

Jack X.
Faber

The
Blind
Story-
Teller



The Blind Storyteller

by Jack Faber © 2025

Finding the old storyteller was not difficult, everyone knew him and knew where to find him. It was much more difficult to convince the gnarled old man that I was a renowned writer and wanted to write an authentic biography about him.

I was about to give up, because I had already wasted three weeks. Then Min, his daughter, suddenly appeared, calling me in a soft, gentle voice to accompany her to her father. Min looked like an extraordinarily pretty 17 or 18-year-old, but I had heard rumors that she was much older, much older. I grabbed my bundle and followed the pretty girl. I don't know if you, dear reader, have ever followed a pretty girl. I followed Min at a distance of two steps, her swaying gait making her small buttocks dance gently but provocatively before my eyes. Her semi-transparent veil cloak left nothing to the imagination, but revealed everything to the admirers eye. Really everything.

The old man was camping in a cave on the river bank. I bowed to the ground, as I had learned to do at the imperial court, and clasped my fist in my other hand. He nodded casually, looked around the cave with a grin, and muttered that his palace was rather dusty. We both grinned and he made me sit opposite him on a tree trunk. He questioned me in detail, I told him everything, service in the army, imperial scribe, retired from service with all honors and rich gifts. Yes, I was 38 years old, unmarried. I couldn't find anyone who would have been worth staying with for more than 3 weeks. I reluctantly admitted that I didn't like sleeping alone. The master smiled smugly.

That was the cue. He pointed to the two sleeping mats and had Min put a third one next to them. "You will probably stay with us for a few days, no, probably a few weeks and make your notes, dear Master Tshü. We, my daughter Min and I, will probably stay here for a few more months, we want to tell our stories in all the little towns. And you will accompany us everywhere, my good Tshü!" The old

man was one of those people who could decide within the first minute who they trusted.

Young girls from the village brought us ready meals and all kinds of food, that was agreed upon. The villagers took into account that the old man only wanted young girls between 14 and 20 around him. The young girls seemed to like it when the old man briefly reached up this or that one's skirt. I was also very quick to judge people and secretly decided not to call the book "The Life Story of the Famous Master Pyi Lai" but "The Lustful Storyteller" or something similar. Min, who usually stuck to me as silent as a shadow, let out a quiet laugh when she read my note. "That would be very inappropriate," grinned the sweet child-woman, "You should be a little ashamed of yourself, dear Master Tschü." I grinned as did she. I will have to get used to Min sitting half behind me with her head on my shoulder, reading every word I wrote down. I did not feel it was censorship when she made a note, it was probably on the old man's orders. It was extremely calming because she gently pressed her body against mine.

After dinner, Master Pyi Lai leaned back and began to speak sleepily. "Perhaps we should start from the beginning, how my life began. I am a dragon-man, half dragon, half human. And that's how it came about. My mother Liao was a very powerful sorceress, a human through and through, and she was to live a very, very long time. Her human body remained that of a 30-year-old girl, although in purely sober terms she was much, much older. One day she fell in love with my father, Drrmh Tschih'aa, who led a powerful dragon clan. She used all her magic and cunning to get the guy into bed. He was not a family man, but very well-disposed when my mother became pregnant. He would arrive every night with his men to calm her increased carnal cravings until dawn, which she liked very much. My mother was certainly not a picky eater and a very talented "White Witch", one of the good ones.

When I was born, the sisters helped her to make it as painless as possible. Today I can no longer say whether they were biological sisters or just sisters in spirit, but my mother Liao was happy that I was a splendid, healthy dragon person. According to tradition, they cut

off the little tail on my back, which was maybe two inches long, leaving only a tiny scar. Otherwise there were no external signs of my dragon origins.

The sisters drank lots of homemade spirits, danced in a circle and each was allowed to make a magic wish. “A very long, healthy life!” “Strong magical powers!” “A splendid cock that will bring joy to the girls well into his old age!” “He is supposed to enchant, mesmerize all girls!” “The ability to transform into a dragon and then back into a human!” “A clear, knowledge-hungry mind that will lift him into the highest offices!” “Wealth and fortune should flatter him!”

My dear Tshü, I learned all this from my mother, and she was happy to list the sisters’ magic spells; there may have been others as well, but I have probably already forgotten them. I grew up well-protected with Liao, she was a natural mother. She taught me to read, write and count, and by the age of 4 I was already reading thick tomes on astronomy, which captivated me even then.

Let’s skip ahead to childhood, it was beautiful and very exciting. Puberty took hold, and I suddenly discovered that there were girls among my playmates. Of course, I investigated this phenomenon meticulously, and my current preference for young girls may have come from this time. Soon the game of “mommy and daddy fucking” was high on the agenda and Mother Liao realized that it was the right time to teach me to fuck.

My dear Tshü, many believe that boys and girls can fuck naturally. That may be true for the basics. But it makes a big difference to have been well trained in fucking. Why not ask 100 girls if they know where their G-spot is? If there are more than 2 who know, then you have caught a special group. Usually none or only one knows what you are talking about, my dear Tshü!

The minority of dragon people is so small that we do not know incest like humans do. So do not be surprised, Master Tshü, to find me as a teenager in the arms of my mother and her sisters. Thank God I was smart enough back then to realise that I had to learn and that it was to my advantage. I fucked her and her sisters very diligently,

probably a dozen times a day. Let's skip this period of learning too, you'll know it yourself. And I really wanted to be a well educated man!

My mother soon realised that I had to learn to fight. She ignored my objections about how many guys I owed my bloody nose to. "A good fighter doesn't care whether he's facing one guy or 20, he'll win in any case!" She left me with her sisters for days and went looking for good fighters to train me. That's what she expected from a 14-year-old, and that was a complete waste of time!

A very old gentleman, but fast and venomous like a snake, trained me in hand-to-hand combat and fist fighting. He had only been given a year by my mother, she didn't want him in her bed for any longer. So he whipped me on, 7 days a week and some nights too. I worked like a madman, developed muscles, reaction and precision in my punches and kicks. He was also the one who trained me in aerial combat, the highest discipline of close combat. The "flying bat" was a martial art that was thousands of years old and which I was able to master in the end. The old man left, as he told me, with deep regret, because he had made the most of the nights of love with my 35-year-old mother. My mother just pulled down the corners of her mouth. "To give you something, I would jump into bed with even the lamest demon, that's obvious!"

Now Master Feng came, a master with sword, dagger and short spear. Even Mama blossomed, because he could fence just as well with his cock. He taught me even the meanest tricks, because in the end, the only thing that mattered was survival. When I turned 16 and turned 17, he gave up. He couldn't teach me anything anymore. Nevertheless, Mama kept him in her bed for a whole month; he was an excellent rider.

Now came the last teacher, who was supposed to teach me military riding and strategy. The horses flared their nostrils and kicked their front legs in the air because they smelled the dragon man in me. But they got used to it. Riding was very easy for me, I loved the many tricks that Master Tschin taught me. "These are not cirkus tricks, you

fool!” he barked at me, “all this makes a rider dangerous in battle, these are fighting techniques, damn it!”

But I found the games we played together in the sandbox more interesting. I realized that planning an ambush or taking the landscape into account were an absolute must. His bamboo stick always landed on the back of my head when I had sent my men to their deaths. He pulled a blue scarf from his sleeve. “This is the river, you are on this side, the enemy on the other. Now, show me something foolish again, Pyi!” I knew that he had won several important battles on the river banks and was therefore dear to the emperor. I wanted to learn everything about strategy from him, absolutely!

Evening fell, Min had lit a small fire in the stone circle and served us dinner. You would think we lived like cavemen, but far from it! There were comfortable silk cushions and small carpets, clean, solid dishes and the finest of the finest to eat and drink. Master Pyi loved good wine and let me keep up with plenty, only Min drank no alcohol, only fruit juices. What today was a good cognac and a cigar, was then served in the finest desserts and sweets back then. I could tell, even at the imperial court there was nothing better.

An icy wind raged outside the cave, but the fire in the cave warmed us sufficiently. It was bedtime, we were heavy from the food and wine. Min took off her veil and I admired her beautiful girlish body. She was a beautiful girl, a 16 or 17 or 18 year old, whose eyes betrayed age and experience. Her breasts, semi-circular apples with pointed nipples, were simply virginal and divine. She was delicate and slim, only her hips were already rounded in a womanly way. Above her pubic slit was a flame of black hair, which she kept neatly trimmed. The pink slit did not reveal that she masturbated diligently every night to fall asleep.

Master Pyi pulled her towards him. His cock was astonishingly large, almost twice as long as my own and also thick. So he too had a meaty cock that kept its shape and stiffness after squirting and that you could fuck all night long with because it didn't need a normal erection. The two of them fucked silently, passionately and focused on their sexual pleasure. The master's cock didn't even go halfway

into Min's fuck hole, but she quickly got going and had a violent orgasm and several small ones.

Min had laid down next to me with her legs spread. She bent one leg so that her knee touched my hip. She then put the whole bent leg over me, her hand guided my hand along her thighs to her inner thighs. Everything happened silently, without words. I was supposed to strike her inner thighs while she was being fucked, and of course I did. I felt the old man's rhythmic thrusting, he had strong loins and knew how to use his long cock very well. It didn't even go halfway into Min's fuck hole, so she could hold the rest of the cock with her fist. Min sometimes looked into my eyes, her expression was infinitely sad, tears glistened in the corners of her eyes. I recognized this infinitely sad look from many women when they gradually walked up the hill, towards the top. Min also walked up the path, towards her top. Her thighs upon mine began to shake, it was about to start, I knew that.

I watched with great interest, because I was always an interested spectator when two people were fucking. Min's face twisted in orgasm, now you could see that she was much, much older than 16. But it would be a long time before I found out her real age. She must have been lying on the sleeping old man's chest for a quarter of an hour and her breathing had long since calmed down. Then she turned to me. "Come," she said with a smile and shook her head as I raised my chin towards the old man. "That's fine, we already had agreed on that." She lay down on the middle mat. "On my back, if that's okay with you, Master Tshü." I nodded.

I penetrated her very gently and delicately, just as her father had penetrated her carefully. Min's fuck hole was goddamn tight, it lay like a silk glove over my cock. But her fuck hole was very supple and adjusted to my cock with ease. At least my cock went in completely and we smiled into each other's eyes when the tip of my cock touched her cervix. "You see, it fits perfectly!" whispered the woman with the girl's body. I fucked her for about 20 minutes, she had a very nice trembling orgasm, and she smiled very, very sweetly into my eyes. "Our sexes are made for each other. Please don't leave too quickly, I

want to enjoy the pleasure with you for as long as possible!" I nodded and put a candied date in both of our mouths.

"Is Master Pyi really your father?" I began my interrogation. Min nodded, "Yes, he is my biological father and the best I could wish for!" I remembered what he had said about incest. Dragon people did not know incest. Min read my thoughts. "No, of course I can't marry my father, you stupid guy! I've lived with him all my life, and I never saw my mother. She was the only one my father ever fell in love with."

Min looked at me with a smile. "When I was born, my father was completely blind. His blindness forced him to become a storyteller. It wasn't until I was a bigger girl that I met Grandmother Liao, his mother. She hadn't heard anything about his blindness and was horrified. She and her sisters immediately brewed a magic ointment, and after two months he had his sight back.

Nevertheless, he remained a storyteller, he had had enough of adventures. I stayed with him and led him to the villages like a blind guide. And of course I select the girls for him who come with him after the campfire and let him fuck them. Or let him deflower them beforehand. It's true, he acts like a magnet that attracts young and youngest girls like honey attracts a bear." She chewed her lower lip. "You've probably heard that my master has a preference for virgins and young girls. After puberty, it was quite natural for me that he would turn into a dragon and fly with me on his back once a year to the "Black Raven Mountain", where he could rejuvenate me with magic and sorcery, turning me into a 16, 17 or 18-year-old girl, as you know me now. I return from this magic mountain every year as a virgin, with a completely new hymen, and it is a great event for him to deflower me year after year. I only keep my mind, my knowledge and my memories, nothing is lost, only my body is rejuvenated."

Min wanted to be fucked twice more, which of course I was very happy to do. The midnight raven called and told us to sleep. I dreamed a lot of strange things, most recently I was with Min's pregnant mother, who looked exactly like Min and fucked just like her little daughter. It was not a nightmare, on the contrary. Min woke me

up when breakfast was prepared. But before breakfast the three of us went to the river to bathe.

The old man dived under several times and let Min rub his back. He stood next to me and murmured, "Good morning, my dear friend! Did you enjoy the night with Min?" I nodded, but I wasn't sure how he felt about it. "Min told me your cock was made for her. And that you know how to use the brush well, you scribbler!" He gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Don't look too conspicuous, but the local children are hiding in the bushes opposite, they watch us bathe every morning!" He grinned. "People in the country are dirty piglets, they bathe every few weeks or months at most." He shook his head. "I have to bathe every morning, otherwise I feel dirty like a piglet."

After breakfast Min poured us a glass of cold wine. I wasn't used to it, but Mr Pyi was the master of the house here and set the pace. I listened with my brush drawn and bamboo strips on my pillow, felt Min snuggling up to my back. The girl confused me, her body was really so childlike, but she could read my scribbles and comment immediately when there was something to say. That wasn't annoying, but very helpful, because she too wanted to get as complete a picture of her father.

Pyi Lai continued. When I was 17 years old, my mother Liao took me to the royal court of Qin. She knew all 7 royal houses, went in and out of them and knew everything. She knew that I absolutely wanted to join the royal bodyguard of Qin, the most famous warriors at the time. Three weapons masters examined me and unanimously accepted me. How proud I was to wear the uniform, this very uniform! I knelt before the good King Zuo and swore loyalty to him until death.

I served in the royal guard for 12 years. It was not a boring service, not at all. Protecting the king and his family from assassination attempts, highwaymen and other enemies was exciting and thrilling. The well-filled treasury was a temptation for any criminal! And I had a lot of free time.

Well, at a royal court like this you can find the most beautiful girls as well as the darkest souls. And I took full advantage, not sleeping alone for a single night. I skillfully outdid my comrades in sexual competition, conquering all the virgins, of which there were not many left. Nevertheless, my comrades gave me the nickname “The Hymen-Piercer”, which I could be proud of. My secret magnetism attracted the youngest in particular, and I was happy to leave the older ones to my comrades.

The young queen, the chaste and modest wife of the old king, also had her eye on me. She was not the most beautiful at court, but the most loyal. She made an exception for me, with an ulterior motive of course. She wanted to give children to the king, whom she loved loyally and with all her heart. I came just in time. I was deeply touched by the way she surrendered to me. Never before had a woman looked at me so sadly as she did, her gaze like that of a fatally wounded doe. Her tears flowed incessantly, although she gave herself completely to the act. Every morning or afternoon she had a best friend sneak me into her bedroom. She stood motionless in the bedroom corner to make sure that I did not ask her mistress to do anything inappropriate, such as cumming in her mouth or fucking doggy style, both very common but also frowned upon.

I fucked the queen, who was so shy and yet so determined, until she was finally pregnant after four months. The old king must have known who the good donor was, because he interrogated me several times, kindly but firmly. She had triplets, three little princesses, a year later a prince, and another year later a little daughter. The king promoted me every time a child was born, he sent a sack full of gold pieces to my mother because the bodyguards were not allowed to accept bribes. The king treated me with loving gratitude, and I wasn't the only one who noticed. But I didn't have any real enemies at the time, maybe envious people, but what does that mean?

Prince Ying Zheng, from a previous marriage of the king, ascended the throne at the age of just 14 when the good King Zhuo suddenly died. King Zheng was a very clever man, an excellent strategist and a little ambitious. Well, let's just say he was downright ambitious. He liked the fact that his kingdom was the largest and richest of the 7

kingdoms, but he wanted more, he wanted to be a god. He took a third of his bodyguard with him, the others guarded the royal family and the golden treasure. He set off, and after less than a year he had defeated all 7 other kingdoms, conquered them and incorporated them into his empire. He had brought all the Chinese peoples under his roof and when he was crowned emperor he gave himself a new name, Qin Shihuangdi, the first emperor under heaven. He was not a bloodthirsty beast, but someone who set out to do something and then consistently followed through on it. He did not want to conquer more countries, because neither the Mongols nor the Indians were Chinese.

Qin Shihuangdi was a successful ruler, but he also used brutality and violence when it served his goal. He was successful because he rebuilt the state from scratch, introduced common language, currency, units of measurement and much more. I was in his bodyguard during his first four years and then returned to the old royal court to guard the royal family and the treasure. During these four years many women from various kingdoms and tribes fucked with me, which I found delightful overall.

Emperor Qin Shihuangdi divorced his first wife. She had only given birth to one daughter and was then barren. He sent her into exile in the south because she had dared to indulge in hundreds of lovers, which was shameless and dishonorable, especially since as emperor he had to defend his honor. When she rode off with a servant, some noblemen accompanied her. This angered the hot-tempered emperor and he sent four skilled assassins after them with clear orders. They quickly slaughtered the noblemen and their followers, leaving only the ex-empress and the servant alive. They fucked the two unfortunate women non-stop for a day and a night until they were all exhausted, then they stabbed a dagger in their necks. They returned to the emperor and brought him the heads of all those killed as proof.

He then let his daughter Li Shi sleep in his bed after she turned 13 and rumors spread that he had taken her as his wife. And so it was, he had her crowned empress on her 16th birthday. She was to give him 4 sons and 11 daughters. The little girl was much better in bed,

more filthy and more daring than her mother, whom she detested even after her death. She left no frivolity, no obscenity out; she loved her father more than anything and not only delighted him with nightly sex, but with sexual performances, acts and displays of all sexual kinds.

The emperor, who threw himself into work like a berserker during the day and built the united kingdoms into a well-thought-out imperial state, lay exhausted in the evening in his daughter's lap and enjoyed the sexual excesses in Li Shi's lap. He had no cue, what his wife was doing on daytime. She was his main wife; he took only a few concubines and ignored the old customs according to which the king — now emperor — had to have one or another lady lie with him on certain official occasions. He didn't really enjoy it, but he couldn't always prevent it, or didn't want to, when the woman he was sleeping with was a really lovely thing.

Li Shi was already 17 when Captain Pyi was ordered to the court, it would be four years. Li Shi's clit flared up immediately when she saw me for the first time. She was very careful in choosing her lovers and she could get by quite well without a lover for a long time. But when she had a victim in her sights, there was no escape. Hardly anyone dared to fail, because the empress let the executioner work without a second thought, just like her father and husband. Nobody had prepared me for this, I lived among my comrades, just as I had at the court in Qin.

At the imperial court, of course, there was a huge selection of girls of all ages and backgrounds, but there wasn't a single virgin at the court. The "Hymen-Piercer" was now renamed "the one who grabs the newlyweds' underwear," laughed his comrades. It was true, I attracted girls and newlyweds like a magnet. This was my hobby, my destination and I loved it more than anything. The emperor grinned when Captain Pyi asked for the privilege of taking their girls, fiancés or wives with them on foreign missions. The comrades grinned as did the emperor, some for obvious reasons, the other because the troops were functioning better than ever before. From now on, the empress accompanied her father, husband and emperor everywhere, because she had her reasons.

Success proved her right. She could not get any closer to Captain Pyi, but she used her chance very cleverly. The emperor, very concerned about his physical safety, had the Qin royal guard accompany him everywhere and no one dared to attack these tough guys. During both of the assassination attempts that were made on the emperor, he was not under the care of the imperial guard. The emperor trained every day with the weapons masters and bodyguards because he was convinced that someone could attack him anywhere and he wanted to be able to defend himself if necessary. The emperor was a battle-hardened, well-trained warrior, not a wimp like many of his successors.

Li Shi cunningly guided me, Captain Pyi, between her voluptuous thighs. She was her father's worthy daughter, strategic, cool and prudent in her planning, even though it was "only" about a secret fuck. My deputy led the guard more and more often, and I was between Li Shi's magnificent thighs as ordered and served the empress willingly. Except for her predatory hooked nose, she was a beauty, she cared a lot about personal hygiene, weight and hygiene. She knew that she was always gambling with her head and mine, but the matter was worth it for her and she didn't ask me. I gave it my all and she perished in my powerful thrusts. Not without reason, I sometimes thought that I was the biological father of her four sons. But that was not an issue. Not at all.

I knew that Li Shi was not an ordinary whore like many others at court. She was an almost faithful wife, almost shy and almost decent. I enjoyed the hours I spent with her, because she had learned to fuck from the best courtesans of the court. I was always amazed that the emperor never actually caught her in the act and that the rumor mill did not help him either. The latter was probably due to the fact that the executioner's sword was something to be feared when it came to the empress. So I was the empress's secret stabber for four years.

Unfortunately, the emperor had a strong desire to live forever. In addition to his paranoia, there were the quacks. If he added a little bit of mercury to his food, yes, he would live forever! Within half a year, the emperor had poisoned himself. One night he ran up a mountain half-naked, waving his sword, to fight against supposed

monsters, evil spirits and terrible sorcerers. Li Shi had the unlucky raven captured and locked him up at night. The poison caused his libido to overflow prematurely, he indiscriminately fucked the noblewomen at court, like a dog in heat, in front of everyone. He therefore had to be locked up during the day and Li Shi continued his business. Emperor Qin Shihuangdi died a horribly painful death. It was kept secret for 3 months because his chancellor had unlawfully seized the throne. Li Shi avoided the public, she had lost her father, husband and her lover and did not stop the chancellor.

I watched the old storyteller very closely because I only knew the time of the first emperor in broad outline. But he looked me straight in the eye when I said how surprising his story about the first emperor sounded. I didn't even want to calculate how old the storyteller must be? He looked at me quite openly. "Dragon people are known to live a very long time. My mother is now older than 900 human years." He shrugged and stirred the campfire with a branch. "Don't think about it too much, Master Tshü, you'll probably have to leave out a lot of your story so that you don't get pelted with camel dung. Just let me tell you everything and then decide what you can and can't write." Old Master Pyi drank a whole cup of wine in one go and continued to tell his story.

There were also unpleasant tasks, of course. I was sent with a small troop to pick up the bride of one of the most unpleasant officials at court. Nothing exciting. But that's how I met Igdis, the only real woman in my life. We traveled slowly, only for 4 days. But we started talking and our hearts beat in unison. On the second night she lay down next to me and gave me her maidenhood. We were meant for each other, she said.

The groom was shocked when Igdis poured him clear, bitter water. The hot-tempered idiot challenged me to a duel, which was perfectly legal. The duel was to take place with the so-called "sticks", a feared weapon of the royal bodyguard. It was a straight stick about 60 to 65 centimeters long made of hollowed-out stone wood that was filled with bronze. It was held together at both ends by iron clamps. In the hands of a trained fighter, a truly deadly weapon.

Before the duel, we faced each other and I assessed the offended groom. A small, overweight fool, covered from head to toe in iron armor, but of course that hindered him. I was only wearing my normal uniform, nothing else. One of our armorers discreetly stepped next to me. “Be warned, captain, the guy was in the guard for 5 years before he went into politics. He’s good at fighting with a stick, he’ll mainly go for your thighs and legs. Of course, he doesn’t believe in fairness, the guy! Remember the “jumping falcon” exercise!”

In short, the duel began and the guy actually wanted to knock my legs off. I did the “jumping falcon”, not according to the instructions, but when it seemed right to me, so that he knew what I would do to defend himself, but not when. He even brushed against the soles of my feet several times; he fought unfairly, but well. With each falcon I hit him on the helmet, which gave him a good shake. But that way I managed to knock the helmet off his head. I didn’t give him a chance to get back to his helmet. He was now completely confused, something that should never happen to a trained, well-trained fighter. I didn’t give him the chance to concentrate on my legs. I hit him relentlessly on his arms, shoulders and legs, picking his armor off his body piece by piece.

He wasn’t prepared for that, he cursed and yelled because he realized that I was going to kill him. I knocked the armor off his upper body piece by piece and made him howl. For the first time during my service, I did the “Flying Bat” and chopped his skull in two from above. Igdis was mine, I had fought for her honestly. My two weapons masters snapped their jaws shut again, they had never seen the “Flying Bat” before.

I spent the most beautiful 9 months of my life with Igdis. I only had eyes for her, I no longer looked at anyone else. Only the Queen Dowager could order me to come to her, I had to see our 5 children once a week and then fuck the Queen Dowager properly. Igdis didn’t care, she said nothing against my weekly visits to the Queen Dowager. Somehow she felt sorry for the widow, whose carnal desires increased immeasurably at the onset of menopause. Igdis sent me out two or three times a week to “see my children”, as she said with a smile. She was completely out of hormonal shape during her own

pregnancy, I fucked her every free minute and she didn't mind giving up or lending her lover to the other suffering companion. I fucked the Dowager Queen two or three times a week, I let her sigh, groan, moan and scream her way to the end.

Min's birth did not go as planned. Igdis screamed her throat hoarse, the midwives were at a loss. After two agonizing days, Min was born. Igdis took the little worm to her breast and hugged her. Igdis somehow knew that she had to die. She made me swear a sacred oath to always be there for Min and to protect her like the apple of my eye. Of course I swore and kept my oath. Igdis perished in my arms, in my tears. I asked the Queen Dowager to bury her like an honorable wife in the palace burial ground. I found a young, sweet girl who looked after little Min like a mother and lay with me at night for the next 14 years.

Gril was a good, suitable mother and always loved to be fucked by me. I took a larger cell in the castle so that I could sleep and live in the same room with Min and Gril. Gril loved to be fucked while she was suckling, that was beyond doubt. She breastfed Min with a smile until she was 5 years old. Even now, generations later, I still mourn Igdis, but Gril's natural carnality and her insatiable sexual desire quickly brought me back down to earth. She may have been a completely uneducated child from the country, but she had a good instinct to build me up as a man. In retrospect, I think that without her shamelessly honest and uncontorted natural way of fucking me every day and making me fuck, I might not have found my way back to life.

One day I stopped rudely sending away the girls who were magnetically attracted to me. I remember how hesitant and uncertain I was when I slipped under the covers of a newlywed, how sad and abandoned I felt with the dear girl. How could we have cheated on her husband so happily? How could we, rejoicing in orgasm, cuckold him? Were we not happily radiant and natural children or dark, devious deceivers? For the first time, I was uncertain whether I was doing the right thing.

I could not fall back into the old ways, old habits. More and more often I spurned a married woman because I rejected her motives. It

was important to me now to pay attention to this. And I definitely felt better. Yes, the fictional Igdis, with whom I sometimes conversed, praised or criticized my choice of partner. I tried to do her justice, as stupid as that may sound. And it was not wrong to do so. Like a hunter who finally realizes that it does not have to end in wiping out the entire animal population, but only in killing a few animals. I no longer ran after women's skirts, I received those who crowded into my anteroom and chose carefully. You might think, dear Tschü, no-nah, of course, that's how it's done! What I want to convey to you is that it was a deep turning point for me, a serious reflection. I was no longer the same.

Min warned us that it was time to set off for the little town and began to tidy up. Master Pyi went to the river again and dived under briefly, then put a fresh shawl around his shoulders. I decided to take my writing equipment with me, perhaps I could write the story. We walked leisurely into town, Min led us to the inn, where well-seasoned chickens with spiced rice and light country wine were already waiting for us. The innkeeper was a good host, he organized the evening lecture on his large lawn and earned a good amount from the bar. You didn't have to pay for the lecture itself, the innkeeper would give part of his profits to the storyteller at the end of the evening.

We had reached the sweets and hot tea when a dozen young girls came to the table. I quickly understood what was going on. They wanted to know which of them could sit on the storyteller's lap. The girls opened their dresses and the "blind" storyteller felt the bodies, one by one. I would have bet that the selection was based on the girls' breasts. He rejected two girls whose breasts were already quite large. Then he chose three of them after feeling their breasts and their pussies. Breasts that were at most half an apple or less, and pussies that had only a delicate downy hair. He made his selection and the little horde stormed out again noisily. Min, who was sitting next to me, explained that "under no circumstances did he want to take a virgin with an intact hymen, or a mature, half-grown girl. Yes, he loves young girls, but he is very careful that she is not too young. That would be very rude, an assault. No village community would forgive him." I nodded, that was quite fine. At that time there was not the widespread urban hysteria that was fed by a few pedophiles.

Min assigned me a seat to the side of the master. There I would be able to hear well and take my notes without being disturbed by the crowd. Then she assigned the girls who had previously crowded into the inn to seats in the front row. Later she told me that she had instructed the girls to sit comfortably and not tensely and to let their slits be seen if they wanted to and to play with their pussies or clits, because the master liked to see that. From where I was sitting I could see many cute little slits, my gentlemen! The rows filled up, there must have been 100 to 130 listeners. The folding chair on which the storyteller would sit was in the middle of a circle of young listeners.

Pyi Lai entered the circle, bowed deeply to the audience and sat down. I had brushes and bamboo strips ready. He took a long sip from a large wooden cup, then said in a loud, sonorous voice:

“My dears, as a professional storyteller I travel far and wide and am happy that so many of you have come to the campfire. Save your coins, my reward will be a bite of your flesh that is cooking over there. My name is Pyi Lai, and the lady Liao Lai, my dear mother, had me trained to be a warrior. She brought me to the royal court of Qin, where she was highly respected, and I served in the royal guard for 12 years. Many crooks wanted to rob the king’s treasury, we had to break a lot of heads and of course no one could get to the treasure. Careless handling of a black powder charge led to an explosion that cost many people their lives and my eyesight. I became a blind storyteller and have been traveling through the Empire of Heaven for over 65 years. Master Tschin, who hospitably, let me choose from among his servants which one should warm my feet at night. The girls whispered as I undressed them one by one and examined them with my fingertips. I made a good choice, I hope. But I digress, forgive me! Today I will tell you about the exciting life of a princess who, shortly before I saw the light of day and the heavens, closed her eyes and went to her ancestors. A life full of emperors and concubines, murder and manslaughter, intrigue and poison. Battles are fought, on the field as well as on the sleeping mat. Empresses will moan in love like the ladies of the court and the simple Chinese women. Yes, let the young girls sit right at the front

so that my old eyes can delight in their tender female flesh! Another good sip of your thin beer to smooth my throat and fill my voice, but also to remember the unfortunate brewmaster who expects you to drink such a thing as beer.”

The audience applauded, they liked the double entendres and the filthiness that the old storyteller's tales were not lacking. My brush flew over the bamboo strips, I'll probably have to take notes for quite a while today. The old man gave a signal and the first girl in the front row stood up proudly and sat on the old man's lap with her back to him. His hand disappeared into the folds of her skirt and his face lit up when he found his target. His eyes slid over the sweet cracks in the front row, then he raised his voice. "It's going to be exciting and even scary, so dear ladies and girls, hold on to your neighbor, even as he is not your husband, maybe you'll find a safe grip to hold on to!" He grinned so cheekily that some of the guys in the middle and back rows cheered enthusiastically. The hands of women and girls disappeared into the folds of their neighbours' trousers and, grinning, clutched the firm grip; most of them were not their husbands. But all were happy with it.

The story of the princess with the tattooed dragon

Eight hundred years had passed since the first emperor, Qin Shihuangdi, had defeated the 7 kingdoms and united them into the Chinese Empire. He had changed, improved and arranged many things. China was no longer a bunch of warring princes and tribes, but a cleverly organised state that was in no way inferior to the Babylonian, Assyrian or Egyptian empires. One reform that lasted a thousand years was his currency reform. Until then, there were only bronze coins of equal value and newer copper coins, which Emperor Qin left as the common man's money. He invented the small silver boats, a hundred of which made a silver boat as big as the palm of the hand, a hundred of which made a gold-plated silver boat weighing half a pound. By comparison, you could get a good horse for 10 small silver boats, and a stallion for 15. The imperial seal was stamped on the underside, but the people were not fooled. By God, that was not an imperial seal, but the sweet pussy hole of the young empress, in which Emperor Qin's overly large cock reared up to squirt. The emperor had deflowered his favorite daughter at 12 and she gave him 11 daughters and 4 sons. She remained faithful and shy on his sleeping mat for 40 years, he was allowed to deflower his 11 daughters and fuck them in turn, he had made his favorite daughter empress at 18 and he let her fuck everyone if it served his interests. She introduced the custom that a decent, honorable Chinese woman had to masturbate while having sex. There were no records of this, but many scholars assumed that she was addicted to masturbation and orgasms. Unfortunately, Emperor Qin fell into quackery and mixed mercury into his food in order to attain eternal life. Unfortunately, it led to madness and a quick death after 6 months. He went naked into the thorn bushes, cut them in half with his sword and victoriously fucked their wives. Of course, he injured himself with the thorn women and the horrified empress had her ladies-in-waiting, with pillows tied to their backs, receive the fighting emperor in the thorn bushes, who was now even more convinced to fuck the wives and daughters of the defeated, until one day he fell over during the sex and died. The em-

peror had founded the emergence of a puppet-like court, but could no longer stop its tumor-like growth.

Apparently the girl had orgasmed on the storyteller's lap; she suppressed the external signs except for the trembling of her thighs. The old man had continued to tell the story, although he obviously noticed it, but he continued with the story and the girl's clit.

At that time, about 300 to 400 years before our era, rural women were still truly subservient to men. Thank God, sexually transmitted diseases were not widespread or did not exist. A sharp command was enough to be able to fuck them, even if you were not your husband. And most women submitted to this degrading culture, because they were superstitious to the core. Ghosts, jinns and the souls of the dead were everywhere and forced women to open their thighs for sex and to do their bidding in silence. Unwed men, young and old, naturally took advantage of this. They approached sleeping women at night and pretended to be ghosts or jinns. The women were afraid, turned onto their stomachs and buried their faces in the pillows. They bared their buttocks and stuck them out the back so that the powerful could fuck them. This was a real plague in the country at that time. Only rarely would the husband wake up and chase away the ghost, who would come back after a while and fuck the woman. The women buried their faces in the pillows, because you were not allowed to look directly at a ghost. The ghosts fucked just like the men. When the ghost asked for it after cumming, she buried her face even deeper in the pillows and reached back to rub the ghost's cock until it was stiff again so that it could fuck her again. 9 out of 10 country women experienced this, many for years or a lifetime. It was a wild, unbridled millennium. Many hundreds of thousands of women were fucked night after night by a ghost, be it the kind neighbor, a sex-hungry bachelor or a random wanderer. They all fucked the frightened women and girls at will. Many women were already so conditioned that at the slightest noise at the door or window they immediately lay on their stomachs, buried their faces in the pillows and raised their bare asses. Whoever it was, he could fuck them immediately and in complete silence. Grandfathers, fathers-in-law, uncles and brothers, even their own sons benefited from the lavish offer.

Now morals worsened. It was generally tolerated and accepted that children and young people, and later adults, masturbated in public, boys as well as girls. Morals deteriorated more and more, it was no longer necessary to pretend to be a ghost. Men and women fucked in public without worrying about spectators or modesty. Husbands locked their doors at night if they honored and protected their wives, but there were not many of them. Sexuality was public, free and nothing special anymore.

Min turned 12, she turned 13 and the old prince, her father, still made no move to deflower her according to custom. When she was 14, her father became painfully aware of his duty and commissioned his eldest son from his first marriage to deflower Princess Min.

The half-brother was already 30 and married, but he obeyed his father, the prince. He spoke kindly and seriously to the girl Min and prepared her for it. Min already knew about it, of course, but it was so nice and intimate to talk to her big brother about deflowering and fucking, the clit and the cock. She hid her disappointment that he only wanted to fulfill his fatherly duty and did not want to take her as his wife. But she prepared her bedroom carefully, new bedclothes and lots of candles to light up her first night with a man. Then she led her brother by the hand into her bedroom and let her dress fall.

She undressed him and saw how his cock stiffened; just the sight of the beautiful naked girl excited him without them having spoken a single word. She was very slim, her breasts were still small and virginal and her pubic area was completely hairless, she never had any pubic hair in her life. Her pussy looked as untouched and touching as the pussy of a ten-year-old. He hugged her warmly and whispered that he would be very careful. Min smiled gratefully and lay down on the bed, pulling him along. He actually penetrated her carefully and Min only felt a small prick. He penetrated very deeply until his cock touched her cervix. "Now you are a real woman and I want to fuck you properly," he breathed and she whispered, "Yes, just cum inside, I'm still too young to conceive!" He was a practiced fucker and fucked her slowly, increasing the pace. She got hotter and hotter, but she couldn't trigger an orgasm in all the agitation. He sat up after 15 minutes. "I have to cum now, little sister," he gasped and she nodded. He

came wonderfully and she felt every jet that splashed into her. Afterwards he held her in his arms and kissed her cheek. "That was wonderful, little sister, and I will keep that in my heart!" They whispered for a while, but he shook his head. "I'm married, little Min, I love my wife with all my heart. She agreed when our father ordered me to in her presence. I belong to her, please don't be sad about that. I will tell our father and he will make sure that you always get a good man to fuck!" So they separated and Min cried into her pillow.

And again the girl's thighs trembled in orgasm, the old man smiled and let her go. The next girl sat on his lap, her lovely face happily turned towards the audience. The old storyteller did not interrupt his story, the girl took his hand and led it to her pussy. The delicate girl's hand twitched as it touched the storyteller's erect cock. She quickly stuffed it into her fuck hole and sat down again to let it penetrate her completely. She looked into the audience, but only her friends in the front row saw it, as did Min and I. I could see it clearly from my position and neglected my notes for a moment of excitement. Min, who was sitting half to the side behind me, whispered in my ear. "He's definitely not squirting, he's done it for the first 50 years of performance, but now not young anymore and hadn't done that while telling stories. He's just masturbating her with his fingers like the other girls in the audience do!"

Her father, the prince, actually made sure that Min hardly slept alone for a single night. He always had guests and he put them with Min. She met many men, most of whom were not very good at fucking. But above all, when the prince wanted to reward one of his officers, she got a good man to fuck with. Of course, she had to report to her father at least after the night with one of his guests. Her father listened with a straight face; the political side was important to him, but the sexual side was of little interest to him. Nevertheless, Min never felt like a princely whore; she fucked for her father's sake. She served her father like this for 5 years, night after night she fucked everyone he sent to her. But at 19 she fell madly in love.

At 19 she was no longer a little child, she had even lain in the old storyteller's lap several times and let him squirt in her pussy, com-

pletely impressed by his silky-soft fingers on her clit. So one day she met an officer, their eyes met and her clit screamed with joy! She asked him for tea in the garden. His name was Kai and he came as a liaison officer from the neighboring kingdom of Xin. He would only stay for three months, he said with regret. After the intense conversation, she asked him if he would be sleeping with his wife that night? Kai smiled, he was not married and was sleeping with some girl from the court like all the other officers. All officers had a woman like that to fuck and no one expected more. Min was an educated, smart woman and took her fate into her own hands. She led Kai to her bedroom.

