Jack X. Faber



# Jack's Erotic Fairy Tales - Collection

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# Summer of Awakening

by Jack Faber © 2006

My father had been working abroad for years and rarely, every few months, came for weekend-visits. After my mother died, young Isabella, whom father had taken with him from a trip abroad from Spain, had stayed with us, taking care of me and the household; I was about four years old at the time. We had moved into a small apartment, kitchen and living-bedroom. The apartment was big enough for both of us, during the day we had the kitchen, at night we slept in the big bed. Isa had married my father, only sometimes they quarreled and my father said bad things that I didn't understand. He would have taken her off the street where she was still hustling today if he hadn't saved her.

Then I had to sit down at the kitchen table, he shut the door to the bedroom tight, and I heard the bed groan and squeak, they were humping so hard. Isa had explained these things, fucking and having children, to me many times, but now I was already 13 and too old to ask about it. But when Isa then came out of the room and tied her hair up, I realized how much the argument had hurt her.

Mostly, though, she was cheerful and smiled at me, because she liked the humping they did all weekend when he came to visit. Then she would quietly whistle pretty songs and rattle the dishes for quite a while until her father called her again.

She smiled broadly and put a finger over her lips, telling me to be quiet. When she was in a good mood, she made a fist and put her thumb between her fingers, that meant humping, and went to him smiling. When I was little, I asked her why she didn't get a baby in her belly when they fucked so much. She hugged me very sweetly and pressed me to her big bosom, then she said she couldn't have babies. And then why did they fuck so much? She laughed and said because it was a lot of fun, the humping. But I was much too small to understand all that.

Of course, I didn't know then how lonely a young woman in her late twenties could feel. While I was lazily lounging at school, she was cleaning 5 hours a day for some rich women and needed the afternoon to relax, read or write diaries. She had few girlfriends and to my knowledge never cheated on father. I was too young to understand that sometimes only a sneaky sip from the bottle can relieve loneliness, of course I also knew nothing about her two faces of her sexuality – bigoted and anxious one – horny, obscene and sex addict the other. It was only much later that I realized that she had become hopelessly addicted to drinking and obsessive masturbation during her years of loneliness.

When I was young, of course, we slept naked in the summer. I enjoyed it very much, because we wrestled on the big bed and played innocuous games. When I was young, nudity was natural and pleasurable for both of us, especially when Isa touched my little cock or the sack in the game or gently pulled back the skin and gently stroked the little glans. We played this all the time, because she obviously liked it a lot and I innocently enjoyed it when she played with my little cock.

I also loved the sucking game very much, when Isa took my little cock in her mouth and played with her tongue on the glans. We loved it very much because her tongue made him a little stiff, and when she kept playing with her tongue, the little cock throbbed pleasantly in her mouth. We played this for a long time, but when I was about 13, the little cock turned into a really big cock that I was very proud of, and that could already really squirt, as we discovered when we played wiggle. More and more often we played the sucking game, he was now really big in her mouth and the glans came out by itself, swollen thick from licking and tonguing. Then her tongue stopped for a moment because the cock and glans were already throbbing nicely and pleasantly. She tongued again very finely, it spurted out of the glans in bumps and she sucked and swallowed it all down and continued tonguing until it became quite soft. Once she said in a whisper that she liked the sucking game best, then she delicately took him out of her mouth and we played something else, mostly the good old wiggle game.

From time immemorial we both loved it when I lay on her naked body, her belly and wiggled my bottom back- and forth. We held each other warmly, cuddled innocently and my butt wiggled. From an early age, I lay on her belly and wiggled more and more wildly and she acted as if she had lost in this fight. She first put her arms to the side, then the kicking rage made her legs spread away just as sideways and danced like a madman on her pubic and frizzy hair. Until the little cock stiffened halfway and groped its way forward. I soon realized that I found the little hole better when I pulled the foreskin all the way back over the glans and then it slid in almost by itself. Isa always smiled when the little cock found its way into the hole all by itself. The winner was the one whose little cock found its way into the hole.

Isa usually lay there with her eyes closed and seemed to listen to herself, sometimes her hand stole between us and stroked itself down there. Beautiful minutes passed, allowing me to feel and feel the fine, warm little hole until my little cock stiffened and became quite stiff. It never took long for my little cock to start throbbing and throbbing violently before it went completely limp again. Isa always waited until it was soft and then pulled it out, hugged me very sweetly and cuddled my head, he already wants to fuck, she murmured, but you can't squirt yet. She always said that when my little cock was throbbing in her little hole. It was always a wonderful game. We played this game, over and over again, also because the end, the little cock throbbing in the little hole, felt so wonderful.

As I got older, my cock became stiff by wiggling on her warm body, then she became quiet and said: "He wants to fuck now already", but we are not allowed to, mother with son. I corrected her growling, stepmother with stepson and did not take it seriously. Nevertheless, we played the wiggle game further and I was completely surprised when I once became quite dizzy-nice and I poured out on her belly.

Isa explained everything to me in great detail, why it was squirting and that the babies were swimming around tiny and invisible in my slime. I was very proud and reassured and we just kept playing the sucking game and the wiggling game, from now on with squirting as

the end. Isa pulled me during the wiggle game mostly again well-behaved higher when I tried to get deeper to her frizzy hair and murmured, “he already wants to fuck”, but we were not allowed to. Still, she spread her legs while wiggling, because she really enjoyed it when I wiggled and wiggled on her pubic and teased and played with her breast nipples with both hands.

My little cock was getting bigger every day and it was just as much fun to put it in the little hole as it was with the little cock. When Isa was already breathing very hard after the wiggling and the breast nipple teasing and I pulled the foreskin back over the glans, Isa gasped, yes don’t fuck, yes don’t squirt! and closed her eyes because she obviously also liked it very much when I slid into the little hole. In the beginning, when I still had the small cock, she didn’t notice at all that I squirted, because I excited her very much with the breast nipple play and stuck in her little hole for a long time to squirt until the end. That was the advantage of the little cock. Later she was much more on guard and I had to be very skillful in teasing her nipples that she was distracted and didn’t notice the squirting until it was too late.

Isa always watched me carefully and said, don’t fuck! and don’t squirt! I obeyed, I knew very well that we were not allowed to fuck. So I didn’t fuck, yet I felt him getting stiffer and stiffer and then squirting as soon as he throbbed. Isa grabbed it, pulled it out quickly and said don’t squirt, but it squirted all over her belly and I enjoyed it very much. I soon learned to pretend and fool Isa by teasing her nipples really great, so she didn’t notice the squirting until it was way too late. She was then always very sad and said that we were not allowed to do that, but when I had made her gasp while wiggling, she nevertheless opened her thighs and the little hole. I liked it very much to put my cock in her hole and start squirting there. Isa kept saying don’t fuck, don’t squirt, but I mostly managed it.

I was a dear little boy who led his stepmother step by step down a devilish path.

Until I was about 12, the wiggle game of squirting was all right, we would jockey and wrestle until I won and squirted in the little hole.

Between 12 and 14 my little cock grew, and Isa always admonished me that we must not fuck before I squirted. I teased and caressed her breasts and nipples, then she opened her thighs with a gasp and let me squirt in the hole. At about 13, she liked my thick cock very much and, with her hands on my buttocks, pressed me very deep into her hole and sighed as if she wanted to pass away. When she was very aroused by my breast play, she would press me rhythmically into her little hole by my buttocks until I squirted. We're not allowed to do that, she sighed afterwards, but we did it anyway, right after that. We repeated these wiggle games two or three times a day, and gradually stopped when I turned 14.

She changed and didn't want it anymore, she wanted to do the sucking game more and more often. One day I once again made it deep into her slit, but Isa was on guard and grabbed my hard-on, pulled it out with two fingers and held it while I rumbled until I squirted. That became the new game, I wiggled my butt until it was stiff and made a deceptive attack on her pubic, and usually "unintentionally" managed to penetrate her slit. But Isa rarely wanted it anymore, grabbed it immediately and let me ram between her fingers to my heart's content and squirt on her belly. Pretty soon I wanted a second time or more, Isa smiled sweetly and let me squirt between her fingers as often as I wanted.

Meanwhile, I had learned with friend Willi and little Anni the Selberonanieren and fucking, these adventures were a secret that we were not allowed to tell anyone. I looked at Isa with completely new eyes when I looked at her nakedness. She was not very tall except for her breasts, her beautiful brown wavy hair reached almost to her hips. She was a bit fatter than Anni, who was skinny, but not as fat as Hildegard. I mean, she was at most a little chubby. Below her belly button, the dark, curly hair parted to the side above the pubic cleft. Between them, the raised mons pubis was completely hairless, so you could always see her thickly swollen slit with the labia spilling out when she was naked. I had seen this pubic fold many times, but except for the large, almost brown labia, I had never been able to see anything more specific. I was already as a little one behind to examine her there more exactly, which she repelled mostly brightly laughing.

Our sucking- and wiggling games gradually stopped when I was about 14. Now she seemed embarrassed when we cuddled naked in bed. Every now and then, even after I turned 14, we would do the wiggle game with squirting when I got her breasts and nipples very aroused. Since I stayed well-behaved and didn't make any fucking movements, I didn't squirt. But she helped by grabbing my butt cheeks to rhythmically push me into her little hole until I squirted. This is not fucking, she whispered, this is not fucking! The bigger and thicker my cock got, the more she moaned and gasped, pressing it into her little hole and whispering that we mustn't do it. But on such evenings we did it two or three times in a row, me with her breasts, her with the cock in her little hole.

After that, there was no wiggle play for several weeks. I lay masturbating next to her, feeling her abdomen and breasts. After a while, she responded to my breast stimuli, sighing and moaning as I very delicately and gently teased her clit. She remained iron for weeks and sighed deeply when I squirted. But as soon as she overcame her bigoted bourgeois resistance, she interrupted my masturbation and pulled me onto her belly. Impatiently, she plugged the hard-on into her vagina and rhythmically pressed me into her womb. I held still because we were not allowed to fuck. Only she was allowed to push my cock in and out of her vagina and let it squirt, that wouldn't be fucking, she assured me. Mostly she gasped after my second squirt and moaned miserably before jerking violently. "Uaah!". Stars twinkled in her eyes as she masturbated my cock afterward. Almost gleefully she said we must not fuck, not fuck at all! Then followed a break of several weeks without this beautiful wiggle game.

Of course we didn't fuck, I wasn't even 15 yet, but if her horniness had conquered her bigoted bourgeoisie, it couldn't go fast enough for her to get to her pleasure. I really did not fuck and remained completely passive. But I enjoyed very much that she pressed my cock inside her, it was rhythmically pressed into her vagina and that was a wonderful feeling. In, out, for half an hour. Even while squirting, she kept going and usually got to her wriggling "Uaah!" after the second squirt. She left my cock in her vagina and masturbated me, because I had once said how fine squirting was inside her. When she wasn't masturbating me, she was teasing my butt hole, sticking a finger in

and humping me. That immediately triggered my squirting. She had found that out while playing wiggle. So it was, we really didn't fuck, I wasn't even 15.

She sometimes half--heartedly whispered that I was old enough to sleep alone after all. More and more often she refused the wiggle, telling me to do it myself if it was so urgent.

At 13, it was still very different when I masturbated. Only slowly did she get used to our naked bodies touching when I masturbated – I couldn't understand her new shyness at all. Was it because of the masturbation? She was not at all surprised that I masturbated quite often before going to sleep. On the first few days, she sat up and watched me masturbate and squirt with curiosity and attention. Then she would smile with an encouraging nod of her head when I masturbated again after a few minutes break, but later she would lie quietly next to me and doze, smiling.

Very late one afternoon, while we were both reading a book, I asked her why it is said that all boys masturbate and only a few girls masturbate. First she explained to me that masturbating and masturbating are the same thing. And that it comes from the biblical man named Onan, who, according to the laws of the time, had to marry his dead brother's widow and make her children. So Onan was supposed to fuck Tamar so she could have a baby in her womb, I understood that. But Onan didn't want it and didn't fuck her, he just masturbated and splashed the semen on the floor. I understood everything and we laughed happily about the stupid Onan, who partout did not want to fuck.

Then Isa became serious again and said that probably just as many girls as boys masturbated. She completely misinterpreted my doubtful look and said "Look!" She lifted both legs spread on the bench, flipped up her summer skirt and told me to look. Then she pointed to each treasure and said what they were called, although we've learned that before from time to time. Mound of Venus, labia, vagina. Now she pulled the labia apart a bit, pointed to the clit and said you could also say clitoris. I had leaned forward and tried to make out anything in the dim light.

She said the boys masturbate with their dicks, the girls with their clits. My cock made a huge bulge in my gym shorts, which Isa noticed, of course. Whether she could do it times she overheard, sat down again and asked, the hand gently on my bulge, whether it was so urgent now, whether I had to do it to me right away? I nodded with a lump in my throat and mumbled lyingly that I could see almost nothing in the dark kitchen. Isa said “okay!” and went ahead, to the bed, quickly took off the dress and turned on the bedside lamp.

