbate every morning when he drove to work, the little spy found that out and secretly watched her every morning at first. But it soon got boring, the aunt only needed a very short time with her fingers. But now she was fucking herself with the big dildo and the uncle cheered her on by slapping her huge ass very gently with the belt, which the aunt obviously liked. Her huge ass was shaking violently, she clenched her face towards the end and fucked herself harder and harder. The uncle grinned maliciously when she was very excited and fucked her with a finger in the asshole, which finally made the aunt completely wild and horny, she raced to the climax. She paused and her whole body shook in orgasm, her vagina jerking out the dildo in spurts. Now it was the uncle's turn, he quickly penetrated and fucked the aunt briefly, then he squirted in her vagina. This was very exciting for the child. After a few years, Christine was allowed to rub her uncle a few times, but he didn't like being made to squirt by the child. He didn't want to squirt into the air, he wanted to squirt into the aunt. She soon learned to place his cock just in front of the vaginal opening for squirting. She held the cock breathlessly to let his first thick jet squirt up close and jetting into the open hole. The girl thought that was incredibly cool and now her hand guided the cock into the vagina, where it penetrated, fucking, thrusting and squirting. He liked it all the better when Christine rubbed her aunt to orgasm after her orgasm and his squirt inside. He held the blind aunt down with both arms so that she wouldn't object to being masturbated and couldn't resist and held still until the girl made her orgasm. As a child, Christine got goosebumps from the excitement of picking her aunt's little clit out of the fatty flesh until it was sticking out a little and then gently touching it. She was afraid that her aunt would notice that Christine was masturbating her. But the aunt never noticed and pushed her clit out quite far, after all she wanted to be made defenseless with her eyes blindfolded and being masturbated until the clit was no longer stiff. He silently took her to a filthy little clinic eight times to have an abortion. By the time she was 22, he was failing to fuck more and more often and left swearing without masturbating her. Last time she pulled the pillow away from her face for the first time and asked why he couldn't squirt? He beat her up, black and blue without a word. That night she ran away and lived on the streets. The men were very nice and let them stay with them, also because they were happy she let them fuck as many times as they

wanted. During this time she learned how to fuck her ass and squirt in her mouth. She didn't particularly like the ass fucking, but the squirting in the mouth was hot and awesome! Many men didn't want to fuck her in the vagina at all, but then she took the cock in her mouth and rubbed it until they squirted inside. A year later the uncle died of cancer and the aunt left her his millions before turning on the gas. She went to their funeral very upset and kept the apartment. From her aunt's diary she learned that the two had a pact: she turned a blind eye to his fucking Christine and he gave her free reign to fuck anyone during weekdays. And of course the aunt knew from day one that it was Christine who was masturbating her after fucking every Sunday morning. Christine was able to live well on the money she inherited, even as she began to lose her mind. At some point she had taken bad stuff and almost died. They brought her halfway back to the addiction clinic and she thanked them as best she could. They were all allowed to fuck and squirt as they pleased. Some female nurses lay down with her to make love to her. Christine didn't really like that, but she went along with it anyway. The impotent and envious senior doctor threw her out and since then she has lived alternating between reality and madness.

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Ray would sometimes look at old records from his previous life late at night when that night's young mate slept beside him in a deep trance. She was a student nurse and spent most of her free time in bed masturbating. She had fucked very little before and found it enjoyable, but nothing compared to masturbating for days! She lay on the bed with her legs obscenely spread, her vulva open wide, one hand resting next to her clit. She dreamed the hottest dreams and masturbated quickly and surprisingly in a deep sleep, again and again and never woke up. Ray looked up when she orgasmed violently in a trance and fell asleep straight away. He smiled, he liked her very much. He turned back to the recording.

Zeus looked into Anne's eyes and saw her lustful gaze on his body. "The cameras are off, we don't want to record that," he said politely. "Do you want?" he asked quietly and Anne tore her eyes away from his huge cock. She had only fucked once as a curious teenager and

was completely inexperienced. She wondered if it was even possible and Zeus nodded, "Of course!" She looked straight into his light blue eyes, which could be so sharp and menacing and now smiled so mildly. She slowly floated through the air toward Zeus, her tunic flapping to the ground and he lowered her onto his thighs. Her legs hung down the left and right of his thighs, the cunt wide open and she placed her hands on his chest. She forced herself to look into his eyes and not at his cock, which reached up to her belly button. She wouldn't have been able to tell how many times she was rushing from climax to climax or that Zeus held her hips while squirting. Her forehead rested on his chest, confused thoughts racing through her head. "Don't worry, I've already removed the semen from you," he said quietly, gently rubbing her back. She took a deep breath, she would not give birth to a chimera. He smiled softly and caressed her cheeks, "No, you definitely won't!" She was still sitting spread-legged on his thighs and her cunt was throbbing and burning like fire from fucking. "Would you like one more time?" he asked quietly and she shook her head. He knew she wanted it. He waited patiently and stiffened, his cock slowly digging into Anne's vagina. She smiled and let it happen willingly. She raced again from climax to climax like in a frenzy, longer than before and even more intense. Zeus held her by the buttocks and her heart almost burst as he nearly ripped her buttocks apart to fully expand her vagina and explode inside her. She leaned her face breathlessly against his chest and smiled as she felt his cock throbbing in her vagina for a long time. The god's cock didn't go limp but was still very stiff when they pulled apart. She was still smiling when she reappeared in front of the Capitol steps.