It was the most beautiful night as a woman so far. Kai was athletic and sporty and she had an orgasm for the first time while fucking. Later another, and so she made her decision. She spent three months every night with Kai, who proved to be not only a good and considerate fucker, but also an educated, equal partner. After 3 months she went with him to the prince, her father, and asked to accompany Kai to the kingdom of Xin. Her father knew that Kai would be a general in Xin, but he was not a particularly good match politically and financially. Min remained stubborn, saying she would go with Kai and that she was sorry that she would not be a princess who would marry well, as far as her prince was concerned. But as a father he could only give her his blessing, no other option, she said firmly. She got his blessing.

The king of Xin was an old, bitter man who had not had good experiences with the military. After 20 years of boredom, his wife had run away with a young officer. So it came to pass that he forbade General Kai from marrying a foreign princess. Kai laughed about it, he didn't care whether he was allowed to marry or not. Min lived with him, he didn't want anything more. They loved each other with all their hearts and that was enough for them. They both despised the grumpy king.

Kai gave her a special gift. A Japanese tattoo artist was to tattoo her back. Min was moved by his love for her and immediately agreed. Kai initially sat by while she lay naked on the tattoo artist's assistant and the master worked on her back painfully. To distract her from

the pain, the assistant pushed his cock into her pussy and maintained his erection for 3 or 4 hours. Min was confused and amazed at first, but Kai wanted to get her tattooed and that was part of the process. The fact that the assistant fucked her while doing it didn't bother him at all. Min had already fucked hundreds of men, but this fucking while getting a tattoo was something very special.

The assistant's cock was misshapen, but as soon as it was in her pussy, it felt wonderful, filling her pussy stiffly and wonderfully. Whatever the reason, he was able to fuck her slowly from orgasm to orgasm for three or four hours without stopping. She lay motionless on the assistant, who did all the fucking on his own. She lay naked on the assistant and let herself be fucked from orgasm to orgasm, so she felt very little of the pain. She smiled, because she had never experienced a man with such steadfastness. Kai held her hand and smiled at her very sweetly when he sat next to her and she had orgasm after orgasm, he was happy for her.

The tattooing took half a year. Every day Min lay naked on the assistant, every day she happily inserted the assistant's cock into her pussy hole and let herself be tattooed and fucked. After three or four hours the assistant could no longer hold back, he grabbed her hips and came panting. She stayed lying on the assistant, because the master mounted her from behind every time, he fucked very gently because he was already an old man, he stroked the dragon and came from behind. This was how it went every day.

The tattoo covered her entire back, from her hairline to her heels. A jet-black dragon bit into her neck in highly excited ecstasy during mating. Its claws and paws clung to her back at the moment of ejaculation. Only his cock was fiery red and stuck in her pussy, spurting. This was one of the most difficult parts; the tattoo artist fucked Min himself for several days and rubbed her clit with a connoisseur's eye from orgasm to orgasm to determine the position of the dragon's cock. Min screamed with lust as the two Japanese men took turns fucking her. But the tattoo artist found the right places, stabbing the dragon's cock into her ass cheeks, her labia, her clit and the foreskin of the clit with cardinal red ink. Tattooing the clit was very, very painful, even though the assistant was masturbating the clit vigor-

ously at the same time. One day the painting was finished. Kai was almost left breathless, the picture was so vivid. When Min took a step, the dragon fucked her from behind and his fiery red cock spurted into her pussy. Only a few people saw the masterpiece and hardly anyone knew later that her nickname 'Black Dragon Lady' did not come from her black cape with the golden dragon.

The girl on the storyteller's lap bent forward, her ass bouncing up and down on his cock a few times. She caught herself again and did not interrupt the master's story for a moment. He continued his story and his fingers continued to masturbate her clit. I just had to look, she leaned back and laid her head on his collarbone. She was actually impaled by his cock. I looked at Min's face, her breathing had also quickened, because she had been looking through the folds at the cock in the girl's pussy the whole time.

For 5 years Min was able to enjoy her happiness with Kai. Kai was fed up with the bad rule of the king and could be seduced so easily by the revolutionaries. One day he left his place and disappeared with Min. Min had been busy with the demands of the revolution and encouraged Kai. The old king ruled badly and very brutally. It was right that the people rose up. She lived the soldier's life in a tent. For three years they traveled around and attacked the royals whenever the opportunity arose. Min went to the river every morning and presented her dragon on her back to the soldiers who sat on the bank and masturbated at the sight of her. She washed herself thoroughly so that the dragon could fuck her properly. She looked back over her shoulder to see the men squirting in high arcs into the river, over and over again. Then she went back into the tent, smiling contentedly. Kai smiled too; it was a welcome change for his men. Min was physically faithful to him, as he was to her. When his men went through a village and raped all the girls and women, he himself did not join in. The two loved each other very much. Then they were captured.

Before sunrise, the royals had raided their camp, wounded a few of their men, and captured Kai and Min. The imperials rode all day long, the two prisoners in their midst. They stopped at a safe place. For days they debated whether or not to hand over General Kai to the

king. But the others won. Kai was forced to his knees in the square at the crack of dawn. He was allowed to say goodbye to his wife. They were both tied up and could not hug each other, a final kiss was all they could do. Then Kai had to kneel. The captain raised his sword, Kai's own sword, and cut off his head. Min screamed like a mad-woman, but no miracle happened, the gods cowardly stayed out of it. Kai's head lay at her feet, his empty eyes looked into the distant future and his lips smiled. Perhaps he had looked into the future and was proud of his wife.

Min sat in the corner with a stony face. Night fell, she called for one of the guards, he had to untie her hand, yes, absolutely. It was a woman's job, said Min slyly. The good man didn't want to do anything wrong and untied one hand. He turned away, it was a woman's job after all. Min wrapped the rope on her other hand around his neck and strangled him. She cut herself free with the dagger, took his naked sword and disappeared into the darkness.

Like a ghost, she appeared at night next to the soldiers and silently slit their throats. When no one was standing guard, she killed all those who were sleeping. One moment of carelessness and all 40 royals lay dead. Min looked for the leader, took Kai's valuable sword and his black cape with the embroidered golden dragon from him and looked for Kai's body. She dug a grave, covered him with stones. Now she could cry, and she cried for her lover, for her husband. She ran through the forest and didn't look back.

4 weeks later she reached the men and told them everything. The fact that 40 murdered royals had been found had of course long since made the rounds and there was no better reason for her respect. She sat with them at the campfire and just listened. Of course, it was about who would lead them. On the third evening she got up and went to the middle, to the fire. "I will lead you," she said quietly and wrapped herself in the black cape that she wore from then on and made her trademark. It was immediately quiet, dead quiet. "I will lead you!" she repeated a little louder. No one moved. Then someone shouted very loudly, "Long live our leader, Princess Min!" and all hell broke loose. The men lifted her onto their shoulders and carried her around the campfire.

So it came to be that Min led the men cleverly, skillfully and treacherously, and the king lost team after team. The revolutionaries besieged the capital, led by a woman. They called the woman in the capital the “Black Dragon Lady” because she always wore a black cape with an embroidered golden dragon. She was tough, brutal and clever. No trap, no matter how cunning, snapped shut, no attack succeeded because the revolutionaries had moved into a better position in time. The desperate king called the emperor for help. The old Emperor Wu Tschün half-heartedly sent a few troops, but that was all. Min sent a message to the Emperor, saying that she had no quarrel with him, she would only get rid of the old king. Period.

Of course the Emperor did not answer. “Princess Min, the Black Dragon Lady”? Who is that? Annoyed, he threw the message away. Min waited four weeks, then she marched towards the capital with 750,000 men; no one could stop her. She had the army camped outside the gates of the imperial city of Guan’ang. At night, she set out with three trained fighters. They knocked out the guards where necessary, but they didn’t kill anyone. This is how Min got into the imperial palace. Fear-stricken guards showed them the way before they were knocked out. Min got to the innermost chamber, to the emperor’s bedroom. But the emperor was not there.

Min looked out of her hiding place three times. This was not Emperor Wu Tschün, he was a boy and not a 70-year-old man fucking a pretty older woman. Min waited in her hiding place and agreed with her companions to wait until the end, then she would go herself. The companions grinned from ear to ear at Min’s clear sexual hand gestures. They waited.

The young man came after 10 minutes and Min stepped silently in front of him. He and his girl looked at her in confusion. She stepped in front of the naked youth and said, “I am Princess Min, they also call me the Black Dragon Lady. I came here to speak to Emperor Wu Tschün, face to face. I was sent here!” Before the youth could say anything, his girl stepped behind Min and raised a dagger, screaming. “The Black Dragon Lady! The Black Dragon Lady!” she screamed and jumped at Min. Min dodged, the dagger went into her shirt without touching her body. The screaming woman collapsed dead, one of

Min's companions had thrown his knife into her back and pierced her heart.

The young man sank onto the pillows and wept speechlessly. He pointed to the dead woman. "That was my mother!" he whispered silently and wiped away his tears. Min took a step towards him. "I'm sorry, but these men are only defending me. I'm sorry about your mother, dear sir!" Min gave him a minute. "I've come to speak to the emperor, face to face." The young man stood up and straightened his back. "I am the emperor, Emperor Teng. My uncle, Emperor Wu Tschün, has been dead for two weeks; his wife poisoned him. I have been appointed the new emperor. I am Emperor Teng, Princess Min!" He spoke with such dignity that Min immediately bowed to the ground. "Greetings, Your Majesty! I was not prepared for this situation, I only wanted to clarify the situation with the emperor, but he is now dead. I have no quarrel with you, Your Majesty!" said Min and bent down, her forehead touching the ground. She looked at one of her companions and gave him a hand signal to take the dead woman away.

The emperor thought about it. "Well, since you're already here and have killed my guards," here Min interrupted him rudely. "We haven't killed a single person, Your Majesty, we've only knocked them unconscious. We came with a message, not with blood on our hands!" Emperor Teng told Min to sit down on a cushion. "Now that you've come peacefully, Princess Min, speak and explain to me, I don't know anything about your matter yet." Min put Kai's sword on the ground and sat down as ordered. Emperor Teng took the sword in his hand, drew it three centimeters from the scabbard and nodded with a knowing look. "A sword from the Three Horses Smith from Japan, I have one from him too. Well, what's the matter, Princess?" Min told him about the uprising against the old king of Xin, the reasons for the uprising and that her husband, General Kai, had become one of the leaders because he had taken the side of the people. He had been beheaded by the royals two years ago and since then she had been leading the army camped outside the city gates. "I wanted to talk to the former emperor about that."

She spoke to the young emperor for over two hours. He didn't shed a tear for his mother. She had taken him to her bed when he was 12 and taught him how to fuck. Now he was 28 and she just wouldn't let him go. He had never fucked another woman in his life and since he was emperor she ruled as if he were her ward. That would never have worked out, said Emperor Teng.

They agreed on a peaceful solution. The emperor would remove the king, first through a diplomat or 12 hours later through some assassins. Min should withdraw her troops and send them home, the people could name a new king, no matter how they chose him. The emperor rummaged through a jewel box. He gave Min a golden brooch and asked her to come back in 6 weeks and show her identification with the brooch. If she wanted to continue talking to him, otherwise she didn't need to come back. Min thought for a few moments. "Give me 8 weeks, Your Majesty, I have to choose a king, disband the troops and decide whether I want to talk to you again. Would you agree to that?" Emperor Teng bowed slightly. "As you command, Princess, I wish you success in all these things. I expect you in 8 weeks to the day!"

Min returned to Xin. A popular, educated man was chosen as king and the emperor was informed of this. The old king, who of course did not want to abdicate despite the emperor's request, was buried three days later without any pomp and circumstance, and his family was allowed into exile unharmed. Min let the troops go home; they had won. Many of the revolutionaries wanted to serve in the army under the new king. Min said goodTshü to everyone and disappeared one morning.

Emperor Teng was waiting for the princess on the agreed day. She showed the guards the brooch and was let through without any problems. The emperor pointed to the chair, and Min sat down. She had dressed up, bathed, perfumed and put on elaborate make-up. She was no longer a general, she was a princess from a distant land. Emperor Teng cleared his throat. "You have chosen a new king, Princess, now there is peace in the Kingdom of Xin. You have sent the troops home, a wise decision. Life in the kingdom can be worth living again. But what about you? What happens next?" Min smiled, she had been

looking for the answer to this question for weeks. “I buried my husband with my own hand two years ago. Since that day I have not had a man, I have not fucked anyone. It is time to follow a new man, I am only 27 and I am fed up with being a widow.” Min knew how overwhelming her smile could be. She smiled overwhelmingly.

Min raised her head. “You wanted me to return. Here I am, bringing back your brooch. If I am to stay longer, you must assign me a room before I return to Xin.” Emperor Teng ordered lemonade and fruit, then he shooed the servants out. “Yes, I wanted to talk to you, Princess. I wanted to get to know you and talk to you privately. I sent everyone away so that we could talk freely and without being disturbed.” The Emperor let a minister in every hour, with whom he talked for 5 minutes while Min freshened up and the servants brought lemonade and fruit. Then the Emperor chased the servants away and devoted himself only to Min.

He told how his mother brought him into her clutches. Every evening she took his little boy’s cock in her mouth and sucked it until it was completely stiff and throbbing violently, which he loved so much. After that she rubbed his cock for a long time, even though he couldn’t ejaculate at the time. She sucked and rubbed it every night until he was finally able to ejaculate after years. She let him ejaculate in her mouth for many days until he could ejaculate really well. Now he could fuck her whenever he wanted. The emperor blushed when he admitted that during puberty he had mounted her a dozen or more times a day, but she went along with it, smiling. He was growing up and wanted a wife, but his mother prevented it. After a long time she allowed him to fuck one or the other servant a little in her presence, she inserted his cock into the servant’s pussy hole and left her hand there to check the progress. After a few minutes of fucking, however, he had to mount the mother, fuck her and complete the act. More and more often she missed the moment and let him cum into the servant’s hole with an ugly smile. Now he was finally allowed to fuck the servants, and of course he continued to fuck the mother, she insisted. In the last few years he had fucked all the servants in the palace from start to finish, most of them several times. He ignored the mother’s venomous looks, fucked the girl hard and happily cummed inside her. Min looked down. It was clear to him that his

mother was watching over him like a mother hen and wanted to co-rule for at least a while. He had his uncle's wife and son beheaded because he could not tolerate the murder of an emperor. He could not break away from his mother on his own.

Min told him everything too. About masturbation, which she had learned from observing the storyteller and which she still needed every night. She told him about her half-brother, who had deflowered her like a gentleman when she was 14. Her father, who sent a state guest or one of his officers to fuck her every evening. General Kai, whom she had followed to the Kingdom of Xin and how his wife lived with him. The Japanese tattoo and the hours of fucking with the assistant and, after he had cum, with his master. Emperor Teng interrupted, she had to tell him in detail about the tattoo, which had taken six months. He wanted to see it right away, but she just said later. Their time together in the uprising, the exhibitionistic display of the naked dragon for the soldiers. Emperor Teng slapped his thighs with laughter, "I have to see the dragon!" Min nodded and said again, "Later, Your Majesty!" She told him about her capture and Kai's death. Her revenge on the royals. Her escape through the forest. How she became the leader. And that she hadn't fucked anyone since Kai's death.

Min stood up. "I'll show you my dragon if you show me your dragon." Teng needed seconds to understand. He nodded, grinning, and Min let her dress slide to the floor. She stood naked in front of him and he almost forgot that it was his turn. Min helped him out of her robes, they were both naked now. She touched his chest so that he sank onto the sofa. She smiled as she looked at his cock, it was a beautiful, quite usable piece. Then she turned around and took a few steps. The emperor let out a sound of surprise. The dragon moved and fucked Min from behind! Min leaned over and touched his cock with her index finger. It rose now and she nodded in satisfaction. She picked up her dress and got dressed. "Shall we continue tomorrow, Your Majesty?" she asked, then he let her go.

Over the next few days they again talked for hours about the things that were important to them. Min was able to make it clear to him that as emperor he had to do everything to prevent the people

from rebelling. On the condition that no violence was used. The emperor was now better informed about the functions of his council and the local emperors. Of course Min's idea came into conflict with the rampant corruption. He would abolish it, he told Min, but it would take a long time and cost many tears. Min nodded, "I know, that's why someone has to tackle it and take the first step. And then another two steps and only half a step back." Teng nodded in agreement.

Min had no problem showing him her darachen every day. He was not allowed to touch her, even though they were both naked. Or only on a reciprocal basis. She lifted one leg and showed him the fiery red cock of the dragon, which was squirting into her pussy. She showed him that when the clit became erect in excitement, the tip of the cock was visible. The Japanese master had tattooed a three-dimensional hole, like a man's cock, into the fiery red clit with black ink. Min laughed as Teng rubbed her clit with her fingers and revealed the hole. "It just can't squirt properly, the dragon's cock! But when I walk, I feel it squirting into my pussy with every step. It's the most beautiful gift my husband has given me!"

Now she touched his glans, since it was mutual. His cock became stiff, after a while the emperor gasped and squirted over her hand. "My mother did that too, for years." Min nodded, it was okay. In the third week, Emperor Teng asked that it was nice to cum every day, but he was more in the mood for fucking. Min sat up abruptly. "I'm not that kind of person! I want to fuck too, Your Majesty, but I want to be an honorable woman and not a cheap or expensive whore. Don't get me wrong, Your Majesty! I fucked my husband because he was my husband. Do you honestly want to fuck me?" Emperor Teng pulled back. "That should be well thought out!" he said and didn't say anything else. "I want to be an honest, chaste woman, Your Majesty, please accept that. I want to be a woman, not a mistress."

They spent another 3 weeks talking and lying naked next to each other and touching each other, agreeing on a mutual basis. He was allowed to rub her clit until the hole became visible and her thighs trembled in orgasm. In return, she was allowed to rub his cock really

hard with her fist until he squirted on her hand. But they didn't go any further, they just masturbated each other.

Emperor Teng hugged Min after he had cum. "Would you like to be my wife, Princess Min?" he asked and she looked into his eyes. He was serious. "You are the opposite of all the women I know who live in my court. You are educated and clever, so clever that I will ask you for advice when you are my empress. You are as beautiful as a cut diamond from India, dazzling the eye with beauty. And you are a sexually experienced woman who puts decency and strength above desire and longing. I want you as my empress!"

Min had achieved more than she had set out to do. She would have loved to become the emperor's mistress if he had simply ordered it, but his character was pure, purer than what his mother would have made of him. Min hugged him and kissed him on the mouth. "I want to be your wife, your empress. I want to love you, my husband, as long as we live and not give myself to anyone else unless you expressly order me to. I want to work at your side to ensure the well-being of the people as far as our strength allows. I want to bear you children, many, many children."

The emperor ordered the wedding and coronation to be prepared in 10 days. The master of ceremonies tore his hair; a year of preparation was necessary! The emperor smiled, "10 days, and you've only wasted the first half of the day!" The master of ceremonies ran as if his head depended on it. The old imperial palace came to life again, everyone was running, hurrying and shouting at each other. The emperor invited all the kings, in 10 days. Even if they had to ride day and night, in 10 days!

Min was the picture of calm. She didn't let the maids and seamstresses rush her or drive her, and she certainly didn't let them make her nervous. She chose the fabrics and jewelry in all calmness, and that went without any startled cackling. Most people at court were amazed at the emperor's choice. There were so many pretty, clever and fuck-ready noble girls with womanly, inviting hips! Why an unknown woman, a princess from the lower nobility of a tiny and insignificant kingdom!? Only the new king of Xin, who had fought at

Min's side for years, grinned from ear to ear. "I'll lead you, she said, do you remember? That's our princess Min, she'll tell you how to go!" He slapped his thighs and laughed. "The Emperor is getting a real jewel for his wife. Hopefully he'll remember that when he wants to contradict her. Because if he's careless, his kitten will become a tigress!" He was damn happy about Min's happiness! She deserved it! He went to the goldsmith's workshop to see the progress of his wedding gift.

Min drank tea with the emperor like every day. They refrained from cuddling naked because he let her in on all government business. He was serious about making her his co-regent without any formalities. She had learned a lot during the uprising, she was an old soldier. She knew how important diplomacy and long-term planning were and how unimportant and pointless armed battles were. She had an unerring instinct to recognize the webs of lies spun by courtiers and ministers. She was not only clever, but also smart and could easily unravel the cunning of others. It was clear to the emperor that he had struck lucky and that he had to continue and increase his luck. He prayed and spoke to the gods, he thanked them every day and left the candle on their altar burning day and night. In the past he had not been someone who thought much of the gods, but he could not deny that the gods loved him. Because of this deep feeling, he rejected every temptation to do dirty, filthy business. He wanted to be an upright, upright and proud emperor and had no need to succumb to temptations.

The bride and groom exchanged their marriage vows quietly, only for them to hear. The emperor raised his voice and crowned Min his empress. The festival lasted for three days and nights, the emperor was not stingy and spoiled the people with food and drink. There were jugglers, magicians and plays, all put on in 10 days. The women let themselves be fucked more or less publicly, by anyone who wanted to fuck them. That was always the case at such big festivals, every woman was triumphantly proud when she let herself be fucked in front of everyone. The ambassador of Nihon, the Japanese emperor, brought two Chinese-style swords as a gift, made by the three-horse blacksmith. The "Great Lightning of Storm" and its smaller

counterpart “The Small Lightning of Storm”, since the Empress was known to be a swordswoman. Both were excellent masterpieces.

Min took the Great Lightning in her hand and swung it. “That suits me. How does the Small Lightning suit you, Teng, my love?” Min laughed happily, it was only a joke. The gift from the King of Xin was admired by all. It was a 100 kg image of the copulating dragon that the King had admired hundreds of times on Min’s back. The young Empress blushed when it was presented. Of course, Emperor Teng recognized the dragon too, for everyone else it was simply a dragon in the throes of sexual ecstasy. Emperor Teng had it placed in the middle of the great marble hall.

Min could have cried with happiness. Teng turned out to be a good lover, she had suspected that from the beginning. Every time she had made him squirt, she thought that. He could squirt so wonderfully. Now he took her in his arms and fucked her lovingly. When he was cocky, he fucked her from behind in the doggy position and growled, “Now! Now your dragon is going to squirt!” and they both had to laugh afterwards. They really only fucked for pleasure, because Empress Min never got pregnant. When she was in her mid-40s, she realised this. She had a hall built where up to 400 orphans could eat and sleep. She was of the opinion that the children could not help being orphaned. It was these small steps that brought the emperor and empress great popularity.

Empress Min was an excellent politician. Within the first three years, the bribes, the corrupt and the underhanded disappeared from the palace without her having to kill a single one. They were replaced by good, reliable people. The emperor benefited from this, he could concentrate on moving forward and not waste valuable time on the unworthy. But Min didn’t miss a thing. Teng was loyal to her, but after such a long time his eyes wandered more and more often to the breasts and hips of the young people. Min herself did not have this desire and she loved Teng with all her heart. She had an extension built, right next to the sleeping quarters. Teng asked about it and she replied that she was having a women’s shelter built. She said nothing more.

The women's shelter was finished. Min told Teng that today there would be dinner in the women's shelter, to mark the opening. Emperor Teng walked through the women's shelter in amazement. "There are 40 rooms!" exclaimed Teng. Min smiled, "I won't allow you more than 40!" and the poor guy didn't understand anything. "What, what, admit 40? What do you mean?" Min put on her smile, which the foreign diplomats hated like the plague, because this smile was her death sentence. She smiled gently. "40 concubines at the same time, my love, I won't admit any more to you!" Now Teng smiled like a caught schoolboy. "40 concubines? For fucking?" and Min nodded, this time seriously. Teng didn't ask any more questions, they came to the main room. There was already a person sitting at the table.

Emperor Teng was really surprised. That was the girl he had been staring at for days. How could...? But of course, Min didn't miss anything important. Min said quietly to him, the little one is already 15 and still a virgin, she had bought the deflowering from her father. Her name is Wi Ju and she is very charming, but the little one had obviously already nibbled on the red wine. The three of them had dinner, the emperor tried to have a conversation with Wi Ju, but the little girl was still too young for a serious conversation, she giggled quite a lot. Min whispered to Teng, "The three of us are going to bed, you will deflower her and fuck her, because I can feel your desire. Whether you want to fuck me afterwards is not up to me. You decide how long she stays in the women's shelter, one night or a year. That's what I decided and it's a good decision!"

The three of them lay down on the mat. The girl Wi Ju was slightly drunk and very excited. Min asked her if she wanted to be made a woman herself. The girl smiled with shining eyes. "Yes, of course! I've been getting on Dad's nerves about it for months and he said it would happen this year, before I'm 14! And I'm 14 in a month." Min and Teng smiled and both hugged the child. Then Min let go and left it to him to turn the girl on. It didn't take much, she wanted it herself and the red wine wanted it too, absolutely. Teng lay on top of the girl and Min grabbed his cock, she pushed it in and the hymen tore. She felt exactly how the hymen first stretched and pushed Teng's cock through the hymen with a firm tug. Wi Ju let out a quiet squeak, but

it didn't seem to really hurt her. Teng's cock pushed forward and only then did Min take her hand away.

Teng felt Min's hand, she grabbed firmly and guided his cock. He saw that Min had bent down and was now thrusting his cock forward with a jerk. Of course he felt the hymen tighten. Min thrust his cock forward with a quick jerk and the hymen broke. He thrust deeper and Min let go of his cock. The girl's pussy hole was not as tight as he had expected, Min's hole was much tighter and tighter. But it felt damn good. Wi Ju closed her eyes as Teng began to thrust. He thrust and thrust for a good 10 minutes, then he felt the squirt rising in his loins. He pulled his cock all the way out and squirted his semen all over the girl's pubic area. His eyes met Min's. She understood very well that it was difficult for him, but he did not want to father a bastard with a child.

He laid his face on Min's breasts and gasped for breath. "It was nice," he whispered with difficulty, "You can go to your room, Wi Ju, you are a real woman now!" Wi Ju walked silently. The emperor lay on Min's chest for about ten minutes. "You saw the wild animal in my eyes, mistress, and you fed him until he was full!" Min smiled and stroked the hair on his neck lovingly. "I will always feed the wild animal, my lord and master, so that he does not eat small children!" she said quietly. "It only hurts a little when your own husband fucks someone else. But I can deal with that."

Emperor Teng was a good emperor, a good husband and a fair man. The next day Min was very surprised when a tall soldier came to them after dinner. "You know what is expected of you?" asked the emperor and the giant bowed, touching the ground with his forehead. "Yes, my lord, your majesty! I am to fuck the empress so that the stars sparkle in her eyes, your majesty!" The soldier stood up. "That's more or less what my captain ordered! The thing with the stars!" The emperor nodded in satisfaction and told him to undress. Min, who had been watching this in silence, opened her eyes wide. The young man had a very big cock, a really very big one! The emperor took off her cloak. The soldier's cock twitched when he saw the empress's beautiful, full breasts. Min didn't bat an eyelid, it was Teng's show.

She slid back, her head on a silk pillow. The soldier answered that his name was Cheng, then he carefully lay down on top of the empress. She reached between her thighs with practice and guided the giant's cock into the entrance to her vagina. She had done it a thousand times before, she thought, smiling at Teng. "Your revenge is sweet, my love!" she breathed and concentrated on fucking.

The guy's cock filled her pussy hole completely, she felt his glans on her cervix. He was not a sophisticated fucker, he thrust and thrust and Min concentrated on letting her orgasm break out. A small scream escaped her throat, she looked triumphantly into Teng's eyes and enjoyed the orgasm to the full. Cheng continued to fuck, the orgasm did not stop him from thrusting like a bull. After the strong orgasm, Min remained at a high level of excitement and had one small orgasm after another. "I have to cum, Your Majesty," gasped Cheng and the Emperor nodded, "Yes, of course, finish her off!" Cheng grabbed Min's hips even tighter and half sat up. He squirted with a roar and sank onto the Empress. He rolled onto his side and gasped for air. The Emperor stroked Min's hand. "Have you seen the stars, my lady?" he asked gently and she nodded. "Yes, all the stars of your empire," she added, "all of them!"

This was very fruitful for their love life. They fucked every night like newly-in-love couples, but neither of them told in advance when they would receive a virgin or an officer as a gift. Emperor Teng became a very good ruler, he had a clear head during the day and didn't waste too much time staring after the girls. Min interpreted his glances reliably and led the girl to him. Only rarely were virgins deflowered by Min with a quick tug of her hand, often it was the newly-wed wives who caught his eye. Not a single one could resist the empress's wish. Min knew how much he was attracted to the shy, chaste, reserved. Nevertheless, these wives were not whores, they lowered their eyes, because it was infidelity, they all knew that. They were obliged to be faithful to their new husband, and fornication remained fornication. But it was a great honor to be fucked by the emperor. During these adventures, Teng fathered many bastards who grew up magnificently in the noble families.

Min was not unhappy, because her husband always returned the favor with a strong lover. Neither of them ever cheated, because they sat next to him when he or she was fucked. It was a beautiful, calm time. The two ruled the country with a firm, kind hand, the economy and trade flourished. These 10 years of Emperor Teng's reign were rightly praised as a golden age.

The little girl on Master Pyi's lap again cramped forward in orgasm and needed minutes to recover. Pyi told her to stand up and only interrupted the story briefly. The next girl came, lifted her skirt unashamedly and, grinning to the audience, pressed Pyi's cock into her fuck hole, then sat down on it with a sigh. She let her skirt slide back over her legs and used her hand to guide his hand to her clit under her skirt. She was the only girl who kept her eyes closed the whole time, her head leaning on his collarbone.

But the Norns were angry, nothing was more annoying than a kind, beloved emperor! So they tore the thread of Emperor Teng's life apart in anger. One morning he collapsed after breakfast. Even before the court doctor arrived, Min knew that her lover had been poisoned. It happened very quickly, less than a quarter of an hour later the emperor was dead. Min held the dead emperor's head motionless in her lap for about 20 minutes. The film of the beautiful 10 years as empress at the side of Emperor Teng ran before her inner eye. No, she would not cry until she had atoned for the high treason. She looked up and ordered the palace to be hermetically sealed and the best police detectives to be called.

The empress was wearing a light dress and had laid a snow-white cloth over her hair as a sign of her grief when the detectives entered the marble hall. She looked the eight men in the eye, her gaze sliding from one to the other. "One of you should be the leader," she demanded in a firm voice. Everyone looked at an old, white-haired man at the same time. He then stepped forward and bowed deeply. "Chang is my name, Your Majesty," he said in a clear voice, "we will find those responsible and not close an eye until we have him or her." Min nodded with relief. "Master Chang, I place the responsibility in your hands. Do whatever is necessary, you have free rein. Don't take

rank and name into consideration, because it was probably a high-ranking person who cowardly had my husband and your emperor murdered.” Old Master Chang bowed to the ground.

Chang gave his orders and assigned each detective a task. He went back to the empress, he wanted to interrogate her personally. Min raised an eyebrow. “No consideration of rank and name,” whispered the old detective. Min relaxed, of course. Chang meticulously questioned the empress about the emperor’s last hours. Min said that the three of them had spent the night with the wife of a courtier, that morning they had breakfasted together, and then the emperor had collapsed. Chang wanted to know exactly how the threesome had come about. Min had spoken to the young husband himself and he was shocked at first, but then agreed, after all it was the highest honor. No, Min did not have the impression that the husband bore a grudge. His wife was also frightened and shy at first because they had only recently married. She was a chaste wife, but not inexperienced. Chang raised his head questioningly. “She was actively involved from the beginning,” said Min, “she quickly gave up her shyness and reserved nature and just wanted good sex,” said Min. “She fucked the emperor very skillfully and masterfully, not as clumsily as a virgin. And when the emperor needed a break after the first fuck, she fucked me clit to clit.” Chang raised his head. “Not many women have sex with other women, but she was one who did it quite naturally. After all, I wanted it too.” Chang shrugged his shoulders. “You do it with everyone, Your Majesty?” he asked. “With most experienced people, yes. With inexperienced people, never.” Min answered. Chang wanted to know everything in detail. How they lay while sleeping, who was with whom. Min had fallen asleep in the emperor’s arms, as always, after masturbating. Chang’s head jerked again. “I masturbate every night before I go to sleep, Master Chang!” Min said in a firm voice. “The emperor holds me in his arms until I’m finished.” Min held back her tears and Chang looked out the window, he didn’t want to see the crying. Min described in detail how they woke up and got dressed, then the emperor told the servant that they would be ready for breakfast in 5 minutes. Min had to describe every move, every bite of breakfast. How the emperor grabbed his neck and fell off his chair. The white foam at the mouth. How their mutual lover had run to the door and raised the alarm. Chang nodded contentedly. He said

goodTshü with a deep bow. Min remained seated. She was 34, a widow and empress. She had to decide where the journey would take her.

Min had called the great council together. “I am the empress and I will take over all official business from now on. There have been many empresses before me, so don’t look so sad! I am currently having the murder of Emperor Teng, my dear husband, investigated and every stone is being turned over. I tell you and you tell your people, everyone must be ready for the investigation, no arguments! And then one more thing.” Min paused for effect and walked up and down in front of the throne.

“I know very well that deep in your heart you want an emperor. And you shall have one. As a widow, I will take three months of mourning, after which I will look for a husband and perhaps even an emperor among your sons. Do not send sons with gouty fingers or criminal faces, we have enough of those here. But you have my word.” Min walked up and down again and stopped.

“I will bury my husband, our emperor, in 12 days. Come in large numbers, bring your loved ones, your people. Emperor Teng deserves it.” Min paused, she would not burst into tears here, in front of the assembled council. One stood up. “Dear Empress, Your Majesty! We have learned to love you at the side of our emperor, we are unanimously of the opinion that we accept you unconditionally as our ruler. And yes, we will send you our best sons for an interview because we are happy to obey you and your orders. And don’t worry, Empress Tschü ruled for almost 60 years, we know that and wish you an equally long and respected reign!” All the councillors drummed their fists on the table in applause.

The girl on the old man’s lap began to tremble violently and only those who were paying attention could see that she was pumping Pyi’s cock several times. He continued with the story and masturbating his clit.

Emperor Teng was ceremoniously carried to his grave, hundreds of thousands of people were there to give the kind ruler a dignified

farewell. At the end of the funeral, a hundred thousand throats rang out, “Long live Empress Min!”

Min slept in the arms of her favourite maid and best friend. She gave her the warmth and closeness that every grieving person needs, but also the sexual attention that makes you forget your misfortune for a moment. Neither the maid nor Min were lesbians, but they masturbated each other lovingly and fucked each other clit to clit until they were mad. For the next 4 months, no man entered her bedroom, she only slept in her maid’s arms. Master Chang approached her, he had a result.

He had imprisoned 11 people, from the bribed cook to the murderous client. The nobleman, who was not unknown but a marginal figure at court, made a full confession. He had harbored a deep-seated grudge against Teng, who was not yet emperor at the time, for 20 years. Teng had beaten him terribly at the time because he had repeatedly fucked and dishonored Teng’s mother against her will. The council met and sentenced all 11 to death. Empress Min sat with a motionless face in front of the podium where the 11 were to be beheaded. The executioner’s arm became heavy; he had already beheaded 10 in a row. Only the main culprit remained. The empress stood up and climbed onto the podium. She took the sword from the executioner’s hand, put the murderer’s head on the executioner’s block and cut it off. Then she returned to her seat completely calmly. The injustice was atoned for.

The girl on Pyi’s cock orgasmed again, trembling, suppressing all other signs. He let her get up and leave. No other girl sat on the old man’s lap, which gradually rounded off the story.

After 4 months, Min took off her mourning veil and received the sons of the nobility. Everyone was given the same chance to convince her over dinner and then during sex. Some only stayed one night, others for days. She kept a 20-year-old for 10 nights; he was educated and clever and made her blood boil when he fucked him. Min was already on the verge of marrying the handsome guy and making him emperor when she was told things that she didn’t want to believe

at first, but she had them investigated thoroughly and chased him to hell.

It was still a good decision. She was in no hurry to get married and share power. She was only 34 and had a great desire to fuck and be fucked. The court, the nobility and the patricians sent their sons to fuck and she welcomed them all. She loved small, medium and large cocks. Size was rarely important, fucking was an art that only a few masters knew. She memorized the names of these masters so that she could invite them to fuck again and again under flimsy excuses. Fucking did her damn good. Very good, in fact.

Despite all her diplomacy and expensive gifts, Empress Min could not prevent the Han from the north from seeking war and attacking in the 6th year of her reign. The initial shock lasted only a moment, then she threw her army at the Han. Good thing she had fucked many officers over time! She gave an encouraging speech and looked these officers in the eye. They went into battle with her in mind too. After 4 weeks, the Han army was wiped out and the Empress ordered the ordinary soldiers to be let go and only the officers to be taken prisoner. Then she sent her best diplomats and negotiators to the defeated Han Kingdom. She had given them a clear framework.

The narrator's eyes kept gliding over the audience. A subtle smile on his face revealed that nothing escaped him. Of course, he did not fail to notice that the girls and women who were holding on to the firm grip of the mostly unknown person sitting next to them were making their dear neighbor grin. They rubbed the "firm grips" slowly but continuously and let him cum in his pants. Only a very few girls bent over at the moment of cum and let the cock cum in their mouths. They looked around at the other neighbors with a grin and wiped their lips with the back of their hands. But that was the idea and they continued in complete secrecy, the lecture was far from over.

During the war, the Empress had no man in her bed for a month; the maid slept with her and warmed her heart, her soul and her clit. Then she received the victorious generals, they were publicly praised

and richly rewarded. She dismissed the public and remained alone with the proud warriors. She said she was giving each of them a night of love and they should step forward. About 30 stepped forward, about 15 did not. She walked down the line of 15, they were all old, tired men. She gave each of them a beaming smile and shook their hands. Two were still young, but when asked they said they didn't care about women. They still received a beaming smile and a warm handshake. Then she walked down the line of 30 and examined them superficially. One raised his hand and said his friend would be standing here next to him if he weren't in the hospital. "Did he fight bravely?" asked the Empress and the general nodded emphatically, "just as bravely as everyone here!" She sent word to the injured man that he should claim his reward when he was back on his feet. She told everyone that they should coordinate among themselves who would come to her for dinner that evening. Min was of course aware that they would get it from any whore in the city, but she firmly believed that fucking the empress would be something special, and she was right. The 30 warriors got their reward.

The empress inspected the captured hand officers in the dungeon. She ordered the chief dungeon master to come to her. The sick and seriously injured were to be executed the next day. The dungeon master was to send her the strongest one for dinner every evening.