I also undressed and lay half propped up in bed. Isa sat down opposite me, first cross-legged, then with her legs spread and said that this way I could look at everything very closely in the light and it was totally okay for her if I wanted to look at her while masturbating. I masturbated that evening as often as never, looked horny between her wide open legs and on her beautiful naked sex, that let me continue unceasingly. When I was already almost from squirting, her finger tongued on the labia, pulling the skin aside so that her clit became visible. I saw very clearly how it slowly lifted and became quite stiff. Isa stroked the stiff clit, lost in thought, and I immediately had to squirt. I asked in a whisper if the girls masturbated like that? Isa nodded and immediately took her finger away in shame. She nodded encouragingly and I continued, because it made me totally squirty-horny, because she immediately overcame her bigoted shamefulness and thoughtfully stroked her clit, very slowly and delicately, all evening, until I could no longer. Just look, she had said, we girls masturbate like this, just watch! I looked and looked, while I continued to masturbate. Often she would press one hand very firmly on her pubic area because her abdomen and legs were twitching violently, then after a short pause she would continue and very gently tease her clit with her finger. I got before I fell asleep that she drank one-two sips from the bottle in the kitchen, then came back to bed and waited a bit, and then quietly and gently continued to stroke her clit.

I had long known that she always drank in the evening, but other than the smell, it never bothered me. Isa tolerated my nocturnal shenanigans in the dark, later just holding out her hand as a warm shell in which I tossed back and forth and poured myself blissfully, with which I was also satisfied for a while (today, I think she held out

her hand so that the sheet wouldn't splatter too much – she always had an old towel by her hand from then on to wipe away the mess). Sometimes I did try to press myself against her and my cock into her frizzy hair, but since I could squirt, she was on guard and careful not to let me turn around to face her. Except when she had been drinking a lot, she often felt like playing the wiggle game.

As long as I lay dutifully with my back to her, everything was no problem and wonderful. She pressed my back against her, as much as I liked to wriggle while masturbating. Because I was so hurried and demanding, she would reach around my waist with a sigh and hold my abdomen, holding my hard-on in her hand as I jerked excitedly in her warm palm, and when it squirted, she would hold her breath. A few times, when she was very drunk, I begged until she good-naturedly gave me a hand job.

She didn't seem to be a bit surprised that it excited me a lot when I touched her beautiful, soft body. Long ago I didn't stay well-behaved with my back to her, palpating more and more often her beautiful, round breasts and pressing my hard-on against her body while jerking off, pressing it everywhere and only giving a rest when she repulsed me while poking and masturbating in her frizzy hair. But if I did not touch the forbidden triangle and remained careful, she sometimes hugged me very hot and let me squirt no matter where. Surrendered, I rolled to the side, because after this excitement I wanted nothing more than to jerk off again immediately.

We both sometimes could not fall asleep, the summer was very hot and she had had a great thirst, then she stroked me shyly and carefully until I got an erection. She held me tenderly and cuddled up to me from behind and stroked my balls while I hastily jerked off. Sometimes I stopped jerking in the middle, then she pressed my back against her chest and reached for my cock.

She slowly and thoughtfully slid the foreskin up and down as I whispered secrets from my daily routine. And she loved my turgid, erotic and very detailed confessions, I soon realized. When I had confessed, she sighed deeply and shook the cock very quickly from the wrist that it just splashed! Then she immediately turned to the wall,

as if she was ashamed. But from now on I wanted nothing else and tried to tell her something as often as something happened or I thought of something, otherwise I just thought of something just to get to a handjob.

My god, was she good at it! I almost got addicted to getting that cock shaken out of her wrist real quick! A few times, when I was too impatient because she – got that with – too drunk, she sat up cross-legged, pulled me energetically toward her, and laid me across her naked lap. She mumbled mischievously winking as if she were evil and masturbated me quickly and brutally, but after I squirted she caressed me, bent down and kissed and licked my glans. It definitely wasn't a blowjob, but a gentle kissing and licking before she took it all the way into her mouth and gently sucked on it. "I love this" she murmured and played with the glans with her tongue until I had an erection again, which she masturbated again "playing the brute". We repeated this game quite often, because she loved to suck on my cock and she only let go of me when, despite the long, fine tongue play in her mouth, I no longer became stiff and simply could not squirt. Unfortunately, she made these beautiful games with her mouth only rarely.

Since that summer and its events at the latest, I looked at her with different eyes. However, as curiously as I watched her, I didn't find out for a long time when she did "it" and why she hid "it" so carefully from me. I often thought of the girls in our secret society who condescendingly told us boys that they – of course, you doofuses! – rubbed together when we (the boys) weren't around – I knew better, but kept my mouth shut. But Isa seemed different from them, was busy and industrious during the day, but quiet and secretive at night; I wanted to imagine in my fantasies that she was doing "it" – but when? I wanted desperately to watch her do it, to stay secretly awake – but at night, after I had splashed often enough, I always slept away exhausted.

One evening everything went wrong. Isa had remained seated at the table and drank, which she rarely did so openly. I could see from her eyes that in them burned the insatiable fire of horniness. I recognized her restlessness, as from time to time she pushed the light

summer dress back and forth on her thigh and briefly touched her pubis with her hand. In her soft, beautiful voice, she admonished me that it was time to go to bed. As much as I struggled to squirt that night, I just couldn't. Later, when Isa undressed, got into bed and noticed my desperation, she pressed me gently to her chest and tentatively and shyly felt for me. She asked again what was wrong. I evaded, but she persisted, stroking me gently, up and down, while I told her everything – or almost everything – about that afternoon, for that had also aroused me greatly. She kept asking, listening, and masturbating me silently, and I had to tell her the rest too, after which she rubbed the foreskin back and forth really fast until it squirted.

It wasn't enough though, so after a while I whispered that I needed it again, then I crawled onto her belly and hugged her tenderly and gently. It must have been because of her drunkenness that she sighed and tentatively opened her thighs. I lay excitedly on her belly because my cock, impatiently seeking her slit, was still dripping wet from squirting and her pubic cleft, wet and slippery, was soon completely smeared with my semen. She hugged me and cuddled me very sweetly until she noticed what I was doing and began to tremble violently.

I had to tell her again what I had done quite exactly, while I slid a tiny bit deeper into the wet slit as if by accident. She reached out to stop me, but she pressed her abdomen against me trembling at the same time and asked in a whisper how it was today, pushing the cock firmly back and forth with her hand, jerking off, even though the glans was still stuck in her's a bit. Hoarsely I confessed new, invented and horny things. Immediately she pressed it a little deeper into her trembling abdomen, jerking it firmly with every movement. Surprisingly, she didn't seem to notice that I was squirting very hard.

In between, she kept pausing and pulling it out, taking the stiffy in her hand and rubbing the glans firmly on her clit and labia, at the same time rotating her ass in circles. Then she continued rubbing with hasty strokes from her wrist and again pressed the glans firmly into the opening of the vagina, letting it slide in just a tiny bit, just the glans, although her body trembled incessantly. I was silent with

excitement, because she was trembling a lot, while she kept jerking me more and more determinedly. Again, she didn't seem to notice that I was thrusting and squirting again as she did so. She had her eyes closed and was jerking me as if it was her own cock she was masturbating.

Only now I noticed that she was stroking the clit with her other hand and in between she forgot the cock for a moment – she masturbated us both alternately and simultaneously. Then again, she rubbed my hard-on in between so furiously fast that it squirted juicy a few times, although my whole glans was still stuck in her vagina. I thrust and squirted as hard as I could, but she kept masturbating herself as if she hadn't noticed the squirting. As she shook even more violently with excitement, she realized that she wasn't ready for this step and convinced herself that I hadn't noticed her masturbating. She immediately stopped secretly masturbating and pulled out the glans with a sigh, but so slowly that a little bit still squirted over her pubic cleft and the tired rest from the squirting little monster overflowed her pubic cleft.

I lay panting next to her and whispered excitedly, that was almost like real fucking. She shrank a little and shook her head, no, no, that was not a real fucking, because we are not allowed to! That I squirted on her pubic, that's not fucking, she said persistently shaking her head, no, just on the outside, that's not fucking! For the hundredth time she whispered powerlessly that we had to stop all this because otherwise it would end in disaster. Since she seemed to want to keep her masturbation a secret, I didn't bring it up, although a thousand questions ran through my mind. I was now quite sure that she had not even noticed from all the excitement that I had really injected quite a lot of semen several times. I felt the trembling of my stepmother for a long time and smiled because we had almost fucked properly and because I had injected a very small amount. No, because I had squirted into really hard! Isa was still shaking and crying bitterly.

Lying there like a slain man, I started crying because I had done such a despicable thing, taking advantage of her drunkenness for what I thought was real fucking. Isa hid under the covers and cried as

well. My God, she sobbed softly, my God! After a while she dragged herself staggering into the kitchen and made coffee, and I could see through the open door as she drank coffee and then washed her cunt, crying. She pulled with her index finger the semen from her vagina and it was quite a lot. She had masturbated me for a long time and made me squirt quite properly. I felt so miserable that I wanted to die. How could I do that to her! When she came back in, with hard, dismissive eyes and lay down in bed silently, I howled again, my heart full of anxiety and fear, until she broke the silence and whispered that it wasn't my fault, then she stroked my hair. I understood nothing and howled myself to sleep, whimpering.

Isa had relegated me the other day to an improvised mattress bed on the floor at the foot of her bed. She seemed serious that I was too old to sleep with her. My begging look pained her greatly, and she stroked my hair with her hand, murmuring that it was not my fault. But it was no consolation, for she seemed unable to forgive herself - and perhaps me - that we had almost fucked properly. Even with Willi I found no consolation, because he was busy with all his thoughts only with fucking. Anni, whom I used to rape a few times with Willi's help, despised me. I went to her and Willi less and less often, because in the meantime I also began to despise myself.

I became angry at the whole world, especially at the women who led me only for the worse - Hildegard, Anni, Mrs. Ogawa and Isa as well. I was really angry and despairing when I sat up in the improvised crib and guessed the outline of her body in the night darkness. When the moon shone, I could see everything. I would lie awake half the night waiting to see if she moved; then I would straighten up at the foot of her bed and look at her. Usually she turned around several times in the dream and pressed herself against the ceiling as if against a lover. I realized quite clearly that she was masturbating silently and with pleasure, although she seemed to be asleep. I looked at the dimly visible outline of her back and legs; but most of all I liked to look at her buttocks when she was lying on her stomach masturbating and masturbating silently. Sometimes I would stay awake for hours until she was lying on her stomach and sticking her butt out while masturbating, doing it to herself two or three times. It was very lonely and very sad, each masturbating for himself and not

letting the other participate. One night I couldn't stand it anymore and lay down next to the sleeping one.

What is it, she asked, rising from her sleep and pushing me away until I had to sit down on the edge of the bed to keep from falling off. I can't sleep, I said, stroking the covers with one hand, feeling the outline of her body. "Don't do that," she hissed, pulling back even further; "stay in your bed, and that's final!"

I can't sleep, I said the next night, as I sat down on the edge of her bed. What is it, she asked, pulling the covers up under her chin. So many things happen, I whispered slyly, waiting impatiently. What's happening, she asked promptly, and I said I could lie down next to her and tell her everything. She hissed at me not to even think about it and pulled the blanket even tighter around her body.

I was frozen in place, staying still and waiting. After a while, I felt that she was no longer so dismissive and began to tell the story about Mrs. Ogawa. Isa whispered very angrily that she had not thought that, that the old Japanese woman had seduced me, and for the first time I heard her say really bad words about the old filthy Japanese whore who fucked young underage innocent boys, and so on. But then she listened again until I stopped in the middle. Of course, she had already become very curious about how it went on, but I now begged her to do it to me with her hand. She shook her head in denial and vigorously insisted that I get back into the crib. I obeyed sadly and defiantly. Now I lay again lonely and rejected on my floor cot, crying with self-pity.

It was not fair! Yes, I had fucked her that drunken night, I had violated the longstanding ban on fucking. She had given in the first time, had indicated that I could do whatever I wanted with her. But it was not the first time. When we played what was left of the wiggle game and she eagerly thrust my cock in and out to orgasm, she would become unfocused just before and let go with one hand to trigger orgasm on her clit with rapid rubbing. When she forgot to push me in and out, in these seconds I fucked very briefly, which she usually did not notice. Or if she did notice, she allowed it generously and at most made a comment afterwards that this was not real fucking, although

I was quite sure I had fucked her. She simply allowed this short, quick fucking because she was focused on her clit. I rarely needed to fuck for more than a minute to make my squirt.

Or, when she fucked me in the butt with a finger, I fucked unobtrusively, all the time. Also there she concentrated on her finger and said nothing that I fucked her the whole time until I squirted. This usually took a long time, and I moved only very inconspicuously, so that it did not look like real fucking. When I squirted, however, I still had to fuck very hard, but because it usually coincided with her orgasms, it was lost in the surging and twitching. I thought I was very clever to remain immobile in her vagina after squirting, she grabbed my butt cheeks and pushed me in and out a few times. Then my cock went limp and she pushed me down. She still sometimes admonished me not to fuck, even though I did keep fucking, but she never made a fuss like she did now. Fucking while wiggling she tolerated and didn't scold, but that I had fucked her properly while drunk she didn't take well. I just couldn't understand being allowed to fuck a hundred times during the wiggle play, but now it was suddenly an unforgivable mistake.