Ray lay down with his very young playmate, the recording had aroused him quite a bit. He fucked the deeply sleeping girl hard and squirted moments later after she induced her orgasm. He watched the beautiful child for a long time, she dreamed and masturbated in her sleep like an elf in an enchanted forest. Ray fell asleep towards morning and the girl woke him up late to take care of his morning wood.

Jack was content with what he had. A cleaning lady came once a week, almost always a stranger, and he was happy about the change. No two were the same, it was always a mix of curiosity, intimate ex-

ploration and juicy squirt shots. He questioned them all, they often had surprising things to tell. Eleni came two or three times at lunchtime and completely exhausted him by the evening. She only stopped when he couldn't take it anymore. And every few weeks Christine would come late in the evening, happy to be fucked and masturbated while tied up. It could have gone on forever.

He was crossing the street and was killed out of the blue by an artifact from space. His brain spattered across the tram tracks, meters away. It couldn't, couldn't be space junk, said the politicians, it definitely wasn't debris from space, so it was a meteorite. Period.

He turned 75 and Ray buried his friend. Apart from Ray, only Eleni had come to the funeral. She of course went with him to honor Jack and they fucked afterwards lustfully until late at night. She masturbated in a trance from the funeral until dawn, she had never masturbated so many times in a row! Ray had asked her to delay orgasm until he had squirted. She orgasmed in amazement over and over until she was completely exhausted. In the morning her trance subsided, Ray did not take away the memory of that night and gave her a lot of money. Tired, she took the taxi home and was completely happy. She felt beautiful and desirable for the first time since childhood. A couple of times a year Ray called the agency and specifically asked for Eleni. She bathed extensively, carefully shaved her pubic mound and perfumed herself before being driven to Ray's. She loved being in a trance for many hours until dawn driven by unspeakable horniness and masturbating like crazy the whole time. What a contrast to fucking as a prostitute! Since she had only masturbated listlessly for payment and never to a real orgasm. She had never masturbated so much in one day and one night. She let Ray squirt in her mouth with a grin when she made him stiff before fucking, he liked that. Then he squirted only a little if she could delay her orgasm for so long. He categorically refused hand jobs. He always paid her handsomely, she could use the money well.

Ray would often look at the ancient tapes from when Lin was alive of their videophonates with his mother. At his first with his mother, she mentioned in a subordinate clause that the love between her and

her father had become even more intimate, although he was no longer interested in sex at all. It made Ray very sad.

He already had the second conversation with his mother on the sandy beach and ignored her reproachful comment that he was naked. She didn't mention it again and just stared at his cock throughout the conversation. On the third or fourth call, he introduced Lin, and the mother curiously appraised the Asian woman's beautiful naked body. The two women talked for a long time and his mother seemed very pleased with his girlfriend. The mother had meanwhile gotten used to the nudity of the two. He seemed absent-mindedly unaware of her glances at his body and would lean forward with his cock erect as he hand kissed her goodbye. She grinned teasingly and always sent a kiss to his little one Ray. She then stayed in bed masturbating all afternoon and watched the recording over and over again.

Ray and Lin regularly videophoned his mother, and sometimes their father as well. He was very short-sighted and rarely got around to it. Once he'd gotten his glasses to gawk at his naked daughter-in-law. He could hardly see anything despite his glasses. After speaking to Ray, he left quickly, leaving his wife to do the videophoning.

Lin made no further comment about his kinky videophonics, merely replying succinctly that they were very close and that his nudity was just a bonus for the lonely woman. There was nothing more to say about it, he didn't want to talk about it anymore. Lin had stayed in the background during his first few videophonates, only watching as he got aroused and masturbated to the finale. The camera filmed in close-up as he rubbed and squirted real quick. Lin found it obscene and quite perverted to let his mother watch him masturbating and squirting, she told Ray. He thawed a little and told Lin that the marital fire had died down. The mother loved her husband and would never take a lover, the only lovers were her fingers to masturbate! He felt sorry for that kind of loneliness and knew he was giving her a little pleasure.