Min received the prisoner in a friendly manner and had him dictate a farewell letter to his loved ones to the scribe. They ate dinner peacefully, the empress did not make small talk, but interrogated them in a friendly manner. If they did not want to answer, she took note of it. At the end she offered him one last night of love, almost everyone accepted the gift. Only a few were so dejected about their impending death that they did not want to fuck, she sent them straight to the executioner. The others she led to her bedroom. The condemned fucked like drowning men gasping for air. That was something very special, death inspired the officers to peak performance and Min was fucked more vigorously than he had been for a long time. In the morning she sent him to the executioner. After a few weeks the dungeon was empty, she had fucked the warriors with full vigor and had them executed the next day.

Pyi's eyes were as sharp as a hawk's. In the back rows, in the dark, there was real fucking going on. Of course, he watched with scientific interest how the women were fucked. The man on whose lap she was sitting backwards and listening to the story had grabbed her by the buttocks and lifted her up slightly. The men fucked very slowly from below so as not to attract attention, although everyone knew they were fucking. Most of the women had put one hand under their skirts and their fingers were dancing on their clit. If you watched very closely, you could tell when she was having an orgasm by the trembling of her thighs or buttocks. Most of the men lifted the woman a few more centimeters when they fucked like rabbits at the finale and squirted from below. They only waited a few moments, then they pulled out their cocks and pushed the woman further onto the lap of a waiting neighbor. He reached around the woman's more or less fat ass and masturbated her with his finger, then he fucked the woman properly like the other men. Most women were fat and heavy and buried the man under their masses of flesh, which was not something anyone liked. Although these fat women were the ones who did it best.

The fucking started almost at the beginning of the story and only ended when the story was over. The girls and women of course knew what was going on in the back seats and acted accordingly. In many small towns and villages it was one of the few opportunities or the only one where they could be fucked by several men with pleasure and without a long courting process. This was a welcome change, they weren't cheating on their husbands in a secret affair, the fucking here on the festival grounds was purely a physical affair.

It was usually the teenagers and young men from the local area who were able to fuck many girls and women back there, to the max. Some women and girls simply stayed seated, the guys approached from behind and simply lifted up their skirts. They caressed the pale ass cheeks until the girls bent over and their pussy slits were visible from behind.

Back then, only the ladies of the high nobility shaved, simple girls from the country were naturally hairy. Some guys grabbed boldly and cleared the way through the thicket, others simply pushed their cocks forward and penetrated. The girl sighed deeply with satisfaction, the cocks were compatible in size with the tight, small Chinese pussies. The girls sighed deeply because they were looking forward to being fucked.

The boy held onto their shoulders or hips and began to fuck the girl properly. Hardly any couple made an effort to achieve a common pace, the guys just wanted to cum inside. The girls enjoyed being fucked with a tense, happy expression. The boy sat up and squirted his full load inside, that was the whole point, wasn't it? When he had finished cumming, he went off to recover for a few minutes and stared at the next partner.

Some girls, however, sank down from their seats onto the grass if they wanted to be fucked lying down. It was a quiet, happy gang bang, the boys fucked over and over until they had completely exhausted themselves. Some girls were fucked a dozen times, some even more often. At that time, of course, the common people in the countryside didn't think about contraception, so if she got pregnant that night, that was fine. There were surprisingly few girls who had an orgasm, hardly any of them masturbated while fucking.

Empress Min ruled for another 25 years, she was still looking for a husband and fucked the sons of the court, the nobility and the patriicians. She grew older every year, but her lovers stayed young and really went all out when fucking the old woman, after all they all wanted to be emperor.

Her favorite maid and best friend had died, she had warmed Min every lonely night, loved her and hugged her and masturbated her clit, and like no other she could fuck Min with her clit against her clit until she was mad. In the first few years the servants would stand around her bed, watching excitedly as the maid rubbed her own clit vigorously until it stuck out like a battle spur. The maid sought out Min's small clit and pressed her stiff, larger clit against it. She fucked

Min's clit like a man, hard and fast. Min screamed with lust before she came and clung to her friend until the orgasm subsided. The maid kept going until she had a terribly strong orgasm herself. Min loved it, it was a good substitute for fucking men, even though neither of them were lesbians. Min gave her a funeral like that of a minister or a councillor.

Min became an old woman, she was 65 and still let herself be fucked every night by the 13 to 18 year old noble boys and sons of the nobility. She preferred to be fucked by very young boys who had never fucked anyone other than their mother. All these boys were still lying with their mother and fucked her without stopping. The boys were curious and horny, they had to keep fucking over and over again in order to squirt out all their semen. The dance of hormones during puberty and then in their teenage years drove them relentlessly forward, they had to keep fucking immediately after a short break. They had always done this with their mothers, aunts and servants and now they did the same with the old empress. Min's pussy hole had become increasingly narrower over the years, so that she could only fully enjoy the cocks of the adolescents.

In recent years she had also found a young man whom she proposed to the council as her successor. She was very satisfied because he could fuck quite well, but she was even more impressed by his character. The man was seriously examined and met with the council's approval. Everything was in order, Min did not want to leave any chaos behind. The day before her death she gave a speech to the council, it was a farewell speech. She knew that she had little time left and took stock of her more than 40 years as empress. She told the council about her life, it was a long, eventful life.

Decades, even centuries later, people still talked about her, the good Empress Min.

Pyi Lai stood up and bowed deeply to the audience. The listeners shouted, clapped or whistled through their teeth. He had told them a juicy, hearty and exciting story and many had taken the opportunity to enjoy themselves with small carnal pleasures. Pyi turned around bowing, then he went with Min to the innkeeper to receive his wages.

It was already deep into the night when the three of us set off. The three selected girls were waiting in front of the inn and asked if they could buy wine and accompany her to the river. Pyi cast a quick glance at Min, then nodded. The girls got wine from the innkeeper and marched off. The two mature girls that Pyi had eliminated during the selection of girls waited a little further ahead and joined the small group without saying a word.

Min added wood so that the campfire in the cave was burning again, the 5 girls sat around the fire and drank or sipped wine because they were not used to it. Master Pyi had each girl tell what sexual experiences she had had so far. He chose one and had Min lay a mat next to the fire. He took a girl by the hand, carefully unwrapped her naked and listened to her "confession." It was nothing exciting, she had been masturbating since early childhood and had her virginity taken away by one of the young servants. Since then, she sometimes let her father fuck her in rainy weather, which her mother watched with a shake of her head. But fucking or masturbating was the only distraction when the weather was bad. Master Pyi nodded understandably and fucked her right next to the campfire. The other girls looked very excited because it was just so exciting. When he had cum inside, he turned to me. "Well, Master Tshü, wouldn't you like to fuck one or two of the girls too?" Damn, that was another question that could only be answered with yes. Min had already laid a second mat next to the fire. I looked into her eyes because I was already a little bit in love with her. She smiled very nicely and friendly and gave me the hand of the oldest girl with a subtle smile. OK, that was a clear answer.

It was of course clear to me - and probably not just me - that the girl actually wanted to fuck the old man, but Min's decision was the right one. The two older girls were certainly not as easy to fuck as the younger ones and she didn't want to make things more difficult for the old man than they already were.

I slowly unpacked the girl, she was about 19 or 20, a rural beauty with already motherly breasts. She looked very carefully to see if I was penetrating her properly. Then she sank back onto the mat and left the work to me. I fucked her slowly but forcefully. She had come

to terms with fucking or letting herself be fucked by a complete stranger, because the master himself did not want her, obviously did not want her. I concentrated on the fucking, the erotic impressions of the evening were still having an effect. After all, two of the three girls had clearly put the narrator's cock in themselves and all three had let him masturbate them under their skirts, they orgasmed in front of the audience. The audience was busy holding on to firm handles, I noticed this with a smile. I only found out what exactly happened in the last two rows the next morning from Min, I couldn't see any of it myself.

I was ready after just a few minutes and squirted my hot load into the girl's fuck hole without asking her first. It wasn't very nice, but I just didn't feel like it. I sat down on my pillow with my bare bottom and thirstily drank a whole cup of wine. She was a rather unpretty country girl, who only fucked with natural instinct and shyly looked back to get dressed. She too had that infinitely sad look in her eyes like most girls I've ever fucked.

Meanwhile, Master Pyi had unpacked the second girl and had let her tell him everything. Of course, she had also masturbated since she was young, but not as often or as regularly as the first, who was addicted to masturbation. She had been deflowered by her father, much to the displeasure of her mother, with whom her relationship was very strained and full of jealousy. I could well imagine that the mother would not simply accept being pushed out by a younger girl, who she also somehow loved. I watched as Pyi's thick cock parted her labia and quickly penetrated. Of course, the master knew that it could not penetrate all the way. Nevertheless, a broad, sunny smile spread across his face, because the 15 or 16 year old girl was young enough for him.

Min had been looking at me for a while. Yes, I'm coming! I called out to her silently. She let the second mature girl sit on my mat, she also looked very rustic and not ugly. I slowly undressed her, her breasts were not quite as big as the first, but she was also around 18 or 19, if not older. She had also just bathed and smelled of violets, which you could simply rub on your skin as perfume, the perfume of country girls. She did have a huge bush, which was rare among our

Chinese women. I could make out her pussy well, though, and it was actually irrelevant for the fuck whether she had a lot or little pubic hair.

I mounted the chubby girl and tolerated her insisting on kissing me. This was also rather unusual for such a random fuck, but I accepted it. Min told me later that the girl Yui was already pregnant, which I hadn't noticed. In any case, she was much better, much more pleasant and easier to fuck than her friend. Amazingly, she came to orgasm quite quickly and I squirted my load into her fuck hole while her orgasm slowly faded away. She gave me several hot French kisses, which really threw me off track. I just couldn't make sense of the girl Yui's behavior. Min sat down next to me on my pillow.

She asked quietly if fucking Yui was unpleasant. No, of course not, I whispered back. "I'm just a bit confused by her kissing, Chinese girls from the country don't tend to kiss so intensely!" Min nodded, "I was afraid you wouldn't have liked the fucking, the way you made a face." We laughed quietly so as not to disturb the master during the fucking. "Would you like the last girl? She's barely 17 and my father always saves the youngest until last." Of course I didn't want the girl, I didn't want to snatch the old man's treat. "No, dear Min, I'm saving my strength for the night with you, I've been looking forward to it all evening." Min looked at me sideways. "Master Tshüe, don't dig too deeply into my flesh, as much as I feel flattered. You'll be leaving again after a few weeks, and I'll stay with my father. So, be sensible, my love!" She squeezed my hand very gently and lovingly, which of course fanned my fire even further.

The old man had let go of the girl, his fleshy cock hanging half-soap between his thighs. He closed his cloak to hide his old, wrinkled body. He sat down on his pillow and drank a thirsty cup of wine in one go. "Ahh! I was thirsty!" he said. "The little one fucks wonderfully, I was in eighth or already with one foot in ninth heaven! — But tell me, Master Tshü, did you get on well with the older girls?" He had carelessly spoken in a loud voice and all eyes were on me. I blushed a little and fibbed for the sake of the audience, "Thank you, Master Lai, for letting me have the two best!" A thousand laugh lines

played on Pyi's face. "And thank you for sparing me the exhausting fucking with the old matrons," he whispered and winked.

He let the last girl sit on his lap and carefully undressed her. She only answered him in a whisper about her previous sexual experiences, so I couldn't understand anything. But I could tell from his expression that she was whispering something rather disturbing into his ear, shy and embarrassed. He looked at the naked, sweet child with pleasure. "So, you're already 17?" he asked and she nodded. "17 and three months, exactly." He stroked her pussy. "Very clever of you to fuck the whole village right after you lost your virginity. I would have given you that advice too, because it was exactly the right thing to do. So lie down on your back, or better yet on your side, that's not so strenuous for me!" She lay down on her side, he threw back his cloak and lay behind her. He spread her ass cheeks and penetrated her from behind, letting out a satisfied grunt. She sighed as her tight pussy hole took in the big thick cock. He fucked her slowly, gliding and saving his energy. She was very excited and almost jumped out of her skin, but she just couldn't orgasm. He squirted a little bit slowly and calmly into her, he had used up all his ammunition.

We let the girls go, five of them were more protected and we weren't worried about their safety. There hadn't been any wolves in the area for decades, the forest robbers were sleeping off their drunkenness at this time and five girls didn't have to worry about the odd hiker, but the poor hiker had to worry about the girls ripping his pants down.

We finally went to sleep. Min cuddled with him for a bit, but he wanted to go to sleep right away. He had fucked enough for today. When he was asleep, breathing loudly, Min rolled over to me and crawled under my blanket. It was sooo wonderful to feel her naked body pressed against mine. "Min, you wonderful, strange girl, I'm no less tired than Master Pyi, but I would never forgive myself for not having fucked you for one night!" I could feel Min's face twisting into a broad, silent laugh against my neck. "And neither of us will allow that to happen, my dear Tshü, former imperial scribe, will we?" We both neighed quietly.

I hugged the strange creature, who was certainly much older than 16, but I loved her childish, girlish body just the way it was. I didn't want to know how old she really was, how often she had flown to the "Black Raven Mountain" on the back of the dragon, how often Pyi had to deflower her until she herself found pleasure in the pain. And she had told me that she now loved being deflowered very much. The short, sharp pain bound her even more closely to her father, I had no doubt about that.

I don't like to write about how I fuck, I find it somehow repulsive. Min's face glowed with happiness and sexual desire in the flickering light of the campfire. I knew I couldn't let up, I had to let her climb the hill slowly, she needed time to orgasm. But especially in orgasm, her girlish face was wonderfully beautiful, it really glowed. She held me tight, she held on to me and allowed the orgasm to shake her and make her twitch. It gradually turned into a gentle trembling, she let out the breath she had been holding and pressed her face against my cheek. I had fucked hundreds of girls or young women, but only a few had orgasmed so beautifully in my arms. I hadn't completely used up my ammunition with the two matrons, so I shot jet after jet into Min's fuck hole, which she responded to with violent twitching. We stayed in each other's arms for a long time after the squirt, only gradually letting go. Min preferred not to say anything in this situation, she expressed her feelings in her French kisses. I also kept my mouth shut because I was afraid that any sound could shatter the holy glass bell that surrounded us.

Min woke me up with a gentle touch. The children from the village had delivered breakfast and Min had given each of them a small square bronze coin with holes in it. Pyi was sitting on his cushion and was already sipping his second cup of tea. It was only after the hearty, substantial breakfast that we went down to the river. I dived under several times; the ice-cold water washed away not only my body but also the last remnants of yesterday's wine consumption. "Well," said Master Pyi, who was standing up to his waist in the cold water, "that was quite a successful evening, but perhaps we should have been more clever with the wine. But - who wants to be clever on such a splendid evening?!" I smiled sourly. "My headache is certainly not from the fun fucking, Master Pyi!"

We sat on our cushions again, I drank fruit lemonade like Min, I couldn't use the wine now. Pyi smiled gently and drank wine, the tough fellow. I got the brush and bamboo strips ready. Pyi collected himself for a moment, then he continued.

Min said this morning that she told you about the "Black Raven Mountain". You will surely remember, dear Tschü, that one of the magic sisters gave me the gift of turning me into a dragon when I was born. So I was at Emperor Qin Shihuangdi's court as captain of the bodyguard, and that was the first time that this gift really came in handy. Up until now I had only made a few nighttime excursions to mount pretty peasant girls or peasant women in far-off villages. But now I took a walk outside the camp at night until I was out of sight. Then I flew high above the enemy camp and memorized everything. Half an hour or an hour later I strolled into our camp and went to sleep. The next morning, everyone was surprised when I drew up a detailed sketch showing the strength of the crew and the distribution of the war machines. It was only on the second attempt that the Emperor's strategists took me seriously. The Emperor rushed from victory to victory, he seemed invincible to everyone. If a guard dared to report a veritable dragon sighting, he was met with ridicule and scorn, couldn't he tell a big fat bat from a dragon? Didn't we know that the last dragon had been killed over 100 years ago?

I was haunted by doubts all my life, Master Tschü, make sure you write that down! Doubts, yes. Had I given the brutal Emperor an advantage so that he could bring the 6 other kingdoms to their knees in less than a year? Or had I saved the lives of many soldiers because they were not sent into ambushes or massed forces? No, don't say anything now, there is no answer to that question, no right answer. Apart from that, I only contributed an insignificant part, the real achievement was the work of the strategists, generals and soldiers. Please write that down when you include it in your work, I don't want to be seen as a hero and the others as noodle-eating idiots!"

At that time I had not yet heard of Igdis and I was chasing skirts in the court of Qin. At that time there were not even the board and card games that the Indians later brought to us. You could only go for a walk in the countryside or drink with the whores in the pubs and I

did not like either. Chasing women's skirts was similar to hunting. At least that was how I saw it at the time. I only knew three kinds of girls and women. The small group of shy, hard-to-conquer women and girls who could be hunted with honey on the tongue and sometimes with a little violent force. Then the equally shy, loyal and inexperienced newlyweds who tasted sweeter than all the others. It took a lot of skill, luck and experience to hunt this shy game. And then there was the rest of them, who lived like pigs in a pen - and where is the fun in hunting when you sit on the fence and shoot your arrows at the pigs? I always considered this large group a stopgap solution, because hunting them was a mockery of every hunter's art.

But I was addicted to hunting the first two groups. How my nerves trembled when such a shy animal came to the palace to present itself to the king. Like a detective, I set about finding out where the beauty could be found. I could hardly wait until night fell and I could fly to her village! Silently like any good hunter, I crept into her bedroom, lay down next to her and covered her mouth. Then I paralyzed her resistance with my honey-sweet tongue, the most difficult part of the hunt, until her resistance was broken.

Oh, you gods, there were wonderful girls among them that I was allowed to deflower and fuck! Or how exciting when her snoring husband lay next to her and I could only break her resistance and gain her consent and agreement by whispering and whispering. Like a hunter, I held my breath when I finally got to the final shot. I penetrated her pussy, excited by the successful hunt and the overflowing hormones that were squeezing my throat. I visited some of them several times when they wanted to have a child with me. I was somehow completely indifferent to the fact that they were fathering bastards; it was always their decision, not mine.

Hunting chaste, shy newlyweds was the highest art of hunting. I could tell by looking at them whether they had a good or bad husband in bed. Only very rarely did I pursue one who was happy with her husband and only rarely did I succeed, but I did. But if she was a zero in the marital bed, it was just a matter of overcoming her traditional ideas about what you could and couldn't do. That sounds sim-

ple, but it is very complicated. You can learn it, of course, but you also have to pay the price.

At first I was often challenged to a duel, but I always won, I was a well-trained fighter. The beaten husband resignedly left his wife to me. But she cheered, I was her hero, the one who had sent her husband into the dust. I took her, because I only fought for beautiful, passionate women. A matter of honor.

Looking back, I was a greedy, shameful stud. But back then I thought I was a devil and punched anyone who disagreed. I had conquered all the shy girls, seduced all the newlyweds and fathered several bastards. For better or worse, I now had to deal with the pigs. No hunting, just a reach into the water trough to pick out a fish. Of course, I first dealt with the young, pretty but spoiled piglets, wallowing in the dirt with them. So I fucked piglets and sows according to age, at least trying to assess the willingness and passion of each one. I am not proud of that time, by God, and I wasn't proud then either.

Min had grilled the chickens on the campfire, and now we ate the birds with great appetite, with roasted vegetables and fresh fruit. I succumbed to the temptation, the chickens wanted to wallow in wine. Okay. I skimmed through my notes again. "Master Pyi, the name Li Shi did not come up today, is there a reason for that?" He scratched his beard. "You are an attentive listener, Master Tschü, I like that! Perhaps your report will be worth writing after all. And yes, it was not entirely unjustified that I did not mention the Empress Li Shi."

The Empress was very security-conscious, because there was enough hostility, and she silenced many a cheeky slanderer with poison. I went to our rendezvous willingly and full of expectations, and I was allowed to fuck her almost every day. She was a young woman, between 19 and 23 years old and very pretty. The only thing that was annoying was her hooked nose, which gave her face a bird of prey look. So I jokingly called her my Eya, that is, the young falcons. I fucked her for four years and I must say that the Emperor made a good choice. The fact that she was his biological daughter was of no

interest to most people, including me. She was a good, strict empress.

You can already imagine how it ended. One of the lesser maids went to the emperor and whispered the secret into the emperor's ears. As proof, she gave the place and time of the next adultery. However, Empress Li Shi had been warned by loyal maids. The emperor stormed into the chamber, his sword drawn, snorting with rage. The empress sat there with a professor who was probably 100 years old, and the two of them drew the next maps for the strategists, like every day. The empress jumped up and asked the emperor, her eyes sparkling, who or what he wanted to kill here? The emperor backed away. "Where is Captain Pyi Lai?" he shouted at the empress, and of course she couldn't know, she said indignantly. The Emperor had me tracked down immediately. I sat on the grass with my comrades and we drank light country wine and told each other stories of past battles. "How long have you been sitting here?" shouted the Emperor at the men and the armorer said, a little over two hours, Your Majesty! And everyone had already been here for two hours, it was a shift change, Your Majesty! The Emperor stood in front of me, but I looked at him very calmly, I had no bad conscience. Soldiers usually sit together in groups, tell stories and drink wine, the Emperor knew that of course. He trotted off, snorting with rage, and cut off the traitor's head with his own hands.

The Empress was not impressed by this embarrassing episode. As usual, she planned our rendezvous down to the last detail. I was warned by comrades, the comrades in question told me themselves that they had to report to the Emperor's office every day where I was with whom and what I was doing, every minute. My comrades regretted the situation, but orders are orders, an emperor is an emperor. I nodded and thanked the brave fellows, they shouldn't have told me. But soldiers' blood is thicker than emperor's blood, they said.

Of course I didn't want to get them into trouble. I used my magic and left them sitting there under a spell while I went to meet the empress. They would tell the truth that they had sat here and there with me. Li Shi laughed into her fist, her eyes sparkled maliciously, rebelling against her all-determining, dominant father. But after about

three months I no longer felt comfortable with it. I was increasingly frightened when an armed man approached, I covered Li Shi's body protectively with my own and whispered that it was over now. After three months I said goodTshü to Li Shi and had the emperor take me back to Qin. There was nothing left to conquer militarily, so he reluctantly gave me the order. Li Shi cried, she was carrying my fourth son under her heart. Of course she knew exactly that I was the father of her four sons.

I returned to my dissolute life in Qin, some new faces demanded to be hunted, then I spent the year with the pigs from the corral. A year had passed when I received the order to pick up the noble lady Igdis and bring her to her fiancé. We were constantly given such silly orders, the three weapons masters who commanded the Qin body-guard consulted and found it right that an armed troop should pick up the noble lady. I told you the rest yesterday or the day before, Master Tschü.

I suffered like a dog after Igdis' death. Every day I sat by her gravestone, I spoke to her because it calmed me down. Rationally, it was clear to me that her answers came from me, but I firmly believed that she had said it. I was simply in mourning and could not get out of this dungeon on my own.

A friend from my wild days, the noble lady Wang, had taken me to her heart because she had had two bastards from me and I had helped her a lot with the complicated divorce from her good-for-nothing. In her friendly way, she recommended that I take a look at her niece Gril, the little one was just as lonely as I was and would be a good substitute mother for my child, Min. I had no intention of re-marrying, but I could feel that the constantly changing wet nurses were not good for Min. So I took a look at Gril and hired her for Min, because the baby had chosen her in the first minute. I smiled for the first time. Gril had breast milk even though she had no children. It was a win-win-win situation. For a week I put up with Gril masturbating at night, and from then on I fucked her. She wanted it, with every fiber of her heart.

I would be quite happy, dear Master Tschü, if you did not mention Gril and Mrs. Wang, or only mentioned them in passing. Gril was de facto my wife for the next 16 years, she nursed my daughter and was a loving mother to her. She lay on my mat and wanted to fuck me every day or let me fuck her. She learned everything about fucking and was a good, excellent bedmate. Of course she had the odd little affair, since we lived together with Min in the barracks. She confessed it to me every time, but I told her that it was fine, I was neither her husband nor her keeper. I acted very cold, but in reality I had taken her to my heart for a long time. And she made me run after women's skirts again. She was a simple girl, but she knew what was important in life. And for me, it was my escapades, my affairs, my pursuit of woman flesh that were important. She got me back on track. She was my wife.

And then, one day, the accident happened. Min was about two years old or younger when it happened. The Bodyguards were fond of using black powder. They made sophisticated, nasty bombs that gave them an advantage over the enemy. Now one of my comrades was busy making a bomb, it exploded and killed four men. I had been wounded in the head and was blind. I could just make out black and white shapes, but that was all. The external wounds healed after 3 or 4 weeks, but a blind man could not serve in the Bodyguards, that was clear. I asked the armorers to give me time to get my belongings out.

Yes, I had possessions. Before my bodyguard and the Imperials attacked one kingdom after another, I stashed half or part of the royal treasure the night before. I was now blind and rich. So I bought a nice house and moved in with Min and Gril. My friend from wild days, Mrs. Wang and Gril's aunt, thought that as a blind storyteller I would lead a life worth living. She tolerated no contradiction, because I really wanted to be dead. If I could no longer carry a weapon, if I could no longer see a lovely woman and could only fuck out of pity — no, that was no life. Many women from the palace came to me and lay next to me at night, the poor, poor cripple who could still fuck pretty well. Mrs. Wang not only loved to lay on my mat, she carried out her plan concerning me. She bought several books written on bamboo scrolls, and the three of us — Mrs. Wang, Gril and I — put together the stories I was to tell from these books.

So it was, Mrs. Wang and Gril took me into their midst at night and every night I had to empty my semen into both of them until I was bone dry. The two sweet women insisted on it, and certainly not out of pity! During the day they read me “our” stories, which I refined and embellished as I listened until I was satisfied. Mrs. Wang had two interesting tips. Firstly, if you wanted to attract viewers and come back the next year, the stories had to be full of sex and sexual innuendo and sexual ambiguity. Secondly, you also like young girls, 17 and 18 years old? I said yes, surprised. So it seemed that I have a young girl sitting on my lap when I tell stories, so that it looks as if I am telling the story just for her. It took quite a while until all of this worked. But by the end of the second year I was able to do the job really well, at that time Mrs. Wang and Gril took turns accompanying me. I had already been a storyteller for 14 years and Min was 16 when my mother, Lady Liao, invited me to visit her with Min.

Mother was shocked when she saw me as a blind man. She had not had a free minute in all those years, she lay down with the defeated, dethroned kings, chancellors and ministers and taught them the state ideas of Emperor Qin Shihuangdi, although the emperor had not commissioned her to do so. But she was known and popular in all 7 kingdoms and was a regular visitor there. — Together with the sisters she examined my eyes, “We’ll have that soon, my child!” my mother called out again and again, but the sisters growled that she shouldn’t make such a fuss, that it wouldn’t be easy! But my mother and the sisters only needed two days to get all the ingredients. They rubbed the mysterious ointment thickly into my eyes and after two weeks I could see again. I wouldn’t believe it, but that’s how it was. Min and I lay on the big communal mat and I had to do my best and squirt my juice into all of them until I was bone dry. Min had to keep applying the ointment for a few weeks after we returned. I could see as clearly as a hawk again, only scars remained on my skin.

I had to think for days about whether I should return to the guard. But Min, my loyal daughter, was the deciding factor. “We have spent so much time, effort and trouble, Mrs. Wang, Mother Gril and I, so that you learn a less dangerous civilian profession. And you cannot deny that you have really enjoyed it over the last 12 and 13 years. You

no longer know anyone in the guard, even the emperor and empress have forgotten you and your name. And yet you want to swear an oath to them, risk your life for these madmen? Yes, it is forbidden to call them madmen, but is this emperor a GOOD emperor? The empress who cheats on the emperor with someone else day after day, is she worth the sacrifice of your life?" Oh, how passionate Min was! So I stayed a storyteller. I was able to find a good, honest husband for Gril and marry her off with a rich gift. Mrs. Wang also retired, her sons reached the age when young men should lay with their mothers and not in the pigsty. And so it came about that Min became my little wife, I flew with her every year to the "Black Raven Mountain", rejuvenated her again and again to a 16 or 18-year-old girl and restored her hymen. It was a good thing for both of us, I think.

Min had stewed the lamb with the spice and vegetable sauce, and we ate like kings. I drank only a little wine and more fruit punch, because my brush must not shake. Chinese shorthand, which is now a forgotten art, has to be painted with a steady hand, any shaking would make it illegible. But I had learned this script in the service of the emperor, and it was very practical, you could paint speech and writing synchronously.

Min gave us a long time to enjoy tea and sweets. But we were supposed to leave early today, Pyi was supposed to give a performance for the youth, for the older children, in the late afternoon and a second performance for the adult audience after dinner. Pyi looked sharply at Min, who nodded in agreement. Then she explained to me that the landlady of the inn, a woman of enormous proportions, was secretly a little in love with Pyi and fucked him after dinner. Pyi thought it was all right, but he was afraid for his old, rotten bones. "Wow," I said, astonished, "is she really that heavy?" Pyi looked up at the gods and Min said she weighed as much as a young ox. At the end, all three of us laughed that Pyi would survive like every year. "Do you remember," Pyi snorted with laughter, "how last year the strong oak chair collapsed under us and we had to carry on fucking on the floor?" Min laughed heartily. "And the children screamed with delight as if it had been a pre-arranged circus act!" Children!? I asked and Min said that the landlady was a real exhibitionist and loved to

fuck in front of an audience. Well, we set off and I was already pretty excited.

The old storyteller was expected in town, he came every year. And when he arrived, the same spectacle always took place. He was escorted into the only inn by a crowd of cheering children. The landlady, a massive, tall pregnant woman, was already waiting for him and his companions with a bowl of rice with spicy mutton. She fed him with chopsticks, sitting on his lap, and this time the chair held.

When the bowl was empty, she lifted up her skirt and the children cheered and shrieked because they clearly saw her grab his cock and insert it into her pussy hole, and she grinned broadly and triumphantly at the crowd of children. She had no pubic hair, only a sparse black down. She laughed at the children who pushed forward to see the cock in her pussy hole. She loved to show herself to the children, because she was quite perverted. She rode him for a short time until he said he was still hungry. She brought one bowl after another, inserted his cock into her pussy hole and was allowed to fuck him for a short time.

Finally he said he was full. Now the landlady laughed happily and sank back. The old man grabbed her by the hips and half rose. He fucked her properly for a few minutes and the children cheered and screamed in confusion as he squirted in her pussy hole. He lay down to sleep until the first performance. He had to recover until the children's performance, because after that he told his story around the campfire in front of the assembled people, while one girl after the other sat on his lap and let herself be secretly masturbated under her dress.

Pyi Lai came into the circle on the meadow in a long, dark brown cloak and sat down solemnly. "Children," he began in a soft, full voice, "today I'm going to tell you a story whose main character is a little girl like you. But as with all my stories, there is murder and manslaughter and of course a lot of fucking, because that's part of the world you'll grow up in. So it's better to face the demons early on and get to know them before you grow up and start your own family.

Well, the little and timid ones among you should sit on the lap of a bigger girl who can explain everything to you in a whisper. And the braver ones among you, come here to the front row and let your skirts fly, because an old man like me enjoys the sight of your cute little slits. Yes, good, just come here to the front row, you're not cowardly and cowards, are you? And when the story gets very exciting, pluck your sweet slits a bit, because that is incredibly calming!

And now he let his voice ring out, because there were many adults sitting in the rows behind the children. At the children's performance, he couldn't put a girl on his lap, he needed both hands to gesture. His eyes looked at the little slits and cracks in the front row, heartwarmingly at the cracks of the teenagers, which were covered in soft, blackish, gleaming fluff. The further the juicy, sex-drenched children's story progressed, the more diligently the little ones plucked their labia and clits. He was very satisfied, because many a girl's eyes quickly became glassy. He grinned.

The story of the little girl Mei and the dragon Lin Popo

Mei woke up stunned. She was crouched under the roof gable that had saved her life. The earthquake had flattened the whole village and killed everyone. Mei tried to crawl out, but she couldn't. She screamed with all her might until she was hoarse. Strong arms grabbed her and dragged her out.

When she was back on her feet, she looked at the destroyed house. "They're all dead," the man said. She looked at him. He had a partially human face, a snout like a wolf, a scaled back like a crocodile. Mei began to be afraid when she saw his cock, it was scaled like his dark green back and long, like a third leg. The front of his body looked human, he had a striking yellow cock with a red glans, the thin foreskin was light green. His balls, really big, were a glittering blue. Mei was afraid of this big cock.

"You don't need to be afraid," he said kindly and took the 14-year-old girl by the hand, "come with me!" They walked a few steps, then he said, "I have to make myself invisible, people are coming!" In fact, people from the area came, with greed in their eyes, they would rummage through the ruins for gold and silver. Mei walked crying, holding the hand of the invisible man, deep into the enchanted forest. He became visible again and smiled kindly. "I saw your dead parents and your 7 brothers, they are all dead." Mei nodded through tears. Just a few hours ago she had let her brothers fuck her, and the thought of it made her smile despite the tears. "Hopefully they didn't have to suffer much," she said. The man nodded. "They were crushed in a split second," he said quietly, "they didn't feel anything anymore!" Mei wondered how he could know that, but he was something extraordinary, that was immediately clear to her. Someone who looked half like a crocodile, who could make himself invisible, could know so much.

An hour later they came to a small lake. "This is where I live," he said simply. She saw a large rock on the bank that jutted out into the water. He led her into a cave whose entrance was hidden behind thick bushes. He took off Mei's clothes and washed her naked body with a rag. He washed her small, budding breasts and the light down over her pussy. "You are a very beautiful girl," he said, "I can see that you have already fucked many!" But Mei shook her head, "No, not many, only my brothers!" He nodded, "okay, that's fine. I didn't mean to say that you're a whore." Mei's eyes filled with tears again. She thought of her brothers, who had fucked her just a few hours ago. Her mother had allowed it because the boys had to cum every day and there were no girls in the neighborhood. The boys had of course also fucked the neighbors when the man was out, and the neighbors were very willing to get such powerful guys between their thighs, all 7 of them.

"My name is Mei, Mei'Lan," she said, "the youngest child of the honorable Mrs. Mei'Lan." The man bowed properly and looked at Mei's pussy. "I am Lin Popo, which means magnificent blossom. My parents, like all dragons, were very unimaginative when it came to names for their children," he laughed kindly. "Yes, I am a dragon man, half human and half dragon, as you can see. I live a very secluded life here and usually only a few women from the villages visit me to get fucked. Among other things, I have the gift of seeing in their eyes whether they are ready to conceive, which is why they come to get fucked and then quickly run home to get their husbands to mount them and fuck them. They like to get fucked by us dragons, the human women, because we dragons can fuck for a very long time and with a lot of endurance. But they can't get pregnant by us, unfortunately." He pondered for a moment.

"Your mother's name was Mei'Lan, right? I once knew a sweet young woman named Mei'Lan, she often came to me to fuck, if I'm not mistaken. She must have had eight children, I think." Mei looked at him in surprise. "My mother always said that we are the children of the dragon, but I only saw it metaphorically. Maybe she really believed that she was pregnant by the dragon?" Lin Popo shook his head and nodded. "Yes, she did, she didn't want to believe that we dragons can't father human children! She came to me to fuck for

years, your sweet mother!” Lin Popo stared into the flames of the small fire. “I am 946 years old,” he continued, “I have fucked all the empresses and noble ladies of the Chinese emperors, that is my destiny. I sneak into the palace invisibly and then fuck the empress, every empress. Most of them detest the lesbian lovemaking to which they are condemned in the women’s house. They scream with delight and pleasure when I fuck them and they have orgasm after orgasm. But that is my destiny, I like doing it, because the emperor shows a lot of taste when he marries one. It is a pity for them that he keeps her strictly under lock and key, but then they have me and are happy for a few weeks until I have to move on.”

Mei listened with great interest, she had never seen an emperor or empress before. But she could well imagine the life of these imprisoned women. Lin Popo laughed. “When an empress had fucked me, she got a taste for it. She then did everything she could to lure men into her bedroom, and many princes and princesses were born from the forbidden act.”

He laughed happily. “Emperor Meng, our excellent prince, is actually the offspring of a hunter who smuggled himself into Empress Minh’s bed for years.” He slapped his thighs, he was laughing so hard. His cock had become very stiff when he told him about this empress who had tied him to her bed for a whole month, she was a very passionate woman! Mei asked shyly if she should do it to him? She was just curious, of course. Lin Popo laughed, “but of course!” Mei grabbed the yellow cock boldly, it was bigger than any she had ever held in her hand.

“Just rub the light green foreskin,” he said, “slowly and firmly. The cock will turn red, then rub really quickly and make me cum, okay?” Mei nodded. The cock grew in her fist the more she rubbed it. It changed color from yellow to reddish and to a dark, rich cardinal red. She rubbed it as hard and as fast as she could. Lin Popo smiled at first and twisted his face in pleasure. Then it spurted into the fire in bright, purple, glittering jets. Mei had never seen semen of this color before. Lin Popo calmed down and his cock shrank and turned yellow again. He nodded very contentedly, Mei had done him very well. “Unfortunately, I can’t masturbate a human woman,” he said with re-

gret in his voice, “just look at my paws, they are only suitable for hunting. And I had to get used to retracting my claws when I wasn’t hunting. When I was a young man, my claws tore the backs of many human women when we fucked, many died because of me until I learned to retract my claws.”

Mei took a paw in her hand. No, you couldn’t rub a clit with it, not at all. “But that doesn’t matter, Master Lin,” she said with a mischievous grin, “I prefer to do it myself anyway, at night. Every night.” Lin Popo nodded and stretched out and dozed a little. Then he went hunting, he brought a rabbit, wild berries and two apples. Mei ate with pleasure, the dragon brought good food every day. He ate once a week at the most, and then he had roast venison. At lunch he always lay in the pond and floated on his back. Mei sat on his stomach and dangled her legs in the water. She loved playing with the yellow cock and the blue glittering balls. He let her do as she pleased, he never stopped her when she masturbated him with her fist and made him squirt purple into the pond.

Mei asked him shyly how it was that he was half human and half dragon if dragons cannot father human children!? He smiled. “Dragons, no, that’s true. But dragon women could have a hybrid under certain circumstances. My mother was such a hybrid, my father was a man, a lonely trapper. He caught my mother in a trap, kept her captive and fucked her every day. He loved her very much because she had a small and tight pussy that fit his cock well. I know that because I fucked her long after he died. She had one hybrid after another, including me. She taught us, her children, to fuck very early on. I constantly fucked my sisters, who were half human. That was a thousand years ago, in my youth I only fucked human women and only later the first dragon women, that was a long process. But I loved fucking human women all my life, to this day. I only fuck dragon women to inseminate them.” Mei nodded with satisfaction, so she understood everything.