I thought about the time before the almost real fucking. Somehow she was excited and aroused greedy every day for weeks, made me kneel between her thighs and masturbated me. She always noticed early when I was going to squirt and pulled me forward by my cock, with a soft wailing sound she pushed it into her vagina. She smiled as I fucked her for a few minutes and then squirted, liberated and released. Afterwards she hugged me and whispered in my ear, after your birthday, when you're 16, we'll fuck properly! Daily it was she who asked me to kneel between her thighs. At first she only pushed my glans into her vagina and masturbated me, and when the squirting announced itself, she pushed it very deep into the vagina, because she really liked to be squirted in the vagina. Soon she changed everything again, as soon as the glans was in her vagina, she started to masturbate the clit. I was now humping her the whole time she was climaxing. When her orgasm approached, her face would contort until it turned into a diabolical twitching grimace as she climaxed. Then she relaxed and, smiling, let me continue fucking her until she squirted. We repeated it every day until that goddamn evening. She

enjoyed it very much and didn't consider this violent fucking before squirting as real fucking. Poppycock, that's not fucking, she assured me, because she didn't want it yet. She sometimes lightly bit my earlobe and murmured in my ear, later, my boy, later! That didn't help me, I was impatient and wanted it as fast as I could. And when she was so drunk, I almost did it and was banished to this stupid mattress. It just wasn't fair!

In the first light of morning I woke up and stared over at her. She was lying naked on her stomach with one bent knee across the blanket. She lay like a rider on the scrunched up blanket, stretching the soft curve of her butt back. I straightened up and saw the curl of pubic hair under the crease of her ass. She stirred sometimes like a dreaming dog and pressed her abdomen against the blanket. I suspected that she was dreaming of fucking. I was electrified, crawled to the foot of her bed and stared at her slit, which she kept pressing hard against the crumpled blanket. I bent over as far as I could and looked at her half-open cunt. Her clit had come out wide again and was almost as long as a finger limb, now she kept jabbing it hard and hard against the blanket while she dreamed. Suddenly she rammed wildly against the ceiling for a few seconds, then began to masturbate, her hand wriggling under her belly. She was sound asleep, her abdomen twitching pumpingly. My heart was pounding wildly, for she had had another orgasm in her dream!

For the next few days I slept almost not a minute and watched her half the night; she always woke up because she had become very horny in the dream, pushed the blanket away and masturbated very quietly and silently, sometimes two or three times before falling asleep again. Whenever she had had an orgasm, she lifted her head to see if the boy was asleep. He was always sound asleep, of course! Calmed down, she lay down again, spread her bent legs and masturbated with concentration. Only rarely did she stop after the first time, usually she masturbated two or three times, for hours and very, very quietly. It was a surprising and exciting discovery that Isa masturbated every night, every night! Of course, I had seen her masturbate before. But her excitement had to be high and fit the whole thing for her to do it in my presence. But that she did it every night, I found out only now.

Throughout the summer it thundered, it got hot and humid, and I still slept on the mattress – it was an excellent observation post. In the evening, when we went to bed, it was still light, and Isa always read in the evening until dark. I had been a secret observer of her nightly orgasms for a few days, she soon didn't look so stern, and when she read sitting at the table she didn't pay much attention to the position of her legs, so I could always see her pubic or vaginal fold. It excited me more and more, and I began to masturbate secretly, although it was still quite light. After a while I noticed that she was mostly watching me inconspicuously. Although I usually fell asleep immediately afterwards, I soon woke up again because she was masturbating quite loudly at night. Immediately I understood the connection that my masturbating could trigger a violent arousal with her. From now on I gave up all secrecy and masturbated exhibitionistically on my mattress for all it was worth. And then put me asleep, lying in wait like a spy.

My calculation worked out. Isa read on for a few minutes, blinking over at me to see if I was fast asleep yet. Of course I was, sound asleep. Even as she read, her fingers played a bit with a nipple, tonguing to her cleft or clit. Then she put the book aside with a sigh, quickly undressed and lay down on the bed. She spread her bent legs wide and masturbated. When her arousal increased and she closed her eyes, put her head to the side and masturbated faster, I knew she no longer heard or saw anything. Then I sat up or crawled cautiously closer at the foot of the bed to see everything very closely. With Hildegard, I had guessed more than seen from a distance, and Anni had a tiny vagina with a tiny little clit that you almost couldn't see. But now I looked at everything very closely, how it looked like and how she did it.

Where Anni had two small bulges protecting the vagina from prying eyes, thick flaps of skin hung down on her; two large, thick and wrinkled labia. Between them, a hood-like fold of skin descended from above, under which the clitoris was hidden. To masturbate, she pushed this protective fold of skin all the way back with her thumb, so that the clit came out like a little fingertip, and she masturbated that with her index finger, very gently and lightly. The clit got hard and stiff and nodded back and forth like a little ball that won't and

won't submerge in the bathtub, but she kept going and kept the little ball dancing until she orgasmed.

As she approached orgasm, her flat hand circled in an oval motion, the splayed fingers pressed on the clit, and at the end, when her abdomen began to undulate, she additionally pressed two fingers of the other hand into the vagina and fucked herself, quite firmly and quickly – as I noticed over time, she very rarely fucked herself. Now the orgasm broke loose, she breathed her pressed suppressed "Uuuchs!" and "Aaachs!" and pressed the fucking fingers only irregularly and jerking into the vagina; now, however, it was also time for me to disappear again inconspicuously in the crib and put myself to sleep, but it had to go quickly, as long as she still kept her hand pressed on her pubic and let her arousal gasp out. Almost always, after a brief pause, she did it again, or twice, before falling asleep, firmly and deeply satisfied. Of course I couldn't fall asleep, not after such excitement. Soon I heard her breathing deeply or snoring a bit, so I could still get quick relief.

Of course, Isabella had noticed from the start that he was secretly watching her masturbate from his mattress. She pretended not to notice him, and in doing so had added horny excitement of flaunting herself masturbating. Generally she considered her masturbating intimate and private and only did it secretly, not in front of him, but sometimes she felt disinhibited and did it then. Especially now that he was relegated to the mattress, it gave her a special thrill to let him watch. In her masturbation fantasies, she thought back to when he had played the then innocent wiggle game as a little boy. How he would pause and enjoy the throbbing and throbbing of his penis in her vagina. As long as he couldn't squirt, it was no special thing to her and the rotten moralist in her conscience.

His penis remained a willowy boy's penis even when he could squirt. Her moral conscience stirred, however, and she had to admonish him not to fuck. With that her conscience was quieted, he danced like a will-o'-the-wisp on her pubic, and when it rose in him, he pushed his slender boy-dick into her vagina to squirt. Sometimes she was already so aroused herself that she left his cock in her vagina and masturbated. The morally insane conscience made its judgment

afterwards that she was a depraved slut if she masturbated so publicly and exhibited herself so exhibionistically to her son. The months flew by, his cock grew, became longer and thicker. She seduced him until he put it inside her. He obeyed the ban on fucking, but could no longer squirt “on his own”. She pushed him in and out herself, letting him squirt in her vagina and her vagina signaled, with a cock like that you could orgasm already! Startled, she stopped and brought herself to orgasm with her fingers. And so the weeks and months flew by with sinful goings-on.

She struggled with the terrible inner conflict, because against the fierce resistance of her petty-bourgeois, bigoted conscience, she slowly and carefully manipulated him in the direction of fucking. For squirting, he was allowed to fuck a little at first. Every day she moved this limit further forward, the little bit became more. The longer he fucked her, the more often she came to the orgasm she had missed so much. Of course she said afterwards that it was not a real fucking, because they were not allowed to do that. Her guilty conscience often forced her to take a break from fucking for weeks, then she gave him nice hand and mouth jobs because she wanted to soothe her conscience. He was so frugal, her dear boy never made demands. Squirting, yes, it had to be done, but he didn’t care that much what led to squirting.

In the months leading up to the drunken night, she kept manipulating him, saying that they weren’t allowed to fuck and that yesterday, no, that wasn’t really fucking at all. Every night her horniness took over, she lay down comfortably, spread her thighs and began to delicately and gently stroke her clit. After a few minutes of greedy watching, he knelt between her thighs with his cock hard as a board and penetrated. He fucked slowly and deliberately, because it was never allowed to look like fucking, she had inculcated that in him. Of course, before he squirted, he lost control and fucked her so hard that she had to hold her violently jiggling breasts with both hands. Of course it took him longer and longer each day to get wild before squirting. Of course she enjoyed it very much and assured him this was really good and by no means fucking. If he went slow and deliberate, at least at first, it certainly wouldn’t be real fucking. Yes, she could sometimes explain well that they were actually just masturbat-

ing together, he in her vagina, she with her fingers on her clit. Isa sometimes doubted whether he believed her. Her conscience, in any case, tormented her a lot, because she knew what fucking and not fucking was and that she had to stop it somehow. She would get two or three orgasms before his erection went limp. It could last an hour or more, because as long as his erection lasted, she would pull him back to her after he squirted to continue non-fucking. She stroked his face and implored him insistently that this was not real fucking. She also said it to silence her conscience, but she was aware that this was total bullshit. She still considered her masturbation private, but when she was very aroused, she did it, regardless of him watching her curiously. If he wasn't done yet, she continued masturbating until he finished cuming and usually longer if she still needed the orgasm. The horny feeling she felt when he watched her masturbate curiously, as if he was seeing it for the first time, was sometimes so strong that she made a point of masturbating again after he had gone limp, to reveal herself aroused and let him watch. Sometimes she whispered that they would do it right when he was old enough. Soon.

The mattress was gone the next morning. We slept naked on the bed again, of course, and when I was already dozing off after masturbating, I felt her masturbating, which she no longer hid as before. Yes, when I masturbated very intensely, sometimes she already began to masturbate and I soon squirted and watched her masturbate in the twilight. She was always introverted, deeply immersed and orgasmed beautifully after long masturbation. They were beautiful days, I waited to masturbate and we cuddled and I stroked Isa's beautiful pubic until her hand joined and she bent her legs. Then we masturbated together, watching each other. Isa smiled and seemed happy to masturbate as often as she wanted.

She later sat down at the table where she slowly drank one glass after another while I gradually fell asleep. I was soon to realize that drinking completely disinhibited her.

In the night I woke up because it seemed to me that I felt hasty movements next to me. The bedside lamp was still burning dimly. Suddenly I was awake, feeling her quick, violent movements and her excitement. I smelled the pungent smell of liquor she gave off and

felt her heart beating furiously, the fire blazing under her skin. Driven by curiosity, I turned all the way to her and groped her curiously, but she didn't like that at all now and turned away energetically, toward the wall.

I saw from the movements of her upper arm that she immediately continued. Instantly she froze as I touched her, as my groping fingers touched her sweaty, feverishly trembling body. I continued to palpate her even though she had curled up and turned away. She wanted to continue to withdraw and was already pushing against the wall, but as I stroked her nipples and then her cunt, she gradually began to sigh and gasp deeply again and no longer resisted.

She was totally drunk and I was quite sure that I could do anything with her today. Anything. Really anything. I was insanely excited.

Slowly she turned on her back again and tentatively opened her thighs, opened to her hand, later spread her thighs very wide. Despite my excitement, I instinctively got that this was doing her good and that she couldn't stop by now.

I lay diagonally behind her, pressed against her butt, and reached my hand around her waist to bury my fingers deep in her wet pussy. I stroked and rubbed, she groaned and moaned, but after a while I stopped irritated when our fingers suddenly touched. Never before had I experienced her so sexually aroused from such close quarters, her masturbation had a violent and exciting effect on me and this arousal was contagious. With the wet hand that had just rummaged in her wet pussy, I turned her a little to the side, pushed forward all horny, then directed my cock along her ass crease until my cock touched her labia. I paused, stuck with my glans cowardly waiting between the outer labia, just a tiny little piece and only so far in that I could feel quite clearly how her labia danced back and forth with the rapid movement of her fingers.

At last, I thought excitedly, finally we fucked properly, but she seemed to have forgotten me completely and masturbated impatiently gasping and stepping away further. I groped excitedly with the

glans further inside, reached the vagina and got stuck only a few millimeters inside. I dared only a careful in and out, only a few centimeters deep, because further I did not dare, and unsettled I was also, because she was completely absent and masturbated absorbed in herself. Hooray, I fuck, I'm a very little bit right inside and the wonder of feeling her jerk off with the glans! I fucked only very gently, centimeters only, and concentrated on feeling her masturbating more and more violently, which continued for a very long time.

After long minutes she orgasmed loudly and pressed her butt down hard, so that the vagina jerked over my glans, over my whole cock, until it was stuck in very deep in her vagina, which scared me terribly. It felt like a warm, wet slug was wrapping itself around my cock and licking it off with a hot tongue; like a mouth it pulsed around my cock and seemed to want to swallow it convulsively.

She thrust at me a few times, fucking me in rhythm with her orgasm; as if struck by lightning, I winced as I squirted, but she reached for me, for my ass, and pressed me paradoxly and firmly into her orgasm, deeply. I squirted and squirted and heard her moan and whimper in release; and only now, as she jerkily quivered and fucked my cock with her vagina, did I thrust all the way in, letting it squirt in further and further, pulsating, and only casually noticing that she was holding me with both hands and thrusting into her, again and again and again, until she climaxed once more, pumping violently.