Lin asked Ray how much further he wanted to go. She asked Ray why he let his mother watch him squirt. It was obvious that she

wasn't seeing it for the first time. He grinned, the mother needed a bit of excitement and arousal, she loved to watch his nudity as he gradually got going and the final masturbating and squirting. She seemed to like it and it seemed exciting too! Lin listened to his narration with her eyes closed and tried to visualize it. It was like that when he was a teenager. Lin didn't look into his thoughts and memories and asked him to tell her. Ma stood under the door in her bra and panties and watched him masturbate, which he found horny. Her hand slipped into the panties and she pulled the panties down just before she climaxed. He couldn't see much in her bush except that she was shaking violently before walking quickly. He asked her once and she explained to him theoretically how female masturbation went. She came the next day without panties and wanted to show him. Lin couldn't resist the temptation to see his memories while listening to his narration. It was like she was there and it was very exciting. Ma pulled the skin very wide and showed him the clit, a tiny pink nub. He knelt in front of her and excitedly watched as she masturbated. He didn't touch his cock, it twitched all by itself, over and over, squirting out a full stream every few minutes until she was done. It was very strange! Her orgasm was completely unspectacular as always. From then on he was allowed to kneel down in front of her and watch from close up. For the first few days he just watched, didn't masturbate and it was always incredibly exciting and his cock squirted by itself until she was done. He still didn't masturbate, stretched his cock in the air before squirting and his cock squirted juicy into her open vaginal entrance, which she had spread with the other fingers to masturbate. She had a very strange feeling in her stomach because he wasn't masturbating and yet he was squirting juicy and in full jets into her vagina from a centimeter away. Lin gasped in anticipation as she watched his cock squirt all by itself. At some point his cock stopped squirting by itself, he had to masturbate. She became even more dizzy when he pressed the tip of the glans on her vaginal entrance and squirt inside jet after jet with a happy grimace. The more excited she masturbated, the more she bent her knees, the closer her vagina came to his cock. Now he could penetrate deeply into her vagina with his glans, masturbate at breakneck speed and then squirt inside deeply. Lin moaned softly, "Oh no, Ray, no!" Ma withdrew immediately and his semen dribbled hard out of her vagina as she continued to masturbate. It dropped all the way to

her knees as she climaxed, she got up and left immediately. She protested that he was squirting in her vagina, but she couldn't talk him out of it, because in her excitement she wasn't paying attention when masturbating herself.

As much as he begged, she didn't want to teach him how to fuck, so she stood firm. squirting on the outside of her vulva wasn't okay, of course, squirting inside her vagina wasn't okay at all. But she would never fuck with her own son! Never! Ray shook his head as Lin asked into the silence if he'd gotten her around after all. Ray was very embarrassed but kept talking. At first he could only put the glans into her vagina to squirt. As time went on, she bent her knees, almost squatting, the more aroused she rubbed herself. He only put the glans in to be able to masturbate. The deeper she squatted, the deeper he could get his cock into the vagina when squirting. He thrust a little at a time, sticking his cock all the way in and thrusting a dozen times to squirt. She scolded a lot, but she kept crouching low, letting him penetrate all the way without resistance and thrusting for a very long time before squirting. He did it for a few weeks until she stopped coming. He always brought it up when he begged to fuck really real and not just a little. She stayed hard, she would never fuck with him and what he did was not acceptable at all and of course it wasn't fucking either. They would merely masturbate together, which in itself was very kinky, but it wasn't fucking, she stubbornly claimed.

Every day Ma squatted deeply and slowly pulled the vagina over his glans. He'd just rubbed his cock stiff without squirting, he picked up the semen to squirt inside her richly and powerfully. Her vagina wobbled when she masturbated and he waited until she was very aroused. He went in with his whole cock and thrust her for so long that she stopped masturbating and her orgasm erupted. Eyes bulging, she waited breathlessly, pressing her finger to the clit, her orgasm making her vagina tremble. Her expression went sheepish and she didn't move as he hastily continued to fuck until he squirted, pushing him back in disgust after squirting. She crouched, trembling, and orgasmed until his tough semen squirted out, then crouched and masturbated to finish her orgasm. These orgasms lasted for minutes. She persistently and stubbornly denied that this wasn't real fucking, it was just masturbating together. It infuriated her when he dead se-

rious-faced hypocritically agreed that this wasn't real fucking. And it was very mean of him to shove and squirt on her during her orgasm, she would never let it come to that if she weren't so aroused and horny at the moment. They did that for four weeks, every day, after that she stayed away, forever. Lin knew the unthinkable had happened and she had to have an abortion.