One evening, with a thick lump of lust in her throat, Mei asked him if he wanted to fuck her? He looked into her eyes. “You’re not ready to conceive,” he said, “you don’t even have your period yet!” Mei nodded, because it was true. But she felt the burning in her

pussy, she really wanted to be fucked. “Should I go to a village and find someone to fuck?” she asked uncertainly, but Lin Popo waved her off. And so they fucked for the first time. Mei felt his big cock stretching her labia and penetrating her, it was definitely the biggest cock she’d ever had, much bigger than her dad’s, who sometimes fucked her secretly when her mother wasn’t there. Mei never felt abused or taken advantage of when her dad or her big brothers fucked her. She felt it was a gift she could give them. Papa had her taught just like her brothers, because only educated women could develop their intelligence and go far in life. Of course she was very proud to be Papa’s favorite child.

Mei screamed with pleasure, she had never climaxed as quickly as she did now, her orgasm made her squirm and writhe like a trout in a trap. He asked several times if she had had enough, but she waved him off, again and again, please! He continued to fuck her carefully until she was completely exhausted, then he squirted in thick, solid jets.

Mei snuggled up to the dragon man, exhausted and grateful. “Not even my 7 brothers have fucked me as well as you, Master Lin!” she sighed. From now on she let her dragon fuck her as often as she felt like it. Lin Popo watched the night sky and the moon. “We have to leave,” he said, “the annual fucking starts tonight!” Mei didn’t understand a word, but she sat obediently on his back. He rose into the air and flew away, with Mei on his scaly back. “I can’t fly too high,” he said in the wind, “at 3,000 meters you won’t be able to breathe and you’ll freeze to death!” Mei was actually very cold and fought for every breath. After hours they landed in a huge clearing, high above the clouds. Hundreds of dragons could be seen, some that had wings and nothing human about them, and many that looked like Lin Popo. They formed a circle, in the middle an old dragon and his partner hundreds of years younger. She bent her tail to the side and turned proudly, showing everyone her pussy and straining her vaginal muscles to make her fuck hole open and close. She was obviously a celebrity, the dragons were making horny noises. The old man approached and she made everyone moan in amazement as she let the old cock penetrate her young pussy with mannered movements. They started to fuck and everyone else did too. The dragons fucked for 3

hours, then the females were ready and opened their insides so that the males could squirt their semen over their balls.

Mei was amazed at how different the pussies of the dragon women were. Some had arm-thick labia and huge pussies with holes as wide as a child's head. Others, however, had only small labia and small holes. They bent their cocks to the side, the males mounted them from behind and fucked them in the holes from behind. Many of the females had clits that were as thick as a thumb and very long. The females tapped their paws on the clit, which stood out stiff and squirting when they climaxed. Mei watched the general fucking with curiosity and horniness. The whole situation was incredibly lustful, because as soon as one couple had finished fucking, both went off in different directions to find a new partner. Mei didn't count, of course, but some males fucked 5 or more females in turn. The fucking lasted until sunrise, then they scattered to the four winds. Lin Popo flew back to the lake with Mei. Lin Popo told Mei that he always chose the youngest to mate with because he loved the tighter pussies. He had fucked half a dozen young females that night and inseminated their balls, he said proudly.

"They hatch from the eggs in a year," he explained, "in the last few thousand years we started to live on our own and the mothers raised the young alone. Young people learn to fuck very early, only girls don't open their inner parts so that they don't get pregnant." That made sense to Mei, but she had a question. "Yes," Lin Popo replied thoughtfully, "only very few of the boys grew up. And when they grow up, and there are always only a few, they look for a territory and live in secret. I am one of the few who look almost human and are not afraid to fuck human women." That was true, Mei had always hidden when women came to her forest. They were the wives of the baker, the water carrier, the farmer or the blacksmith. They let Lin Popo fuck them properly for an hour or two and hurried home when they were ready to conceive. Otherwise they came day after day and let the dragon man fuck them until they were fertile.

Lin Popo asked Mei if she wanted to go with him to the empress. It was the young empress, whom he had never fucked before. They flew to the imperial palace and he grabbed Mei's hands so that they both

became invisible. They got to the empress's bedroom unseen, who was making lesbian love with a maid. Lin Popo waited patiently until the two young girls, the more distinguished of whom was the empress, had finished fucking. Mei opened her eyes wide because she had never seen a girl fuck another girl's clit with her clit. But when the servant had gone out, Lin Popo made himself visible. The virgin empress was frightened at first and shyly covered her nakedness. But Lin Popo hypnotized her so that she agreed to fuck. The empress was actually still a virgin, because the emperor was old and weak. The empress agreed shyly and cautiously.

Mei put her face directly in front of the empress's pussy, because she had never seen deflowering up close before; her own experience was years ago, when her father deflowered her in the forest at the age of 11. He had asked if she really wanted it, but she just nodded without understanding. She had closed her eyes when he entered with a jerk. He immediately continued fucking her so that she did not feel the pain because his big cock almost burst her little pussy. At home he mentioned it briefly to the mother, who was quite happy that she could hand the task over to her daughter, because the boys wanted to cum inside at least once a day. She was happy to leave that to her daughter, although it was still quite a long time before she no longer had to hold up her mother's pussy. It took a whole year, during which the boys, mother and daughter, were fucked side by side, until the boys were exhausted.

Mei grabbed Lin Popo's cock and inserted it into the empress's pussy. A short, firm tug and then the empress was deflowered. Mei stayed lying there while he fucked the empress. She didn't have to help with her finger, she had a strong, horny orgasm and screamed with pleasure, because she orgasmed for another hour. They stayed in the empress's bed for 5 days, and she let him fuck her every hour. The empress liked to show Mei how to fuck clit to clit, and Mei let her fuck her until she fainted, because the empress was a true master at it. After the 5 days were up, they said goodTshü and flew back to the lake unseen. Mei was so grateful that she had seen the imperial palace and the empress. "And you liked being fucked by the clit too, I guess?" asked Lin Popo, grinning cheekily across her face.

One of the taller girls could no longer stand the tension, leaned back into the lap of the person sitting behind her and spread her knees. She masturbated for only half a minute, then she twitched and thrashed in orgasm. Pyi had interrupted the story for a minute and, like all the children, stared at the masturbating girl, who was probably 16 years old. He continued the story. But now the spell was broken, many a girl sighed and sank back and masturbated, unashamedly or shyly.

Day after day, the women from the area came to be fucked by the dragon man. Mei usually hid in the bushes, but she liked to watch the fucking. Lin Popo asked the women if they liked to fuck clit to clit. There were very few of them, but Lin Popo beckoned Mei over and she liked to let the woman fuck her. Very few were as skilled as the virgin empress, but Mei still enjoyed fucking the women very much. In gratitude, Lin Popo fucked the woman again afterwards, this time in Mei's presence.

Lin Popo had to follow his destiny. The local king had a queen, a fat, plump woman that he had never been allowed to fuck. She loved sex with her maids, she loved masturbating more than anything, but she never let a man fuck her. Lin Popo knew that she was still a virgin, but he was destined to fuck the queen. He took Mei piggyback and flew to the palace, he made her and himself invisible and they sneaked into the queen's bedroom.

Lin Popo remained invisible until the queen had masturbated to exhaustion, only then did he show himself. Before she could scream, he hypnotized her. She let him put her in the fuck position, but she resisted being fucked violently. Mei lay between the thick thighs to see the deflowering up close. Mei placed his cock in the right position and he had to stun her with a punch. A short, firm jerk and the fat queen was deflowered. Lin Popo fucked her to the bone, but when she awoke from unconsciousness, she kicked free and screamed with all her might. There was only a brief moment to make himself invisible. The queen screamed that a devil had raped her and the king spread her fuck hole to take a look. Yes, indeed, she had only recently been deflowered. She was completely out of her element and let the

king fuck her for the first time. She was very ashamed of it, but she was still under Lin's hypnosis and had to let the emperor fuck her to the max. Lin Popo and Mei remained invisible all day, the queen let her favorite maid fuck her and dozed off. Now Lin Popo attacked her again and fucked her until she was insane. With her orgasm, the effect of the hypnosis disappeared, she screamed bloody murder and that she had been fucked by the devil again. The king believed her, because she lowered her eyes shyly and submissively when he fucked her again. Lin Popo fucked her for a week, then he let Mei mount her and flew back to the lake.

The queen shouted at the king that he had to pursue and kill the devil. The king obeyed, had the bloodhounds take up the trail and set off with a force of 200 men. The trail ended at the lake in the enchanted forest. They returned, perplexed, and the queen again let the king fuck her to the bone. She gradually got used to being fucked.

Lin Popo had just returned from hunting and was attacked when he wanted to enter the cave. He was able to make himself invisible and disappeared; the soldiers only found Mei sleeping. They raped the supposed dragon woman day and night. Mei only found the powerlessness and being at the mercy of others humiliating; she easily endured being fucked by so many men. She was used to being fucked with Lin Popo's big cock, and the men's cocks were much smaller and not effective enough in comparison. The king was the only one who did not take part in the general fucking of the dragon woman. He sat on the bank of the pond and pondered. Was he mistaken or were the men disappearing one after the other? Yes, that must have been how it was, one after the other they disappeared, he only found sad remains at the edge of the forest or floating in the lake. The next day half of his army had already disappeared, here and there a mutilated body was found, torn to pieces by a tiger or a panther. Resolutely, the king ordered them to leave and return to the palace. Mei was taken away in chains and locked behind bars.

The queen said yes, she was the wife of the devil who had dishonored her for a week. She wanted to cut Mei's throat straight away, but the king fell into her arms. She was the bait to catch the devil. He had interrogated his wife for hours in private, she had to describe the

dragon man to him in great detail. The half-human face with the wolf's snout and fangs, the paws with the huge claws, the crocodile's back and the crocodile's tail, probably two meters long. His yellow man-cock, bigger than any she had ever seen, the bright red glans that shone through the lime green foreskin, and the large, blue, glittering balls. The king made her repeat the description for days until he was sure. She had to describe the deflowering and the weeks of fucking in detail, as well as the pink semen that the devil squirted in thick, solid jets. So hard that she flinched with each jet. Only now was the king satisfied, because he had seen the pink semen in her fuck hole himself. She said that the devil was invisible and only became visible for fucking, just like his young wife.

Lin Popo moved invisibly in the palace and waited for the right opportunity. Mei was repeatedly fucked in prison, but she whispered quietly that it didn't bother her. She couldn't see Lin Popo, but sometimes she felt his breath on her neck or heard him whisper quietly. It was only after days that the opportunity came. He strangled one guard after the other when there was still confusion after the guard change, then he grabbed the bunch of keys and freed Mei. He immediately made her invisible and brought her home to the lake. The king knew where the cave was, but he couldn't find anyone to accompany him there, to the deadly forest. The two remained unmolested. Once a year, Lin Popo went to the palace and fucked the queen all night long. As the years went by, she stopped resisting and just let the unbelievable happen. Just as indifferently as she let the king fuck her every night, who was secretly grateful to the devil for seducing his wife into fucking. He left the bedroom and slept in the stable when Lin Popo showed up and wanted to fuck his wife. The king recognized Lin Popo, of course, and his wife was not exaggerating, he had never seen such a big cock either.

Once a year, Quiqueg, a young dragon woman who was in love with Lin Popo, came by. She only came to fuck, she bent her crocodile tail to the side and let Lin Popo fuck her from behind. She was very patient when Mei looked at her pussy up close and examined it with her fingers. Mei looked deep into her vagina, to the membrane behind which the mature eggs were waiting to be fertilized. She allowed Mei to masturbate her 15 cm long clit while fucking her. The

fucking did not last as long as with others, after an hour and a half Quiqeg was highly aroused and opened the inner membrane for fertilization. Mei's hand was already very tired after an hour and a half, but she always managed to bring the dragon woman to orgasm. Lin Popo had hunted a deer and ate it together with his lover, who then flew away again. He slept for 20 hours after the exhausting mating. Otherwise he was not so exhausted, even if he had mated with a dozen human women one after the other.

The years passed quietly, Mei was 20, 25 and thirty. She had a good husband who fucked her as often as she wanted and she did not regret for a moment that she did not have a child of her own. A decade ago, when the king had captured her and she had been fucked by hundreds of men, she had become pregnant, but the fetus was aborted after a few weeks. She did not mourn for a moment, as she did not know which of the hundred men was the father.

She only fell in love once, at 21, with the strong-willed Master Zhong, the royal hunter. He discovered the cave and Mei, who was waiting for Lin Popo to return from hunting. He was immediately enchanted by the pretty naked girl, they did not need many words and fucked for 14 days. Lin Popo stayed in the background and hummed contentedly, because Mei seemed happier than ever. Unfortunately, the whole thing only lasted two weeks, there were discussions, arguments and, in the end, bad words. Mei was glad when he left because the argument was over with him. But she was depressed for a month and didn't laugh, no matter what Lin Popo did. Only after 4 weeks did she lie down with Lin Popo and let him fuck her thoroughly, after which she was as happy as before. But she never fell in love again.

They stayed together their whole lives, every year they experienced the big fuck above the clouds, the annual fucking of the queen and the many women who came to the forest to get fucked. One morning she didn't wake up. Lin Popo dug her a grave on the lake shore, as humans do.

He could no longer stay in the cave where he and Mei had spent their lives.

He moved on and looked for a new cave, a new lake.

Pyi cleared his throat, emptied the wooden mug of thin beer in one go and stood up. Only a few of the older girls applauded, the younger ones didn't know it. But they screamed and cheered and shouted, they wanted to hear a lot more about fucking! Pyi grinned from ear to ear and promised to tell another juicy, hearty children's story next year. He went back to the inn with Min and me and lay down on the ka'ang, the Chinese tiled stove with a sleeping surface, to rest for the evening. I snuggled up with Min to escape the landlady's lustful glances. I didn't even want to imagine fucking such a fat giantess!

I lay with my head in Min's fragrant lap and I became almost painfully aware of how close I had come to her, how much I loved this child-woman. I had not been in love for many years and this tingling in my stomach and heart was familiar but no longer habitual. Most recently I had been in love with the young empress, the third wife of the kind Emperor Zhuo. She was a slutty woman, a man-eating monster of extraordinary beauty. But after a few weeks she got tired of my fucking and looked for someone else. Intellectually I understood the development, but emotionally my heart broke. And now I was lying in the lap of this wonderful child-woman and was in love with her, although I had done nothing to win her over. I had her every night, but I could never really have her. She wiped the tears from the corners of my eyes without asking what I was suffering from. She probably knew long before I did.

The audience area on the lawn behind the inn was packed to the brim, the landlady, dressed only in a hip-length, frivolous shirt, poured drinks like crazy and made a lot of money doing it, she had no time to get hold of her storyteller's cock again. She might have been rejected, because Pyi had already fucked her at lunch and didn't feel like repeating it.

The lawn behind the inn was jam-packed. Pyi had felt the girls' bodies under their clothes, his fingertips saw more than many eyes. He nodded contentedly and chose the girls and the order. "But you have to hold back, I shouldn't cum while I'm telling the story, okay?"

The girls nodded and ran out with the other children. Pyi took his time before he walked into the circle and sat down on the folding chair. A waiter brought a huge wooden mug of thin beer so he could keep his voice smooth. He stood up and began.

“Dear people, this evening’s story will be a little longer, but it is about one of our national heroines, uncensored of course, so I will not withhold the juicy, sappy and sexual adventures of our heroine from you. However, at one of my last lectures there were complaints to the prudish local mayor. After I asked the women to hold on to the man sitting next to them because of the horrific scenes, the women buried their hands in the folds of their seat neighbors’ pants and behaved indecently there. And in the back rows there was fornication and random copulation, unheard of! So, dear women, hold on to the man sitting next to you anyway, but avoid committing indecent acts in the folds of your pants, at least hide it, because I don’t like these small-minded complaints. And you at the backrows, dear boys, mate with the girls and women a little more discreetly, because I don’t like the complaints... well, I’ve already said that.” Pyi’s lips played with a cheeky, really cheeky smile as he sat down and began the story.

The story of the heroine Mulan

The earthquake lasted less than 2 minutes. Chai, who was sitting on the folding chair at the table and studying the reports again, remained sitting quietly, watching the 2 torches that illuminated the tent. The greatest danger was that they would tip over and start a fire. A few pieces of equipment, as well as his spear and his two swords, fell over, but nothing else happened. He remained sitting for a while, but the earth had calmed down and the heavens had not collapsed. Chai took a torch in his hand and the short sword, just in case.

He stepped out of the tent. "Report!" he shouted in a commanding voice, "Report!" Half-dressed and naked people came out of the other tents, calling one after the other that there were no dead or injured. One shouted, "Commander, Haraldur ran from the guard into the village with 12 men!" He breathed a sigh of relief, no dead, no wounded. "If they come back, let me know!" his command echoed, then he went back into his tent. He picked everything up again and finished reading the report, then he put the papers aside and ate his evening meal, flatbread and a cold chicken leg. He drank a cup of wine and waited.

Haraldur, the giant, entered the tent, followed by guards. The gigantic guy was carrying a child or a girl or a naked woman in his arms, it was difficult to estimate. Haraldur looked at his friend. "We counted 18 dead in the village, about 25 slightly injured. They are well cared for. I found this girl in the rubble of her house, she is only unconscious but otherwise unharmed. Unfortunately, her husband is dead." Haraldur lowered his voice and whispered, "They were just fucking when the house collapsed." The Nordic giant looked around, Chai pointed to his sleeping mat and Haraldur gently laid the unconscious girl on it.

Chai took a cloak from the hook and covered the naked woman. He ordered one of his soldiers to get two women with water and rags to wash the girl. He sent everyone out except Haraldur. He sat down

on the folding chair and Haraldur sat on his chest. “We combed the village, we left the dead lying there, we brought the wounded to the village square. There are enough villagers there to take care of everything. I heard a quiet whimper and found this one. She was just riding her old man, his cock was still in her hole.” Haraldur grinned. “What a lustful death! Your girl rides you, you cum and the house kills you! What a hot death! Bleeding to death in the dirt of a battlefield with a spear in your stomach is definitely not that hot.” They chatted for a few more minutes, then two women came to wash the girl, Haraldur left.

Chai stayed seated and looked at the girl. She had a beautiful, slim body, a flawless Chinese face and waist-length black hair. Her breasts seemed virginal to him and above her soiled pubic fold there was a very delicate touch of downy black pubic hair, he loved that. He watched with great interest as the women washed her clean with rags and spread her labia with their fingers to clean her pussy. The women looked uncertain, they hadn’t brought any clothes with them. He nodded, he must have something and rummaged in his chest.

He finally found a clean, white shirt that he had looted somewhere on the campaign. They put it on her, it reached down to her thighs. The women covered the girl with his blanket and whispered that she was apparently completely unharmed, just unconscious. He thanked the women and let them go. They had been captured in one of the last villages and had to lie with the conqueror, but they would be released in the next village if he captured another woman. The soldiers always did this, the villagers knew this and rode behind the baggage train every day to collect the released girls and women. It was extremely rare for a girl to lose her life, on the contrary, many were already carrying new life in their wombs as a gift from heaven and the imperial troops.

Chai stayed sitting on the folding chair all night, he worked through all the papers and that was actually very satisfying. He wrote a page in his war diary, the Emperor Long was very meticulous and read through the records of all the commanders during the campaign. The Emperor had reformed the military ranks, Chai was a captain and commander at 34 years old, he would be a general in 4 or 5

years and would get a good salary. That was enough to get married and start a family. So far he had no steady partner, he was constantly on duty and picked flowers by the side of the road like all soldiers.

The girl mumbled in her sleep and kicked herself out of the warm blanket. She lay there with her legs bent, her pussy exposed. Her fingers gently stroked her clearly visible clit for hours without masturbating. He noticed her slight trembling and shaking when she had a slight orgasm in her dream. She smiled and murmured and continued to stroke the clit until early morning. He had rarely seen women masturbate, only the noble women at court masturbated while fucking because it was considered decent and desirable. The common women and girls did not masturbate while fucking, they only masturbated afterwards or when the man had already fallen asleep. Chai's head sank onto the table and he slept with his face on his forearm.

The clatter of the breakfast dishes woke him up. "It's terrible weather, General," said the prisoner who had brought his breakfast, "they say the rain will continue for another 3 or 4 days, the roads are muddy and impassable for the carts, they say." Chai knew exactly who this 'man' was, she had overheard the group leaders' conversations as usual, that was fine. He said she should bring a second breakfast, every day, until he was alone again. She cast a curious glance at the half-naked girl and nodded understandingly. The woman was reliable, she had been with the troops for months and seemed to have no interest in being released.

Chai knelt down next to the girl and stroked her face. "Where am I, who are you, sir?" she asked when she woke up and he said she was safe with him, there was breakfast and he would explain everything to her. They sat down at the table, he cleared away the papers and watched her, she was obviously hungry. He only ate one bite and pushed his food towards her. He said he was the commander of this troop, his name was Chai, Captain Chai. He had 50 soldiers and a good 200 or 250 other people who supplied the troops or were traders who traveled under the protection of the troops.

There had been an earthquake during the night, there were 20 dead and many destroyed houses in the village. "Your house col-

lapsed too, it killed your husband just as you were fucking him. I'm glad you were unhurt." She stopped in mid-chewing. "Grandfather is dead? Are you sure?" Tears rolled down her cheeks. "How beautiful she is," he thought. "Yes," he said, "I thought it was your husband because you were riding him when the earthquake came." The girl looked at him searchingly. "He was everything to me. Grandfather and my biological father and my husband. I'm very sad that he's dead. He was only 64 years old, much too young to die. And the house was our only possession, he was a trader, a good and hard-working man." She was silent and he said that an old, white-haired woman had also been found dead in the house. "That was Aja, my wet nurse, who lived with us again since my parents had an accident in the ravine." He lowered his head. "You've lost your whole family." She nodded and he poured her more tea. "First finish your meal, then tell her everything from the beginning." She nodded and ate everything, he poured her more tea and said, "We're stuck here for three or four days in such awful weather. Take your time and tell your life story, from the beginning."

Who are you, Mulan?

She talked for a long time and left nothing out. "My name is Mulan, named after the warrior princess from the fairy tale. I turned 22 just a few weeks ago, we had such a wonderful celebration, ..." She paused to wipe away her tears. "Grandfather prepared me to take over his business one day. He taught me reading, writing, arithmetic, accounting for goods and inventory, and Mandarin, the official language. He was a very good and conscientious teacher. On my 20th birthday, he said I had now learned everything well and I was allowed to run his business for a while."

"My parents died when I was four years old, they fell with their horse-drawn cart into the great ravine, a day's journey from here. I was their only child and grandfather took me in lovingly. My mother was his daughter, whom he had fathered with his sister. Unfortunately, my father was infertile, so every night she lay first with her father, whom she loved with all her heart, and then with her grandfa-

ther, who thus became my biological father, but she lay with both of them every night, until the last day. My grandfather took Aja, who had breastfed me as a baby, to live with us. She became my surrogate mother. She was not very clever and very simple-minded, but she gave me the motherly love I was missing and lay every night with my grandfather, who needed a woman to fuck.

I was only 4, I watched the two of them fucking and grandfather said I should pay close attention and learn, one day I would be old enough to fuck and a girl who couldn't fuck well would old and lonely. She would, as one could see every day, piss on the side of the road and masturbate in public if no one took pity on her and fucked her quickly and hastily on the side of the road. Only rarely could they scrape together a few copper coins for a teenager who would clumsily fuck them on the side of the road in public. I saw these unfortunates every day and I learned to masturbate from them as a little girl.

Grandfather liked to see me watch them fuck and masturbate while I was there, he always said that it was very important as long as I was too young to fuck. Aja never masturbated, she only had her orgasms when fucking her grandfather and when it didn't work, she squeezed her clit really, really quickly and triggered her orgasm.

I was never a virgin or I don't remember. Even as a young girl, the favorite game among us neighborhood children was to play fuck and squirt. Sometimes Aja would catch us, then she would ask if he had squirted yet and would wait calmly until the boy had squirted and lead me into the house by the hand. When I turned 14, Grandfather told Aja and me that he was now going to take me as his real wife. I was arrogant and conceited and didn't think about poor Aja, who now had to sleep in another room and who only came to us once a week and had to beg for sex. But all three of us got along, Aja had an orgasm once a week because she didn't masturbate and the tension was released in a concentrated form in a strong orgasm when we fucked once a week.

In the beginning, Grandfather and I fucked all night until dawn and he taught me how to have an orgasm without masturbating. That was quite normal for us in the country, only in the city was it fashion-

able for women to masturbate while being fucked. Grandfather checked that too, but it was very easy, but he said that if I got a city man as a husband, I would have to be able to do that perfectly too. All the fucking would wear off at some point, he said, his greed and his loin strength would diminish with time, and that's how it was. In the end, it was enough for him to let me fuck him once or twice a week, and I always had to ride him because he was getting older. I never gave in to other people's temptations, I didn't have to promise him anything because I thought it was right to lie with him alone. We lived as husband and wife for ten years, and I loved being his wife with all my heart. And now he's dead, poor Aja is dead too."

Chai called for the breakfast woman to bring tea. He and Mulan waited in silence until the woman came with the tea. She smiled at Mulan and said that it was very sad that she had lost her husband. But everything would be fine, after the awful weather the sun would definitely come back. Mulan said her name and thanked her, those were beautiful words. When the woman had left, Mulan asked if he could tell her a little about himself. He said that he wasn't a talented storyteller like her and that he didn't have much to tell. But he would try.

I am Chai from Qin

"I come from the Kingdom of Qin, I was given a decent, average education like you received. In addition, my father, who was a captain in the army like his father and his father, had me trained in the philosophical works of old masters and sages, as well as in natural sciences and astrology. At 14 I became a cadet and learned the art of war from scratch. I actually wanted to join the famous royal guard, but then my father was transferred to the Nihon Empire, in the country of Japan, as a military escort of the embassy. Since I was well educated, I was allowed to serve under him. My mother, my little sister and our adopted brother Haraldur also came with me.

In accordance with local customs, my mother taught me to only use her hand to ejaculate into her mouth until I was 12. From 12 she

taught me to fuck, although she didn't like it very much. But for my sake she started fucking again because she had given up with her father a long time ago. She always let me fuck her with a suffering face when I could and wanted to because she really didn't like being fucked. Whenever she could arrange it, she had a young, pretty and willing maid lie in bed with us and I was allowed to fuck the girl until I was bone dry. I was of course excited to fuck all our young girls and she was happy that in our society women have to masturbate when they fuck. At some point I found out that she had been enthusiastic about it since she was a child and masturbated very often every day.

We lived in the city of Edo in Japan for three years, but I hardly saw anything of Japan, hardly spoke the language and only rarely got to fuck a Japanese girl. Since I shared my room with my 13-year-old sister, we fucked each other until we dropped. At that time she could neither masturbate nor fuck. I deflowered her and taught her everything; she masturbated and loved to fuck. Her mother knew about it and agreed, because on the one hand her father couldn't possibly take care of my sister's sexual development and on the other hand she was happy to give up fucking.

I worked hard at work and was incredibly lucky that we were allowed to choose whether we wanted to learn and train with a Chinese or a Japanese fencing master. At first it was just curiosity that I wanted to learn from the Japanese fencing master, harder than others. I learned to fight with the long and short sword, the katana and the wakizashi, and especially how to fight with both. My harsh father was impressed that at the end of my training I was named a samurai, corresponding to the higher warrior status, so to speak. I kept these two swords from then on and no one laughed at me after the first few fights. They weren't just bent blades that you could make fun of. These are terribly effective weapons that would put any Chinese sword to shame. — Oh, I'm boring you, Mulan.” She shook her head, no, that was very interesting, even for someone who had never held a sword before. Chai continued.

“My father immediately recognized the opportunity and pulled many strings, and I was appointed to the Imperial Guard of Emperor Long in the capital city of Guang'an for 4 years. It was a very honor-

able, exciting task and was well paid, and at the end of my service I was able to apply to the Imperial Army as a captain and commander. The Imperial Guard trained a lot and hard, we literally beat intruders and bands of robbers to pieces. Those who were initially doubtful were impressed by my swordsmanship with the strange swords and serious consideration was given to equipping part of the guard with Japanese swords and making me their fencing master, I was not even 25 at the time! It did not happen because many people hated me since I was the favorite of the very young empress.

We in the guard worked shifts and had a lot of free time. I was just as uninterested in dice and card games as I was in drunken roaming around brothels. At court there are Girls and women, loads of them! You just had to make sure you didn't get caught, otherwise you'd have a duel, a one-on-one fight. I always wanted to fence with sticks, but some pompous peacocks rejected it as child's play. No, armor and sword, to the death! I only killed a few, most gave up after a serious injury. I never wore armor, without it I was as fast as lightning. I won hundreds of duels, didn't lose a single one, and was never seriously injured. That brought me a certain amount of fame, even Emperor Long let me go by his side on risky ventures. Only once did the emperor turn to me with a smile. "In your duel with XY, you should have cut off his head, not just two fingers! Now I have to put up with the idiot and hope that one day I'll have his head cut off." I was totally perplexed and must have made a face like a sheep in a thunderstorm, because the emperor slapped his thighs and laughed loudly. Later I asked him to please tell me before the duel, but he just smiled good-naturedly. "That's what I pay my executioners for," he replied. Nevertheless, he always had me assigned to the four if he only needed a small guard. There were whispers that he would watch my duels, but I never saw him.

Although I naturally profited from the character damage to the girls and women at court, I would not describe them as for sale or as prostitutes. If I was after a particular woman, I rarely had to waste a lot of time and energy. We came to an agreement in no time and then nothing stood in the way of the sexual adventure. Most of the time, however, I was not the driving force; the ladies demanded it more or less directly, within the framework of etiquette. I don't want to bore

you with anecdotes now, dear Mulan, just this much. In these four years I have rarely, if ever, slept alone on my mat; even when fighting against intruders or bands of robbers, I found a chaste citizen's wife or a sweet little daughter who willingly shared my bed with me."

Chai poured more tea. He looked at Mulan with a man's eyes. She was a really beautiful girl, even in that oversized man's shirt. He had an idea. "Mulan, look outside! The rain has let up a bit, let's hurry up and buy you some clothes, I want my shirt back!" Mulan looked shyly at the ground. "I have no money, Master Chai. I have nothing." He stood up and took a cloak from the nail. "Put on this general's cloak, otherwise you'll freeze to death. You don't have to pay anything, I'll gladly invite you, or if you don't want to, the emperor will invite you. You are his subject and he certainly doesn't want to see you running around naked in the rain!" Mulan put the cloak around her. "You've already saved my life, Master Chai," but he interrupted her. "Haraldur saved you, not me. We'll meet him for dinner, then you can thank him if you like. Now let's go before the rain changes its mind!" He told his guard that he was going to the back to the merchants to buy clothes for the girl.

Finally, he bought a large sack from the merchant so that Mulan could store everything in it, shirts, two long dresses, sewing kit, soap and a brush so that she could keep the clothes clean. They went to the merchant across the street and bought a pair of short boots and bandages that you tied around your feet on long walks. Everything was practical, no unnecessary trinkets. Chai was a soldier, every gram too much was too much. He refused to accept anything as a gift, he was stubborn and narrow-minded. He accepted a discount, but he paid. Period.

Haraldur's story

Mulan changed in the tent, she looked stunning. Haraldur came, Chai introduced the two and let them talk, he had to read two reports that had just arrived. Then they had dinner and Chai told Haraldur's story.

Haraldur was kidnapped and abducted by Russian slave traders in the far west when he was 4 or 5. He grew up to be a magnificent, 2-meter-tall, muscular bundle of bones, with light blond hair and a rust-red beard. He only knew his name, but nothing else. He had become Chinese, could read and write, and had read many books. During the day he worked as a blacksmith's assistant, he had forged himself a huge sword and swung the heavy steel for an hour before dinner. He could not afford a fencing instructor, but he had traveling swordsmen show him a few things.

Chai rode with his father through the villages to buy horses. At the blacksmith's they saw Haraldur and learned that he was a slave and not for sale. The father said not for sale, so-so, but how much? The blacksmith did not negotiate clumsily and got the price for two and a half slaves. The father asked Haraldur which horse he would take for a long ride? He knew which of the new horses he would take and Haraldur took exactly that one. He could also ride without a saddle, he said boastfully, but Chai's father had his doubts. The horse had not been broken in yet. The ride ended at the end of the village.

Now something mysterious happened, a spectacle that Chai's father talked about for the rest of his life. Haraldur dismounted, held the horse by the reins and stood in front of it. He gave the horse a few hard slaps and shouted at it. More slaps, punches and shouting followed. Then he calmed down, pressed his face against the horse's and pulled it by both ears. He mounted completely calmly and for the next three weeks, until they were back in Qin, the horse was as meek as a kitten. Chai's father watched the new man very closely and asked him if he wanted to be trained in sword fighting or if he wanted to go out into the wide world, he was free. Haraldur looked down at the commander. He wanted the certificate of freedom and he wanted to learn the swordsman's trade from him, but with his own sword. The commander said, "Great, that's it!" and so it happened. Haraldur learned and trained hard. He became friends with the commander and Chai, he went with them to Edo and always proved himself. He had become a master in close combat, he swung his sword as if it had no weight and he felled his opponents like a reaper fells wheat. He served in the commander's unit and when Chai returned from the imperial palace as captain, he joined Chai. They had become close

friends, almost like brothers, and they covered each other's backs in battle. Haraldur had found a home, a family and a brother. But also a good captain, a well-paid job and a team that loved him, feared him and fully respected him. He didn't get involved in duels, he went to his opponent, punched him in the face and picked up the unconscious man, the duel was over.

Mulan laughed out loud. She grabbed Haraldur's biceps admiringly. Chai said with a grin that if she would rather lie with Haraldur, then of course! Mulan blushed and let go of her savior's biceps. She shook her head slightly and Haraldur protested loudly. He still had the twins in his tent, "No offense, Miss Mulan, you are truly very desirable, but the twins haven't shown me all their tricks and secrets yet." Chai laughed quietly to himself, Haraldur had let his little sister lie with him for years, the little one raved about her lover's cock and great fucking and she missed him very much now, because he was not one to change horses quickly.

They had eaten well, drunk a lot and talked a lot. The guard stuck his head in. "Master Haraldur, your women have sent for you. They are expecting you immediately, right away and immediately!" The guard grinned. "Women!" Haraldur finished his drink calmly, said goodTshü and went out into the rain to meet the double group of women. Chai said they should go to sleep. Before dinner he had swapped the small mat for a larger one, taken several silk pillows from his chest, from the loot chest and laid down a larger blanket. He did it carefully, he was preparing for the night, perhaps Mulan would notice.

Sleep with me, little Mulan!

She could put on his shirt or sleep naked like him, murmured Chai. She hesitated for a moment, then put the shirt aside. He quickly slipped under the covers and watched her undress. She lay close to him, but she was shaking slightly. He called to the guard that he had gone to bed and they could go. The guards whispered for a

while, then trotted away in the heavy rain. Chai had put out all but one of the torches and made sure that it was safe to burn all night.

He put an arm around Mulan's shoulders and laid her face on his chest. The tears were dripping, but she was completely silent. "You are not a prisoner, not a prey woman, and not one who is obliged to fuck me. You are welcome to stay with me if you like, or go out in the rain if you detest my naked body," Mulan shook her head firmly. "I know you lost your grandfather yesterday, you lost your father and you lost your husband too. I can feel how much you are grieving for each of them. I have no one to grieve for, but I can feel your pain very well. Stay lying on my chest and grieve!" She nodded and snuggled up close to his body. It was very peaceful and quiet.

His fingers felt one breast, caressing the nipples, without demanding desire. She stroked his chest, his arms, her fingers slid over his stomach. Her fingers searched for his cock. "My God, it's big!" she whispered and she explored, grasped and understood the cock in the true sense of the word. "Actually, I didn't want to fuck today," she whispered, "you understand that, don't you, Master Chai?" He nodded, of course he understood. She had been feeling his cock for what seemed like an eternity. "I think he's ready to fuck a poor, sad widow," she whispered. He was old enough to see through the girl's strategy. "No, no, he's hard, simply because his master got to look at a beautiful naked girl. But he must obey me, I am the master and I don't think of shamelessly exploiting the desperation and grief of a poor, grieving widow!" He was, damn it, ready to follow her step by step in this farce, but not to go one step ahead.

Mulan had not yet finished her text in the charade. "It really is a huge thing," she whispered, shuddering, "I only know the cute little cocks of the neighbors' children, with whom we playfully fucked 20 years ago, and my grandfather's cock, but that was much smaller. But he still fucked very well and diligently. Do all men have cocks that big, Master Chai?" He pretended to think hard. "Many have smaller ones, some just as big and a few even bigger fighting cocks, but they would fuck you senseless without mercy." She opened the lid fully. "So your cock would be in the upper third?" He shrugged. "I think right up in the upper third, just below the monstrous fighting cocks!

And I have no doubt about it! I bring most girls to orgasm, not a single one complained until yesterday.” He thought there were only a few pieces left on the chessboard and the poor queen was aimlessly dodging the inevitable left and right.

She was an unspoiled girl from a small village, she talked of grief one moment and of fucking the next. Her slapstick was not sophisticated or deceitful like the messed-up ladies-in-waiting he knew inside and out. She led herself innocently and straight along the path, following the light without seeing the lamp directly. Among the hundreds of girls he had known, he had perhaps had a handful who followed the light in a similarly innocent way and with trust in God. These were all young girls who had been married to infertile men and now lay down with the famous chai, seeking help and full of trust. All they wanted was a baby, motherhood, salvation from the curse that had fallen upon them through no fault of their own and condemned their lives. He changed horses every day, but he treated these soft, delicate creatures with chivalry. They lay in his arms several times a day, for a whole month, until they covered his face with a thousand grateful kisses because they were finally pregnant.

Mulan let go of his cock in shock. “Why are you crying, Master Chai?” and wiped away his tears with her hand. “Your innocent, loving nature reminded me of a handful of girls who had moved me deeply.” He took her hand and placed it on his cock again. He dared to step forward. “Among the thousands of girls who have lain down with me, there were only a handful who moved me so much that they still move me to tears today. Fate cheated them and laughed at the poor girls. Their husbands, all of them false silver ships, robbed them of motherhood, which they considered to be part of their happiness in life. I gave my juice to these wonderful girls until they were pregnant. Spitting in the face of deceitful men and heartless fate is more beautiful than any orgasm.” Mulan, who was again rubbing his cock carefully and gently, smiled. “You are a good person, Master Chai. I cannot have children yet, I am 22 and have never had a period. I have thought about it for the last few years, but if it is the will of the spirits and gods, then so be it.” She thought for a moment. “I have been stroking my clit for 20 minutes to calm it down. It is screaming like a stubborn child after an orgasm. The even fibers of my body are

screaming just as cheekily, they also want to fuck, fuck and orgasm. The odd fibers, however, are against it, I have just lost my husband. Master Haraldur was against me giving my husband a final kiss on the lips, because this mighty warrior has the heart of a lamb! The earthquake crushed grandfather's face so badly that there were no lips left that I could have kissed. He buried him after ordering me to be brought here. I have just lost my husband and must mourn him, say these fibers of chastity and modest decency, mourn according to custom and don't look forward to fucking so shamelessly and excitedly!"