But I was already past the point of no return. I was glad that she was so drunk and let me do everything with her, really everything. My almost completely stiff one was still sticking in her vagina and I had continued with careful humping movements the whole time. Although tears were slowly rolling out of her eyes, she sighed deeply, laid down more comfortably and opened her thighs for me with a godly, shame-filled sigh. With a shy, drunken-blurry look, her hand unsteadily guided the cock into her vagina and when I penetrated, she acknowledged it with a soft wailing sound and wept with horny, bigoted shame. With the other hand she held me by the buttock so that I did not slip off and pushed my cock deep inside her, opening the vagina very softly and willingly. I felt my cock getting stiff and big

inside her and kept fucking, panting, for quite a while until she teased my butt hole in a demanding way, triggering my squirting.

She cried and smiled at me fully drunk. I knew I could do anything with her, she would let me do anything with her.

Minutes of silence, I was still quite stiff and making tiny humping motions to signal that it wasn't over yet. I could see that Isa was intoxicated and irritated and crying softly at the same time. I straightened up to rest on my knees and my hard-on flopped out. By the way she reinserted my cock into her vagina with a soft wailing sound, I could tell that she was horny for fucking too. As I fucked her, I rhythmically pushed her knees apart and she pressed her abdomen against me in the same rhythm. It only took a few minutes before she was panting, moaning softly, and her vagina was milking my cock vigorously. Her "Uahhh!" gurgled only very softly, because she now held both hands in front of her face in deepest shame. Isa moaned and cried with bliss and stroked demanding and lovely my asshole, as always when she wanted to trigger my squirting faster. This erotic asshole-humping she had trained me to do during wiggle play, so she could trigger my squirting when she wanted. It immediately rose hot inside me and I squirted really hard jets into her vagina and she cried softly as I squirted and squirted, thrusting and thrusting inside her vagina until my cock softened. Her crying gradually subsided, she eventually tiredly pushed me aside.

She knew that one day they would fuck. Isabella, of course, knew exactly what she was doing. The initially harmless wiggle games she found delightful, he could neither fuck nor squirt. Then, when he could squirt, she let him innocently wiggle his butt around and squirt for years. That wasn't fucking, she said, at least not real fucking. She kept repeating the mantra not to fuck as his dick got bigger and squirted juicily. The obedient boy stopped wiggling and became passive, but could no longer squirt on his own. Not wanting to invalidate her mantra, she took over the fucking, effectively using Jack's cock as a dildo. He seemed to enjoy it very much that she fucked herself with his cock and squirted into her vagina herself. His erection lasted up to three squirts and only then went limp. And he responded very directly to the irritation of his butt hole, enjoying being finger fucked

each time. She took advantage of the fact that his little cock had already become quite a respectable big dick and could easily bring her to orgasm.

The procedure usually followed a pattern. When she felt the well-known lascivious tugging in her loins after a two-three week break, she took his hand, with which he had started to masturbate, and placed it on her breasts. He understood immediately and with both hands he teased her breasts and nipples, which she loved very much, until she was highly aroused. Then she briefly excited his cock and inserted it into her vagina. Each time, at the first penetration, a low wailing sound escaped her as his thick cock made its way into her vagina. With both hands she pushed it in and out, and after a short time it squirted. She continued without waiting, because now his erection lasted a long time until she got her orgasm. She triggered the squirting during her orgasm or immediately after with her finger in his asshole, the pumping and jabbing in her orgasming vagina did her so good! She kept going, sliding his cock in and out, hoping for a second orgasm. Mostly, though, she didn't get one, so she triggered his last squirt with finger fucking. She had to fuck now his asshole for several minutes until he squirted.

She knew that one day they would fuck. In her mind, she mixed the common bigotry and the legal age of consent. She planned to wait until his 16th birthday to fuck, until then she wanted to keep up appearances and continue the no-longer-innocent wiggle game. But the innocence was gone. She hadn't managed a third pass in months, even though she was aroused to the breaking point. Because she was concentrating only on her own orgasm, on her clit, he began to fuck. Very gradually it became natural for him to fuck until the third, final squirt. Yes, she enjoyed it, it was the anticipation of the time when they would finally fuck properly after his birthday. He rammed fast and greedily, wanting to cum quickly. She enjoyed it when his thick cock plowed into her vagina, often bringing herself to climax at the same time as him. It was always very fast, and she assured him on good days that it wasn't really fucking after all. He was always relieved, because when she said it, it wasn't real fucking either. She repeated it until she believed it herself. Mostly, though, she got annoyed, most of all that she liked it so much herself and never stopped

him. She scolded him angrily that he shouldn't fuck her like this. But then she took his head in her hands and stroked his fuzzy head. It's all right, she said, we'll fuck one day, really fuck!

She knew that one day they would fuck. Two days before this drunken fuck, she tried to vary the scheme. Wait still, watch me, she said to him and lay spread wide. He knelt in front of her and watched her masturbate with obvious excitement and curiosity. She enjoyed it very much, moving her abdomen lasciviously and obscenely as she excited her clit. When she felt her orgasm rising, she shouted, yes, now! and he quickly penetrated her vagina. After only a few seconds he exploded and squirted in bursts, at the same time her orgasm overtook her. After a few seconds she was satisfied and slowed him down. Slowly, very slowly! she ordered, it should not look like fucking! Obediently, he immediately gave up his fast fucking and fucked very, very slowly. She enjoyed it very much, because this way her own arousal could rise gradually. This slow in and out, with a thick cock filling her vagina and also rhythmically including her labia and clit in his movements, excited her very much. Sometimes she stroked him, but mostly her breasts and her nipples. She stroked him and murmured that this was the right way, this was not fucking. She stroked him for probably half an hour until she started to gasp and moan. Now, yes, now it's coming to me! she gasped and he increased his thrusting and that triggered her orgasm immediately. She let her orgasm subside as he continued wildly and violently. She held her wildly rocking breasts with both hands. Seconds later, he squirted with his teeth clenched and his face contorted with effort. But he disobeyed when she whispered that he had to slow down now. He couldn't help it, he didn't pause and continued fucking just as wildly. Startled, she realized that she could not stop him. The violent in-out of his thick cock reignited her arousal, she held her jiggling breasts with both hands and squeezed, squeezed and tugged at her nipples, for she felt the heat rising in her loins. "Uaah! Uaah!" escaped from her throat again and again, as the orgasm lasted for minutes because of the violent thrusting. He kept thrusting, she kept whispering for him to stop, but the constant in-out made her gasp and moan in high excitement. He bared his teeth and grimaced as he finally cum. She felt his jerky orgasm, but didn't feel the familiar spurt of semen at all. He stayed inside her until his cock went completely limp. When he

was lying next to her and had slowly regained his breath, she told him not to fuck her like he had just done. That was almost like real fucking, she said, and they weren't allowed to do that. He nodded wearily and said nothing, because he didn't understand. She stroked his cock and said that he was already doing it very well, she was already looking forward to when he was 16 and they could finally fuck properly. Afterwards they hugged and stroked each other gently until they fell asleep.

Yes, last night she had allowed, no, she had virtually seduced him in her intoxication that he fucked her. Annoying that she was so drunk and made it so clear to him that he could do anything to her, really anything. If she had been more sober, she wouldn't have done it. Isa didn't know exactly how to proceed now that Pandora's box had been opened. She resolved to wait until his birthday. She knew they would fuck one day.

One of the next few days, the time finally came. Isa was already rubbing herself very quickly and didn't notice anything, she was always introverted and out of it while masturbating. She also did not notice that I knelt between her thighs and carefully pushed my hard-on closer. She was panting restlessly because her orgasm was approaching and I held my breath, because now she was rubbing so fast that I thought she could not stop, but during my careful advance into her pubic fold she cringed.

What are you doing, she cried out in startlement, fumbling for the bedside lamp, which lit up uncomfortably bright. She pressed again and dimmed the light. She knew immediately what I was going to do, of course. Isa knew she was going to get fucked today, really fucked. I knelt in front of her, stiff and irritated, holding onto her knees with both hands. Don't do it, she whispered hoarsely as I slowly bent her knees apart, which she allowed completely unresistingly and willingly. I looked at her wet cunt and the finger still resting on her clit in the bright light, and saw that her vaginal opening was still trembling slightly. I hesitantly reached out a hand to her aroused, trembling cunt and spread it a little more, whereupon she stopped gasping and held her breath because she was still so insanely horny. I curiously palpated the large, hard swollen clit that protruded perkily from its

skin fold. She flinched as if electrified and whispered shamefacedly that I should please not touch her there, but she allowed it anyway. She closed her eyes theatrically and turned her head to the side surrenderingly and shamefacedly, but she didn't resist my curious touches at all. Isa was clear that Pandora's box had been irrevocably opened, that it could no longer be delayed until my birthday. She knew she was going to get fucked right now. It was okay like that, she would be a little coy and protest formally but weakly. She wasn't going to let me win without this little spectacle.

I lay down on her belly, caressing her breasts as before and gently rocking back and forth, glans pressed firmly against her cunt. She quickly calmed down and let me have my way. I thought of how many times we had done it before and said so. Don't do it, she whispered mendaciously-fearfully, you can't fuck your stepmother! Yes, I can, I thought silently, and looking up I saw fear and despondency in her eyes, but also excitement and horniness. She had tears in her eyes, tears of shame and guilty horniness as she whispered: no, we can't fuck! Yes, Isa was a goddamn good actress!

I reached down between us with one hand and stroked the tip of my cock up and down her crack a few times. I sensed that she was still aroused to the breaking point from the previous masturbation, and that her body was thinking differently than her head. Isa knew that she was going to be fucked now. I got angry because she tearfully whispered that she didn't want to be fucked and at the same time her thighs opened willingly. Don't do it, she whispered, looking horny and excited in my face, please don't fuck, don't squirt! while she half-heartedly hinted at wanting to close her legs a bit. She reached for me and seemed to half-heartedly want to push me away, but I grabbed her forearms, bent them backwards and pushed her down behind her head. Damn it, she should let me do it! I slowly let go and she left her arms there, as if I had bound them with magic behind her head.

Isa knew that she would finally get fucked now and looked at me expectantly and very horny now and stopped crying. It rushed in my ears when I pushed her thighs completely apart with one hand and felt no resistance. She spread her thighs willingly and slowly I pene-

trated her — infinitely slowly, while I watched her suck in the air deeply with a joyful wailing sound, as always. When I had fully penetrated, she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes in mendacious shame. She whispered tonelessly that she didn't want to be fucked, but she didn't resist at all, instead opening her cunt softly and willingly, she thrust joyfully towards me as I began to fuck.

I was suddenly sore at heart for doing this to her. I put my face to her neck and plucked her nipples with my fingers, because she liked that a lot. I lay restlessly on top of her and stroked the nipples, poked a little with my pelvis and could feel the nipples gradually hardening. In contrast to Anni's tight, hard little vagina, hers looked big and soft, but was surprisingly tight. It felt like a soft, warm mass that wrapped easily around my cock, as if I were in a tight cave. Anni's vagina had always seemed like a tight, tight glove; now, however, all I felt was soft warmth and a gentle, passive embrace. It was arousing and amazing at the same time. Isa's vagina felt very different every time, very special.

Isa was breathing and panting deeply, as I lay on top of her and really fucked her. Her fear and her tears had made me quite wild, I pushed and pushed as hard as I could. Then a transformation took place with her, which I had already noticed earlier with Anni. She suddenly became very soft and yielding, pushed along with her abdomen in time and smiled. After a while she panted just like Anni when she fucked Willi and thrust wildly from below. Unexpectedly suddenly she made her "Uaah!" as she always did when she orgasmed and rolled her abdomen in short, violent waves. I felt it slowly coming up to me and churned faster and faster. Her whole body quivered and pumped along with my thrusts, and though she was still thrusting violently, she whispered choppily, "No, no, don't fuck me!"

It was far too late for that. I clenched my teeth and hurled the first jet deep into her soft, warm abdomen. She gasped and squinted, I thrust convulsively against her pubis and jet after jet spurted in from the glans. Although my cock was still stiff, I wanted to stop guiltily. But then I misjudged the situation, she nimbly grabbed my cock and immediately plugged it back into her vagina. She was not satisfied

with just one fuck, I was happy and we fucked again. She excited her nipples with her fingers and her big, heavy breasts jiggled along at the pace of the humping. Her “Uaah!” sounded and turned into gasping moans as her climax lasted quite long. She looked at me with a satisfied expression and patiently and passively let me fuck her until I finally cum. I felt my cock gradually shrink and slide out of her vagina with an inaudible plop.

I felt depressed and anxiously waited for thunder. But she remained lying there, just as I had slid off her, stroking my hair. “Stupid boy,” she reprimanded, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for it didn’t sound evil, “you’re not supposed to fuck your mommy!” I was relieved to see that she smiled graciously at me as she did so, and I closed my eyes for a few minutes, for I was happy and terribly tired.