Ray laughed, after maybe half a year she had lost interest in his masturbating and masturbating together. He spied for a while because she never quite closed the door and watched her masturbate. She always lay completely naked in the marriage bed, her legs spread wide so that he could see everything very clearly. It usually took a quarter of an hour before she reached her orgasm and it always lasted a few minutes. But spying on her masturbation wasn't that interesting, that wasn't the real thing. She masturbated every afternoon at the same time, except on Sundays, when her parents shagged after breakfast until noon, when he wasn't allowed to disturb or spy. But he couldn't stop spying, they left the door wide open. Lin bit her lip with excitement as she watched his parents fuck and the father ended up squirting deep down her throat. He never squirted in her vagina, he knelt in front of her face and she rubbed him vigorously until he squirted in her mouth and down her throat. She had been swallowing the semen for decades. She masturbated all morning and had so many orgasms her knees were weak by midday. The parents' sex life took a hit when the father developed a rather painful gonorrhea. He had to confess every one of his sins. His mother listened stony-faced as he shagged all of his young interns. He had to swear to her that he would never fuck a minor again. It was months before she slept with him again. Lin clicked out of his memories. She swallowed and ruffled the hairs on the back of his neck affectionately. "You were a really bad finger even then, Ray!" Lin was very ashamed because she secretly watched his memories, but it was incredibly hot and exciting.

She shouldn't hide any more than he did, he told Lin, she had great things to offer! Before videophoning, they discussed how far they wanted to go this time. Lin was now convinced of her mother's loneliness and was not stingy with her charms. The covetous and curious thoughts of Ray's mother pushed aside Lins hesitant bashful-

ness and awakened her desire to let herself go perverted. She really showed the camera everything, they recorded the lustful dancing of her fingers on the clit in close-up, the high resolution showed every pore of her skin. She had a very gentle way of masturbating and exploded in her orgasm. Ray hugged her proudly and lovingly as she struggled for breath after orgasm and gradually calmed down. Although she was very shy at first, she melted under Ray's expert fingers as he gently masturbated her. Lin cuddled with him loved to be free and intense with Ray. She was a little unsure the first time she hand masturbated Ray. His mother was bursting with excitement as Lin vigorously made Ray squirt, making every last drop of his cock squirt. They both liked to play with each other's privates and let Ma watch, but of course it didn't stop there. Lin found it better to fuck Ray freely, it was a natural thing to do. She masturbated while fucking and had multiple orgasms. Ray thrust hard in the finale and squirted long inside Lin's vagina. The camera filmed everything in close-up and you could see the fucking and privates banging straight on. You could see exactly when he squirted while thrusting and Lin rubbed the clitoris hard in orgasm. Letting Ma watch them making love was pretty perverted, but she was a little perverted, too, and not just Ray. The mother stopped looking away in shame when she saw an exciting, revealing bonus program. She loved watching them both masturbating, orgasming, squirting, or watching them fuck normally with love and no unnatural pretense. She then spent the entire afternoon masturbating in bed, enjoying the recording and heart palpitations as she masturbated with her fingers from orgasm to orgasm. Ray kissed Lin gratefully, because his mother's loneliness always made him very sad. He wasn't happy again until he watched with Lin her masturbate for hours.

Ray looked at other recordings as well. For example the one with the precious Chinese whore. When they went to bed, Lin teleported Chinese Mun Li to his bed. Ray fucked the old whore with relentless enthusiasm, who grabbed her clit as he squirted, eliciting her orgasm in a flash. squirtingright into her orgasm made him insanely horny. The precious whore made his cock stiff with her lips and tongue and let him squirt in her mouth while grinning devilishly. Mun Li and Ray fucked for many hours. Lin couldn't take her eyes off the two of them, the precious old Chinese whore was really a sex bomb and Lin

got so horny that she masturbated next to the fuckers more than a dozen times. The two didn't fall asleep until dawn, after Lin had teleported the Chinese woman back home. Ray was totally exhausted and slept until noon, after a hearty snack he dozed on the sandy beach until dinner. Lin teleported the French Regine into bed, straight out of the fiancé's bed, whom she had to put into a deep sleep. The French was very passionate and experienced, she fucked quite similar to the Chinese and gave everything. Ray fucked whenever he was hard and sometimes roared into the cute French girl's mouth when she mouthed him hard. In his pauses, Regine surprisingly slid over to Lin and quickly licked her to orgasm. Lin retaliated and licked Regine until she writhed in orgasm.

Before breakfast he was hugged by Anne Kilpatrick, whose inexperience always amazed him. Anne had only fucked once during puberty and would do whatever Ray wanted. Her very childish way of learning to fuck kept Ray going until his semen was depleted and his cock went soft. Lin made her forget everything and teleported her to Washington. Ray sat in his armchair, drinking whiskey and smoking. Lin smiled at his question and replied, No, she had never had sex with a woman before and the sweet French lady knew her craft, goddamn it! Jack nodded with a dreamy look, "Yeah, that's how it was for me."

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