Mulan was in front of him again, he just had to follow her quietly. She could show herself the way to the lamp. "Mulan, dear girl, how would you go about giving in to the clit, the straight fibers?" Mulan rubbed his cock excitedly. "I would sit on your cock, Master Chai, and masturbate the clit first, because firstly, it works best that way, and secondly, it is then a little soothed and I can fuck and let myself be fucked in peace." Chai kissed her on the mouth, his tongue seeking hers for a friendly fight. He lifted her on top of him, her body resting on his and their tongues trying to dominate the other tongue. Her pussy sought his cock of its own accord.

"And, once you have thrown a large chunk of flesh to your voracious clit, how would you continue, or was that already the end?" Mulan laughed so hard that her pussy brushed his cockhead, up and down. "Lord Chai, you may be a great warlord, but now a girl from a village in the forgotten valley has to devise the tactics and strategy for fucking you!? Well, I will be kind to you, Lord Chai, and lay out the basic framework without sparing you the details." She paused theatrically and continued.

"I would ride your cock after my first massive orgasm, because I'm really very good at it, and you would be left breathless, I tell you! If you need a break in between, I would masturbate, because I really love masturbating, orgasm after orgasm. I would also lie on my back if you like and let your monster give me an orgasm, and I would curtsy and say, 'Thank you, Your Majesty, the gift is hereby accepted!' I would trade places with you, Master Chai, whenever you wish, because I like showing my ass to heaven just as much as I like

to the underworld. I would cheer you on like a racehorse or kick you like a water buffalo to keep going in God's name. Only when the sun rises and the guards yawn as they start their shift would I let go of you, dear Master Chai, and give you a little rest. And I really wouldn't care if I fucked you to death on the first night." Mulan took a deep breath, "that was a long speech, wasn't it, Master Chai?" He had to laugh until tears welled up in his eyes.

He pressed her lovingly to his chest. "Come on, you dear girl, feed your growling tiger before it tears you to pieces and then ride me as well as you can! You would be the first to fuck me to death, but dying a thousand deaths in your arms would be a pleasure for me!" Mulan let her tongue wrestle with his and slowly and inquisitively put her pussy over his cock. He felt her pussy with his cock, it was incredibly tight but velvety soft. She sat up, bent back with her spine forming a bridge until her head was resting on his legs. She masturbated greedily and voraciously, it only took a few minutes before her body began to tremble. She continued masturbating very deliberately, her whole body trembling and only twitching once in orgasm. She lay there for a moment and gasped for air. She sat up in a sitting position and rode him, she was really very good at that. Later he couldn't have said how many times he came that night, they constantly changed positions and Mulan orgasmed again and again. She masturbated in the short breaks and he could see how much pleasure she was getting from masturbating. They didn't care about the dawn, the morning mist or the sunrise in the heaviest downpour. Only when the two guards took up their posts, weapons clanging, did he let her go. She whispered in protest that she wasn't finished yet and he covered her with his body from prying eyes until she came to her violently twitching end, silently cheering and exulting. Later she ran beside him to the stream for her morning bath, they had breakfast and he read the reports that had arrived. Haraldur came in, dripping with rain, looked briefly at Mulan and Chai and grinned; the two were still pale around the nose and had obviously not slept much. Haraldur said, "Come on, put on your belt and swords, there's something strange that you absolutely have to see!" Chai belted both swords, put on his rain jacket and ordered the guards to keep a close eye on Mulan. He trotted through the rain next to Haraldur, who reported to him.

Fight with the monster

It was now the fifth night that an evil spirit had visited the camp. He chose a tent in which there were at least 2 or 3 girls or young women. He paralyzed the inhabitants of the tent, who froze as if they were stone, and then the monster fucked both or all three girls one after the other. Hard, merciless and with a disgusting grin, that's what everyone reported. He squirted his poisonous juice into their pussy holes and disappeared. The pussy holes burned like hell and it only went away after some time. Chai was about to tell his friend and brother not to tell him such crap, but the word got stuck in his throat. Haraldur was deadly serious, he had not only interrogated the victims of this night, but all of them, and he had to involve the commander now. Chai didn't think much of ghost stories, he was definitely a skeptic, but Haraldur was certainly not in the mood to pull the wool over his eyes. They entered the tent.

Everyone was talking, shouting and screaming at Chai and he had to yell loudly until they were quiet. Chai let one of them tell him the story, all ten of them had witnessed the three rapes. Everyone confirmed the statements, some said they had noticed a pungent smell, the description of the monster was very different. In any case, it had a human shape and a good beating, the bastard! The 3 women had to lie down, Chai inspected the pussies thoroughly and smelled them. It was a disgusting sulfur smell, that was for sure. The last of the women was a pretty newlywed and he asked if her big clit was hurt. She hid her face shamefully and shyly, she didn't know. He rubbed her clit and asked if she felt anything. "Yes, General, it's coming up like always." He continued rubbing vigorously and people gawked over his shoulder. "Yes, it's coming up, General, just like when I was a little girl." Chai laughed, rubbed her clit and let her continue. "When I was a little kid, I did it just like you did, General! I did it ten or twenty times a day, my mother and sisters laughed but were friendly and were really excited about how diligently I did it. It wasn't until my husband made me a woman and fucked me to orgasm quite often that I stopped doing it so often because he was always ready to fuck me when I came up again. A little harder and

faster, General!” Chai grinned broadly and told her to finish it herself.

She did it, her finger made the inch-long clit jump from left to right, finally the clit jumped back and forth in a wild staccato. “I’m ready, General, can I make it come now?” gasped the beautiful child. He nodded in agreement, she should really make it come, he ordered. With a distorted face she pulled her clit back and forth and twitched wildly in her short orgasm. The roommates whispered, that’s how it always looked when she let them watch, thank God her orgasm worked as before. She called her roommates together when she wanted to masturbate and then they were all allowed to watch as she whipped her clit to orgasm again and again. Chai was satisfied with the performance, but he hadn’t come a step closer to the monster. The women were to go straight to the stream and sit in the water for a while until the sulphur was washed out. He went out with Haraldur.

They had stopped in front of the tent and he was just saying to his brother that he had no idea when a strangely dressed old man approached him. He wore his long white hair in a long ponytail and his long white beard was tucked into his leather belt. Neither Chai nor Haraldur had ever seen this man, but they bowed politely as was fitting for an old gentleman. The old man looked Chai in the eyes and said, “Chai, you are now a famous warrior and you certainly don’t remember me. But ages ago, when I was still a young teacher, I taught you archery in the land of Qin. I have followed your path in life and know that you didn’t need a bow, but preferred to chop off heads. I was fine with that, because not everyone is a skilled archer. But today it is different, your Japanese blades are worthless against this evil dwarf giant, he would laugh at you heartlessly and burn you skin and hair. Only this bow and this enchanted arrow can destroy him.”

He handed Chai a large bow and a single arrow. “I’ll give you just one arrow, you won’t need more than that, because if you listen to my advice you’ll definitely not miss, because otherwise the evil spirit will eat you. I told you at the end of your training that I would give you one more piece of advice in the distant future. Now that future is here, and you will hear my final advice, the final secret. During your

training you shot at a stationary target, standing, lying down, running or from horseback. I couldn't teach you anything new back then and I hoped that you would use your infallible eye as a master archer."

"Now hear the final secret, because you have to hit the target the first time. When you're facing an opponent, he fixes his gaze on the arrowhead. He will jump to the side at the same moment your arrow is released, and the arrow will miss a fast opponent. But with a tiny movement of the arrowhead, you are the one who determines the direction of its jump. So you will aim and shoot into the void, he will jump into the arrow. Don't be confused by the fact that some masters have to work on this feint for a lifetime. You are a master, you only have one arrow and you will not let yourself be eaten up. Have faith in yourself, because I have already seen in the future that you will hit!" Haraldur and Chai looked up when the old man pointed to a hole in the mountain. They looked at this hole and wanted to thank the old master, but he was nowhere to be seen, he had disappeared in the crowd.

He and Haraldur looked at each other, nothing more was necessary. Haraldur waved his chin to his warriors and the six of them walked towards the hole in the mountain. Chai remembered a trick that he had learned and practiced back then. He put his short sword, the Wakizashi, in the sleeve of his bow arm. As soon as he dropped the bow, the Wakizashi slipped into his hand, ready to hand, giving him a valuable two tenths of a second advantage.

He entered the cave, drew his bow and nocked the arrow. What madness to start with just one arrow! From the corner of his eye he saw that Haraldur and his men were two or three steps behind him, with their weapons drawn, fearless and ready for anything. Chai slowly walked towards the rock face. He stopped when a shadow emerged from the rock, an ugly 2 meter tall person, half human, half ghost. The ghost laughed loudly and horribly. He sniffed the air. "Aah! A person of royal Qin blood! Are you the king of Qin?" Chai suddenly felt calm and strong. "No, I am not a king, but I sentence you to death! You defile our lovely girls, squirt your disgusting, poisonous juice into their laps! That is death!" The black giant laughed

loudly. “He has a single arrow, a single long sword! And you want to defeat me!?”

He grabbed his huge cock and squirted on the ground. “When I’ve killed you, I’ll burn you with my juice!” His juice squirted on the ground and hissed away. Chai was not irritated. The monster squirted its juice in a high arc in his direction and Chai jumped to the side. He suddenly knew that this was the best position. He made the slight deceptive movement with the arrowhead and aimed into nothingness, letting the arrow fly with a whir. Even before the monster jumped, Chai knew that the arrow would hit exactly. He dropped the bow and the wakizashi slid into his hand, ready to strike. The arrow pierced the monster’s chest and heart and emerged three inches from its back. The monster grabbed the arrow and stared at it in amazement. “You hit me!” were its last words. He sank to his knees, his body spraying sparks and shrunk, smoking. Chai took three steps closer, the wakizashi ready to strike. The monster shrank, was only 50 centimeters tall and shrank to a dot, smoking and sparking, and bent the arrow. The arrow flared up briefly and disappeared, also spraying sparks. Chai looked at Haraldur and his warriors, they had seen everything and lowered their swords. Chai searched the ground for the valuable bow, but he couldn’t find it anywhere. He put the wakizashi in its sheath and stomped out of the cave with a relieved laugh.

The rain lashed down heavily on the camp for another three days, the story of Chai’s victory over the monster grew more and more flowery and became a legend. Chai spent every free minute with Mulan on the mat, he was impressed by her passionate fucking and her confident masturbation. They were a wonderful match, there was no doubt about that.

She stroked his chest hair and asked for the hundredth time about the mysterious adventure. In contrast to her, he was much more down to earth than she was, and of course he could not understand the mystery any more than she could. But ancient teachers who suddenly appear and disappear, a magic bow and a magic arrow, the shot into nothingness and the smoking, sparking end of the monster were not easy to understand either. Had it really happened or had he

only dreamt it? For Mulan there was no doubt, Haraldur and his men had seen everything with their own eyes, Mulan had asked her herself. “It was not a dream, Master Chai,” she contradicted, “warriors like that, who have already seen a thousand dead people, are not just imagining it!” Mulan had him tell her three times how he had masturbated the newlywed girl in front of the curious-horny village community and how willingly and exhibitionistically she masturbated herself to a violent orgasm.

The fairy tale of Lin Po Po

Chai later did not remember how they came up with the topic, it was about the ancient children’s fairy tale of Lin Po Po, where a girl ends up in the forest and she awakens the good in the heart of the dragon man Lin Po Po and he lets her go home. Chai said that every child knows the story. Mulan looked at him with wide eyes. Chai knew that look by now, it promised contradiction, belief in ghosts or legends from the other world. “Grandfather had a small room full of forbidden scrolls. I learned to read with them. They were stories that the emperors had burned and whose possession cost you your head.

But even in this, Grandfather was stubborn and obstinate. That is real life, he used to say, the castrated fairy tales only confuse you, my little one! Oh, how I loved Grandfather, how he must have loved me! Just read and decide what was from this world and what was set in the other world. I read all these books again and again, the stories from the real world were lies, not a word about sex and everything was just planned to raise the children to be good, obedient subjects. How much truer and more real were the stories from the other world, there was masturbation, fucking, seduction and rape. Only a few emperors were good people, but most were bloodthirsty, pleasure-seeking power-hungry people who took what they wanted. As a child, I heard these legends a dozen times. I read it once because the sexual things were so exciting and dirty that I had to masturbate the whole time. I’ll tell you the story briefly, would you like to hear it?” Chai was still tired from fucking, he was dozing half awake. “Go

ahead, my love, and wake me up if you have to if things get really dirty!”

Mulan began. “Three things are the same, the girl Wen, the forest and the dragon man. But the girl Wen was not a good or at least a chaste child, she masturbated from childhood and nobody had told her that at that time this was considered unchaste and indecent. Day after day she sat next to the old girls and widows on the side of the road, because she had learned to masturbate from them and, like them, masturbated non-stop. She tugged on the sleeves of lonely hikers or teenagers and asked them if they wanted to fuck. The widows were not allowed to do that, they were not full-time prostitutes. The men and boys looked stupid when she lifted her skirt and showed everything. “Not me, you snail man, I’m much too young!” Snail man, she had invented that, because many people think slowly so as not to say something stupid too quickly. Snail man and snail woman, those were her creations. She dragged the men to the widows and bent down very low, because she loved to watch them fuck.

One day she got lost in the forest and came to a pond. The dragon man was lying on the bank and looked sadly at the water. She sat down and snuggled up to his warm scales. She asked why he was sad. The dragon said, because of you humans. Men are always afraid of me, they masturbate me and compare our cocks. Theirs are usually smaller, they only squirt a few drops, but I can squirt a breakfast cup full of my juice. Then they annoy me and make me angry, fire shoots out of my throat and they burn very easily. Women are afraid of me too, they love to let me fuck them to orgasm, but they scream louder than the seagulls because my claws scratch them. People just don’t want to accept that I’m only half human and half a real dragon.”

The dragon then asked the girl Wen why she looked so sad. Wen said that this pond was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, but she couldn’t swim. They both thought about it for a long time, and the dragon proposed a pact. He would swim out to the pond and she could sit on his stomach, which wasn’t as prickly as his back. In return, she would teach him to fuck so gently that the girls wouldn’t scream, except with pleasure. Wen said that she was still far too young to fuck, but she would stay with him until she could fuck him,

I promised! He was just never allowed to blow fire on her, because we humans burn very easily. And he always had to retract his claws when he wanted to stroke her. He said that was a good deal and retracted his claws first when they shook hands, sealed.

So he swam on his back to the middle of the pond and Wen cheered because it was even more beautiful from here. She had left her dress on the bank so that it wouldn't get wet. He grinned, saying that she wasn't the first girl he had seen naked, but probably the youngest. She spread her legs wide apart and he raised his head to take a closer look at her pussy. "You're not a virgin anymore, even though you're so young," he said with a knowing look. She said, "Of course not, because if one of the widows showed up with a small cock, I was happy to get fucked. So that's why, my dear husband!" He nodded very, very cleverly and then asked what she meant by the widows? She held onto the scales on his face and gave him a few friendly slaps on the mouth. "You snail dragon, so you don't know anything about us humans!" she laughed, held onto the scales and explained the situation to him in a whisper. "Why are you whispering, Miss Wen?" and she whispered that the secrets of old girls and widows were secrets and that you couldn't tell them out loud, she had to promise them that solemnly. He nodded wisely, because dragons always look wise when they nod, even if they don't understand a word.

"Have you ever seen us girls masturbate?" asked Wen, because her clit was demanding. He shook his head, "yes, sometimes from a distance, but never up close, not directly, so no, so to speak." lied the dragon. Wen asked if he wanted to see it, and he nodded and nodded and nodded. He looked very wise, the dragon. Wen said she would sit very close to his face so that he could see it up close. But he had to watch his breathing and not burn her under any circumstances. If he retracted his claws, he could hold her to the side so that she wouldn't fall into the pond during her orgasm. He nodded wisely and so they did it. She masturbated with her legs spread wide and he watched from close by. He had never seen anything so exciting, he lied mischievously, and he turned his head to the side because he had to cough up a few flames. After the orgasm had subsided, he asked if he could lick her juice? She nodded and he drove his forked tongue deep

into her pussy hole. “Mmm, that tastes good,” he exclaimed and she decided to teach him how to lick her clit, so he could slurp a lot of juice.

She was hungry, said Miss Wen tearfully. He shook his head, there was nothing around here that humans could eat. But then his face brightened. “For decades - or has it been centuries? - girls have been masturbating on my cock and drinking my juice, because it gives them nice, big breasts. Maybe my juice is nutritious? Can we try it? You don’t have any breasts yet and it would look great on you to have breasts, really great ones, what do you think?” Wen nodded, she could at least tell right away whether she was full. “But I haven’t rubbed any cocks yet, you have to tell me how to do it.” “Okay,” he grumbled, “but I always have to cough up fire when I cum. If I forget, just jump into the water and I’ll fish you out again.” Miss Wen nodded and slid all the way down.

As he said, she sat on his balls, which were as big as baby heads. It was a good place to sit and he honestly found it quite hot. Then she rubbed his cock, exactly as he said. She took the time to look closely at his cock, though, because it was constantly changing colors. His large balls, which she sat on, were a bright light blue, and when she sat on them, they turned light blue, almost white, under the pressure. His cock, viewed from below, was flesh-colored like a human’s. Viewed from above, it went from dark green to light green and faded into flesh-colored. His foreskin was bright yellow, completely hiding the glans and forming a twisted, crumpled, wobbly tip in front of the glans. The foreskin, unlike in humans, could be pulled back completely to the beginning of the shaft and rolled up like an orange condom, because the inside of the foreskin was bright orange. The head resembled a pale red ripe peach, which was pointed at the front like the tip of a rocket for penetration, so that the dragon man could penetrate even the smallest, tightest pussy. But once he had penetrated, he deformed into a huge peach, which changed color from pale red to crimson depending on the state of arousal and glowed red-violet when he ejaculated. Miss Wen was very impressed by the colorfulness of the cock, which changed color when rubbed. He had said that after a while he would roll up his foreskin completely into an orange collar, because it would only get in the way when masturbating or

fucking. She didn't even have to rub for very long before he told her to duck down and at least put the head in her mouth. She felt the juice shooting through his cock, he groaned and coughed fire, but was careful not to cough directly on her. She drank as if from a fountain, it tasted of wild berries and red grapes, sweet and only slightly salty. She sucked and sucked everything out, then, as he instructed, she bounced her bottom up and down on his balls and he continued to squirt for a long time. His juice was mostly pale white to yellow, the longer the jets squirted out. She was full, she said in amazement and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, perhaps she would drink his juice several times a day, but he waved her off. "I can squirt at least 15 times a day, so that's no problem and that settles the question of nutrition. I only eat a cow every two or three weeks that wanders into my pond. Pretty thoughtless women, these cows! I leave their finely nibbled heads on the bank so that the farmer knows that a predator has eaten them." One day she asked him if he wanted to lick her clit and she wanted to explain it to him, but he laughed out loud. At the time when Emperor Qin Shihuangdi united the 7 kingdoms, he was a prisoner of a centuries-old witch. She had trained her prisoner so that he could lick her clit with his forked tongue, which he obediently did five times a day, or even more often. So he still knew how to do it. Miss Wen held her pussy out to him until it touched his mouth. "Your clit is much smaller than the witch's, but it will work somehow!" He gripped her clit with one half of his tongue and pushed the surrounding flesh down so tightly that his tongue could hold the clit as tightly as a fist. The other half of his tongue licked, sucked and rubbed the tip of her clit in his fist, so that after a short time she had a great orgasm. She patted his mouth lovingly, he was much better at licking her clit than the widows on the side of the road. As a reward, he was allowed to suck her fuck hole really hard and lick her juice like a child licks the pot in which his mother had mixed sweets. "Strawberry and mango," he said with relish, "the juice in your hole tastes like strawberry and mango!"

Lin Po Po asked her if he should finish telling her about his imprisonment with the witch. He of course didn't wait for her answer and continued, as dragonmen loved to hear themselves to talk. Like all dragonmen, he loved to tell stories in his sonorous voice; that was one of the advantages of being a dragonman. Although Miss Wen

was not listening because she was concentrating on the magnificent color play of his cock, he spoke in a carrying voice. One day the witch brought a female dragon person into his cage. Her name was Lin Ha Hu and she was his youngest biological sister, said the witch in a bad mood because all the cages were already full. You can fuck her as much as you want, rasped the witch's deep bass baritone voice, she will not reach sexual maturity for another 220 to 230 years. Lin Ha Hu and Lin Po Po embraced for the first time in their lives, because the witch separated the dragon people children immediately after they hatched and experimented on them. She amassed a large treasure of gold, because everyone wanted to buy her dragon products. Lin Po Po fucked Lin Ha Hu day and night, and like all female dragonmen, the little one purred loudly in orgasm. They fucked day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, and only slept one night a week, always on Tuesday. The other prisoners had no females in their cages, they pressed their mouths against the bars, scratched their cocks with their claws during painful masturbation, and spit fire when they ejaculated. The horny brother and sister were an exciting and horny change in the prisoners' everyday life for the next few centuries. One day she was gone, the witch had sold her to a king who had to eat dragon schnitzel again and again so that his loins did not run out of strength. Lin Po Po's mouth watered, because of course he loved dragon meat too. On the other hand - Lin Ha Hu!? It took years for his grief to turn into anger, dragons need a little longer. He thought about it for years before he came up with a good plan. As always, he fucked the witch five times a day, but in the end he laid his whole weight on the witch. She was flat immediately, flat as a flounder. Her eyes had bulged out of their sockets and were staring at him angrily and reproachfully. "Yeah, look at that!" he roared in anger and spat fire at her until she was burned to a pile of stinking ash. The rats and mice devoured the ash in no time. All the cages opened, the witch's spell disappeared in an instant. The dragon people, the bat goats, the wolf chickens and everyone crowded out. In any case, he accepted congratulations from everyone, only the bat dogs were angry as always, why he had waited so many decades, even centuries, huh!? He shrugged his shoulders and walked away into the forest. "Miss Wen, did you like my story?" he asked, she took his cock out of her mouth and said, "what a tender, tearful love story!" He

usually told love stories. Lin Po Po nodded wisely as always, he looked particularly good then.

Miss Wen had to try out immediately whether his cock would go into her pussy hole. “A meaty cock, okay,” she commented. With a lot of effort she got the rocket-pointed cock into her pussy hole and sat on it with all her weight. “It doesn’t go in properly, and to fuck it has to go in well!” His eyes opened wide, he had never fucked such a tight pussy hole, he said. She nodded. “I’m going to sit on your cock all day now so that my pussy hole can get used to it.”

That’s how they did it. He glided around in the pond all day, she sat on his cock from morning to night and masturbated to her heart’s content. She tried every time to see if the cock went in easily, but it was still too early. Of course she could put the whole cock in and sit on it, but it was still too tight for fucking. She drank his juice three or four times a day, after two weeks her nipples were tense and gradually she grew beautiful, plump boobs. Only once in these first weeks did she have to jump into the pond because he had an incredible orgasm and was spitting fire like mad. He pulled her out of the water straight away and grinned crookedly, her new breasts bounced so sexily that he had to cum violently. She tapped him on the mouth in a friendly way, “no problem, my horny friend, then I’ll just stay hungry today!” They laughed and minutes later she was drinking his juice.

She sat on his cock for a whole month and tried and tried. One day she fucked him until he was breathless and he squirted her entire meal into her fuck hole like a madman. He was amazed and relieved. Now they fucked to their hearts’ content and she soon got the hang of diving down as quickly as he squirted and drinking his juice. Soon she no longer needed to masturbate him if she wanted to drink.

Half a year later she directed him to the shore. She showed him how to fuck her from the front while she was lying on her back. That was the most common position for human women. Above all he had to be careful not to crush her with his weight. Secondly he had to know where to support his clawed paws. That was the main reason why the girls chased him to hell. And thirdly, he had to thrust his cock in and out like a feather-light chisel without putting even a

pound of weight on the girl, and that was the most difficult exercise for him. She didn't let up, she made him practice day after day. She drank his juice until she was full, of course, and made him practice until sunset, until he had squirted out all his juice.

She had already lived with her lover, the dragon man, for over two years, and they usually lay on the bank and still practiced. He was so good at fucking that she almost always came. He could squirt much more than 15 times, and he enjoyed it very much. He had also learned not to spit fire when he squirted. One day, the imperial chief hunter stood next to the two of them and threatened them with a bow and arrow. She shouted at him in protest, saying they were in the middle of fucking and that he should come later. The hunter looked unhappy. The emperor had ordered him to obtain dragon's blood; only with it could he prolong his life. Miss Wen realized that he was only following an imperial order. But she begged him to let him finish fucking her, since they were in the middle of it all and he could see how her lapdog's rear end was ticking up and down tirelessly. The hunter said angrily that it wasn't a lapdog! Yes, she said sadly, the big one here had eaten her little lapdog just as she was letting the little one fuck her to her fourth orgasm. The little one was so sweeeeet, she trilled and gave the dragon a slap because he almost burst out laughing, the little one was sweet and hot and could fuck for five hours straight. The hunter twisted his face in disgust. He despised women, he said, who let their little dogs or dogs fuck them. A real Chinese woman let her husband, her stable boy or the imperial head hunter fuck her, just like his beloved empress. Miss Wen agreed, everyone in the city knew that he, the steadfast hunter, fucked the empress day and night. His chest swelled with pride. She wanted nothing more than for this disgusting dog-eater to finish the job he had started, he was still in the middle of paying off his debt. The dragon bit his tongue to keep from laughing out loud. But Miss Wen had whispered to him that he should ration his juice well in order to last a very long time. An hour passed, the hunter's arrow trembled slightly. The second hour passed, the arrow trembled more. In the third hour, the arrow trembled like a squirrel's tail. At the end of the fourth hour, the bow and arrow fell from the hunter's clenched hands. Miss Wen waited until she had reached orgasm and the dragon had squirted properly, then she slapped his flanks, "Now is

the right time to get away, my dear lover, hurry up and have a long, beautiful life!” The dragon-man let out a jet of fire and only singed the feathers on the hunter’s hat. Then he jumped into the pond, swam to the other bank, ran into the forest and was never seen again.

The hunter stood there with his mouth open. The dragon could have burned him, but he was still alive. “Damn it, damn it, damn it, what do I do now!?” Miss Wen nodded encouragingly at him. “First you lie down next to me and fuck me until your cock is soft again, because I can’t let you go with a hard-on like that, you would get stuck in the bushes and die of thirst. Then you go to the emperor and tell him that you haven’t found a dragon yet. It seems better to me to lie to the emperor than to lay your head on the executioner’s block, believe me! And then you go to the empress and fuck her properly as usual, so that she no longer knows which way is up and which way is down. You agree with me, don’t you?” So they did, and that is how the official part ends, Master Chai.”

Chai had never heard such nonsense in his entire life, but Mulan’s cheeks glowed with excitement. Mulan had thought up this story as a child while masturbating, and she was delighted at how her lover hung on her every word. Chai smiled. “I’m still waiting for the unofficial part, Miss Mulan!” She smiled faintly.

“There was a rumor that the dragon had killed the fat emperor and ascended to the throne as well as the empress, night after night.” Mulan looked at him. “But the legend of Lin Po Po ends quite differently,” he said. “Lin Po Po died in the forest and the little girl went home to her worried parents.” Mulan smiled mysteriously. “Would you like to hear what it said in my grandfather’s scrolls, Master Chai? I always thought that Grandfather wrote the last bamboo strips himself.” Chai was dead tired, but he nodded nonetheless.

“None of the rumors were true. The fat emperor did not believe the hunter because he had learned from court gossip that the handsome hunter fucked his empress every day. He had him beheaded, of course. But he never dared to go into the empress’s bedroom again. He assured his councilors in secret that the empress had allowed herself to be defiled for years without escaping the humiliation. There-

fore he no longer went to her. He was the first and only emperor who did not lie with the empress, as was the custom, nor did he sleep alone, as was later the custom, but instead got drunk every night in his women's house and slept in the arms or between the thighs of the concubines, because he loved to lick the concubines' clit. No one shed a tear for him when he did not wake up one morning between the thighs of a concubine.

The empress ruled like a good mother for two more years, until her son came of age and could become emperor. Only the empress's closest servants knew who was hiding under her bed. It was Lin Po Po, whom the hunter had given to the beloved empress as a gift long before his death. The empress was very young and sexually inexperienced when he was married to the old, fat emperor. He was already far too fat to fuck like a man; he licked the clit of his concubines, because the court had chosen them precisely according to this criterion. The emperor licked the clit of the young empress, who cheered and shouted; the poor thing knew nothing else. Until she was told that they needed an heir to the throne. The loyal servants explained the fucking to her and demonstrated it with a few pages. The servants rubbed the emperor's cock for months and stuck his glans into the empress's little hole to make him cum. She naturally became pregnant and had an heir to the throne.

Gradually she pushed the imperial clit licker aside and the loyal servants smuggled pages and stable boys, fencing masters and head huntsmen between her love-hungry thighs. And so it came about that the head huntsman diligently stamped the imperial labia and watered the blossom between them. The heir to the throne was now old enough to sleep with her in the imperial pool and take his first clumsy sexual steps. The loyal servants showed him and later the empress how a boy should be made to squirt. But the boy was impatient, the loyal servants sighed and showed him how to fuck, and he was so enthusiastic that he fucked both servants and the empress every day until he had wasted all his semen.

One day the head hunter brought a large sack that two men had to carry as a gift for the empress. Everyone except the two loyal servants had to go outside, then the head hunter unpacked the gift. "This is

Lin Po Po,” he said, “he is a dragon man, he speaks like us, and he is the best fucker under the heavens.” They had a great conversation, because the head hunter had become friends with Lin Po Po. The empress curiously felt the dragon man’s cock and balls. “I’ll probably faint, but this cock seems to be a real source of pleasure. A magnificent meaty cock, a straight shaft and a tip like a juicy peach. You’ll have to assist me, my dearest hunter!” The first time, the head hunter showed the empress how best to let Lin Po Po fuck her. The empress was clever, Lin Po Po fucked her really hard without lying down heavily on top of her. Only when she came to orgasm or he had to cum did he press his magnificent cock into the imperial pussy hole with two to two and a half pounds of pressure, which he had practiced with Miss Wen for years. The empress was totally thrilled and when she had had enough orgasms from fucking and was tired, the loyal servants were allowed to lie down next to her and Lin Po Po fucked the good girls so hard that they no longer knew which way was up and which way was down. Lin Po Po fucked the beautiful empress night after night until she was exhausted and no longer knew which way was east and which way was west, for many, many years. When Lin Po Po felt her death approaching, he disappeared one night and was never seen again.”

Chai applauded quietly. “Your grandfather must have been a remarkable man to be able to empathize so sensitively with the emotional life of a young girl!” Mulan blushed, her face hot. Had Master Chai seen through the true origin of the text? She would not find out for a long time.

The fight with the emperor

Chai told of his first encounter with Emperor Long and Mulan kept laughing out loud. He had only been in the imperial guard for 4 weeks and the emperor led him into the garden. He took off his cloak and said to him, “Chai from Qin, the entrance exam. Not to the death, no injury, not a drop of blood. Fight with me!” Chai was somewhat surprised, but he put his wakizashi on the stone bench. “One sword against another sword,” he explained. The emperor attacked.

Chai realized that the emperor fought in the traditional Chinese way. He prepared himself for it, the emperor was slow, ponderous and old-fashioned. They fought each other in the traditional way, sparks flew and the echoes filled the silence of the garden. There would be no winner, but the emperor pulled a feint that had not been fashionable for decades. A tuft of Chai's hair fell to the ground, the emperor smiled arrogantly. Chai threw away his sandals, he fought in socks and was determined to give the emperor a lesson in Japanese swordsmanship.

The emperor could not keep up with his rapid pace, his sword no longer made accurate blows because Chai was no longer where he had been just before. The emperor's jacket was in tatters, the buttons fell to the ground, his sleeves ripped from wrist to shoulder. The lapels and front parts flew far into the grass. A shadow flew past his face, a shock of hair touched his and Chai was no longer there! The emperor turned around, the same shadow flew over him and Chai was no longer there. The emperor felt the cold draft, his back was bare. He turned around again, Chai was kneeling in front of him, his long sword pressed to the emperor's neck. A cut would cut off his head.

The emperor spread both arms, "rise, I have lost!" Chai stood up and bowed deeply. "Damn it, Chai from Qin, you are a devil of a fellow! I have never seen anyone fight like that, and I don't like to lose and only very rarely!" He sat down on the stone bench and let Chai sit next to him. He asked Chai and found out that this was the fencing art of the Japanese swordsmen. Yes, he was a real samurai, said Chai proudly, he was one of the almost 100 foreigners who had ever become a samurai. He had performed the flight of the bat twice in a row, which was rather unusual, because it was used to fly over the opponent and decapitate the opponent in flight or when landing. "I only decapitated your braid, Your Majesty, no injury, no blood, you said!" The emperor was stunned when Chai touched the 20 centimetre long gold-woven end of the imperial braid, including the gold brooch, on the ground with the tip of his sword.

"What a goddamn devil," the emperor exclaimed. They debated the fight at length, and Chai had to answer the emperor honestly. "I

have only been in your guard for 4 weeks, Your Majesty, but I give you one thing with my word and seal: if the Emperor of Nihon wanted to harm you, 15 of his guards would wipe out your guard in 20 minutes!" The emperor asked thoughtfully, "is my guard, my elite, that bad?" Chai did not answer, he had just said that before.

Chai asked to see the emperor's sword. "So this is the famous 'Lightning of Heaven' that Emperor Teng gave you," said Chai. He said it had been forged by the same weaponsmith as his katana. He showed the emperor the embossing with the 3 horses. "Your sword was probably forged by the master himself, mine was forged only 3 years ago, when the master, the three-horse blacksmith, was long dead."

The emperor became official. "I hereby order two things, Chai of Qin. Firstly, from now on you are one of the four who accompany me on delicate paths. Secondly, you are released from routine duty and will train my guard in sword fighting and ensure that they receive the best blades in the empire. I am giving this order in writing to the guard commander today!" He called, "Servant!" and the servant immediately appeared. "Pick this up from the floor and give it to my personal servant. Tell him to fix my necklace by tomorrow morning! And bring us tea!" The emperor cursed quietly, the daredevil had knocked his necklace off his neck without a scratch! He had been so proud until now. Not even half a year ago, he and his bodyguard had been ambushed in the forest and had single-handedly killed 8 highwaymen with his invincible blade, and now this guy says his guard is not invincible! He calmed himself down. "I knew a captain from Qin," and said his name. "That is my father, Your Majesty. He is now captain of the king's cavalry and is very well respected!" The emperor took a sip of tea and said he would like to tell the story.

The Captain

"Emperor Teng, whose heir to the throne I was at the time, asked the King of Qin to send him the famous Captain for 3 weeks to train the guard. When the scouts announced the Captain's arrival, I rode

out to meet him on my best horse with all the pomp. He came alone, leading two saddled small horses. He rode past me without even looking at me, stopped and turned around. "You must be the heir to the throne, Long, Your Majesty, and I send you my warmest greetings. I was confused, it seemed to me that a sack of turnips was coming towards me." I fumed with anger. "A sack of turnips?" He grinned cheekily, your father. "You are sitting like the sack on your magnificent parade horse, Your Majesty. A beautiful horse, but not a good one, by the way." You can imagine how insulted I was. I rode silently next to him and decided not to make my judgment until after three weeks. A wise decision for a 26-year-old, I can only say. The day was filled with pomp, flattery and greetings, your father was as confident on the slippery marble floor of the palace as he was in the saddle. In the evening he said we would see each other at sunrise. I was still in the middle of my breakfast when I saw him, ready to leave. He was waiting for me and said, "You can keep the captain waiting as you like. But you cannot expect the horses to do that, they will bear you with contempt." I ducked, the captain was not to be trifled with! He drilled us from sunrise to sunset, he treated me just like my guardsmen. He said that if he had to kick my ass, it was not for His Majesty, but for the stupid recruit. I nodded bitterly, because he did not give me any special treatment. He drilled us relentlessly for three weeks, he told us that you could learn more from the Mongols than just fucking. The small Mongolian horses, the flat saddle, the wooden stirrups and riding. In the end, we could hit every opponent with our sticks, sweeping along behind the horses' necks and bellies in the sharpest ride. On the last day he bent his knee before Emperor Teng and me and said how grateful he was that the heir to the throne was a shining example to his guardsmen. I never met your father, Chai from Qin. forgotten. He taught me much more than just riding. He stayed with my mother Ayla for three weeks and made her feel like a young woman rather than an old one. Although I initially smiled haughtily, I was very grateful for her in the end."

The emperor and Chai chatted endlessly and he stood up satisfied. "I'm cold, my friend, lend me your jacket, I look like a plucked chicken!"

Mulan's test

Two days later the rain had stopped. Chai rode out early in the morning with two of his best scouts to get an idea of the situation. He returned on the evening of the second day, threw his bundle to the guard and immediately climbed into the stream to greet Mulan, clean and washed. He washed off the dirt of two days' rides in a minute, bundled up his dirty clothes and threw the dusty cloak around himself. A commander never went naked. In the tent he threw the dirty bundle and the cloak into the corner. He noticed Mulan sitting at the table fully dressed. He kissed her on the top of her head and lay naked on the mat. He knew immediately that something was wrong with Mulan. "If you have to go, go ahead! You are not a prisoner, not a girl just for fucking, but a free girl. If you don't want to go, then lie down with me, like always, and we can talk about everything. Should I send the guards away?" Mulan shook her head, "no, Master Chai, the guards are doing their job, they are not disturbing you." Her voice sounded thin. He waited until she had laid the clothes over the folding chair and threw back the blanket invitingly. She pressed herself against him as always and grabbed his cock as always. "Let me talk, my lord and master, please wait until I'm finished." He nodded silently. He noticed how much he had grown fond of her, because his insides clenched. She collected herself. "You rode away yesterday morning. I lay under the blanket until noon, I put my fingers on my clit, but I didn't do anything, I just thought, I was alone again for the first time in a long time. Where am I, why am I here, who am I and who do I really want to be? At noon I got up, bathed in the stream and went to Master Haraldur's tent. "Please send everyone away," I said to him and looked at him clearly. When we were alone, I took off my clothes and lay down on his mat. Master Haraldur treated me well, he didn't ask anything and when I said that I owed him my rescue 10 days ago, he was really angry. "I got you out because you needed help and not because I needed a girl to fuck." I said that I would be grateful to him for the rest of my life. "A hundred people passed by, you alone stopped. That makes a difference to me. I was wrong to let you fuck out of gratitude, please forgive me. I'm lying next to you because I've wanted to fuck you for 10 days, and today I've seized the opportunity. Please fuck me, however you want. I

want to feel you, I want to be close to you and look under your masks. I came without a mask, I want to lie in your arms, whether as an adventure or as a person, I leave that up to you. Please come, take me in your arms and don't squeeze me as hard as you squeeze the girls of the defeated!" We fucked all afternoon, evening and night. In the morning I left respectfully with a deep bow. I knew that I did not want to take him as my lord and master, I want you and no one else. He knew it, we didn't need to talk about it. If I had chosen him, I would have told him and you too. The fact that Haraldur's heart is set on a woman in Qin would not have stopped me. But I had my answer. In order not to do Master Haraldur an injustice, please let me say that he is excellent at fucking and I have not a single note of complaint, he is a very good man and a good fucker, that's how it is."