It was a few days later that I awoke from sleep in the morning because I felt her groping for me and touching my soft cock. Slowly and gently she stroked it until it straightened up, then continued to gently stroke up and down until it stood hard and stiff. I half sat up and looked at her; her eyes smiled feverishly. I guessed that she had obviously just masturbated and was still very horny. She continued to stroke me invitingly with her hand, then leaned over and whispered in my ear, “like again?” I didn’t understand right away and looked at her sleepily, but she looked quite embarrassed and now I asked back in a whisper, “…again…. Fucking?” She narrowed her feverishly shining eyes shamefacedly and with a little-girl expression whispered, “Yes, I want to be fucked!” and after a tiny pause, “please, I need it, now!”

It was rushing in my ears, my cock was stiff to bursting and my tiredness seemed to have vanished. Hurriedly I lay down between her thighs, which she opened willingly with obvious excitement, put my head on her shoulder and played with her nipples. She reached down and very gently plugged my cock into her vagina, then hugged me very affectionately. I felt with all my senses her excited horniness and fucked her as hard and as fast as I could. From the first moment she closed her eyes and gasped, thrusting along with her abdomen as I ticked like clockwork in her tight vagina.

She became more and more excited and thrust harder and harder, then her face contorted, and after a long, heavy gasp, a small sound escaped her throat, an “Uaah!”. I wasn’t ready yet and continued to fuck vigorously. Her climax still continued, her vagina kept pumping and she kept rearing back in horny need, expelling air loudly as she orgasmed, because I was fucking hard and fast. I instinctively felt that it was just right. It rose hot inside me, then nearly knocked me over as I spurted out. She held me by the bottom with both hands, in a loving embrace, while I squirted and gradually calmed down.

She held me sweetly and gently in her arms afterwards while I dozed off again, and then she whispered in my ear that I was her little bull. Sleepily I mumbled that I wasn’t a bull after all, but she just smiled wisely and rocked me to sleep.

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# Bathing pleasures

by Jack Faber © 2020

Isabella had traveled to Spain to meet her husband – my father – and to visit her relatives. It was very difficult to convince her to leave me alone, but she had provided for everything and also left far too much money so that I would not starve during those eight weeks. I promised to go to the swimming pool every day, to eat three times a day as before, and not to do anything stupid. She would call the Eder family every Friday evening so that she could ask them anything. We knew the Eders quite well and above all, they had their own telephone. I promised everything, yes, including no parties or visitors to our apartment. I was anxious and excited to see what adventures awaited me.

On the very first day, I slept until noon and went to the pool. Many, many beautiful women's bodies, some followed the latest fashion trends and were bare-breasted, topless. What a pleasure! A horde of small dicks raged roaring in a circle, they had surrounded a young girl and became more and more insolent the more she cried in her defenselessness. The biggest of them grabbed her and brutally tore off her top and she tried to cover her breasts with her arms. The tiny ones raged, "take off! take off!". It was enough to awaken my protective instincts. My loud voice silenced them immediately, the big one got two resounding thunderclaps in the face and before the third one they all ran. I shouted after them, they must never bother this girl again!

I picked up the top and said my name. She wiped the tears with the back of her hand and looked at the piece. She was Babsi, she said, and the thing was completely torn. Babsi, she repeated, from Barbara. She innocently yet confidently let my scrutiny wash over her, straightening her shoulders to better show off her cute little breasts. We talked eagerly, my eyes wandering back and forth between her breasts and eyes, she really seemed to enjoy that. We talked for a long time, she went to the same school as me, she was 15, no, she corrected, already 16 and lived there–and–there. And no, she could not

stay, because she was not allowed to be topless, her mother forbade it. She went, after we arranged for tomorrow fix in the bath, I still mentioned that I had my own family cabin and she could turn the bath money tomorrow in ice cream. She left, smiling happily.

Half the night I saw her when I closed my eyes. She was much smaller than me and chubby, she was not very pretty, her long blond hair seemed impossible to tame, and only her gray eyes revealed that she was very smart and clever. But those breasts! Surely she was too young for me at 16, but I saw her breasts in the darkness of my room and let it squirt pleasantly. The other day I was already waiting for her with the key and we went to the cabin, at the very end of the hallway, with our hearts pounding.

We undressed, me nervously, her completely at ease. She turned to me and childishly–innocently flaunted her nakedness, long minutes of looking at me curiously and letting me look at her. We embraced, pressed our naked bodies against each other and kissed long, she was very good at that. After the last beautiful French kiss, I tried it immediately and directly, but she kindly repelled me and said she would wait with it until the wedding. She groped for my cock and whispered that she could do it very well, she had already masturbated many cocks. I nodded, let my hands rest on her breasts and she gave me a wonderful handjob, letting my semen splash on her breasts and rubbing it out with a grin. We went swimming and ogled beautiful bodies together and graded naked breasts with school grades, but she kept glancing at my swim trunks and grading the stiffness of my journeyman. She was a horny little slut and we had to go to the cabin four more times to work on my stiff journeyman. We arranged to meet tomorrow.

Babsi became a good friend, and she always liked to give me a handjob when she saw my throbbing hard-on. I looked at her nakedness with pleasure and curiosity, she had almost no pubic hair yet and under her flat mound of Venus I saw her amazingly thick pubic fold that hid both the labia and the clit, as it often is with very young girls. I stroked her pubic mound and quietly asked if she was already pleasuring herself. She beamed at me with her innocent look and whispered, “yes, of course!” I whispered that she should do it, I

would love to watch. With childlike eagerness, she nodded and sat down across from me. As she spread her legs, I looked at her small labia and saw the clit, which seemed very small to me. Then she routinely masturbated on it and I realized that the clit, while not larger, was getting very stiff and hard under her finger and twitching like a small, stiff spike as she pressed her finger on a spot above the clit while orgasming. Her orgasm came quickly, quietly and very gently, with only the hard clit and her vagina pumping very hard. She lay there for quite a long time, spread wide as she was, letting her heart slowly pound more quietly.

I bent over, looked carefully into her vagina, but as closely as I looked, there was no hymen! A completely normal open vagina, no doubt! I asked very carefully how it would be with the “waiting until the wedding”, and she whispered back, that was meant quite seriously, her mother had demanded a vow from her and.... I interrupted her and said, you are not a virgin, you no longer have a hymen! She sat up protesting and thought I was joking. Then she realized I meant it and swore she had never fucked! Her buddies were only there to cuddle and it only went so far as to give them a handjob. If one wanted to fuck properly, she went and left him standing. She had never and never fucked, she swore by all the Saints. She was still a virgin, she had to be a virgin!, she said with all certainty. Still, I noticed her insecurity.

Checkmate in two moves, I thought, and began to seduce her with clear logic. Babsi, I said, if you are a virgin and I put my finger in your vagina – Babsi shook her head in disgust – all right, I put my cock very, very carefully in your vagina, then it wouldn’t work, your hymen would have to prevent it, you would feel a pain immediately, wouldn’t you? Then you would know exactly whether you are still a virgin... Her disgust turned into thoughtful pondering, curiosity and a very small bit of horniness. I slid forward and my glans touched her labia. Do you feel it? I asked and she nodded, it doesn’t hurt! The glans slowly penetrated a little bit into her vagina. Do you feel it? I asked and she nodded, it doesn’t hurt, it feels strange – Babsi eagerly added – but it feels good! Very slowly, the whole cock including the glans now entered her vagina, and I looked at her victoriously. No, it doesn’t hurt, Babsi said deeply shaken, because she had been looking

down at herself the whole time and could see that the whole cock was in her vagina. — Checkmate in the next move.

I gave her a long time. My cock was deep inside her, throbbing quietly. Her hand felt its way down there, then she tried to pull the cock out. She couldn't, I made some tiny movements and a beautiful smile appeared on her face when she felt it, she sighed deeply and closed her eyes. But the pledge, she whispered, to which I replied little nobly, "fuck it!" I barely moved my cock, but I saw her joyful, expectant smile. Four, she whispered, on the fourth day it's not risky. She closed her eyes and softened completely, opened willingly and murmured, red with shame in her face, "do you do it? do you like fucking with me?". She looked at me shame-filled, but with childish–innocent face: "i want to try it once!"

This was our first fuck, she enjoyed it very much and came, again and again. After I squirted, she whispered quite excitedly that she felt the squirting strongly and she orgasmed three times! She was one of the few women I heard of who could orgasm vaginally while fucking. Thanks to my good training we fucked all afternoon, but I had to stop exhausted after the fourth time. In the next few days we spent hours in the cabin fucking, masturbating together or each other. We whispered for hours, we soon knew everything about each other.

She liked to masturbate as much and as often as I did and enjoyed my finger play very much, she also loved me squirting and rub my semen on her chest or belly during the handjob; when we masturbated together, I had to squirt on her beautiful virgin breasts, of which she was very proud. And when we went into the water afterwards, she would laugh and murmur, I wonder how many girls get pregnant in the water today? I quickly learned to masturbate her to several, very gentle orgasms, as she liked them so much, while she whispered how many times she had done it yesterday before going to sleep.

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She liked it when she breathed all her secrets, all her erotic adventures into my ear while being stroked or masturbated, whispering very softly. Initially she told of her many handjobs, of every single

boy she had masturbated. I was only mildly interested, although she described in great detail how the first time she did it, she first just watched the lad do it himself and then masturbated him quite eagerly and busily. She curiously learned the difference between circumcised and uncircumcised dicks, different sizes and shapes of glands, different squirting, and learned that some wanted it only once, others several times. And that the little bag and the testicles did not interest any of them.

When she was six years old, a cousin was visiting and sleeping on a mattress in her room. Night after night, she witnessed the 12-year-old push back the pesky blanket and masturbate, over and over, to the point of exhaustion. One evening, she slipped out of her crib, crept up close to the cousin, and viewed the masturbation up close. The cousin noticed her and asked if she was doing it too, but the little girl shook her head and whispered that it just wasn't working for her. Fiddle-dee-dee, the cousin said and pulled her to her. Gently and experienced she masturbated the little Babsi, who experienced beautiful orgasms for the first time that night.

From then on, she masturbated every evening, for quite a long time and so often until she fell asleep from exhaustion. Her mother sometimes caught her coming up to the children's room again to check on her. At first Babsi was frightened, but in time she just kept going and would not be disturbed. Later, she noticed that the mother watched for a very long time and then went down quietly. Babsi laughed meanly when she told that after that the heavy humping of her parents could be heard, much more often than before. She would sometimes tiptoe down to the bottom of the stairs and watch her parents fuck, they usually did it with the door open in the brightly lit bedroom. Sometimes her father didn't want to, so her mother would give him a hand job if he liked, and wait until he was deeply asleep. Then she turned out the light except for the bedside lamp and then masturbated for a very long time, one after another, shaken violently by the orgasms. She needed at most a minute and made only very short breaks. Only the last orgasm was so violent that she stopped and turned off the light. Babsi told it all very frankly, describing the body and the cunt in great detail. That their little daughter could observe the sexuality of her parents did not occur to them. Babsi smiled

with a contemptuous tug around her lips when she told me these things and said that she had learned from her mother how to give a hand job. I added that she had inherited her good orgasm ability from her mother, thank God. Babsi complained that she didn't understand her mother at all – she was so bigotedly sanctimonious during the day and always talked about sins, and once, when her father wasn't listening, she said that "rubbing at night" was a huge sin; on the other hand, she masturbated herself, in all secrecy, even though it was a sin. I affirmed that it was mean to do it secretly behind father's back.

My question about whether she did it with other girls was followed by a long pause. Then she bucked up and demanded my big word of honor not to tell anyone. Yes, there was her best friend, Evi, you know her. The tall slender one with the long black hair, everyone just calls her "the mysterious one". They had been best friends for a year, she said, and Evi often visited her to study and spend the night. She comes from a poor family where her father, mother and uncle often get into each other's hair when they're drunk. So when Evi slept over, they looked at each other's nakedness and masturbated together or each other as often as they wanted. And Evi loved masturbating as much as she does.

Yes, the Evi already knew fucking, Babsi thought strained whether she could tell this secret. Her uncle had already raped her at 13 and does it again and again, although Evi did not like it. And her parents let that happen?! I asked and Babsi shrugged her shoulders, they are already drunk in the afternoon and did not get anything, but if Evi noticed that the uncle did not drink so much, she knew that he would soon sneak up and fuck her.

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We, Babsi and I, had a great time with lots of fucking, masturbating and storytelling. And yes, sometimes we also went swimming. One morning Babsi did not show up. I waited anxiously in the hot sun, worrying. Then a young girl approached me slowly and uncertainly. I beat her to it and asked, "Evi??? Friend of Babsi?" She nodded with relief and said Babsi wasn't coming today, she was….unwell.

She has the period, I clarified the situation and thanked her for taking the trip, this is a nice friendship service. We chatted briefly about school, then I asked if she wanted to come swimming, I already got the tickets, Babsi's card she could have, and I have a cabin too. She thought about it and her bright eyes looked at me inquiringly, then she nodded and we went into the cabin.

While we were undressing, I noticed that her underpants were patched on the side, she hid it in her pocket in a flash. Before she got into her old, worn swimsuit, I touched her on the hip and turned her to face me. She was a little surprised by my gentle embrace, but she embraced me too. I felt the wonderful touch of our naked, summer hot bodies and I whispered in her ear that I was not a bad guy and she whispered back, no, I know, Babsi told me everything. She's certainly not jealous, I murmured, we're not lovers, we just have fun and sex together. I felt her nodding her head and whispering, Babsi had said almost verbatim the same thing this morning when she had prepared her for anything that might happen. Babsi was not jealous, she said, and asked emphatically to let me be, I was not a bad guy. Good, dear Babsi! I smiled silently and we hugged each other for a long time.

We looked at each other, then she closed her eyes as I kissed her on the mouth. It lasted a moment, then we kissed, and I found she was very unexperienced in French kissing. You're the first person I've kissed this way with, she said with eyes downcast in shame. Without answering I kissed her again, gently and tenderly I guided her tongue with mine and we kissed for a very long time. My hard-on raged and throbbed against her pubic mound. She deliberately lowered one hand and groped for him, embracing him delicately and stroking him gently as we continued to kiss devotedly. After the cuddling, she whispered in my ear that Babsi had already told her that I needed it four or five times, and that it was okay for her. Then she looked into mine with her clear, bright eyes and said that if I needed it right now, okay, but she couldn't do it very well yet. She had only done it once with a classmate, but she probably wasn't very good. She had gripped his cock properly with her fingers, pulled back the foreskin as far as she could, and made sure that his glans kept peeking out of the foreskin as she vigorously masturbated him. But after only about two

minutes, she said, he spurted intermittently onto the floor and ran off neck-deep.

I reassured her and said I was already very horny and need it right now, right now please, and do not worry, I will guide you. I'm sure you won't do anything wrong. I sat down wide-legged on the bench, she knelt down in front of me with her face flushed red and worked my cock, actually quite well. When I started to squirt and my semen spurted in bumps on her chest and belly, she stopped and I gasped she had to keep going until it was all out. Obediently she continued to masturbate me until I was done and kissed Evi firmly and gratefully. Then we went for a swim. I soon noticed that she kept looking at the kiosk. I said I was hungry and quickly ran back into the booth to get some money. Then I bought fries and sausage for myself, then asked what she wanted. She pushed around until I clearly decided that I was inviting her in, she should choose what she wanted. Fries, a hot sausage and ketchup. We ate with ravenous appetites and bought fries again, and she let me talk her into a sausage if we shared.

She was full, but I bought two more large ice creams, which we devoured with relish. While eating the ice cream, she pushed around a bit and asked if she could tell me something sad. We were the only ones at the tables at this early hour, I nodded encouragingly and lowered my gaze to my ice cream. Stumbling and often searching for the right words, she said it was about fucking, and she told me the story with the uncle. She said that the uncle had once caught her masturbating in the middle of it and then blackmailed her underhandedly to tell her parents what a filthy dirty girl she was, if she didn't let him have it. She was about 13, curious and still terribly horny from masturbating. She lay there naked and defenseless and he feasted on her excited nakedness until he dropped his pants and masturbated briefly until he was completely stiff. Frightened and ashamed, she let him fuck her, and it hurt a little when her hymen tore.

But after that it was okay and didn't hurt, on the contrary, she liked fucking a lot. It was the only time he squirted inside her. Later, when the uncle was about to squirt, she pushed him down and he had to jerk off and squirt himself. Several times a week the uncle

would sneak up to her, her parents already snoring drunk in the living room, and she had to fuck him. But Evi somehow liked the fucking, even if she could never orgasm while being fucked. He growled when Evi dodged him and hinted that he should jerk off himself. So he sat there grinning stupidly, jerking off and squirting because she wouldn't let him fuck her during her period. But somehow she knew with certainty that he really shouldn't have fucked her, she was still much too young for that. When she had finished with suppressed tears, I stood up and hugged her as lovingly as I could.

I held her very sweetly until she stopped crying. We finished eating the ice cream, I took her hand, and we walked in silence to the booth where I stashed my money. Then we sat on the bench and we talked very quietly about the story, sometimes I hugged her and kissed her gently and brotherly. It took a long time for her to calm down and listen when I said that fucking was something very beautiful and that, despite Uncle's messes, you had to feel this in your heart and keep it beautiful. For a long time I talked about the beautiful fucking, suddenly she smiled and put a hand on my hard-on, which made the swim trunks bulge mightily.

Wordlessly she stood up and took off my swimsuit, so that the stiff fellow flopped out horny. She was about to start masturbating me friendly and smiling, so I reached out and gently but firmly stripped her naked. Then I put her on the bench and we cuddled and kissed for a long time, my hard-on throbbing and raging. I gently laid her on her back and knelt down. When I touched her knees with my hands, she opened her legs herself and sighed softly, "I'm so excited!" I was as tender and gentle with her as I could be, stroking her inner thighs over and over and fucking her thoughtfully. She kept her eyes closed and only opened them when I was squirting, her bright eyes looked at me kindly and I could feel that she was letting me squirt completely uninhibited. In the break I left my semi-stiff in her vagina and when we kissed again for a long time, it became stiff again and I started to fuck again, which amazed her. At the third time finally her arousal rose to a happy gasp and moan, but still before her orgasm I had to squirt and at the same time felt that it was enough for now.

I squatted on my heels and whispered that she should do it to herself, I wanted to watch. The Babsi makes it also for me, I whispered. After a long, bashful hesitation and my encouraging caress, her hand wandered hesitantly to her pubic area, then with her face averted and her eyes closed, she slowly began to masturbate. I squatted directly in front of her and watched curiously. Evi was very slim and only a little shorter than me, her long black hair hanging down to her breasts. Her breasts were not as full and round as Babsi's, so I thought that she was not yet 16. Her pubic mound was still completely hairless and not as juicy full and rounded as Babsi's, but she had very bright large labia that showed her vagina clearly and wide open. And between them a wonderful, beautiful and very large clit, light pink and quite smooth, which grew and grew at the beginning of masturbation until it became about as long as quarter my little finger. And I also saw this for the first time: the clit was shaped like an glans at the end! A real little glans, like little boys have, with a little round notch underneath. The clit glans also became hard and turned from light pink to dark red during masturbation.

Evi sometimes brought her finger to her lips to moisten the clit, she usually rubbed the glans in a circular motion. As she slowly began to orgasm, she lifted her head and looked at me with a very sad guilty look. I nodded encouragingly and affirmatively at her and she rubbed the clit and glans very firmly until she gasped with a pain-distorted face and her abdomen began to roll and ripple. She pressed her finger above the clit to an indeterminable point on her pubis, and her clit with its wonderful glans stuck out wide, twitching and jerking as if the glans wanted to squirt, and her vaginal entrance pumped tirelessly until she slowly calmed down and lay still.

I absolutely had to touch it and examined the clit and glans in detail — no, this was not a mini–penis. I stroked the glans on the shrunken clit and masturbated it much as she had shown. She raised her head in amazement and looked at me "mysteriously" for a long time, but I proved what a good student I was. It was beautiful to watch her clit grow slowly, steadily, and then it went very fast until she orgasmed, gasping softly. I held her pumping clit gently, the little twitching glans between three fingers, enjoying her orgasm very much. She lay still again afterwards and whispered that I was the

first boy who had made her orgasm, and such a beautiful orgasm. We kissed and cuddled, caressed each other and whispered secrets until the terrible bell shrilled and we had to leave.

From the bathhouse, I resolutely went to the sports store across the street and bought a beautiful bikini. On the advice of the saleswoman with side ties, because I did not know the answer to the question of dress size. The next day I gave Evi the small gift and she whooped with joy and hugged me warmly. I could not avoid her questions for long and answered that her old swimsuit was made of coarse fabric, already very threadbare worn and did not show off her great figure. She immediately put it on and posed teasingly in the changing room. I emitted admiring whistles, then we went swimming, and I grinned with satisfaction, because she enjoyed the admiring glances and beamed like a queen.

We had a wonderful couple of days where I was scrupulous about making sure we got our sausages, chips and an ice cream at lunchtime and before we went home. During a long conversation about school things, she casually mentioned that on school days she didn't get anything edible from the kitchen until the evening. But at home she liked to be to herself, she loved to have time to herself, often masturbating in the evening and again in the morning before she got up. I felt sorry for her because she often had to go hungry. Otherwise we proudly strolled around in her new bikini, quietly disappeared into the cabin where we fucked and masturbated for hours. It was nice to do everything with her and she once said how much she enjoyed all this and beamed at me. And one evening, when we said goodbye before going to the cabin, she said that Babsi might come tomorrow. I was surprised and stutteringly tried to hint at a "we three" situation, but Evi shook her head. It was nice, it was fun, and it was just sex.

The other day Babsi was back and she said she had 5 boring days to catch up on, and we did, all week, until she had to take a two week vacation with her parents. Of course she asked me out, I had to tell every little detail about Evi and me, while she listened attentively and masturbated quietly. When I described Evi's unusual clit I became so horny that I mounted her in the middle of her masturbation. She

paused and told me that yes, they had tried making Evi's clit really stiff first and then Evi tried to fuck her with her stiff clit, but it never went right. Still, they both liked it and played "fuck" frequently, usually masturbating then both in this fuck position. Babsi stroked my buttocks very gently, because I had to squirt immediately quite impetuously on her story. This week flew by in no time, then followed two weeks in which I often went "swimming" with Evi and the thing with Miss Janet also happened.

When Babsi came back, she said she had to have it very urgently, right now, after 14 days camping in Tyrol "without any possibility to relax". We ran to the cabin, undressed and she masturbated all day, almost non-stop, until the bell shrilled. Even when I fucked her because I needed it, she kept masturbating, interrupting only to watch me squirt. Piece by piece she told haltingly that she had fucked one on vacation. I had to ask often until I could put it all together.

Daily she walked through the small forest to a large field and picked a bouquet of flowers, which she put on the little table in front of the tent. Already on the second day she noticed a man following her, but she was not afraid, the campsite was within calling distance. He was already old, with gray hair and deep wrinkles in his face, he must have been forty. He asked her if he could take her picture. Yes, why not, she replied, and he took a few shots. Then he looked around and said, we need more light!, and walked ahead a bit to a small sunlit clearing, barely larger than our cabin. He took more pictures, had her pose perkily, lift her dress so high that her cleft was showing, and kept it clicking. She didn't mind at all having her nakedness photographed. He stepped up to her and pulled her dress over her head and took many nude pictures of her. She was not shy and lay with her thighs open while he took nude shots and close-ups of her pubic and vagina. She noticed his arousal of course and the bulge in his pants.

She looked very curious as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled out his hard-on. Babsi said laughing, he was very small, at most half the size of yours! But on top a very large, dark red swollen glans, much much thicker than the rest of the cock. Her smile he interpreted correctly and very carefully penetrated her vagina, the glans felt really good. But the man did not know how to fuck properly and moved

very little, then it already came to him and he gasped and let it all squirt into her vagina. Babsi smiled and said the pumping of his glans as he squirted was very pleasant. Moments later they got dressed, at the forest path he nodded to her and walked away. She went back and took a long shower.

This repeated itself every day, always following the same pattern, about five or six times. And she was so horny to finally orgasm, but she didn't dare masturbate in front of him. But once she grabbed his cock after he had cum and masturbated him gently. He looked very unhappy, but after masturbating for a very long time, the cock was somewhat stiff again, the glans had become really thick, dark red and firm while masturbating. She emmphasized it as very strange to see this red mushroom growing in her hand while masturbating the thin cock on top. She directed his glans into her vagina and moved his hips with her hands until it was almost like real fucking. She felt the in and out of the glans and could finally orgasm. She kept directing him for a long time and had quite a few orgasms until the man groaned and came. She felt his squirting, but she held him mercilessly by the hips despite his ravenous look and kept fucking his squirting, flaccid one until she orgasmed again. His cock was totally limp when she pulled it out, the proud glans shriveled to a strawberry. He didn't say a word, left, and she never saw him again.

So we spent beautiful days in the bath, had lots of fun and sex and I told her about my brief affair with Miss Janet. Babsi adored me childlike and innocent, a real American, perhaps a famous artist, had drawn me! But as much as I enjoyed it with Babsi, at the same time I longed for "the mystique", for Evi. So I asked Babsi directly for Evi's address and how to find her there. Babsi readily gave me information and described exactly the way to her bedroom, then, after a short pondering she asked if Evi with us....? I said yes, I like you both, you are great girls – and why not? The wrinkle on her forehead disappeared and she nodded, yes, why not? But she wouldn't see Evi tonight, but I interrupted her and said I'll go see her tomorrow morning and ask her myself. The sex that afternoon was very exciting for both of us, Babsi talked of nothing else than a threesome and as we left she said sighing, hopefully it will work. — I had carefully set

up the chessboard, tomorrow I just had to make a good opening move.

Early in the morning, I stood in front of Evi's house. I opened the front door and heard loud snoring, so I crept silently up and knocked softly on Evi's bedroom door. After a while she opened, wrapped in an ugly old bathrobe and breathing a liberated sigh of relief, oh, it's you! Oh, I said mischievously, did I interrupt something? No, she said reflexively, then smiled and whispered, but, I was just doing my early morning exercise. We grinned conspiratorially at each other, then I got to the point. Do you like to swim today? She looked indecisive, so I made the candy move: "There will be a surprise!" Chess horse to E4, a good opening! She nodded full of awakening curiosity and told me to go back down quietly and wait in the street. So it happened, she quickly complied and we walked towards the bathhouse. Of course, she asked me out on the way, but I held my ground.