She was silent and Chai felt her tears on his chest. He touched her face and wiped away her tears. "Don't cry, dear girl, thank you for your honesty, your openness. Has my brother Haraldur told you who the girl is that he loves?" She thought for a few seconds. "Her name is Lin, her father is a retired general and she would normally be unreachable for him, but her family knows him and loves him."

Cherry blossom festival in Edo

Chai smiled and held her tighter. "Lin is my little sister, she has known and loved Haraldur since Japan, since the years in the city of Edo. Haraldur and I have known each other since I was 17, we have had many adventures together like real brothers, we have shared every woman, every girl in sex, not just the women or girls of the defeated or the slain enemies. No, also honorable, shy and chaste girls that the goddesses put on our mats. Only his origins and his past as a slave prevent him from being a commander like me, and that annoys me much more than him."

"In Edo, Lin was my roommate and my bedmate for a long time. She was so young, shy and delicate that it was only after a long time that she confessed to me that she had fallen in love with our brother Haraldur, because we had always considered him a brother. I imme-

diately smuggled him into our room and the three of us fucked. I knew from then on that he was for her “the” man, she doesn’t look at anyone else. Of course I know that they belong together, but Haraldur and I are soldiers and soldiers are better off not having a family. I asked Lin again and again, she knew that from day one and is his wife when he is in Qin, but she doesn’t hold him back. It is important to her to be in his heart and he in hers. Marriage is a luxury, for the day when he returns home as a cripple or someone brings her his ashes. She has grown up a lot. She knows that most men, at least Haraldur and I, love sexual variety and that it has nothing to do with who you have in your heart. I know that Lin has also fucked a lot of men, mostly to support our father’s career, but she only has Haraldur in her heart.”

“In Edo I took part in the cherry blossom festival with my father. An imperial palace, the White Crane Fortress, an imposing 17-story building that towers over the imperial city like a white cloud, belonged to women in the first week of May; all men had to leave until the cherry blossoms. Only the highest official, Sten Zel, and his guests, father and I, were present. Sten Zel came from the West; he had come to Japan as a young man to study this closed empire and had risen to become the highest official.

A handsome, imposing man in his mid-50s, his white hair tied back in a ponytail and his athletic body wrapped in a splendid kimono, received us very warmly. “The cherry blossoms will take a few days to bloom,” he said, “so you will probably stay here for several days, maybe a week.” After we had settled into our quarters and freshened up, he led us into the large hall of the women’s house so that we could inspect our task. The women that Sten Zel and my father had to satisfy were lying on their mats and smiling at us.

Sten Zel removed the blanket from the first pair. They were the 18-year-old twins, the eldest daughters of the young empress. Father and I stared at the wonderful naked bodies. They had small, virginal breasts and a narrow, tiny, downy black bush above the pubic fold, like many Japanese women. My mouth was watering, I must admit. The next was the Empress herself, a beauty in her late 30s. She had still been twitching with orgasm when we entered. As we learned, she

had ignored the Japanese tradition of secret masturbation from a young age and masturbated whenever her clit demanded it. Like her twins, she had a slim, beautiful body, but she had her pubic hair plucked out daily. Her childlike, naked pussy did not show that she had given birth to four daughters. The next was her mother, in her mid-50s, who had surprisingly large breasts, but which sadly obeyed the laws of gravity. Her pussy and prominent clit were still very red; she had been masturbating until a few moments ago and was about to continue. The Empress's grandmother was already in her 70s, but she looked excitedly at us men because she had very few opportunities to fuck anymore. Sten Zel mentioned that their mother, the great-grandmother, had celebrated the cherry blossom festival with cheers and shouts of joy until her death two years ago. Sten Zel gave my father a friendly nudge in the side, "this is the noble game that we have to fuck properly in the next few days, until their last breath! We will share them like brothers and have enough to fuck! They will suck us dry, because the cherry blossom festival is the only official occasion when they are allowed to be fucked until they lose consciousness. So, let's begin!" he concluded with a grin. I was dismissed and stomped off to my room. Sten Zel did not mention that he had introduced this new form of cherry blossom festival himself. Before that, the highest official was at the mercy of the then old empress alone, and the empress, who was locked up in the palace all year round without being fucked, had a corresponding sexual blockage. Sten Zel, a very strong guy, was so beaten up by the 70-year-old in the three days and nights that the following year he secretly smuggled in the bodyguard, the hunters, cooks and pages, thus satisfying the empress. The empress died at the age of 74 in the arms of the court blacksmith, smiling lustfully and happily even in death. From then on, the entire female relatives of the empress had to be fucked really hard and in return Sten Zel was allowed to invite valued friends to fuck all the ladies properly.

Two little naked angels were waiting for me in my bed. I spoke very little Japanese, but I understood the gestures of the empress's 11 and 12-year-old daughters. The servant who had guided me made the clear, obscene gesture of fucking with her fingers, index finger in the hole of the other fingers. She grinned really broadly and left giggling. I sat down on the edge of the bed, shaking my head. What was I sup-

posed to do with two half-grown children? They undressed me in no time, the 12-year-old took my cock in her mouth and the 11-year-old masturbated me, chattering and babbling. I came deep into her mouth and they both screamed with pleasure and childishly sly triumph. For the next 7 days and nights I fucked them both to the limit and watched them masturbate in competition during my breaks. Father and I drove home in the carriage in silence. He sighed deeply only once. “We are in Edo for another 3 years. We are invited to the next 3 cherry blossom festivals. May the gods have mercy on us, my son!”

Pillow talk

Chai noticed how attentively Mulan was listening. He pressed her lovingly to him. “I have no problem at all with the fact that you fucked Haraldur. You are a free woman and I was very touched when you said that you had chosen me. I am also very fond of you, but it takes a lot of time to take someone into your heart. That applies to you as much as it does to me. Time will work for us or against us. If one day you realize how much I seek sexual adventures, you will despise me or understand me. If one day you marry a rich merchant, you will discover the secrecy and pleasure in the arms of many lovers like other decent, chaste and faithful wives. And I hope to understand you then and not despise you.”

Mulan protested. “I will either be a decent, chaste and faithful woman or have many lovers, but not both. I am not yet the wife of a rich merchant, but a very simple girl from this village in the forgotten valley, I still have a very naive, straightforward view of all this fucking. In the village it was unimportant to me if one lay down with another, it had no deeper meaning for me than my sexual excitement when I watched them. This morning I realized and decided to have only you as my master and lord, without ifs and buts, and that has a lot of weight for me. That was the answer I was looking for. When you came home, I was determined to tell you everything truthfully and to leave because I thought I had dishonored you. How grateful I was that you ordered me to your side and that I was allowed to hold

your cock again. I am only gradually beginning to understand how the threads of life are interwoven between you, Haraldur and Lin. I listened to you carefully and I hope that one day I will understand how little weight it has between you and Haraldur that I fucked him. How grateful I am to you and my fate weavers that you did not chase me away. I want to be with you until time defeats us or separates us. Let me stay with you, warm your cock in my hand and slurp my happiness from your lips, because that is what I thirst for.”

Chai was deeply moved, he held her tightly in his arms. At least to himself he could not deny that Mulan was already deep in his heart. “I feel how gently you are warming my cock in your hand. What do you think, should we sleep now or later?”

The trek

The next day, the camp was buzzing like a beehive, everything was getting ready to leave. Chai sat at the table all day and added the additions to the large and small maps. Before dinner, the 8 group leaders came to his tent and he explained the next few miles to them. He set off at the head of his troop punctually at sunrise, the trek winding in a long line behind him. They made very good progress, the group leaders kept their troops under firm control, and after three weeks they reached the next camp near a larger village. They only camped for 3 days, Chai had to move on. The village’s stocks were bought up, girls and women were released and new ones were requisitioned. After two more stages of three weeks each, they camped within sight of a small town. Chai was still served by a few women when it came to food and washing clothes. Mulan had no interest in these things, she rode beside him when he explored the area or sat beside him and read the reports with him. There was no job title for it, and there was no other example of a military leader discussing military matters with his lover. She was his lover, there was nothing more to say.

Chai had already prepared for departure when messengers arrived with good and bad news. A general he knew very well had taken the rebellious province that Chai and many others were heading to by

surprise, had hundreds of leaders beheaded and, together with other generals, had installed an administration loyal to the emperor. A dozen generals also reported this and Chai could rely on these reports. He had the camp rebuilt and gave his men shifts off to go to the town. That was the good news, he would wait here for the imperial order, they would probably be ordered back to the capital. But there was also bad news. In the kingdom of Qin, his homeland, there was unrest, open confrontations that went far beyond a few smashed heads and everything pointed to a civil war. As expected, the emperor's messenger brought the order to retreat. The imperial city was a good 10 days' ride away, at that point no one had any idea what was happening in Qin. Chai wrote to the emperor immediately. Qin was only a day and a half's ride away, so he gave a daily report on the situation. His unit was closest to Qin and he could assume that the emperor would send him to Qin in this situation. He asked the emperor to accept his assessment of the situation. He would set off for Qin tomorrow morning, there was no time to lose. The messenger grinned and only asked for a fresh horse, he would not dawdle and would kneel before the emperor in 8 days.

Rebellion in Qin

Chai had his troops picked up in the city and gave a speech before dinner. The situation in Qin and that he would ride off tomorrow at sunrise, two days to Qin and his sword served the King of Qin, who was a loyal subject of Emperor Long. Anyone who wanted to ride with him was welcome. The others were to take care of escorting the merchants under the command of his three oldest soldiers. Not a single one stood up. Haraldur stood up and looked into the faces of the soldiers. Then he raised his voice. "Captain Chai, commander, we will all ride with you, no dissenting voices. The three old warhorses will ride with the merchant convoy, we will ride with you."

They rode off at sunrise. Mulan was not convinced. She had bought a short, light spear from a merchant and had this or that soldier show her how to use it. She had been training hard for 4 weeks. She rode with him to Qin, right at the front, not at the back with the

slow supply carts as Chai wanted. He did not argue with her, he just whispered briefly to Haraldur that they would look after her.

They rode like devils on the road that the messengers also used. This way they received the freshest news. They only gave the horses very short breaks, the mob had surrounded the palace after slaughtering thousands of citizens. One wing of the palace was already burning. They reached the city limits at sunset, from the hill they saw the burning palace and the clouds of smoke. Like deadly locusts they invaded the city, slaughtered all the non-uniformed armed men and broke into the palace in a long-trained formation. They slaughtered everyone who wasn't a soldier, the soldiers ran with them. Chai reached the throne room with Haraldur and Mulan. The old king sat on his throne covered in blood, his head had rolled down the stairs. Horribly mutilated corpses lay around him, presumably the queen, the heir to the throne and other noble figures. A good 40 guardsmen surrounded the throne, twisted and destroyed by a bloodthirsty mob. Chai heard the clash of the rebels' weapons in an adjoining room. With his katana drawn and his spear outstretched, he ran into the room and mercilessly slaughtered the surprised gang one after the other. Then he heard Mulan's drawn-out scream. He let the bandits go and raced back to the throne room.

Mulan close to death

Two dozen insurgents surrounded Haraldur and Mulan. Haraldur lay unconscious next to Mulan, who was sitting twisted on the floor and using her spear to keep the guys away from her. He hurled his spear and fell on the surprised insurgents like a dancing dervish. He slashed into flesh and bone with both swords, not taking the time to elegantly behead the murderers. The aim was to fell, kill and injure 25 men as quickly as possible. The last one fell, holding his severed arm in his other hand. Chai didn't think about whether he was still a threat and cut off his head. They were all finished, all 25 of them. He looked around, but no one was to be seen. He knelt down next to Mulan. Her side was covered in blood, a short spear was stuck under her armpit. Chai ripped open the side of her dress. The blood was only

running sparsely, thank God, it didn't bubble or splash. With a lightning-fast pull, his wakizashi severed the shaft of the spear. The blade had penetrated halfway under her armpit. A weapon like that shouldn't be ripped out, she could bleed to death. He ripped a long strip from her dress and wrapped the wound, pressing firmly to slow the bleeding. Mulan woke up and recognized him with a smile. Then she frowned. "Haraldur, struck down from behind" and closed her eyes. He held her tight, he kicked Haraldur's side with his boot. Haraldur's blond mane was soaked in blood, Chai kicked him wildly, Haraldur groaned and moaned. He half sat up and felt his head. "Mulan?" he asked first, "Mulan?" Chai yelled, she has a spear in her chest! A jolt went through Haraldur's body. "Nothing broken, just a scratch!" he called to Chai and looked around, looking for his sword. He found it immediately, it was stuck in the chest of a dead man. He roughly ripped it out and cleaned the wide, heavy blade on the dead man's doublet. He leaned on his sword and stood up unsteadily. "A cup of wine would be good now," he grinned crookedly and waved a few soldiers over. "A doctor, a healer, a field surgeon, whatever, and run now and get me one, it's a matter of life and death!" They ran off.

Chai asked how his head was. "Oh, nothing special. Nothing broken, thank God. A scratch, it's not bleeding anymore. I stuck my sword in a guy and five or six of them held me down and then one of them hit me with an iron bar. Mulan was next to me, she swung her little spear very skillfully and if someone was careless, she slit their throat. The little one killed a dozen guys, I would never have thought she could do that. A cute kitten with deadly claws!"

Chai said, "enough chatter, my brother, can you still fight? I'll stay with her until she's safe, then I'll follow. We've only got half the palace." Haraldur nodded at him with his chin, shouldered his sword and ran with long strides towards the noise of the battle.

Mulan woke up. "Haraldur?" she asked because she couldn't see him. "He's only slightly injured and has gone to fight. We're waiting for a doctor, he should be here soon. How did it happen?" Mulan shrugged. "He and I fought side by side, back to back, against 30 or 40, he stood like a rock and just mowed them down, cursing. I was soon surrounded, they didn't see me as a threat and they wanted to

stab Haraldur from behind. I crouched down and slit throat after throat indiscriminately, as your warriors showed me. I must have caught a few, but then a dozen bit into him and a big one who looked like a blacksmith pulled an iron bar over his head. It happened very quickly, but I was able to dive to the left and slit the blacksmith's throat," Mulan looked over the pile of corpses, "there he is lying over there, the dog. I crouched down again and stabbed with my spear, your warriors told me that was the best position. Then a spear hit me and I screamed, and then you came. I have never seen such a way of fighting. I could hardly see you with my eyes. follow, you simply slaughtered them before they even saw you. I should probably learn your technique too..." Her voice died away, she was unconscious again. Chai screamed until her throat was hoarse. Then finally two uniformed royals came, dragging an old man with them at a run, an ancient man.

The Doctor's Fight

The old man grumbled and protested that he had been retired for a long time and... Chai yelled at him. "Shut up!" The old man ducked and felt Mulan's wound. He took the bloody rag down, he nodded and nodded and nodded. Chai yelled at him, "and what!?" The old doctor ducked even more and then said that there was a rest room and a medicine chest over there. Chai ordered the two royals to carefully lift Mulan up and take her to the chamber with the doctor. He took his swords and accompanied them. He swept the cups and plates off the table with his katana, they put Mulan on the table. The doctor pointed to the medicine chest, but he couldn't reach it. Chai simply ripped the heavy chest out of the wall and put it on the table. He was glad to be able to tear something apart; he felt a burning pain in his chest, although he was completely unharmed on the outside. He covered the door with his broad shoulders, ready to slam it shut.

The old doctor was now wide awake. He ordered one soldier to put hot water on and the other to put a knife blade in the fire. He ordered Chai to lay Mulan on her side and pull out the spearhead. Chai did as he was ordered. The doctor put a damp cloth on the wound and

looked at it very closely. “Nothing vital,” he murmured. Then he asked Chai if he had ever used a wound clamp. Chai said no. “Two sharp Japanese swords and no idea about wound care,” the old man growled. Chai had Mulan firmly in his arms; she weighed nothing. “My opponents have never needed a surgeon to glue their heads to their necks,” he grinned at the old man. He asked, “Have you never been hurt?” and Chai laughed out loud. “I pricked my finger once while doing silk embroidery,” he laughed and the doctor smiled a little. “Invulnerable and deadly, we doctors don’t earn a single copper coin.” Chai became serious. “I’ve been fighting for 25 years and the gods had more fun with me when I wasn’t dead. I’ve always been lucky, I don’t have a single scar. The first scar will be on my heart when it dies.” The doctor nodded and said we’ll prevent that.

He took a surgical clamp from the medicine box. He was too weak, he couldn’t bend it. He demonstrated with his bony little fingers how to use the clamp. Chai took it in his hand and bent it effortlessly with two fingers. “There, at the end, you have to bend the upper part and snap it into the lower notch, sir.” Chai tried it, no problem. The doctor said that the clamp had to be placed half a centimeter below the edge of the wound, parallel to the wound. It prevented bleeding and allowed the flesh to grow together. Chai nodded, he had understood.

The doctor explained the procedure. “You have to hold your daughter really firmly in the side position, she will scream in pain and want to run away, she must not do that under any circumstances! Then this soldier will pour hot water into the wound and I will clean the wound thoroughly. Then the soldier will give you the red-hot knife, I will guide your hand, but you have to burn your daughter’s wound deep down, as I show you. She will scream, but you have to hold your child firmly. Finally, you take the clamp, I will join the edges of the wound together and you fasten the clamp as discussed. Are there any questions, is everyone remembering our dance?” Chai was happy, the man knew how it worked and discussed the mission before the battle like a good general.

They set to work without saying a word. Mulan didn’t scream, she had fainted. Hot water, the glowing knife blade, the clamp. The doctor rummaged around in the medicine chest, he brought out ban-

dages and a small jar. He looked inside and swore pitifully. He showed Chai the jar, it was empty, or rather, there was a dried-up residue of ointment visible. "They should be beheaded, the young doctors! When I was the head doctor in the palace, that wouldn't have happened!" He swore like a coachman. Chai asked what he needed. The doctor said that without the ointment the wound would become infected and his daughter could die. Chai asked where you can get it? In any pharmacy, sir, but they burned down the palace pharmacy! Chai took the jar in his hand. It says on it what it is, what's in it? Yes, said the doctor, close to tears. Chai ordered the royals to run immediately and get the ointment "in a fresh jar," the doctor interrupted, from a pharmacy, at a run! The royals bowed briefly as if he were a person of authority and ran off. One shouted over his shoulder, there were several pharmacies nearby.

The doctor said he could gently lay the daughter on her back. Now that they were alone, Chai introduced himself with his name and rank and he had to correct something. The doctor was all ears. "Her name is Mulan, she is not my daughter, but my lover. She is 23, I am 37. I just wanted to set the record straight, doctor." They talked. The doctor was stunned when Chai told him that the old king had been beheaded and the barbarians had put him on the throne. He described the other corpses and the doctor put his hands over his face. The heir to the throne and his bride, the queen, her two brothers and the 14-year-old princess. "The entire royal family has been wiped out, the doctor exclaimed, what will become of our Qin?" Chai let the old man cry, he had not known anyone from the royal family. "The emperor will decide, the emperor was wise and just, I served with him for years!" The doctor nodded, crying. Chai had heard footsteps and crept to the door with drawn swords. He knew the four men, they served under Haraldur. He greeted them, Teng, Fei and the other two. "The gods sent you, my Mulan lies here, the doctor here is waiting for an ointment that two royals can get from the pharmacy. Can you stay with Mulan and protect her with your blood? The door is easy to defend. Haraldur is waiting for me, I have to go to him!" The men nodded, he could rely on them. He was reassured, he had seen Teng and Fei fighting, they would be able to deal with 40 men themselves. He had Haraldur's last position described to him and ran off. He had no spear left, he would have to take one on the spot.

The fight ends

Even from some distance he heard Haraldur roaring happily, heard his sword crashing across the marble. He threw himself into the hall like a tiger and mowed his way clear to Haraldur. He turned his back to him and they slaughtered the rebels. Chai looked around briefly, there were a good 150 guys who actually had an advantageous position above a long, wide staircase, but they were disorganized and not well led. Chai informed Haraldur between powerful blows how Mulan was doing. Haraldur cursed, he had sent Teng and Fei with two men to bring a few mugs of beer and something to eat. Chai just grinned.

The battle in the palace lasted another two hours. It must have been after midnight when the last rebels barricaded themselves in the women's house. Chai, Haraldur and their men caused a bloodbath like no other, the mountains of corpses were piled up in the corridors. Eight ringleaders had barricaded themselves in the furthest room. Haraldur and Chai had fought their way to the door, and a horrific sight presented itself to them. Haraldur raised his fist to stop his men. Five naked female corpses lay on the floor. They had obviously been violated and murdered, some had been slit open from pussy to throat. It was impossible to tell who was the mistress or servant. Seven rebels stood against the wall, they had gold and pearl necklaces hung around their necks and stuffed their pockets with jewelry. A little madman shouted that they had defeated the king, that he was now the king and that he was in charge! Chai and Haraldur looked at each other, the guy was completely crazy! "You are the last 7 we will behead, all your co-conspirators are already dead!" said Haraldur and raised his sword. In a few minutes he and Chai killed the gang. They breathed a sigh of relief, the rebellion was over. Chai had the 7 groups roam the city, they found some, but they took no prisoners.

They had gathered in the throne room. Chai had run to his father's house, the doctor had brought Mulan there, but she was still unconscious. The doctor did not leave her side, he would not leave until she

could stand again. "I am retired," said the hundred-year-old, "but since I know your rank and found out that you are the son of the brave general, I am back on active duty, Master Chai!" Chai was relieved that Mulan had survived the operation well and was now in the best hands. Lin stayed with the doctor and helped him. He ran back to the throne hall.

In the throne hall

The councillors were all unharmed because no one was in the palace during the revolt. They listened to Haraldur, who gave a report. The royal guard had been poisoned, all 170 men! Only a handful of officers had survived because they had been given a different diet. They had fought on the front lines. 427 royals had fallen, 12 of the imperials. There were a good 430 wounded on their side. 3,710 of the rebels fell, no wounded, no prisoners. They were fairly certain that no significant number of rebels were left. They mourned 1,405 dead citizens, most of them girls and women who were first raped and then killed. Chai spoke up. First, the council should send out patrols with local soldiers to find and kill or capture the rest of the rebels. Second, since the council was complete, they should continue to run the government until the Emperor settled the succession. A councilor stood up. Is it true that he had commanded the Imperials and crushed the rebellion? Chai introduced himself by name and rank and yes, he had led the Imperials here. He had not yet produced a written order from the Emperor because he had only sent the messengers to the Emperor yesterday morning. Another councilor stood up. "Is it true, General Chai, that you rode off as soon as you knew about the situation?" Chai was a little embarrassed. "I was the only one in the immediate vicinity and there was no time to wait for the written order from the Emperor, you all would no longer be sitting here!" The same councilor stood up again. "My questions are not meant to question your legitimacy, General Chai. On the contrary, I just wanted to make it clear to everyone that you made the right decision at the right time and immediately set out to rescue us. I must make it clear to everyone here how decisive your decision was and how brilliantly your men fought." He looked around and saw every-

one agreeing. Another councilor stood up. There was a dead silence, because he was an important man, his word carried weight. "We all have to thank you, General, you have shown foresight and determination. The rebels killed our king and his family in cold blood hours before you arrived. We all know that if you had come earlier, you would have defended the king and his family with your life. Thank you, General, and thank you to your men!" The councilors applauded spontaneously, and soon the whole hall was applauding. Chai bowed for a long time, not for himself, but because the applause was due to his men. The wise councillor continued, the applause died down. "We are still faced with a problem that we must solve quickly. Carrying on with day-to-day business is not a problem. Choosing a king is. On the one hand, for a thousand and how many years, we have always elected a king from our kingdom of Qin or confirmed the heir to the throne. We no longer have an heir to the throne, he too was murdered yesterday." He lowered his head, the heir to the throne was a damn good and popular prince.

He continued. "For the first time in our long history, it is up to the emperor to choose a king, that is the law. Emperor Long is a good man, he will certainly think carefully about who he chooses. And no matter how well chosen the man is, he would not be from Qin. I am not offering you a solution, I am only asking you to think about this idea." A voice called out loudly. "But it also says in the law that we, you councillors and the assembled people, have the right to proclaim someone king, that is called *per acclamationem*." Chai had raised his head, he had recognized his old father's voice. Lin pushed his father in the wheelchair into the middle, to the councillors. "I ask for the floor, gentlemen," he said. The councillor who had just spoken looked around and nodded, "go ahead! The general has the floor!" He sat down, Chai's father stood up, held on to the table and raised his voice. The General Chai they had just applauded was his own son, as most people knew. He described Chai's career as a father and as a soldier. He detailed how Chai had worked his way up without benefiting from his father's famous name. He had earned all of this through his own efforts. His training in the royal guard of Qin, his service in Japan, his service as the emperor's personal bodyguard. His long and successful service as captain, commander and general of the imperial army. And now, finally, his decisive action against the

king's enemies. For his part, he could not think of anyone better to lead Qin as King; he had proven his qualities and qualifications enough. He proposed General Chai as king, he asked the council and the people to proclaim him king; according to the law, this had to be done unanimously and unanimously. He sat down and breathed deeply. He had given it his all.

A king is proclaimed

The wise councilor stood up. "We thank you, dear general, for your intercession for your son! I could not think of a higher honor than to hear a father sing the praises of his son! I now officially present your acclamation to the council and the people. We'll take an hour's break, no? A half-hour break so that you can discuss the proposal. So we'll meet here in half an hour to hear counter-proposals or to vote."

Chai shook off everyone who was chattering at him and fought his way halfway across the throne room to his father. He knelt down next to the wheelchair because he only wanted to talk to his father. "I thank you for your praise, dear father! But I have become so used to the lazy life of a commander, I could already see the general staff and was looking forward to a lazy, comfortable life as a general! But as a king, I can no longer be lazy, as a king I have to work more than ever, seven days a week! Oh father!" The father pressed his hand even tighter and smiled. "As you get older, your eyesight gets weaker, but you become more clairvoyant. I knew that this was the right time and I urged Lin to bring me here. I see my life thread getting thinner, but I saw your eyes clearly, as now, how the weavers of fate spin your thread with golden thread. I know what I saw. Be a good king, my son, increase the reputation of our family!"

Chai looked down. An image from a mystical moment flashed before his eyes. What had the monster, the evil spirit, said? He had royal blood in his veins? How could the evil spirit have meant it otherwise? Had he simply looked into the future, seconds before his death? Chai squeezed his father's hand. "I will serve with all my

strength, I will increase the reputation of your, our family! And please stay with us for a long time to see it with your own eyes!" He stood up, the councillors had sat down again.

The councillor, who not without reason saw himself as the head of the council, raised his hand until silence fell. "If there is a counter-proposal, then let him speak!" He waited a while, but no one spoke up. "Then we will vote on whether General Chai should become our king. Raise your hand, councillors, if you are in favor!" He looked around, one hand went up, a second, a fifth. The councillors obviously wanted to make it as exciting as possible. In the breathless silence a strong voice from the crowd called out, "Long live King Chai!" , some joined in and now everyone was chanting, shouting and roaring, "Long live King Chai!", "Long live King Chai!" Now all the council members raised their hands, not a single one stayed down. The Primus stood up and waved his arms until silence fell. He looked at the old general and at Chai, who was standing next to his father as if struck by thunder and holding his hand. He raised his voice. "The vote is unanimous, no dissenting votes. It is a great honor for me to declare General Chai our new king!" Applause broke out, the people shouted "Vivat!" and whistled with enthusiasm. Chai walked quickly to the Primus, bowed deeply to the people and raised both arms, he wanted to say something. Gradually silence fell and he raised his voice.

"I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, it is a great honour and a great task. I am really touched. But I have to set a condition before I can accept it, before I can give you my oath of loyalty. I am riding to Emperor Long immediately, because I am still bound to him by my officer's oath. He has to decide. I will be back here in the throne room in 20 days or three weeks. Until then, the council will continue business. Thank you!" Applause broke out again, Chai left the room and waited for Lin and his father. Half an hour later he was in the saddle and rode off with 12 men accompanying him.

Mulan's care

Mulan had said goodTshü to him without being fully awake and did not understand why he had to ride off to where immediately, then she slipped back into her fever dreams. The doctor attended to her and stroked her naked body under the blanket. "She probably doesn't notice it consciously," he said to Lin, "but her body does, it registers these positive signals, which also tell it that she is safe and that everything is OK." Lin nodded, that seemed right to her. "The doctor's work is obviously not over when the bandage is applied." The doctor nodded. "It's a blessing when you can accompany the patient physically and sexually during his necessary fever."

Lin was astonished. "Sexually?" "Of course," he said, "girls and men alike get very strong, intense sexual feelings and impulses when they have a fever. Come, sit opposite me and put your hand under the blanket." Lin did as he was told. His fingers guided her fingers along Mulan's pussy to her clit. A slight shiver ran down Lin's back, she had never touched another girl's clit before. Mulan's clit was erect and very stiff. "I've been wondering the whole time why the doctor puts his hand under the blanket," said Lin, smiling. She felt with her fingers how one of the doctor's fingers rubbed the tip of the clit, the little bud, lightly and very quickly. Mulan trembled slightly and shook for a moment. Lin felt that the clit relaxed a little.

"When she's so deep in fever sleep, her clit demands it again and again. In the second half of the night, the fever subsides a little, and the clit demands it much less often. Put your finger on her clit, you'll feel it immediately when her clit needs it. But don't masturbate her like you masturbate yourself, in my experience she finds it uncomfortable. Just touch the tip very gently and lightly, OK?" Lin nodded. He left his finger on her clit and watched closely to see if Lin was doing it right. "I've never masturbated another girl and brought her to orgasm," Lin breathed and he nodded.

Lin felt her clit throbbing and swelling a little more. Lin nodded to the doctor, then rotated her fingertip very gently on Mulan's little bud. Mulan trembled very slightly and twitched just once, almost imperceptibly. The doctor nodded in satisfaction, "exactly, little Lin." He pulled out his hand and rubbed his fingers. "It's pretty exhausting," he said with a smile, "I've been doing this for hours, so I'm quite

happy if you take over from me and I can relax a bit.” Lin smiled and blushed deeply. “I usually masturbate very intensely and this is nothing in comparison.”

She blushed deeply now. “Are you judging me?” she asked and he looked at her in surprise. “Why should I?” he asked. “Because I masturbate a lot every night and because it is generally considered indecent and unchaste, sir.” He shook his head. “I am already 104 years old, Miss Lin, and I have probably experienced every way in which people want to put down their fellow human beings. Today it is considered fine to burp after eating, but 15 years ago you were looked at askance. Today the position of fucking a woman from behind like a dog on all fours is totally frowned upon, but twenty years ago it was totally classy. It’s like with hats, which are actually just head coverings, and now look around you. The crazier, the more unusual, the more it boosts the ego. And if you were to show yourself in a hat like you did three years ago, the mocking cackling would be endless. Don’t let anyone tell you anything, Miss Lin, if and when and how often your clit wants to be masturbated is nobody’s damn business. It is a matter that only concerns you and your clit. And my opinion is, get on well with both of you! Not getting on well with each other would be indecent and unchaste, in my opinion.” Lin smiled with relief. “What a wise man you are!”

Lin was very sensitive all day. He said, “a woman can do it much better than a man. Men are not so good or skilled at masturbating a woman, no matter how much they love the woman. A woman can masturbate any other woman just fine because she already knows how to masturbate from her own body.” Lin looked astonished. “I’ve watched a thousand times when a girl masturbated another, but never a man do it,” she said thoughtfully. She paused, then asked him.

“Most of the time, when I watch a girl masturbating another girl, my clit gets hard and demanding. I often think about what it would be like to have a girl masturbate me? What I want to ask is, am I perhaps a lesbian?” He rocked his head back and forth. “You like to be fucked by men, don’t you?” and she nodded immediately. “Yes, especially by the one who is in my heart. With others, I fuck with physical

desire, of course, but I lack the love that makes it so special.” He smiled kindly. “You are probably not a lesbian, just as most girls are not lesbians if they like to be masturbated by other girls. Most women discover that they are lesbians when, firstly, they like to be masturbated by other girls and when they feel attracted to girls from the heart and aggressively seek sex with girls. These three things will tell you straight away whether you are a lesbian. I will tell you two more things. Firstly, don’t be afraid to let a girl masturbate you. It is physical pleasure and not a drama. Secondly, it is the gods who push us into life as opposite-sex or same-sex at birth. So insult the gods and not the people, because it is only the thoughtlessness of the gods that decide about our lives, because we are probably no more than ants to them. Keep that in mind and you will be less unhappy in your life.”

Poor Mulan had been in a fever sleep for ten days, the doctor was satisfied. Lin wanted to take her finger off her clit, but Mulan said she should leave it there, it felt really good and in her feverish delirium she often dreamed of having a nice orgasm. “I know,” said Lin, blushing, and Mulan fell asleep again. She woke up and looked at Lin with a lustful look. “Would you masturbate me?” she asked in a whisper and Lin nodded. She masturbated a girl properly for the first time, Mulan whispered “Thank you, thank you” after the orgasm and immediately fell asleep again. Lin wasn’t sure if Mulan was even really awake when she was masturbating, probably not. Mulan usually only woke up for a few minutes, she asked about Chai and Haraldur and whether Lin found time to sink into his arms. “Of course,” said Lin, “the doctor often relieves me and then I fuck my Haraldur with the greatest pleasure!” Mulan didn’t know how to tell Lin that she had spent an afternoon and a night in Haraldur’s arms, not knowing at the time that he belonged to Lin. She ate a bite and drank a sip of tea and fell asleep again.

At the Imperial Court

Chai arrived at the Imperial Palace, he sent his men to the Japanese House, where they could spend the night and so on. He didn’t

have to wait long, the Emperor had all meetings and appointments cancelled or postponed. He had the snack served in the garden and ordered the bodyguards not to let anyone in. Emperor Long sensed that Chai had not come to chat. He waited on the stone bench in the middle of the garden, where it was difficult to overhear them. Chai went up to him, bowed and threw himself at his feet. Emperor Long did not like these gestures at all and picked him up. "Yesterday your messenger came, Captain, and everything was quiet except for unimportant rioting in Qin. So what brings you here?" Chai followed the sign and sat down next to the Emperor. "Emperor Xingyung Long," he began and the Emperor jerked his head up. "That's how my mother used to address me when she wanted to become official. Xingyung Long, sex-loving dragon, yes, that's how she saw me!"

Chai started again. "The messengers need 10 days, and a lot can happen in 10 days. And a lot has happened, Your Majesty! In a few days another messenger will come from me, but I'm faster than him, his message will be out of date." The emperor was all ears. "Don't keep me in suspense, brother Chai, we've known each other for half a lifetime!" Chai told him quickly, with military precision and without the slightest flourish. "That's how it is, my lord and emperor, they have proclaimed me their king and I told them, fine, but I'm still in the emperor's pay and secondly, the emperor has to decide whether I can become your king or not." Chai was silent, as was Emperor Long.

The emperor stood up and walked up and down for a while. Then he stopped in front of Chai. "The answer is simple. I don't like losing one of the best in my army. As a strategist, you certainly understand that, you would think exactly the same if you were me. The Kingdom of Qin had been doing well for decades, trade was excellent and the king ruled well and with a good hand. He was old, but always a true friend and brother. He certainly didn't deserve to be beheaded by the miserable mob. I am once again confirmed in my opinion that you are one of my best, you didn't wait for my answer in 20 days like other armchair fartars, but realized that there was not a minute to lose. Please remind me to promote Haraldur to general with immediate effect! And as for the King of Qin, I am a lucky man, truly the Lucky Dragon Long, because I appoint you King of Qin, if only for my own benefit. A good man on the throne, someone I know and respect.

Someone who knows how I think. Someone who can also think and act like a general. I am saddened that the old king and his family have been murdered, but I am the luckiest dragon because a good man is succeeding him.” The emperor straightened up and then called out in a loud voice, “Scribe, come to me now, at a run!”

The emperor dictated to the scribe, a simple document that the commander Chai is requesting his dismissal because he is to become king of Qin. A large, ornate document that Chai is appointed king of Qin. And make a magnificent document, lad, because that will decorate his throne room.” Chai whispered, Haraldur, general, full salary. “And then a certificate of appointment that Haraldur is appointed general with immediate effect. So three documents, they must be ready for breakfast tomorrow!” The scribe made a rather sloppy bow, muttered, “It will be so, I will cheer the scribes on!” and then he ran into the palace.

The emperor said they had time to talk about private matters, something they hadn’t done for years. He beckoned a servant over. “A good, hearty snack and tea, a room for the new king, and Miss Ling should make herself beautiful, she will be lying with the king today!” The servant hurried away. “Miss Ling,” Chai began, but the emperor cut him off. “That’s an order, damn it!” and gave him a friendly slap on the shoulder.

The Second Empress

“And now, my friend Chai, let’s talk openly, man to man, leaving aside the emperor and the king! I really and seriously want to know what it was like with my second empress. I only mounted her once, on our wedding night, then my prejudices were confirmed and I avoided her mat. Of course, I knew from day one that you slept with her, every night for almost four years. I let her and her four daughters return to her family and gave her rich presents. She must have had her three other daughters from you, because neither I nor anyone else has ever slept with her. So tell me, but from the beginning!”

Chai thought for a moment and began. The emperor had his first empress beheaded for high treason. One of her lovers was an enemy spy and was beheaded two minutes after her. The court naturally had their eye on a new empress, she would bring a small group of islands as a dowry and that would give the empire a strategic advantage. The emperor agreed, she was very young and sexually inexperienced, but he was in a bad mood and urged her to hurry. The girl was of course on cloud nine, she was empress!