As we turned the last corner onto the bathhouse, she stopped as if rooted to the spot. Looked incredulously at Babsi. I gave her an encouraging, friendly look and said, "Surprise!" Immediately she ran deep red, from forehead to chest, because she understood everything immediately. I hugged her and murmured in her ear that Babsi wanted it too, she wanted it very much! Evi held me tightly, then whispered softly, "that she had often wanted it when she lay in bed and fantasized while masturbating. Yes, yes! I want it too!" We went to Babsi, who welcomed us beaming as she looked at our faces and saw my confirming nod. The fat man at the cash register looked up from the paper in surprise when I said three tickets instead of two, grumbled incomprehensibly, and returned the tickets along with the rest of the money. We went into the booth in silence.

I had undressed quite quickly and stood naked with my erect cock in front of the girls, who undressed despite the tightness. We hugged, pressed against each other and I kissed one, then the other. As expected, my cock grew, which I pressed demanding against Evi's pubic. Wonderful, beautiful minutes and French kisses! To my astonishment, Babsi took over, reached to Evi's pubic and took my cock. "First I want, then you!" she said kindly to Evi, "sit on the bench, pull your legs up nice, because he likes to look so much!" Evi nodded in

agreement, happy that Babsi was the first to break the barrier, although Babsi probably just wanted to make it clear who was the boss here...

Babsi lay down on the big towel on the floor and got fuckstyle. I knelt between her legs and penetrated carefully. Evi sat on the bench as instructed and I looked directly into her vagina, at her clit, which had already erected a little. Babsi and I fucked long, because I held it back very long and she could orgasm several times. Evi watched us curiously and became more and more excited, her clit slowly rose and her finger tongued on the glans, but she did not masturbate yet. I felt Babsi orgasm and saw while squirting that Evi very gently stroked her clit. Her clit was now completely stiff and she closed her eyes while stroking. My squirting was over and I stayed in Babsi's vagina for a while to maintain my stiffness.

Babsi looked up, saw Evi stroking herself softly with her eyes closed. She pulled out my hard-on, rose nimbly and tapped Evi, come, come, your turn! Evi rose and lay down aroused, like Babsi before and I quickly penetrated her vagina. Babsi had sat spread-eagled on the bench so that I, "he likes to look so much", could see everything and masturbated eagerly while she watched me and Evi fuck. Thoughtfully but vigorously I fucked Evi, it took godsend quite a long time and I felt from the movements of her vagina and her shortening breath that it would not take much longer. Babsi orgasmed pumping, I began to squirt and Evi had already almost come. I humped her hard during the squirting and yes, indeed, Evi expelled the air and orgasmed. Evi hugged my head and kissed me, then she turned her head and murmured quite excitedly to Babsi, she got an orgasm while fucking, listen! but Babsi was already far away and masturbated absorbed in herself. Evi and I watched in silence as Babsi masturbated from orgasm to orgasm.

We went swimming and ate fries, sausages and ice cream, the girls whispered that "his" swim trunks already had a bump again, and we quickly warped into the cabin, giggling. God Bacchus was followed by God Pan. We stayed until the end. After this round of fucking, only Babsi – as usual – had her orgasms, Evi came and did not come, although she enjoyed it very much, as she whispered. We whispered

back and forth, what that could be because of, until I stated, Evi must be aroused before fucking with the hand, then it could go.

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Babsi, the boss, started immediately, she made Evi lay back and masturbated her very routinely, but she couldn't stop and masturbated Evi until she orgasmed. I pushed forward and penetrated Evi's pulsating orgasm. Babsi was still watching at first, then she masturbated. I felt Evi's pulsing and fucked hard and she gasped after a short while and orgasmed with wide open eyes. I kept fucking incessantly, watching Babsi orgasm and never stopped fucking Evi. She climaxed again and orgasmed completely by surprise. Babsi interrupted and watched us curiously. I could still, my journeyman held on dutifully, while Evi rose and rose again on the wave of arousal and then orgasmed beautifully for the third time with a soft cry. Babsis hand felt its way forward, touched Evis stiff, pumping clit and there I exploded with horniness, squirted in bursts into Evis vagina. I squirted until nothing more came and left the journeyman in Evi's vagina. I felt the masturbating quite clearly, felt that Babsi masturbated Evi's clit, quite long, until Evi got her fourth orgasm, the most violent so far. Babsi kept masturbating her until her twitching stopped. Babsi pulled my tired boyfriend out of Evi's vagina. Evi beamed at us and whispered that it had been wonderful-beautiful.

We stayed together until the end of the summer, each getting her money's worth. When Babsi had her period, she came anyway, leaving her panties on because of the pad, and I suspected she was a little jealous. On these days we took turns bringing Evi to orgasm, Babsi took the lead and only after she had brought Evi to orgasm did she let me fuck Evi, who got better and better at "fucked orgasms" each time. And vice versa, when Evi got her period, we took turns bringing Babsi to climaxes. Babsi once said, "orgasms full without lifting a finger herself," and we laughed until tears came.

One day I had to say that summer would soon be over. We got out of our last days of swimming everything our lusts gave, discussed how we were going to keep it in school time. Then the last time, the last French kisses, the last cuddling, then a little making out. Adieu!

I had no idea that we would stuck together like peas and carrots and that these sweet girls were far from disappearing from my life.

I stood at the train station excited with anticipation, waiting for Isabella's return.

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# Sex, Lies and Stories

by Jack Faber © 2020

I was coming to my hometown for the third time, after 35 years. The city wanted to buy part of my land inherited from my father, along with part of the forest. I had, if only to let the wound on my shoulder heal better, accepted the Agency's offer of an extended sabbatical and had taken up residence at the Hotel HERMES for ten days. Every morning my lawyer came to the HERMES Hotel for meetings, and we also went together to the town hall when we had an appointment there. – To put it bluntly, the lawyer was really worth his overpriced fee, I ended up going home with not one handful, but two handfuls, and parked the good money tax-free in Nassau.

One day I was strolling down Main Street after a town hall appointment and went into the town bakery to buy some nut cookies. While paying, I stumbled and asked, "Maki?" and the baker stumbled. That's what they used to call me, now Markus, and he looked at me inquiringly. The – the, he rummaged in his memory, yes – the Englishman! I acknowledged with a nod and gave my name, then we had a relaxed, normal reunion conversation, rarely interrupted by a customer. I let his life story into my ear and right back out at the other, because Markus and I were not friends at the time and I felt no desire to change that.

Already foreseeing the end of our monologues, I asked what might have become of Babsi and Evi? Markus did not need long to think and blurted out, "the three musketeers!" and I muttered to myself that we came up with the most stupid epithets in school and immediately bit my tongue, Markus seemed not to have heard. Evi, Evelyn K., had a room in the old people's nursing home after the fire, until she graduated from high school, then she went to England or Scotland and was married there. Fire, what fire? I asked, and Markus knew nothing more than that her parents had suffocated in the smoke and Evelyn had become an orphan, but the city had accommodated her well, until her Graduation. Babsi, yes, that's Barbara F., she's a teacher and still lives here with her mother. He looked her up

in the telephone book and gave her address. No, I said, you don't have to call her, I want to surprise her. He cowardly avoided my clear "command–look" and dismissed the idea of calling her after all. Coward, I knew how to deal with cowards. Disappointed, Markus put the phone book aside, and after a few minutes of more small talk, I was out, cab, Babsi's house.

I waited until my heart was beating normally again and pressed the doorbell. Quiet creaking of the stairs, light-footed footsteps, the turn of the key. The door swung open, a slim, well-built woman in her early fifties.

Babsi.

She recognized me immediately, with a loud sob she stepped forward and hugged me tightly. We stood hugging for minutes outside her door, she kept whispering, "my love!" and crying softly. Slowly we let go and Babsi said, come in, come in, my love! I entered and immediately saw the old, white-haired woman sitting in the room on a sanitary chair, her gaze fixed on the window, where one could see the pleasant field and far away also the forest. I saw the whole thing in an instant, living room, furnishings, the old woman – I was trained on that. I greeted the woman quite kindly, but she did not look at me, so I greeted again, a little louder, but she did not return the greeting and stared out the window. That's my mother, Babsi said, she can't hear or see you. Come on, let's go upstairs to my apartment! I followed her silently up the stairs.

Her apartment was all newly furnished, a small one-man kitchen in the front, a desk, computer screen and tall bookshelves in the middle, a small dining table with three chairs, a large bed and clothes closets at the other end. A single beautiful, high-ceilinged room with no frippery, a loft. You had a hipped roof done? I said half-questioningly, it's very nice here, airy and high in contrast to the small-minded cramped attics of our area. Babsi looked at me in amazement as she sat down at the table, are you an architect? No, I said, I was just saying that, I like it a lot. Tea, coffee or booze? she asked and stood up quickly. Coffee and booze, I laughed, better than any tea in this rainy November weather! While she was making coffee, I got up

and handed her the paper bag, look, I brought a dozen nut cookies from Markus, I used to like them very much!

She turned to me and I saw her wrestling with herself whether she could, was allowed, liked to hug and kiss me. I hugged and kissed her as before, we kissed for a long time until the soft ping of the coffee machine admonished us. I sat down and Babsi served coffee and put down the liquor bottle. Coffee with shot, I said before she thought of the glasses. Coffee with shot, she smiled.

She told that her father had died five years ago, heart attack at the living room table. She wanted to leave for school early in the morning, saw her father lying on the table with his face and eyes open, her mother sitting next to him, completely expressionless. The emergency doctor issued the death certificate and said he had not suffered, a happy secondary death. Happy secondary death, she repeated. The mother, the doctor scratched his head, the mother is completely shocked, but she can be well after hours or days. The doctor was wrong, the mother's soul had died with her husband's. I said softly, ascended into the heavens, Babsi smiled and said, for five years she has been sitting there, silent, staring unblinking at her forest.

Her father had made her sole heir, the house, the fields up to the grove and the grove itself. In return, she had to provide for her mother. She had become wealthy by selling half the land and immediately had the new hipped roof built, with the apartment underneath with new walls, floors and furnishings. After a week the construction site was finished, then she waited a little longer until the kitchen and bathroom were ready. All in all, she only had to take a few days off school, everything else she did on the side.

So, that was a lot about me, come on, tell me about how you've lived the last 35 years? I took a running start and reeled off my legend, carefully crafted by the Agency, which was laid out very close to innocuous facts. My father had sent me to London after high school, to a very well-known academy, where I learned everything about IT, i.e. computers and telecommunications. At the same time, I took courses at the diplomatic academy, just as my father had wanted.

Two years later, my father crashed with the helicopter in Spain, but that's when we saw each other, Babsi nodded and said, Isabella seemed to be completely broken.

Yes, I said, I went to London with a heavy heart, because Isabella just said that the beautiful life was over. She just lay on the bed, drank and only went out of the house to go shopping, then she continued to drink. I asked the Eders to look after her and left. Six months later, the Eders called and left a voicemail telling me to come quickly, Isabella was very unwell. But by the time I arrived, she was dead. It was at her funeral that I saw you and Evi for the last time.

Babsi noticed my sadness, came around the table and sat on my lap. She comforted me with kisses, stroked my head and I smiled briefly, because she would not leave her lap place so quickly. And, how did it go on? she asked and I had the impression, she steered consciously on a point. So I told her about my assignments, the many trips abroad, and Babsi asked, are you a diplomat then? Laughing, I said, nonsense, I do something with computers and telephone systems, everything just in the background. And, are you married? I took the killer question calmly, dug out the family photo from my jacket pocket, showed her the stranger and said, Suzanne and pointed to the strange children, Edward and Linda. An ancient photo, I added, Edward is studying – at least in theory, in reality he's screwing his way through all the degree programs, Linda is still in college. We laughed when I mentioned Edward's screwing.

Then I said, sticking strictly to my script, we were only together four years, after Linda was born Sue became frigid, bigoted and asexual, she took up pottery for self-discovery and moved with the kids to the outskirts of town where she ran a small pottery store complete with esoterica. I was abroad a lot, we are practically separated, married only on paper. I'm practically single, I shoot everything I can get my hands on, and Babsi laughed uproariously at my unusual formulation. And you, I asked Babsi. I'm single, caught a fierce, nasty infection from one of my lovers during teacher training. The gynecologist was able to cure it completely, but after the month-long procedure, she said I probably wouldn't have children. I didn't mourn menstruation for a moment, I can fuck when and who I want – I interrupted,

and, do you? – and she chortled, yes, I seize every opportunity by the, uh, head. Marry, what for?

We kissed for a long time and very intimately, she wiggled her butt insinuatingly back and forth on my lap and whispered conspiratorially, I feel him, he wants one, he needs one very urgently! She kissed me intimately and then said, “I’m going to take a shower” and disappeared into the bathroom. She no longer heard my “yes, boss!” The splashing of the water hit my bladder, I suppressed it and the splashing stopped. I could wait a little longer, but after a while it had to. I knocked on the bathroom door and answered her question, I had to, very urgently. Come on in, we already know each other, she laughed cheerfully.

I quickly slipped in and sat down, sitting in a lady’s house. When I could finally piss, it was very liberating. I looked at Babsi, who sat naked on a stool in front of the mirror and just rubbed shaving cream on her pubic. Then she shaved with quick strokes and said, for you I want to look good! I mumbled in the affirmative, then stripped and got in the shower, quickly and effectively, while Babsi finished shaving and rubbing her pubic mound with sweet scent. I dried myself and went into the loft, where I hung my clothes neatly over a chair before lying down on the bed. Babsi came in, smelling good and naked under a short, sheer mini–negligee.