It was only on the wedding night that the emperor realised that she was exactly the kind of person he did not want. He had the long-known problem that he ejaculated immediately when she was deflowered.

Emperor Long slapped his thighs and laughed, "I still remember. Later on, I only deflowered girls who knew exactly what it was about fucking." Just a year ago, he had such a virgin on his mat, but the little girl had been watching her parents, her mother's guests and relatives fucking for years and she pleasantly surprised the emperor because she fucked like a world champion. The emperor had kept her for almost three months; usually a girl didn't stay longer than one or two nights. "But go on, dear Chai."

Well, the young empress told me the following without me having any reason to doubt her words. She was not quite 14 on her wedding night, she had no idea about sex, didn't know about masturbating and had never seen fucking. The servant enlightened her literally at the last second, half an hour before you came to her. She had told the child all sorts of things, but had certainly forgotten to tell her a lot. You came into the bedroom, deflowered her and came straight away. The girl had screamed because no one had told her about the rupture of her hymen. She had immediately chased her new husband out of the bedroom and cried to the servant. She never wanted to see this ruffian who had hurt her so much in the bedroom again. The servant knew what to do, they would tell the emperor that she was pregnant and that she was so ill that he was no longer allowed to visit her.

"What," exclaimed Emperor Long, "she wasn't pregnant at all!" Chai nodded, "yes, that's right, Your Majesty, you were shamefully

lied to.” The emperor slapped his thighs, laughing. “I had a lot on my plate at the time and was glad not to have to deal with that bitchy little brat.” Chai laughed too, then continued. “The servant remembered me, I had often fucked her when the empress was late.” The emperor asked, “So you already fucked the first empress?” asked the emperor, “you’re a rogue!” Chai noticed that the emperor wanted to hear a good story and was not at all angry with him. “Yes, Your Majesty, I came back from Japan with my chest puffed out, I had been promoted to samurai, and...” The emperor jumped in again. “I vaguely remember, it was read to me from your personal file, but I didn’t pay any more attention to it. Tell me about it!”

The Samurai

Chai smiled, the emperor would like that. “At the end of the training, the fencing master was very impressed with my skills, after all, a thick beam of light would shine on him. He tricked and tricked and I was one of perhaps 100 foreigners who became samurai and were given a piece of land. He had ordered these two swords, which I always carry, from the best weaponsmith in the area, in the name of the emperor. The weaponsmith made this pair of wonderful swords with particular care, they have really stood the test of time over 20 years and are as razor sharp as on the first day. He presented the swords to me on behalf of the Emperor of Nihon. I thought about it later and am sure that the emperor knew nothing about me and would have rammed a sword into my neck if he had even known me. I would have thought his empress capable of this valuable gift, since she had me smuggled into her bedroom once a week and only released me at dawn. I had to lean heavily on my fighting stick on the way home to support, if you know what I mean, Your Majesty!”

“I must tell you that all the legends about faithful wives in Japan are simply false. As long as a Japanese woman is a virgin, she has no sexual drive, apart from masturbating. But once she has lost her virginity, a switch in her head flips and she wants to fuck no matter what. That also applies to the empress, so it happened that she simply ordered me, among others, to fuck her.”

The emperor laughed and slapped his thighs, “you rogue at home and abroad! But tell me, didn’t you get a piece of land?” Chai grinned from ear to ear. “The fencing master had prepared me well, I was given a plot of land on the Empress’s property right on the rocky coast, a village called Shi Shi Ma, 469 inhabitants and fields of less than 8 square kilometers. But it was mine, mine, mine, damn it! The fencing master accompanied me with an entourage, he presented the villagers with my certificate, which had been signed by the Empress, and then the villagers had their wives parade past us. My land acquisition would only be complete if I had spent a night with one of my subjects. As Lord of the village, I had the right to choose any woman. Your Majesty, it was the greatest disgrace of my 23-year-old life! Mercy, you gods, I cried out again and again, the good people didn’t understand Chinese and my fencing master wanted to sink into the ground. Your Majesty, hold on tight! First the 60-year-olds walked past us, then the 65-year-olds came and then the A 70-year-old man passed me, blinking his eyes. I told the fencing master that I would tear up the document and ride home without land. He was really devastated, the invincible fencing master. But he got up, he did not give in. Indignant, the villagers led us to three young girls, in their late 20s. I looked at them hopefully. Two were heavily pregnant and ugly as night. I would have had my eyes blindfolded, Your Majesty, but I really wanted to be a real samurai! The third, however, looked quite passable, was quite slim and muscular from working in the fields. I nodded to the fencing master and he carried on a half-hour palaver. I did not understand much, actually nothing, except that it was about money. The fencing master said quietly to me that the dowry had been negotiated, she had only been married for two months and her husband would sit outside the door all night with an axe on his thighs in case she called for help. He would only write down the time when I went into the house with her and when I came out in the morning, he would have to swear to it before a notary. Whether I played cards with the young woman or actually fucked her was irrelevant. We went into the house, the fencing master wrote it down and disappeared into the village pub.

The man actually sat down in front of the house, without an axe of course, and I spoke to him soothingly, showed him the bag with the bride price. He was close to tears, but he nodded to us and indicated

with his chin that we should go inside. I had some respect for this simple small farmer who was sitting outside in the rain and listening to his wife not come to any harm. She was not particularly pretty, but by no means ugly. She was 18, almost 19, she said, that much I understood. She put my hand on her stomach, I asked "Child?" and she nodded. "Please have a child for me," she said several times, if I understood her correctly. We fucked almost non-stop until sunrise, she made those soft kitten cries like all Japanese women, she liked to fuck and was thirsty like someone dying of thirst. She came very easily and incredibly often to orgasm during sex. Her husband always came in when she cried out softly during orgasm, but she chatted angrily with him and sent him out again straight away. I didn't care that he was gawking. I suspected that he wasn't a good fucker and that she was very hungry for good fucking. At sunrise I had enough and went out to him, I gave him the bag of money because as a stupid foreigner I couldn't have known that the money actually belonged to her. She came out to us completely naked, I reached into my wallet and counted out one, two, five gold coins and put them in the bag. He accompanied me to the village pub where we picked up the fencing master and our companions. I don't know why the husband was talking to the fencing master for so long, but he seemed to be appeased and even shook my hand with a smile as I left.

We rode leisurely home and of course I asked the fencing master what the husband had said to him. He thought for a long time and said that he had had to give his word not to tell me anything. But he was talking to my horse, and he was allowed to hear it. The husband was surprised that I had given him 5 gold coins extra, with which he could buy 10 fattening pigs or 2 milk cows, but he still had to think about it. He had only left the door ajar and had watched the fucking all night long. He had been annoyed at how passionately his young wife fucked my big cock, after all it wasn't his fault that he only had a smaller cock. He was very upset that his wife secretly masturbated during my breaks, which was very indecent and very unchaste. Of course he knew how to masturbate, after all his mother had secretly hidden from her father in the stable with the animals to masturbate in secret. He had watched them again and again from the hayloft, where he was hiding with the maid. The maid was also very annoyed about what the mother was doing, because the mother pretended to

be decent and very chaste. The maid said how unchaste it was when a woman masturbated for her own pleasure. She never did it, after fucking she just tapped her bud for a few minutes and triggered her orgasm that way, he had seen that time and time again and it was not unchaste. And, dear horse, he wanted to keep blathering on about the early fucking with his chaste mother, but we didn't have time for that now, I said. In any case, he was very disappointed when his wife confessed to the new samurai that she had been masturbating every night since early childhood and since she was married she had done it secretly at night as soon as he had fallen asleep. But what gave him the most headache was that his wife had repeatedly begged the samurai to give her a child, because her husband, well, he, her husband, couldn't manage with his short fuck. He was very upset. That was all, you horse, but keep it to yourself!" - Emperor Long clapped his thighs, he laughed like he hadn't in a long time.

Ayla and the witch

Chai then thought of asking the emperor about his mother, it was polite. "And, Your Majesty, may I ask how Princess Ayla is, I hope she is healthy?" The emperor became serious. "It's nice that you remember her, dear Chai, dear king. Unfortunately, she hasn't been with us for years, she died 5 years ago. She was the best mother in the world, she was my wife all my life, that was no secret. From childhood she took my little boy's cock in her mouth and let me cum inside. At 9 she taught me all the secrets of fucking. Even in old age I crept to her every morning before sunrise, because she wouldn't let anyone else take care of my morning erection, the good girl! Haven't I already told you how she made my cock? No? Well, I was about 12 and she wasn't at all happy about my little boy's cock. One day she brought an ancient witch into the house who made me a horrible tea made of various herbs twice a day. Her condition was that I had to fuck the ugly witch two or three times a day in front of my mother, because that was how the witch checked how far her treatment was and which herbs had to be dosed in what way. After six months she was satisfied and disappeared. My cock had grown bigger and thicker, it had turned into a meaty cock. The witch had explained to

my mother why she couldn't be satisfied with my cock. The cock was made of a sponge that filled with blood when I fucked her and then emptied itself again after I ejaculated. My mother was stupid enough to believe this old wives' tale. But one thing was true: with my new cock, Ayla almost always came and I could fuck all night long, no matter how often I ejaculated. Ayla had provided me with this meaty cock and I am still grateful to her for that today."

Chai expressed his condolences, he had never met Ayla personally and only knew about her from gossip at court. "And do you still have your land in the Nihon Empire?" asked Long, who wanted to get away from his sad topic. "I think so, Your Majesty, I left it in trust with the fencing master back then, and to this day I receive a handful of silver every year from my banker, although the fencing master has long since died, as one of his sons wrote to me. But I have never been to Japan again and I don't know whether I gave birth to the thirsty girl back then or not."

The fate of the empress

The emperor had been walking up and down for a while and now stopped. "We took a long detour, you wanted to tell me what happened to my empress." Chai tore himself away from the memories of the sex-hungry child in Japan and searched for his thread again. "When I found out everything during our first conversation over tea and saw through everything in a flash, I advised her to banish the stupid servants to the kitchen immediately and to take two servants of my choice, decent, intelligent and loyal girls who would stay with her until the end. No, Your Majesty, I was not yet the Empress's lover at that time.

She invited me to tea every day and we only talked about sex and fucking. I was stunned, the pretty child had no idea, Your Majesty, no idea! I knew how diligently Your Majesty pursued sexual adventures and I wanted to bring your wife up to a level of knowledge first so that I could serve you in this roundabout way. I had only been in your service for a few weeks at that time and I loved you like your

most loyal subject because I saw your actions and decisions every day. I protected your body with my swords, but nothing remained hidden from me.

After the first week of theoretical instruction in fucking, the Empress asked to see my cock. I said it was mutual. She reluctantly gave in, she felt my cock extensively and I explained everything to her. I took her finger and let her explore her pussy and clit and explained everything to her.

For a few days she guided my cock millimeter by millimeter into her fuck hole, she wanted to get to know the physical feeling that way. It was only after 12 or 14 days that she carefully felt her way into fucking, but only when she had explored everything did she let herself be fucked. She wanted to take it slowly, she pulled my cock out so far when I ejaculated that she could see it coming in very clearly. She was pregnant in no time and we fucked as often as time allowed. I was very strict about not missing a moment of my service and sometimes made her wait, but she understood my priorities.

I taught her from the beginning to reach orgasm while fucking, not with her fingers, but with her mind. She learned it eagerly, Your Majesty! I called her servants and ordered them to masturbate the Empress 5 times in the morning and 5 times in the afternoon and show her and let her try it herself. I insisted that after a month the Empress could masturbate herself and one servant after another finely. She could do it, it didn't take a month.

Your Majesty, her first daughter was not your child, nor were the other three. The Empress was made for childbirth, she gave birth to the 4 daughters with almost no pain and in less than 20 minutes. She was pregnant all 4 years and the only one of my lovers at that time that I fucked every goddamn day.

I was grateful to you, Your Majesty, with all my heart that you did not discover her infidelity and that you did not send her and her daughters back to their parents in disgrace, but rather with all honor and rich gifts. I would have been desperate if you had exposed her to public ridicule and worse. I loved her with all my heart, but I never

forgot that she was the Empress and your wife.” Chai was silent and the Emperor took the thread in his hand.

“My dear Chai, how grateful I was then that you took the burden of married life from me. I knew you very well and knew that you would do the job well even without my orders. I was free for my sexual adventures, I had both hands full with governing. From day one I forbade my parrots from following the Empress’s love life or spying on her. I did not allow myself to be drawn into interrogations, indecency or explanations, I needed freedom of movement. And you played a major role in that. I did not envy you for a second the work of fucking an inexperienced child. It seemed to me that she and you enjoyed it quite a bit. I never had the feeling of being a cheated husband, on the contrary, how hard it would have been for me to order you or anyone else to fuck the Empress day after day!”

“I now have two sons, my dear, perhaps I am actually their father. I have fathered well over 100 bastards and I pay for their well-being. My older son is still quite immature at 16, he still sleeps with his mother and only dares to fuck one or two servants in secret. The other son is only 14, but he is just what I like. He has been fucking his mother since he was 8 to relieve himself of the pressure of his semen five times a day, but he is insanely eager to learn. He keeps asking me to get him another or a new teacher. He learns like a sponge soaking up water. I watch his progress with great pride, he will be a good emperor and if I do not die in time, I will give him a kingdom so that he can learn the hardships of governing.”

“For example, a week ago he pulled me by the sleeve into the garden, where it is difficult to overhear. I signaled to my guards not to let anyone in and asked him, what is on your mind, my son? He didn’t hesitate for a second. Did I know that he was fucking my mother? I laughed and said, of course, my son, that’s why there are hundreds of court parrots who tell the emperor everything. Well, he said, I’ve been fucking her for 6 years. But we only fuck 5 times a day, she doesn’t want it more often because she prefers to masturbate, a dozen times a day. Of course I want to fuck her more often, but she blocks me and I love her very much and don’t want to use violence on her. I wanted to get your advice, father! I grinned and said, of course,

as emperor, I could give my concubine, who is no longer an empress, an order and she would, goddamn it, obey! But it would be a serious tactical error. Instead, learn to use the facts to your advantage. So, you want to fuck more often, OK, fact. She masturbates a dozen times a day, OK, fact. Does she lock herself in or can you watch her? Oh, he said, she likes to let me watch because she finds it really hot. But I rarely stay, it gets boring in the long run, father. Slowly, son, slowly! Stay with her, watch carefully when she starts the final spurt. The moment when she forgets everything around her and just races towards her orgasm, got it? I always notice that, father! Well, then know that when a woman is in the final spurt, she doesn't look left or right, just stubbornly straight ahead. Stick your cock into her final spurt, she will definitely not deny you. Now fuck her properly, all women have a better orgasm when they are fucked during orgasm. That is why the first empress, who was the daughter and wife of the first emperor, introduced the custom that girls must masturbate while being fucked. You will see that you can fuck them a dozen times while they masturbate, my son!"

"Wise advice, Your Majesty, because I have also known about this phenomenon for a long time." Emperor Long smiled quietly and stroked his beard. "Chai, my dear friend, I am really glad that you are the King of Qin. Hopefully we will have more intelligent and witty conversations like this one." A servant approached. The cooks were ready, the empress was already there. The emperor and Chai strolled leisurely through the garden. "I am curious," said the emperor, "to see how you like the new empress. She has been my empress for 8 months, she is a tiger in bed and gives me room to breathe." "For sexual adventures, I assume, Your Majesty," said Chai and Emperor Long nodded. "I don't care how many bastards I have. Apart from the empress, you will see my two sons and my four best advisors. I will take you aside after the desserts, I am interested in your impression. And of course, Miss Ling will sit on your left, I have planned her for you to fuck, I think you will not be disappointed." Chai bowed as he left in thanks and to express that he had understood the order.

The banquet

The banquet was excellent, Emperor Long introduced him to everyone as the new king of Qin. Chai assessed everyone in a matter of seconds, he knew that he was very rarely wrong. The older son was a very superficial nobody and despite Chai's efforts, no conversation took place. The younger son was a bright, clever mind who quickly captivated him with questions about what he would tackle as the new king? He mentioned a few things, but he discreetly changed the subject. The boy was pale and fidgety like many young men who masturbated too much or fucked too much. He lowered his voice and confided to the boy that he had fucked around far too much at his age and that, thank God, he had realized at the right time that he had to slow down a bit when it came to squirting, otherwise he would lose sight of his goals, and he wanted to train for the famous royal guard at all costs. He left the subject and the boy when he realized that the little one had something to think about.

He greeted the empress perfectly. A real slutty fuck-noodle, very superficial and desperate to flirt with him. He remained polite and kept his distance, but thank God the emperor's four advisors turned to him and kidnapped him. An interesting conversation soon developed, because the advisors wanted to know everything about the uprising and they asked him specific questions, which he could only partially answer. He brought himself to safety. He had only been in Qin for a few days and knew nothing concrete about this and that, apart from military issues, where he could assert his clear, strict position. But one thing was certain, and he had promised Emperor Long this with a handshake: the economy, trade and joint projects would continue and be expanded without interruption. Qin was not a foreign state, but a loyal kingdom of the Empire under Heaven. He had served several emperors for more than 20 years and he would not change that. He asked for some time to familiarize himself with the kingdom, but he would be happy if the advisors would bring problems or questions that needed to be clarified to him in good time, before an annoying pimple turned into a tumor. At the end, the obvious top man put his arm around his shoulders as if by chance, and Chai knew that these advisors were ready to work with the new king. At a nod from the emperor, everyone went to the table. His eyes opened wide when the girl Ling sat down next to him. Emperor Long had not promised too much, the girl was first-class, hot and beauti-

ful. She was obviously educated and a lady-in-waiting of the first rank. She never interrupted or interfered in his conversation, but she found the gaps to whisper quietly to him.

“You already know me, King Chai,” she began very quietly, as it was only meant for his ears. “However, you were Chai, the Emperor’s bodyguard back then.” He searched his memory for her face, but to no avail. “Days after the Empress was sent from the court, I lay down with you.” An image appeared in his memory, now it was clear. “You were the girl Ling, 13 at the time, and you lay with me for two weeks. You comforted me and cheered me up, because the Empress’s departure hit me pretty hard.” She nodded, her eyes shining. “Yes, Chai, you were my first husband, I was already 13 and you treated me like a princess. I gave you my virginity with joy and fucked you for two weeks. When I left, you told me that I should read a lot more old books and not the trash that the bored ladies-in-waiting devoured. I took it to heart and read more than my teachers. I became a lady-in-waiting and Emperor Long recognized what a treasure I had between my ears. I was allowed to accompany him on many trips and warm his mat, which I saw as an honor.” He looked at her and she smiled, “My dear, the empress obviously wants to flirt with you and is contorting herself to show you her pussy!” He nodded and said that he had to show her the honors and turned to the empress.

He acted very surprised and raised his eyebrows several times, as if he had never seen a pussy before. Her eyes flirted, for she was undoubtedly the only desirable creature between here and the Mekong. How could she have known that he would have God knows what chopped off before he betrayed the Emperor? He played along with her for a while, but was distracted by the younger son, who asked him if he had been allowed to sleep with his mother when he was a young man. He lied and said that he had only been allowed to sleep with her until he entered the Royal Academy. He shook his head imperceptibly to indicate that this was not a topic of discussion at the table. The boy blushed slightly and turned to the Empress, for he had long since reached his goal of fucking the Empress. His mother scolded him terribly, but the Empress let the boy fuck her, grinning broadly, whenever he rubbed around her legs like a cat. The Empress found it amusing to let the little one fuck her now and then, as an af-

ternoon snack, so to speak. He fucked her with his sweet little boy's cock for two minutes at most, kissed her on the cheek and ran away.

"Of course I let both of the Emperor's sons fuck me," whispered Ling, "the older one comes once a month on his mother's orders so that I can teach him the fine art of fucking. But the boy is no good, not even for fucking. His younger brother comes every other day, he can already fuck very well and I taught him to bring me to orgasm regularly. He has even threatened to marry me one day because I fuck so much better than that slut of an Empress. His words."

"Does she know the Empress better?" he asked Ling quietly, letting his gaze glide over the company. "Well, she's pretty fucked up, her preference is pages and young boys under 15. But she fucks all interested parties, right up to the old, of course. That's what she sees as the point of being empress, she neither politicizes nor intrigues. She would never fight for a lover, why would she? She's a fish that lays its eggs in the sand and swims on." Chai kissed her fingertips as the emperor looked over and then smiled contentedly. Ling whispered, "The emperor loves her body and her technique, but he will soon demote her to a concubine and a new star will rise in the sky. That's how he is, that's how he was, that's how he always will be. He's still a very good ruler and has an impressive record."

Chai kissed her fingertips again and looked straight at her. "You wanted to say something else to the empress," he breathed. Ling returned his gaze firmly. "We fuck each other occasionally, we both have a thing for girls, but we're not lesbians, at least I'm not. She's one of the few women at court who can do clit-to-clit fucking." Chai murmured that he knew what that was, he'd seen it before. Ling nodded and continued. "She has a clit well suited to it, just like me, and we take turns being the dominant one who fucks the other madly. It's purely physical activity, we're very differently educated and can't really hold a proper conversation."

Chai said after a while, "We've had very different lives since then, I'm king now and you're a hot, clever lady-in-waiting of the first rank. I've been wondering for some time whether the emperor, knowing about our brief affair back then, ordered this night?" Ling

thought for a moment. "I can't rule it out, because he has his spies everywhere, especially at court. But it seems more likely to me that he likes you somehow and wanted to put someone he thinks highly of in your arms. He appreciates me because I made it clear to him quite quickly that I'm happy to fuck him when it suits us both, but that I'm not prepared for a single second to join the long line of his sex toys. He remembered that, it shows him a kind of resistance and that was the best thing I could do for him. I think he wanted to give you a special gift, something out of the ordinary."

Chai nodded and said goodTshü, he had seen the Emperor's look. He followed the Emperor into a small room and closed the door behind him. Without waiting for the Emperor's questions, he began his report, ticking off one after the other, lastly the Empress. He mentioned that she was very flirtatious, but he couldn't make sense of it. The Emperor nodded, "and Ling?" He said that she was impressive and that he was happy to follow the Emperor's orders. Long clicked his tongue like recruits click at a pretty ass. "Ling is a real tiger, my friend, you will cheer, shout and come to breakfast with a walking stick! I want you to feel good and that is something you can't order!" He thought for a moment. "What would you advise me to do with the older son? He is getting to the age where he should be doing something." Chai thought for a long time. "Your Majesty is right, the younger one is by far better suited to governing. I would give him a job or a department where he can feel like the emperor's son, but where a wrong decision won't cause great harm, where there are sensitive experts who can guide him. Minister of Fisheries. Nothing political, nothing military. He is not a bad person, but it is not his nature. If I were a religious person, I would blame the gods, that is what they are there for." Emperor Long looked at him for a long time. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "Gods." He looked at the ground. "He's still fucking his mother, he's not looking at anyone else. He'll get a job where his mother can accompany him. At least she's got both feet on solid ground. The younger one is made of better stuff, he's gradually breaking away from his mother's embrace, he's nibbling on servants, ladies-in-waiting and recently he's also been nibbling on the horny empress! Good thing, the world is wide and limitless, it doesn't end at mom's skirts!" He nodded, the conversation was over. They went back to the company.

A special night

It was a special night for Chai and Ling. They had both only drunk a little wine so that they could experience the night consciously and Chai had tucked two bottles of wine under his arm, perhaps they were thirsty. He looked at her naked body, but she was now a grown woman and no longer the trembling 13-year-old girl who wanted to give her virginity to the famous warrior. He could not remember the young girl's body, the moment of deflowering or the many fucks that followed. He held her in his arms as she lay down next to him. He told her that he hardly remembered that time.

She nodded, he felt the movement of her head on his chest. "It was the first time for me, it was my own decision and yet I was shaking like a leaf with fear and anticipation. You were one of the few sensitive men I have ever fucked. You prepared me for the deflowering with gentle words and were incredibly gentle, even though it is actually an aggressive act. After just a few seconds I no longer felt any pain and whispered that you should fuck me and that you could cum inside me because I had not yet had a period. My pussy adjusted well to your cock and I had my first orgasms while fucking. At that time I only knew orgasms from masturbating and these were somehow different, on the one hand gentler and yet powerful. I have not forgotten my first time, it was an event that turned my sex life upside down and opened the door to a new world. I learned that you wanted to fuck because you were in love or out of calculation to achieve something. That you could fuck because you were ordered to or when you had pressed a girl's body to your chest and she driven by instinct, I had to fuck. Fucking was sometimes like currency, you got paid or you bought something."

They were silent for a while, the fucking could wait a little. She gently stroked her clit, as so often it was sleepy and not yet fully awake. "The second important thing, my love, was that you kicked me in the ass. My grandfather taught me to read for ten years, the good man. And what did I do with it? I read the cheap trash novels of the court ladies. You opened my eyes. The stupid mule had to be

kicked in the ass. What did I want, you asked the little 13-year-old. It is something special to be able to read, thousands of people can't. And what are you doing with this gift? I have never forgotten that sentence. What are you doing with this gift? I understood. I went straight to the archivist and he asked me what I wanted to read, laws, travel reports, astronomy? I said something to better understand the world. So I came to the philosophers and had to read a lot of things out loud three times and think about what they were actually trying to say. I became wiser from week to week, I read the great sages and religious leaders. Not those books that the priesthood had written to reinforce superstition and fantastic stories about spirits and gods. I immediately recognized what the philosophers had warned about, a stupid people more easily follows a stupid seducer into the abyss.

The archivist had two or three interesting works that explained the laws and the functioning of the empire well. What a crazy time I lived through that, strictly speaking there were only two things, reading and fucking. I did both with full commitment. I became known because I had achieved a certain mastery in fucking and because, during the rest breaks that men need, I amazed the men in higher positions, even the emperor's councilors, with my knowledge. After ten years, Emperor Long took notice of me. I charmed the jaded man with the naturalness that you had ignited in me and which I never lost. I did not allow myself to be degraded to a ridiculous fuckhole like others, not even by the emperor.

I was rewarded with a seat in the front row of the ladies-in-waiting and accompanied him on many trips and meetings. I demanded that he fuck me properly and not just in passing, I was as stubborn as a donkey. He, in turn, took the opportunity to lie naked next to his naked wife and to question things and to think about things that he could not allow himself to do with the councillors without having his authority called into question. I never presumed to rule through him. I am not that stupid. But I did advise him because he had to solve problems. It was also he who set me up with the new empress a year ago. I never hid from him that I had had lovely affairs with girls too. I usually let myself be fucked by 2 or 3 men a day, because I now know all the cocks at the court and am very selective. He asked if girls were also into fucking, clit to clit? I had to admit sheepishly that I had only

made some botched attempts. He laughed loudly and slapped his thighs, finally he could teach a mistress — his words! — something new. He had a girl — the current empress — in his repertoire who could fuck clit-to-clit perfectly, she had let him watch a hundred times and the old voyeur sometimes crawled between her four thighs to see it up close. He introduced me to the girl, she taught me the fine art, the perfection of clit-to-clit fucking and we have been fucking from time to time for over a year. It is very different to fucking a man and yet very similar. It starts gently and tenderly, it gets wilder and wilder and in the end one fucks the other madly.”

Chai was really excited by the pictures she was painting, her clit was already wide awake and they fucked until after sunrise. She had mixed him up with fucking the shy 13-year-old girl and the 28-year-old experienced master. He gave it his all, he continued to fuck even though he could no longer ejaculate and she gave him short breaks before she attacked him again. The first rays of sun reminded them to find an end. They said goodTshü to each other like lovers and at the same time knew that they were only 10 days’ ride away from each other.

Emperor Long was already sitting at breakfast when Chai came down the stairs with a spring in her step and refreshed. Ling came 15 minutes later. The emperor beckoned them over and the three of them had breakfast. “You look so fresh, as if you hadn’t been fucking all night,” he joked, but the two just smiled at each other and then at the emperor. “But that was not the bet we made, Mr King. I only lent you Miss Ling, not gave her as a gift!” Chai smiled quietly and Ling said that Mr Chai had only received the gift of one night, but the sun had risen relentlessly, the gods had ignored their prayers for a delay. Gods, that’s what they were. The emperor laughed and slapped his thighs, Ling dabbed his tears of laughter with a handkerchief and said that perhaps they should call the court jesters! The emperor could not take it any longer, he laughed so loudly and at the top of his lungs that the servants were really astonished. After breakfast, Chai received his certificates and said a warm farewell to the emperor and Ling, without a kiss. His men had already ridden from the Japan House to the gate, and they were leaving the city. Chai asked the captain how the accommodation was. The captain did not move

an eyebrow. "This is the most exclusive brothel in the kingdom, my king. You are bathed, oiled and perfumed by delicate women's hands, and a stream flows through every room, you roll from the mat straight into the water." Chai said, so what? The captain was silent and laughed to himself with a straight face. The warrior next to the captain shouted, "What, so what!? We fucked like berserkers, we drank fine wine and swapped women for the next duel! Who won? I don't know, but I beat them all!" The men cheered and shouted at each other until the captain intervened. "Thank you, my king, the accommodation was fine!" They rode and rode and slept for three hours at lunch, then continued on.

Mulan awakes

Mulan was now awake for hours at a time. The doctor had her served a double portion of meat or fish with the rice, as she had lost a lot of blood. The first time she was clear-headed, she took the ancient lord's hands and thanked him for saving her. He fended her off, but she had been saved by a warrior who had claimed that she was in his heart. Mulan was speechless. The doctor said he was an experienced warrior, he had not ripped out the spearhead in a panic, she would have died immediately. He had covered the wound with a rag from her shirt until he, the doctor, arrived. He had carried out the operation according to his instructions, as he was not strong enough for it. He had cleaned the wound properly, that did not require any strength in his fingers. The warrior had vigorously burned out the wound with a red-hot blade and attached the clamp using only his strong fingers. Speaking of clamps, let me look at your virgin breasts!" Lin pulled the sheet from her upper body and lifted Mulan's arm up. The doctor felt the edges of the wound with his fingers, checked that the clamp was firmly in place and looked into her eyes. "There will be an ugly scar under your armpit, my girl, unfortunately. The wound is very deep, it has penetrated the side of the lung, but that is the first to heal. But at least no ribs or bones are damaged, only by millimeters. Your strong warrior will take the clamp off when he comes back." Mulan sat up and the old man muttered, "virgin breasts, I told you so!"

Mulan asked, “where is he, where is Master Chai!?” Lin took her face in both hands. “Please don’t get upset, he didn’t get the slightest scratch in the fight, the gods protected him. Haraldur has a burst bump on his skull and we can only fuck like old people, slowly and carefully!” Mulan urged, “where is Chai!?” Lin grinned. “The council and the people have proclaimed him king! Imagine, king! And he rode straight to the emperor for his permission and he should be back in 6 or 7 days. King!” Mulan sank back onto her pillow. “I thought I had dreamed it. King! By the Emperor!” Lin fetched water and a cloth to wash Mulan. Lin covered her completely and began to wash her carefully. The doctor said, “Your clit is already all pointed and stiff again!” Mulan blushed from her forehead to the top of her breasts. “You can masturbate if you feel too urgent!” he announced, “Miss Lin and I have always taken care of you, but now you can take care of yourself!” Lin blushed deeply and stammered embarrassedly, “You needed it damn badly, 5 times an hour at least!” The doctor interjected that it was because of the fever and the herbal tea, so don’t make a fuss about it! He put his hand on Mulan’s pussy and a finger on her rebellious clit. “Do you want to fuck me, sir, now and immediately!?” Mulan shouted, not knowing herself whether she didn’t actually want to. The doctor pulled his hand away, Lin parted Mulan’s labia with her fingers and rubbed her pussy really hard, so that Mulan began to tremble with excitement. She only stopped when Mulan orgasmed with a bright red face.

The Doctor’s Story

“Oh, my girl, I haven’t fucked a girl in maybe 50 years!” exclaimed the doctor, “not since my wife and sister died!” Lin asked sensitively, “both?” He shook his head. “My sister was also my wife!” Lin and Mulan held their breath, then Lin asked, “don’t you want to explain it to us in more detail, tell us more about it?” The doctor leaned back in his chair. “It was 100 years ago, my little sister and I were orphans and a lovely aunt took us in, she had a room free. She came to me every night and lay down with me. I had explained to my sister that this was the fucking, that’s what adults do. The aunt was a very old, ugly woman who naturally loved not only masturbating but also being

fucked by a good boy. My sister was very careful and asked me about this and that the next day. She learned to masturbate just by watching her aunt. Her husband was a retired captain, he only fucked her aunt rarely, every few months. But she still had a fire in her ass and ants in her pants, and the arrangement was really okay for everyone. I had already started my medical training at 13, was pretty good at herbalism and the teachers were very happy. My sister sat on the captain's lap and eagerly learned to read. He could read well, but not write, she could yes, learn somewhere else later. He fondled my sister while she was reading, but I didn't mind. I told her she should teach him how to masturbate her to orgasm. He learned it with great effort, it took months. I studied like a madman, I wanted to become a doctor as quickly as possible. The years passed peacefully and without excitement. My sister was 11, almost 12, when the 'summer of ten thousand storms' hit us. You've probably heard about it, there were thunderstorms and endless rain day and night, lightning flashed every minute, the thunderclaps made our ears ring. Aunt knew that the gods were at war with each other and she stood under the door and shouted the most obscene curses at the storm clouds until she closed the door in the evening, hoarse or voiceless and soaked through. Classes were cancelled, no sensible person would go out in the rain and the knee-deep floods. My teachers were on duty day and night, I lay in bed, lazy and angry, and my sister lay down next to me, trembling with fear and snuggling up to me. She asked if she could touch and examine my cock. I shrugged my shoulders indifferently, damn it, yes! She examined and researched and sat up curiously when I masturbated. She was so concentrated that she forgot about thunder and lightning. She licked the semen off with one finger, "Mhhh! That tastes good!" she exclaimed, and I, 18 years old, two years before the final exams and already terribly clever, told her that all women let themselves be squirted in the mouth and drank the good juice. I had experience with this, I had already fucked two dozen girls and what felt like a thousand married and widowed women, I was definitely a bad finger, so to speak.

My little sister, who was immediately on fire, let me cum in her mouth several times a day. The lightning and thunder were drowned out by masturbation, squirting and swallowing semen. The storms battered us for weeks, my aunt had angered the gods with all the

screaming and cursing and she got a bad case of pneumonia. She didn't get to fuck anymore, I masturbated over and over again and cummed in my sister's mouth. She turned 12, we couldn't have a birthday party, my aunt was lying in bed with a fever and coughing and her husband sat next to her and drank. My sister wanted to try whether my cock would go into her pussy hole and I laughed because she could only get it in as far as the hymen. She cried with anger, damn it, why didn't it go in!? A flash of lightning nearby, a clap of thunder that seemed to split our house in two, and my sister, in shock, thrust her pussy into my cock. She laughed out loud, "It's all the way in! All the way!" She fucked me immediately, just like she had seen her aunt do, and from then on we fucked every free minute. Summer was drawing to a close, the thunderstorms stopped suddenly. It was strangely deathly quiet in the big house. I ran into my aunt's apartment, she was lying dead on the bed, staring curiously into the next life. Her captain was lying next to her, he had drunk himself to death. His face was on her neck, a last, very last tenderness. We buried her crying, I cried because I didn't know how we two would go on living. The mayor's assistant came to us, the good people had left us the big town house, two handfuls of silver boats and the captain's pension for 7 years. Little sister was still crying, but I had a good laugh. My training was secure, as a doctor I would be able to support both of us well. My training continued, my little sister ran the household and we fucked as often as we could.

I was a really good, successful and very hard-working doctor. People came from near and far and I was able to save and heal almost everyone, a small fortune was accumulated, modest. The king was a frequent patient, as was the court. But apart from my good deeds, I was and remained the same bad guy as I had been during my training. I fucked all the girls who would let me fuck them. I fucked all the wives and patients I liked. How often did the stupid husband sit next to his wife's bed and hold her hand while I fucked her, for medical reasons of course, for the sake of her little sanity. Many childless couples sacrificed in the temple because the woman was finally pregnant after my medical treatment. The gods alone know how many of my bastards grew up in the city and the surrounding area. Of course I fucked all of the ladies-in-waiting without exception. Most of them weren't really sick, but were curious about the strong-armed doctor.

The queen always suffered from severe stomach pains, and I drove out her flatulence with rough fucking. After fucking her, I put an outstretched arm over her intestines and stretched the other arm under her ass and pressed on the two acupuncture fart points above her buttocks. She farted out her stomach ache with a roar like a cannon. When she later gave birth, the knot in her intestines was apparently untied, and she now farted constantly and everywhere, which earned her the popular name of the Sulphur Queen. But she never had stomach pains again and didn't need a doctor to fuck her back to health. She had been ill so often before and was miraculously cured by me, that the king had to appoint me as second court physician at the request of the queen, who I had fucked so well. After the death of the old personal physician, I became first court physician and personal physician to both majesties.

The queen was pregnant. I advised her to seduce the king immediately so that he could feel like the father. The queen and I swore a sacred oath never to reveal my paternity. I fucked her dutifully throughout the entire pregnancy because my arms were bursting with lust. She had twins, two sweet girls that the king called Xin and Xan, who looked like an egg and were the spitting image of the queen. I could hardly contain my happiness.

I served the king faithfully, he, his family and the whole court were in excellent health, I devoted a lot of time to treating the poor population for free in the name of the king. He was happy about the growing popularity in the country. I was and remained the bad finger that the goddesses created me to be. An anecdote comes to mind, my dear girls, I will tell you to demonstrate the bad finger.

A 13-year-old girl from a desperately poor family had been stung by a scorpion while working in the fields. She was in pain and had a fever. A scorpion sting is no big deal for a doctor, but I asked the mother why the girl was not yet a woman, why she was still a virgin, that was very unusual. The mother was very embarrassed, her husband couldn't fuck, he squirted when he penetrated her. After she lost her virginity at the age of 12, the good woman, she had never fucked again. The daughter said that her father was very sweet and had been trying to deflower her for almost a whole year, as was the

custom. But it went the same way as it did with her mother, he penetrated her up to her hymen, squirted immediately and that was it. The father was not unhappy, he squirted every night in his daughter's little pussy and he hugged his little girl very lovingly. What could make a man happier? The girl said she hadn't dared to ask, but she would really like to be a real woman. I nodded and had the mother undress the lovely child. She was also supposed to lie naked next to her daughter and assist me. The mother didn't know the word; she was a simple woman with a very limited horizon. I had her spread her daughter's labia with both hands and deflowered the jubilant daughter. The mother wanted to let go, but I demanded that the daughter be kept spread. I fucked the happy child with great pleasure, then I told the mother how huge and stiff her clit was peeking out. She said very shyly that this sometimes happened, but it always calmed down on its own. I asked the daughter whether I shouldn't fuck her mother too? She nodded eagerly, saying that her mother hadn't really fucked since childhood and perhaps the clit was so red and stiff because she had watched her daughter's beautiful fucking with longing. The mother lowered her gaze shyly and whispered, "But hurry up before my husband comes home!" The daughter kissed her on the cheek, "Mom, it's so wonderful!" and I got to work. The mother moaned, groaned and rejoiced like a songbird during the fucking, she exploded in a powerful orgasm and let my cock pop out. I let her wriggle and twitch in the first orgasm of her life, I continued to fuck the daughter and squirted powerfully into her little hole. I wrote two prescriptions for the pharmacist, an ointment against the scorpion venom and a special herbal tea for the father. He had to drink two cups of the bitter tea every morning, I told the daughter, for five months, and she should let him try it every evening to see if he could already fuck properly. I wrote on the prescription to the pharmacist that they were poor people and if they couldn't pay, he should bill the court. I visited mother and daughter for weeks to check on their recovery from the scorpion sting and to give mother and daughter a good fuck. Yes, my dear girls, that's what I was like, a wicked guy.

The accident happened when I was accompanying the king as his personal physician for four weeks. When we got home, my sister had already been dead for days. I almost lost my mind, we buried her and

I swore never to fuck a girl or a woman again in my life. The gods had punished me for my intrusive and insidious fucking of hundreds of girls, hundreds of chaste and faithful wives, and now I wanted to atone! I kept my oath for 54 years, with one exception.

The king loved to hunt and fight, but he had little joy in fucking. He never once thought about deflowering his twins, the daughters I had given to the queen, on their 12th birthday. Now he had a wonderful opportunity to marry his 14-year-old daughters to two princes of a royal court, a huge win for the Kingdom of Qin! But he was sad because at that royal court only girls over 12 were still virgins who had a flaw. The princes had visited the brides and everything was beautiful and wonderful and radiant. The king, deeply depressed, pondered how he could solve the problem; he could not leave the deflowering to a shady courtier. I offered him a medical solution, and he beamed from ear to ear! I asked to be locked in the princesses' bedroom for three days; it was a delicate procedure. And so it happened.

I locked the door and fucked my girls in turns for three days without any major interruptions. The daughters let themselves be deflowered with joy and fucked me from orgasm to orgasm, squealing with joy. They were delighted to exchange boring masturbation for much more exciting fucking. We never spoke openly about it, but my clever daughters had suspected for years that I was their father. At the beginning of these three days they only asked me the question that it was usually the father who was responsible for deflowering his daughters, and why didn't Papa König do it himself? I confirmed that that was the custom, but I didn't go any further. I had broken my oath, I never fucked a girl or a woman again, for 54 years. That is my story, my dear girls, half a life of luxury, the other half in shame and penance."

The Return of the King

Lin went to her room, the captain was now removing the staple from Haraldur's skull. The deep laceration had healed nicely, and the

long, ugly scar told every enemy that his Viking skull could take a lot. Lin hugged the man of her heart and whispered in his ear that they could finally fuck properly and powerfully again!

Mulan was on her feet for the first day. The old doctor only supported her briefly, then she supported him. He examined the wound, it had healed well, and they waited for Chai, who was to remove the staple. The old doctor felt her breasts, because he wanted to see whether the breast on the left side was affected by the scar. He pressed, pushed and pulled. But no major change was to be expected. Mulan got pretty turned on, with red ears and red cheeks she hid under the sheet. It was mainly because of the herbal tea, the doctor grinned as the sheet shook for minutes. Mulan just couldn't help it, she just had to masturbate more often than ever.

Chai arrived at noon on the 20th day, he greeted his father and Lin briefly and ran on to Mulan's room. He hugged and kissed her, now everything was fine! She showed him the scar and he was happy, the edges of the wound had really grown together nicely, "you can open the clamp and remove it," said the doctor in the background. Chai turned around and thanked him again for taking such good care of his friend, he would repay him richly. He carefully opened the clamp and removed it. Yes, there would be a scar about 5 fingers long. Chai was in a hurry, the riders were waiting in front of the house and the arrival had surely already been announced to the councillors.

Chai dusted off his clothes and entered the throne room. The councillors stood up, some curious citizens applauded briefly. More and more citizens came over, the news attracted everyone. Chai took the travel bag from the captain and took out the imperial document, which he handed to the Primus. He read it out loud and passed it on so that all the councillors could look at it. The Primus looked around, then shouted loudly, "Long live our king, King Chai!" The citizens shouted after him, there was a loud confusion for a few minutes. Chai waited, then raised his hand. He gave a short speech, he had had 20 days to formulate it carefully. 20 minutes later, enthusiastic applause broke out, he had spoken directly to their hearts as well as their common sense. Only in one single point did his harshness come through:

no rebel could expect mercy. The gallows or the sword, no prisoners. No pardon.

The craftsmen and servants repaired the damage to the palace, the bodies were buried without much effort. They had bitten the ruler's kind hand. The ceremonial burial of the royal family, the warriors and the murdered citizens would take place in 10 days. Chai asked the council for three days' rest after the long ride. He spent time with his father, he reported everything in detail, because his father was bright-minded and interested in everything important and essential. He could tell his son exactly which council members he trusted completely, and which he was not quite sure about, or which horse the good man was actually riding. He also bluntly named the two he could not trust with good reason. The old cavalryman was still full of pride in his son, he could not and would not hide that. Chai insisted on having his father carried to the funeral in a sedan chair, because his feet were no longer working.

Chai handed Haraldur the Emperor's certificate. General Haraldur! He was very moved and knew that Chai had left the Emperor no choice. They talked a lot about the future. They were both around 40, they had fought many battles and Haraldur could not imagine anything else than swinging his sword. Chai analyzed some aspects of the revolution. No matter how bravely the Royals had fought, after the poisoning of the Guard the palace was defenseless. The Royals were little more than a security force. That had to change. Chai wished Haraldur would take on the difficult task of helping the surviving commanders of the Guard to rebuild and to reorganize the Royals into a "small" Guard and keep them on their toes. Haraldur was not very enthusiastic at first. As Imperial General he could be hired as a General in any of the 7 Kingdoms, that was the alternative, said Chai. And no, he didn't need a bodyguard like the Emperor had, the guards, the large and the small, would take turns. Haraldur wanted to think about it. Chai didn't give him any time. He should just please think about Lin's future, she deserved it.

Mulan's dreams

Mulan was depressed, the old doctor also mastered the difficult art of iris reading. “How old are you, girl Mulan?” he had asked. “23, soon 24.” The doctor looked into her eyes a second and third time. “You have a healthy body, a wonderful body, girl!” he exclaimed. He took her hands in his. “You’ve never had a period, have you?” he stated. Mulan nodded in astonishment and affirmed. “Well, that’s how it will stay, unless I’m seriously mistaken.” Mulan looked down, “and, sir, is that important? Is that bad or good?” The doctor glanced at her sideways, she didn’t seem to see the consequences. “Only a woman who has regular periods has children. Old women lose their periods and don’t have children anymore.” Mulan looked up. “No bleeding, no children.” He nodded, “you can adopt children and give them the same love as your own child. Or you can plan your life without children, that can also be the right choice. The whole world lies before you, daughter!” Mulan felt the doctor’s warmth and confidence. “I will think about it very seriously, my father. My future is just beginning and I will carefully continue to spin the thread of the goddesses. Thank you for your trust in showing me a corner of the future. Thank you!”

Mulan told Chai about it. He nodded. “It is an advantage to know a few facts when planning. Puzzles make things much more difficult.” They talked for hours, because his life took a sharp turn. Everything changed for him. She wanted to go with him wherever he went. She did not want to decide immediately whether she wanted to be queen, she still had to think about that. She wanted to be with him, regardless of whether he went to the field or to a palace. Whether as a lover, concubine, queen or concubine, it didn’t seem important to her. “I don’t know if the old king left behind concubines or concubines?” he wondered. “I will give them rich gifts, however much the council grants them, and let them go. I have never had a wife, concubine or concubine before, even a campfire can warm a soldier. At least that was the case until the last earthquake. Now you are with me and I prefer that to any campfire.”

Mulan said she had dreamed a lot in her fever, but one dream kept coming back. She fought alongside Haraldur against hundreds, thousands of faces. Haraldur, tall as a tower, mowed her down with his broadsword like a reaper cuts down the grain. She, small and agile,

crouched, stabbed and cut down the faces with her spear. It was obvious that she dreamed the last fight over and over again. But she felt as if she was in the right place, in the right place, for the first time in her life. As if she felt completely whole. When she half woke up, she felt that she not only belonged to her books, but had to hold the spear in her hand. She asked Chai what he thought about that? He shook his head from side to side. There were, of course, the beautiful legends about warrior princesses who could miraculously fight like the best warriors, easily beat dragons and usurpers to pieces and in the end got the prince and his kingdom. Legends, he said. Qin had no immediate enemies to slaughter. He had no doubt that Mulan would learn the art of war and travel from city to city as a mercenary, because he had seen her fight. But in his moral code, mercenaries were paid murderers, nothing more. And he did not want to see them as “nothing more”, he would despise her with disgust.

Of course Mulan didn't want that. She smiled at him. “During the day I want to browse through the palace library, I still know so little about the world, and I won't get very far with Lin Po Po. At night I want to warm the mat for my loved one, and maybe even my king. That's life planning at arm's length, but I don't want to build castles in the air or mindlessly plan until tomorrow morning. I need time, I need ideas and I will need your advice. As my husband, not as my king.”

The work begins

Haraldur agreed and was ready to build and train new troops. But he would spend more time training with the sword and less time wasting on administration. Of course everything had to be agreed in advance, but then it was time to get to work. Chai thanked him and nodded, we will discuss the basics together, the execution and design is up to you. I will introduce you as General Haraldur, Commissioner for Army Affairs, Minister of War, or First Swashbuckler and Thug of Qin, whatever they want to hear.” Haraldur grinned from ear to ear. “And why didn't you say that right away!?”

Chai asked very carefully whether he had discussed it with Lin. “Of course,” said Haraldur, “thank God we don’t agree. My opinion is that a warrior must go out into the world, kill dragons and usurpers en masse and fuck a princess now and then. Lin wished me luck with my dragons and so on, but she sulked a bit when it came to the princesses. But otherwise we get along fine.” Chai understood that Haraldur and Lin would have to tussle for a while before Haraldur was ready to drop anchor. He hurried to the throne room.

Chai was a leader by nature and that was good for a king. He treated the councilors with respect and gave them a lot of freedom to complete their tasks. He had hired cooks from the neighboring cities and entertained the people for a whole day while the old king was buried with all the honors. He had left neither concubines nor concubines behind, so he could breathe a sigh of relief.

He sat with Haraldur and the commanders of the guard for days and in the end everyone was satisfied. The king wanted the magnificent guard back in its former glory plus 20% more. The guard had to provide the bodyguard. And the royals had to be trained as a “small” guard and trained day after day. “I know that’s more work for You, gentlemen, but I never want to see a disaster like the uprising again. If you don’t train for a day, you get no food and no pay, it’s as simple as that. I don’t see the guard as bouncers with big egos and little skill at arms. They are elite soldiers, scouts, tacticians and invincible close combatants with all weapons. In the field, in the forest, in the swamp and also in the marble palace. Each and every one of them has to teach me fear, I ask no less. I fought side by side with General Haraldur for 30 years, I expect him to teach you all the tricks, because he can do a lot, even though he doesn’t know how to fight with a stick. Be strict with the guys and blame all the trouble on the king, I can take it. Be strict and kick them in the ass until your boots have holes in them. But make elite fighters out of each and every one of them, because that’s exactly what I did with the emperor 20 years ago.”

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Chai interfered very little in the work of the councillors. They had to present the tasks and solutions in a short, concise form, because he wanted to be and be informed about everything. He knew nothing about most things, neither about trade, nor about agriculture, fishing or forestry, but that was what they were there for. He discreetly forced two reluctant councillors into retirement, as his father had advised him to do. He appointed the Primus as Supreme Councillor, which was not just a title and better pay, he knew how good the man was and only asked that he keep the councillors moving. The Primus grinned because the new king was turning exactly the right screws and not ruling like the old king, who was very good-natured but let things run their course.

Chai demanded a new law from the Supreme, with a new and arguable regulation. Until now, the loot and taxes had become the property of the king. That was bad. The loot, profits and taxes had to be the responsibility of the treasurer, the king received a salary like all councillors, for example. The chief thought for a moment and nodded in agreement, “We’ll sort that out, Your Majesty, you’ll be happy.”

Chai went home every evening, the palace wasn’t finished yet and Mulan was quite happy with it. They both knew that one day they

would move in. That was the way it was. Chai hadn't given the builders any more instructions than that he wanted a large, elegant bedroom for the king and queen, not two. He did walk around the construction sites, but only to show his face. He nodded and praised and cheered them up, but he had no idea what they were actually doing. Nevertheless, the councillors were very happy with his tours because it boosted morale. The chief grinned, the king was doing that right too. The builder did not need to know how to lay tiles.

Chai and Mulan rode around Qin's palace twice at a walking pace. Five months had passed, and all the work was completed in 20 days. They inspected the private chambers. As he left, he whispered, "not even the empress has such a magnificent bedroom!" Mulan grinned. Of course, he had to know. She kissed him on the mouth. "I'm sure I'll feel very comfortable here!"

One of the next evenings, she told him she had a good idea of what she wanted to do in the future.

He listened very carefully.

The old storyteller stood up and drank the large wooden mug of thin beer in one gulp. Then he bowed deeply in courtly fashion, because there was a thunderous applause. He grinned, because while he was telling the story, the girls and women were busily rubbing the cocks of their unknown neighbors and continued doing so because the story was far from over. And he saw very clearly how the women and girls in the back rows and behind jumped, twitched and moaned in the grass, one after the other, being fucked in rapid succession by one and the other of teenagers and adolescents, all evening long.

We trotted home, three girls from the village were keen to go with us. Min agreed, and that was all that mattered. Min put more wood on the campfire and opened the first of the 5 bottles of wine that the girls had "coincidentally" brought with them. All three girls were very young, the oldest was 17, as far as Min could find out. They drank a lot of wine, the girls were not used to it and got tipsy quickly. Pyi

questioned the girls about everything, the two 16-year-olds and the 17-year-old told their crush everything dirty without reservation. These girls were for sure no virgins anymore, most girls were deflowered in the rural society at 12 or 13, not later.

Pyi was still a little hoarse from the lecture, but his eyes sparkled when he asked one of the 16-year-olds how old she was. Finally she admitted that she would not be 16 for another 4 months, but her friend was already 16 years and 8 months old. Pyi chose the younger one, took her on her lap and unpacked her bit by bit. She was a pretty girl, like the other two, her pussy was only covered in virgin down. Pyi pointed to the 17-year-old with his chin. "Master Tshü, relax and take care of this lovely child!"

I looked into Min's eyes, but she smiled kindly and nodded invitingly. So I grabbed this girl and slowly unpacked her. She had quite womanly curves and a frivolous look that scorched my pants. I smiled again into Min's eyes because I had the feeling that I was cheating on her. At least I was cheating on my own feelings. But what the girl's look had promised, she kept, gentlemen! I fucked her with increasing pleasure because she aroused my carnal desires. I was still fucking her when Pyi had already finished with the first one and pulled the third one onto his thighs.

I granted the old man it, I wasn't keen on the little girl, but on the child-woman Min, clearly. Clearly. Nevertheless, I was now caught up in my own carnal desires because the little one excited me for a very long time, at least 20 minutes. She didn't orgasm, but she grinned triumphantly and rather cheekily when I squirted after a long time. I sat back down on my pillow and drank a glass of wine.

Ten days passed pleasantly and productively. I asked for many details about Emperor Qin Shihuangdi's military campaigns and of course I was very interested in Empress Lin Shi's love life. I had the impression that I was describing a sexually colorful bird of paradise. Min sometimes gave me a friendly nudge in the side when I was too obvious and too curious drilling about sexual details in Pyi's memory. But all in all it was a good time until we were unpleasantly surprised by the events.

Ragged, dirty figures appeared on the other bank of the river. Pyi jumped up because his hawk eyes saw more than Min or I. "A pack of robbers from Wudan-Shan!" Pyi exclaimed in surprise. Then the first children arrived, who brought us food from the villages every day. "The robbers are coming, the robbers are coming!" the children shouted from afar, "they are attacking all the villages and robbing us!"

Pyi took one of the older girls aside and told her to tell as many facts as possible and not just shout. The girl visibly pulled herself together. "The robber gangs are coming with a large army from the mountains to the villages in the vast plain that stretches to the capital. They are the advance troops that have attacked and set fire to the villages on the other side of the river. The village chief said several hundred thousand men, they were still ten days' journey away. "I don't know any more than that, honorable Master Pyi Lai," said the girl. Pyi sent the children away, telling them to stay close together and not to dawdle until they got home.

Pyi rummaged in one of the wooden boxes. He took out a Japanese long sword, a katana, and a shorter Chinese sword with a straight blade. He pressed this into my hand. He belted himself with the katana and the shorter sword, the wakizashi. He looked at me seriously. "I know, dear Tschü, that you haven't wielded a sword for more than 20 years, but you don't forget something like that. I haven't needed mine for 120 years, even though I go everywhere with them. I like Japanese swords and the Japanese fighting style, but I'm sure I'm a bit rusty. Here, my dear friend, take the whetstone, we don't want to fight with blunt weapons!" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Min setting up three different axes that she used to chop firewood in the entrance to the cave. She glanced at me briefly. "I've never held a weapon in my hand, but I'm going to smash their heads in like they were firewood." Her smile was a little strained, but we were just as scared as she was. We didn't take our eyes off the other side of the river all day. We took turns keeping watch at night so that no one would surprise us.

Nothing happened for two days, so far, so good. Somehow I would have been quite happy to fall at the side of my beloved child-wife. Pyi

had given her a small dagger in case we men fell. She should take her own life, he said, the robbers from Wudan Shan treated women worse than their dogs. Min nodded, she would not fall into the hands of the guys alive. I composed a kind of “last words”, numbered the bamboo sticks and wrapped them in a cloth, then I climbed up the cave wall and hid the bundle in a crack.

We had been waiting for the attack for five days now. Early in the morning, Pyi, who was on guard, woke us up silently. He pointed to the forest and to his ear. We listened, we heard dry branches crackling. They came to the only place where you could get into our cave. They had scouted it out really well. Pyi and I lined up hidden on either side, Min stayed in the cave, with a large axe in her hand. We waited breathlessly with our swords drawn.

An old man and a scribe. They will sweep us off the path in the blink of an eye. But the path between the slope and the rock was so narrow that only one man could pass through. And Pyi had studied strategy probably 600 years ago for a good reason. The first one came on tiptoe, I jumped at him silently from the side and rammed my sword into his gut. He stumbled to the side, right in front of Pyi's sword. His head flew down the slope in a high arc, Pyi kicked the headless body in the side so that it too rolled down. They came one after the other. Pyi's sharp sword hissed with a soft song and the next head rolled. The attackers paused, five heads less. Then they tried the crowbar. Now two of them squeezed through the narrow passage, Pyi and I beat them to pieces. But they simply did not give up. The captain could be heard roaring behind them, evidently forcing his men to attack senselessly with his sword drawn.

The fight did not last long. Pyi stepped out of cover and raised three fingers. “There are only three left, we should just wound them!” he ordered and I nodded clearly. They came one by one, I rammed my sword into their intestines and Pyi knocked them out with the pommel of his sword. Pyi put his sword in its scabbard after wiping the blood off on the rags of a robber. We kicked the last corpses from the path into the abyss, then we laid the 3 dying men next to each other. Pyi knew he had little time for the interrogation.

A large troop, over a thousand men, were combing through the enchanted forest where our cave was. They were a day or two away. The folk tales about the enchanted forest had been thrown to the wind, there was no enchanted forest, for heaven's sake! A spark lit up in Pyi's eyes. The dying men gave information about where the army was, roughly. Pyi cut off the heads of the three. Min and I ran down the slope and dragged the dead to the river, letting them float down. There were 18 of them.

We had searched the area for scattered robbers, Pyi had made a small sketch with my brush. I recognized our surroundings. Above the river and the cave, below the forest with a few clearings and prominent waypoints. I marked where the three small ponds were, then the map was complete. We recognized where the troop was. Well, they might have advanced a thumb's breadth further, but there were only one or two safe paths to take. Pyi straightened his back. "I will drive them away, once and for all. Alone. Master Tshü, I entrust my daughter to you, protect her with your life!" I nodded, dumb with amazement. How could he drive away a thousand men ALONE? Pyi laid down his swords, took off his cloak, and ran naked and light-footed to the river. Min and I followed him.

My brush trembles as I write this down, for Min held me back by the sleeve. "We must keep a few steps away," she said quietly, for she knew what was coming. Pyi stood still, and a blink of an eye later a DRAGON stood in his place! Yes, as sure as I sit here writing these lines, Pyi had turned into a dragon in an instant. I saw a real, living dragon for the first time in my life!

He was about 6 meters tall and his bat-like wings had a span of a good 20 or 25 meters. His scales were dark green and dark blue, the membrane between the clawed "fingers" was black. In his mouth were rows of terrifying predator teeth, large, pointed fox ears and eyes as big as the palm of my hand. The air steamed from his nostrils. Suddenly I heard his voice, a voice like dull thunder. "Watch over her well!" growled the dragon Pyi and nodded to both of us, then he swung himself into the air and soon disappeared. Min tugged on my sleeve. She pointed to the path with her axe. "Let's follow him,

Tshü, maybe we have to help him!” I broke out of my paralysis, I had seen a real, a true dragon!

We ran along the path until we got a stitch in our sides. We had to rest for a moment, then we ran on. We could hear the screaming from far away, it was awful to hear. We became more cautious as we approached the first clearing by the pond. Horribly mutilated corpses lay everywhere, as if torn to shreds by wild tigers, burned bodies floated on the pond. Weapons, equipment and dead women lay in a wild jumble. We walked carefully on. We heard a rumble of thunder, but it must have been the dragon. We came to a hill where you could see quite far. We lay in wait. The dragon swooped down again and again, with people screaming in terror in its claws, which it tore to pieces and let fall. Wherever there was a clear space, it glided close to the ground and spit fire across the ground, burning rows of men and women.

The fight of one against all had already lasted for long minutes, the robbers ran in droves in the only direction the dragon was driving them. There must have been dozens, maybe hundreds, that the dragon had killed. The robbers ran, they ran for their lives in the only possible direction. The dragon remained sitting in a clearing and roared so that it could be heard far away: “This is the enchanted forest, it belongs to me, to me alone, and you have broken in, you worms!” The scream must have been heard hundreds of meters away, we were more than 500 meters away and could hear it clearly. “Get out of here and never enter my territory, my forest again!” screamed the dragon, watching with a keen eye to see if everyone was running for their lives. “Anyone who comes closer than 500 steps to the forest will die!” the dragon screamed, thundering.

The robbers ran out of the forest, into the fields and only stopped after several kilometers. I held my breath when the dragon took off 10 minutes later. It flew into the first nearby village and landed on the village square. There was no one to be seen, everyone had hidden themselves away. “Follow my flight, you will find many dead robbers, that will be rich booty for you. Throw the bodies into the river so that they do not pollute our air.” It took off and flew towards us. We jumped up and ran to the cave, where Pyi was already waiting for us

impatiently. He had only thrown his cloak loosely around his head, and we soon realized why. There were arrows in his back and in his sides.

Min was horrified, she fetched the first aid kit. Pyi gritted his teeth as Min and I pulled out the arrows. There were 8 of them. Min treated the wounds with tears in her eyes. "How could you be so stupid as to attack them alone!" she cursed, but she knew as well as we did that there was no other way. He had killed a large number of robbers and put the main force to flight. Pyi turned his head to us. "I think they know who the enchanted forest belongs to now!" He was the only one who laughed out loud at this. "Tshü, dear friend, give me a quick cup of wine or two, I'm dying of thirst!" Min allowed no argument, Pyi had to lie down on the sleeping mat and let the worried Min cover him. She put another cup of wine and the bottle in front of him, it was pointless to argue with him about it. She put water on for tea and looked through her herbs. She knew he would have a fever during the night and prepared a herbal tea.

I sat with Min all night in the entrance to the cave, we held hands or she leaned her head on my shoulder. She told me all her secrets and I told her mine. We looked at the silvery river that reflected the moonlight. I will not reveal our secrets to you, because Min had many, many interesting love affairs to tell. Pyi did not lock her up, she had every freedom to choose her love partners. She smiled gently. "He had hundreds of girls sitting on his lap and certainly fathered a few bastards. I did not interfere with that, that was his life, not mine. And making love to the girls never appealed to me."

Min kept getting up to add wood, pour herbal tea and feel his feverish forehead. At sunrise the children from the village came and brought us breakfast and pre-cooked food. They reported excitedly that they had seen the dragon in the sky, that it had killed a whole lot of robbers and chased the rest out of the country. We nodded, we had also seen the dragon, it breathed fire and tore robbers to pieces with its claws. Min spoke to one of the older girls, she needed bandages and more herbs for the fever tea. The children reported that the men of the village took everything useful from the dead and pushed the

bodies into the river, but they were not allowed to take part, although they thought it was so great to push the dead into the river.

We ate our princely breakfast, Pyi had a fever and we had to force him to drink the herbal tea. He had a fever for two days, he talked nonsense in his madness or shouted at people who weren't even there. Min said that was nothing to worry about, the fever was part of the recovery. It was clear to me that she was saying it mainly to herself, to encourage herself. We talked for hours together, she changed the bandages after she had rubbed the wounds with healing ointment. I was very surprised at how quickly the wounds healed and left only scars. "I know that," said Min, "I think it has something to do with his longevity."

We spent the next few days in intimate, direct and uninhibitedly honest dialogue, but we often listened to see whether the robbers really stayed away. In fact, an adult came with the children every morning to report to us on the situation in the villages and the lowlands. Even if we had to do without Pyi's advice for the first three days because of his feverish delirium, we soon had a clear picture. The majority of the robber army retreated to the east, which was a catastrophe for others, but even hardened robbers would not go up against a fire-breathing, invincible dragon. And a thousand men had actually seen the dragon, not just a few children. That was pretty strong stuff.

On the fourth day, Pyi awoke from his feverish delirium. All of his scars had healed and not a single wound had become infected. It was a miracle to me, but he shared Min's opinion that this was due to his longevity, which one of the magic witches had given him in the cradle. He asked the man who had accompanied the children early in the morning. He had the troop movement described to him in detail and breathed a sigh of relief. The dragon had shattered the robbers' to their bones.

Pyi Lai was back to his old self. Like every morning, he pulled one of the young girls onto his mat, his morning wood screaming for satisfaction. The girl was proud to be chosen and was mesmerized, although the old man never hypnotized any of them. He knew almost

all of them, he had already fucked many of them for the umpteenth time. But they were attracted to him, they didn't want to fuck with the idiots of the same age, but with the old man who attracted them as if by magic and who could fuck so wonderfully well.

He did not strip the girl naked, but fucked her under her skirt, quickly and unspectacularly. He deflowered her tenderly and sensitively if she was still a virgin. Most of them, however, were no longer virgins, but they still looked forward to the act like virgins. A morning fuck like this only lasted a few minutes, he had to squirt the semen that had built up during the night into her, it was as simple as that, the girls rarely had an orgasm. He was indifferent to whether he fathered a bastard, he didn't care one bit. At first I watched fascinated, but over time it lost its special charm, I had gotten used to the old man's quirks.

Day after day, I went over my notes with Min while Pyi was having fun naked on the mat with young women and newlyweds, cuddling with them and fucking most of them properly. The girls and young women were magically attracted to him, they lay down with him purely for sexual pleasure and secretly hoped to get pregnant in the process, for which he was widely famous.

The young women and newlyweds came to finally become pregnant, that was absolutely clear to them and Pyi. They usually came in twos or threes, rarely did one come alone. Many came from far away settlements or villages, they stayed overnight with their girlfriends and came back the next day to be fucked by the wonderful man again and again. At that time, only the week in which conception was possible was known, the week in which conception was possible. They came almost every day at noon and lay down next to him.

They knew how much he enjoyed to see their naked bodies, so they lay down completely naked next to him. They were mostly between 20 and 25, their husbands were either infertile or lazy. Although everyone was aware of it, they did not talk about "cheating" but rather about the dream of motherhood. They warmed themselves and Pyi up with good wine, then they romped naked on the mat and let the master fuck them. The goal here was not their orgasm, but

rather that he ejaculated into her fuckholes as often as possible. As always, I was fascinated by the indescribable sadness in the women's eyes after sex; it seemed to be in every female soul. Min, who also always had this sad expression, said that even animals were sad after mating. I had not yet been able to figure out what the gods' purpose was with this strange sadness.

Min smiled inscrutably. You should have seen him, dear Tshü, when he was much younger. The magic sisters' spells on his cradle gave Pyi a virility I've never seen before. The men I knew had enough after the first ejaculation. A few managed a second round, only a handful managed to fuck me three times. Not so Pyi, he was blessed with a meaty cock that could fuck x-times in a row, even without an erection. I remember afternoons when he fucked 10, 12 or 15 women one after the other like a machine. Until when his semen was bone dry. The women camped on the river bank and came up to the cave every day after lunch, dancing naked, singing and clapping in rhythm sitting around the campfire and encouraging Pyi and the woman to finally finish and make way for the next one. The women came from far away because his reputation for impregnating all women spread like wildfire. I gave him something to drink or wiped his sweaty body with a rag and made sure that he could fuck undisturbed, otherwise the girls would have torn him to pieces as if they were in a frenzy. Even the most chaste, shy and faithful wives gave themselves up willingly after initial hesitation, because it was really just sex that they were given without any false romanticism and that did not betray their master and lover through infidelity behind his back.

Min hardly corrected anything. She only asked me to remove what I had written about her dazzling love life. She advised me to shorten my meticulous notes on the equally dazzling love life of Empress Li Shi, because even now, 600 years later, Li Shi was revered like a saint, which she undoubtedly was despite her dissolute life, the people had no doubt about that for a moment. Min initially doubted that the imperial seal on the underside of the currency, the silver boats, actually depicted Li Shi's pussy and Qin Shihuangdi's cock. But she looked closely at a silver boat and paled, because I was right.

Two months had passed since I had been staying with Pyi Lai and Min. When I had only been there for two weeks, one morning I sat next to Min when the girls from the villages had brought breakfast and the day's food. We watched the morning ritual, Master Pyi had the girls parade in front of him, spin in circles, lift their skirts. Then he took the hand of a girl, this morning she was supposed to lie down next to him to be fucked with his morning wood. The girls beamed happily when they were fucked by their big crush.

Min looked at me sideways in the first few days. "Don't you want a girl on your mat in the morning, Master Tshü?" she asked unexpectedly. I looked at her in surprise. "I haven't thought about it before. I've always suppressed my desires, because I get to unite with the most beautiful woman in this cave at night, and that's very important to me!" Min gave me a friendly nudge in the ribs. "Do you think you won't get me at night if you, like my old man, bang one of these girls in the morning until she loses sight and hearing?" Min shook her head disapprovingly. "Be yourself and don't use me as an excuse! I insist that you choose a girl too if you like one! Only those who want to be banged come here! And many of them come every day, because there aren't that many willing girls in this part of the country." So it happened that I also took part in this morning ritual. It was wonderfully relieving to fuck one of these sweet little ones and Min's smile assured me of her consent. Day by day I had the feeling more and more that I had let this clever, wise child-woman deep into my closed heart.

When around midday a few young women and newlyweds showed up to lie naked with the master, giggling and cuddling with him and letting him fuck them properly, Min and I lay down on a mat a little deeper in the cave. We didn't giggle or giggle, we held each other tightly and watched the fun goings-on. We contented ourselves with gently stroking our nakedness and occasionally fucking, because if I stroked Min long enough, she also wanted to fuck. Min remembered many love affairs that she had experienced and she whispered to me about the mostly filthy pleasures. Once she told me what happened on the "Black Raven Mountain", because no one had dared to venture into these mountains before. She sat on the back of the dragon that Pyi had transformed into and they flew to the mountain at night

at a low altitude. His mother and her sisters were already waiting there; they had lit a fire near one of the many large stone slabs and were cooking a magic potion. Min had to lie naked on the stone slab, which strangely warmed up. The mother and sisters danced, sang and ceremoniously said magic spells while Pyi sat a little way off and had to watch; men did not take part in this ritual. Min had to drink a large wooden mug of the brew; it tasted horrible and spread great heat in her stomach and then throughout her body. Since Pyi had wished that she would get her hymen back, the good witches put their hands on Min's pussy. She could literally feel the hymen being re-formed. She knew how much Pyi enjoyed deflowering her every year. After initial discomfort, she was now looking forward to this moment. They flew back to the cave about two hours later, Min felt very comfortable in her renewed body. Pyi let her turn 16, 17 and sometimes 18 and renewed her hymen, because he loved Min like no one else.

Min told me on one of these peaceful afternoons spent caressing how Pyi's style of lecturing had changed over time. She had accompanied him for at least 70 years. For the first 40 years he let the girls ride him in a "reverse cowgirl" style during the lecture. The customs in the rural areas had always been relaxed and natural. The girl sat on his cock with her back to him, usually quite openly and bluntly. She leaned on his knees with her hands and bounced her ass up and down. In the small towns the girl stayed seated after each of her orgasms and rode him until his voice failed and he squirted his full load. In the villages the custom had developed that after her orgasm the girl made way for the next girl, so that several girls rode him until he squirted.

But gradually the situation changed. Prudish people complained to the mayor that pure, disgusting lewdness was spreading under the pretext of telling stories. The storyteller let young girls fuck him in front of everyone, women and girls in the audience blatantly grabbed the cock of the man sitting next to them in the most lewd manner, and behind the last row of seats the dissolute girls and women let themselves be fucked one after the other by the teenagers. For a few weeks the mayor sent his minions to the lectures to ensure order and discipline. Of course, the whole thing quickly fizzled out again, the

mayor no longer wanted to cover the costs. So bad morals gradually came back into fashion. Men wanted to have their cocks rubbed by the unknown women sitting next to them and secretly squirt again and again. The teenagers and adolescents wanted to fuck one woman, one girl after another in a row, back in the grass, to hell with the prudish people!

In the last 15 to 20 years, Pyi no longer wanted to squirt, heaven knows why. The girls could still sit on his cock backwards, but no longer ride him. He reached under the girl's skirt and masturbated her clit to orgasm as often as she wanted or could hold out. Min said that maybe he was feeling his age, but it was more likely that he no longer wanted to impregnate such young girls. Min could understand that very well.

I was allowed to see the dragon just once more and even fly behind Min sitting on its back. And that happened like this. The men from the village reported to Pyi every day about the state of affairs. The main force of the Wudan Shan mountain robbers was about to overrun the chain of villages and settlements that were on the edge of the enchanted forest. Pyi had a plan, a very simple plan. We followed him to the river bank and he transformed into the dragon in an instant. Min climbed onto his back and helped me up. It felt almost like being on the back of a horse; you could feel the breathing animal with your ass and legs. The scales, the size of your palm, were as hard as stone; you had to find a place to sit and not drag yourself around. I held on to Min's waist; she had grabbed two large scales. The dragon took off and I felt dizzy. It rose and rose into the sky, I looked down in wonder at the enchanted forest and the river. We were perhaps 200 feet above the forest, I saw the three small ponds and the clearings. What a sight!

I already suspected where we were going, to the rocks at the edge of the forest. And indeed, the dragon Pyi landed next to the rocks and left us behind. We climbed up the highest rock, we saw the villages and settlements lined up like a chain at the edge of the forest. And we saw the great plain that stretched to the imperial city. The dragon flew low and slowly over the villages to the cloud of dust in the south, the army of the robber bands. It flew over the army at a safe height

where arrows could not reach it. The trek came to a halt, everyone stared up at the monster. The dragon flew back and forth several times along the trek so that everyone could see it. The head of the trek was now about an hour away from the settlements. The dragon settled on a hill, clearly visible.

He screamed in a loud, thunderous voice. "You miserable worms, you are approaching my territory, my property, the enchanted forest and the villages over which I rule!" Dr Treck was frozen, they looked at the dragon, who flashed his predatory teeth. "Turn around or turn out into the great plain, I do not care. But as I have already threatened your vanguard, I will burn and tear to pieces every one of you worms if you dare to come closer than 500 feet to my forest, to my villages!" The dragon's terrible voice died away, then he rose into the air and circled around the head of the trek. His flying movements caused the trek to turn away, they actually moved out into the great plain. Here and there it landed next to the trek and, breathing fire, burned the ground, which they then did not dare to step on. The spectacle lasted all afternoon and well into the night, when the campfires were lit and everyone settled down for the night.

The dragon picked us up in the middle of the night and we flew back to the river bank on its back. In an instant Pyi transformed into the old man who threw on his cloak and went with us to the cave. Pyi smiled, "I'm glad that we didn't have to fight, because I'm actually too old and too exhausted to fight." Pyi flew off every day as a dragon to observe the trek. It was a huge mass that was threateningly on its way to the imperial city. For ten days the trek rolled past the villages, only occasionally did small groups dare to ride into the villages and extort food. The dragon brought them within a hundred feet of home, then swooped down from the sky and burned the guys.

I must admit that it did me a lot of good that Min had gently forced me to fuck one of the cute girls before breakfast. I soon knew them all, because there wasn't much choice, but the variety was really damn good for me. Cuddling and fucking with Min in the afternoon, fucking her at night and letting her fall asleep on my chest made me feel more masculine and stronger than ever before.

I will definitely return home a different person.

Pyi hadn't given a lecture for two weeks, now he picked up speed again and gave two a week, like before. Min could feel how much pain my heart was feeling as the date for my return home approached. I postponed it day after day, I couldn't yet part with the sweet, lovely child-woman. yi grinned maliciously. "Stay as long as you want, the biography can wait. And you wouldn't be a bad son-in-law, Tshü!"

I knew full well that I couldn't stay here. But how do I tell my cock that?

Min knew about my inner struggle. She packed my things and went to the village to buy a riding horse for me. She wouldn't let me pay for it, "Pyi has a mountain of treasures, he'd be happy to invite you on it." I was speechless, and so was my cock. Min was certainly just as sad as I was, she didn't hide it. But she was practical and didn't want to put off the inevitable until doomsday. We cried for hours in our final embrace, then I sat up. I had already said goodT-shü to Pyi in the cave and promised him that I would send a copy on the newly developed paper to the village chief.

I pressed my heels into the flanks of the good-natured horse. I couldn't see the way because of all the tears, but I kept looking around to where Min was standing under the oak trees. She was also crying like a dog, I could see and feel that. She gradually disappeared from my field of vision and I looked ahead.

I would arrive home in about 35 days.

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