“Get rid of that rag!”, I joked, Babsi carelessly let it slide to the floor and came closer. Then she saw the big plaster on my left breast and asked, I replied, a hunting accident, I’ll tell you later, I’m on sick leave because of it, on convalescent leave. So, now let me look at you! Babsi sat down cross-legged opposite me and I looked. She had become slim, her breasts still a hit, although no longer so proudly virginal. Her pubic, her labia, all top! I clicked my tongue appreciatively.

And, what is your verdict, Prince Paris? she asked teasingly and I replied that she was, of course, the only one of those present who deserved the golden apple and that her clit had visibly grown larger. She winked her eyes and said, a lot of practice, a lot of practice, and above all a lot of finger sport and leaned forward, bending over me.

We kissed and cuddled endlessly, her hand had long since embraced my semi-stiff and caressed him. Between the French kisses she whispered, Sick leave! What to do with the hunting victim? and continued to kiss me, kissing and deliberately smacking, shaking his head, Sick–hunting–victim! Under her tender stroking, I passed the stiffness test and she murmured in my ear, “let me ride!”

Rehearsed, she assumed the position and inserted my cock into her vagina. She was really good at riding, had a good rhythm that made it easy for me to hold back. I had my head up and could watch my favorite body part, her clit, very well. It had grown a little bigger by now and it seemed to me that it was getting stiffer and stiffer. Babsi supported herself with her hands behind on my thighs, put her head in the neck and orgasmed with closed eyes that it was a pleasure to watch her. I held out for a very long time and admired her as she orgasmed and orgasmed while riding, I no longer counted how many times.

After what must have been three quarters of an hour or more she gave us a little break but stayed on my cock. She asked about my wife, how she was like that, and the lie beaded from my lips that she resembled her a little and I told that we spent whole days in bed, fucking and masturbating in the beginning. Babsi listened to my descriptions with her eyes closed and put her middle finger on the clit that had grown so wonderfully and masturbated it very gently, at the same time her vagina watched over the fact that I remained stiff. Tiny micro–movements of her vaginal muscles took care of prolonging, delaying my orgasm. At my obscene, debauched descriptions, she could stand it no longer and quickly made herself a very strong orgasm, which immediately made me squirt violently. Babsi beamed and pumped my squirting with fast riding until the end, until our orgasms died out.

Babsi, who thought nothing of pausing, asked about the hunting accident as soon as we lay down to catch our breath. While I described the story with the drunken diplomat during the wild boar hunt (there was nothing more in the script, I had to improvise) Babsi squatted on her heels and spoiled me with her mouth and tongue, brought my cock up again, but it fell over after seconds and she went

on incessantly. After a dozen attempts he remained stiff, I felt it very clearly in her mouth, quickly I put her on her back and fucked her, ignoring the shoulder. She orgasmed quickly and kept her excitement from orgasm to orgasm. She closed her eyes with pleasure and as I squirted she milked me gently with her vagina.

I was exhausted and very tired. It was already quite late, we arranged that I would come visit her at noon, as long as I would be in town. She threw on a bathrobe and said we couldn't kiss at the front door and we said goodbye before she escorted me downstairs, murmuring with a twinkle in her eye that there would be lots of finger sports today before she locked up.

Next day I dropped me off a little in front of her house and walked the rest, in a small town there was always gossip. Babsi opened, and when we went up, she said she had just showered, coffee was also ready. While we drank two cups of shot, I reported on the progress of my town hall negotiations. Her eyes glowing, she went to the bed, I to the shower. Babsi unexpectedly came in naked and washed my cock very "thoroughly" and seemed satisfied because it was very stiff afterwards. Come on, she said, and I followed her into bed. After fucking, I slid next to her and said I needed a longer break at my age, I'm not 18 anymore. In the meantime she should tell me about Evi, how she had fared after I had left.

We lay quite relaxed next to each other and Babsi, the indefatigable, masturbated quietly and reported, noting that it becomes a long story. During my last year of school, we continued our love triangle, usually meeting once or twice a week at Evi's place and fucking to our hearts' content, until one day I had to leave. The two of them still cried often, but they stayed together and made lesbian love. During our year Evi had forced the uncle to stop, who only reacted very grumpily to the termination of fucking and suspected that the three of us would not only learn in Evi's locked bedroom.

Evi had had to overhear during a violent argument of the drunken parents, how her father scolded among other things, her mother had foisted a cuckoo egg on him... From now on it did not let her rest any more, restlessly she rolled theory by theory, who her real parents

would be. She had dark, almost black long hair and was willowy, her parents both chubby, fat and blond. She stole all the letters and photos and hid them in Babsi's closet, they read everything and pondered together. Evi had decided to look for her parents after school.

I stroked Babsi while she talked and sometimes stroked herself. It's going to be a long story, she murmured and continued. Evi overheard a conversation, apparently Uncle Peter knew very well. Impulsively she decided and seduced him after a year of rejection, made him fuck and squirt to his heart's content and did everything to make him feel spoiled. Ingeniously, she reinforced his feeling of power, that he was simply the best, although she only wanted to sound him out. When she had him right in front of the shotgun, he said he had to tell it from the beginning, maybe then she would understand the parents better. Evi nodded in the affirmative and stroked his flaccid while he told his story. As often as he got hard, she let him fuck her and smiled gently when he groaned and squirted inside her. She wanted the truth and wasn't afraid to give herself over for it.

He was a few years younger than his sister, from an early age they shared a children's room, because there was only one. Since he was afraid of the dark, he was allowed to slip naked into her bed as soon as his parents were asleep. With her he was no longer afraid, and it was so pleasant when she played with his little cock and it became stiff. As far back as he could remember, she "always" masturbated. As he got older, she masturbated him too, even though he couldn't even squirt yet. He was about 9 when she told him about fucking and they fucked practically every night, very quietly. At 11 he could squirt, and she calculated exactly the night when he wasn't allowed to squirt in, then she interrupted the fucking and he had to squirt on her belly. Sometimes she didn't manage to push the ramming brother away in time and they banged until her period came. She also had to do it with her hand whenever she wanted to orgasm, so practically all the time, Uncle Peter said, smirking.

Incest? asked Evi and he nodded, now too, sometimes. Evi could not get out of the amazement. Uncle Peter continued, they were both not good students and she left school at 15, went into an apprenticeship with a dressmaker. She soon lost interest in Peter as she went

with boys. Soon there probably wasn't a man under 90 in town she hadn't screwed. Peter was already going with girls himself, but on occasion he and the sister would fuck when the situation demanded it. Can you understand that? asked Uncle Peter and Evi nodded, although she did not understand it as an only child, what attracted brother and sister so much.

Babsi kept silent to enjoy her orgasm before continuing. One day, at 19, she fell in love with a local boy, they married and lived in this apartment that belonged to him – your father –. After two miscarriages she was very depressed and began to drink as well as her husband. One day, Uncle Peter, who was passionate about sweepstakes, won a ten-day trip for two to Galway, in Ireland. Since he lived with them on friendly, secret incestuous terms, he gave them the trip as a gift and, since they spoke well of it, booked the third ticket for himself. And your father doesn't know about your mother and me, so shut up, Evi! said Uncle Peter.

The posh, expensive hotel in Galway did not suit them. His sister had met a young fisherman in the bar and he invited her to stay with him. The young fisherman, disappointed at first that she was taking husband and brother, helped them get a refund from the hotel, then they moved into his house and bought everything, liquor and beer especially, and gave the fisherman something for living. They didn't see very much of Galway, they waited for the fisherman to come home from work.

Minutes later, he went upstairs with your mother, and Uncle Peter and the father soused all afternoon, while you could hear the two of them upstairs bumping and screwing. Father slammed his glass down hard and furious on the table and poured himself a drink, and the two men swigged and listened to the moaning, squirting and orgasms until the sister came down with red-hot cheeks and fixed supper. They ate in silence and never looked at the Irish friend, the father was usually pretty full by this time and he didn't notice much of the fisherman and wife quietly sneaking up and fucking until they went insane.

At midnight, when the fisherman went to work, the father slept soundly, his head on the tabletop. Uncle Peter, who did not drink as excessively as the father, often crept up to the sister, who willingly let him fuck, because over the afternoon it had accumulated with him. Before squirting, however, she always took his cock in her mouth and let him squirt there. She said she didn't want the "two seeds" to come together. He didn't care at all, the main thing was fucking and squirting.

After they returned from this trip, the father made a lot of effort and started to mount his wife again after long months. When they had already had a–two beers, he reached for her and flipped up her skirt, not caring at all that Uncle Peter was sitting next to them. He bent her legs apart, penetrated her vagina with his short cock and fucked briefly. Groaning, he unloaded into her vagina, pulled her skirt up and gave her a slap on her fat ass. He put his pants back on and then continued drinking. So, from me she gets it too, he often said triumphantly.

Once they got into a fight and she said snappishly, he could only once! That seemed to have hit him deep, because the other day he fucked her as always, took a break and tried again. But it didn't work, so she took his little cock in her mouth and sucked it for a long time, looked at Uncle Peter with an indifferent look and took the little cock out of her mouth. Sneering, she showed Peter how small and flabby it was and sucked smacking. She deliberately pulled the foreskin far back to show Uncle Peter how tiny the glans was and continued licking with her tongue and lips. Then she masturbated the father with her hand until he was finally stiff. This time he lasted longer, but as he squirted he slipped out and his seed splattered wearily over her cunt. Good, she said dismissively, and disappeared into the bathroom.

After the trip, they had been back for a few weeks and the father gave her what she was due, that's when she let us know she was pregnant and she really wanted to have it every day. The father did as ordered, she bravely drank nothing during the pregnancy and showed up every day with her belly getting thicker, lifting her skirt with obscene gestures and asking the father to fuck her. Afterwards, when

the father had fallen asleep at the table with his head heavy, Peter often crept up to her, because watching had aroused him. During pregnancy she was especially hungry for fucking and could not be fucked often enough.

And then you came into the world.

After the long report, Uncle Peter already wanted to fuck Evi again, who gratefully let him and stroked his head while he squirted pumping in her vagina. Afterwards he mumbled that he could turn it any way he wanted, but all that ever came out was an 8–month pregnancy. Evi thanked him for his openness and masturbated him until he could fuck again.

She would look for her biological father in Galway after school, she assured Babsi. Then one day there was a fire in Evi's apartment, and when Evi came home from school, she screamed for minutes until someone attended to her. Her father, mother, and Uncle Peter had suffocated in the smoke, and a kindly paramedic told her for reassurance that they had not suffered, but had fallen asleep peacefully. Evi remained silent and mourned wordlessly for several days, but she was fortunate that the mayor immediately and unceremoniously placed her in an empty room in the old people's nursing home.

Babsi got up and drank a sip of water. When she came back to bed, she took care of my semi-stiff without further ado and made him stand again with gentle kisses, caressing lips and her mouth. Satisfied, she swung a leg around me and gave me a wonderful long ride and let me watch, "he likes to look so much", masturbating and orgasms. And how it went on with Evi, I'll tell you tomorrow! she said with determination. I looked at my watch, it was already late. We said goodbye intimately as yesterday and I promised to come back tomorrow punctually at half past twelve.

Other day, of course, she welcomed me with the ready coffee along with brandy, and in the welcome hug I felt every fiber of her wonderful body, and she smelled so good! We sat down and her robe opened in the process. Before the second coffee, when she unexpectedly asked if I had showered in the morning, she said, come on, let's not

waste time, I have not had a finger sport since the morning, it is already so urgent! Seconds later we were lying on the bed in a naked embrace, letting nature take its course. Riding, she let me, “he likes to look so much!”, see everything, willingly showed the swollen labia and stiff clit with an understanding smile before she masturbated just before my squirting and we orgasmed together at the same time. We lay next to each other in silence for a long time and I stroked her clit the way she liked it and let her orgasm gently, letting her float along on her arousal high with gentle stroking, orgasming one after another until she said “enough!”. I went to the table, I needed a coffee with a decent shot and a cigarette. The morning had gone very stressfully.

Smiling in relief, I complimented her on how beautiful she had become in these 35 years and that she would only make any other woman pale with envy. She smiled and blushed a little, then said: good food, good fucking and lots and lots of finger sports! We laughed heartily as I lay with my playmate and stroked her nicely rounded hips, then I reminded her to continue Evi’s story.

Evi wrote to her just a year later asking if she could come to her, saying she needed some time to think. Babsi wrote that she was welcome, the parents were happy too, so come and stay as long as you want. Evi came a few weeks later, and Babsi came home from school as quickly as she could. They had a lot to talk about, locking the room door and whispering quietly on the bed, making love while playing fuck games and masturbating happily and detachedly with each other.

Evi had made her way to Ireland, to Galway, by hitchhiking, which she paid for more than once with a handjob in a parking lot. After a few days in a fucked up bed–and–breakfast that she could just afford, she finally found an old fisherman who took a long look at the photo with the young fisherman, her parents and Uncle Peter with narrowed eyes and then declared, sure, I know him! That must be young Patrick! She had to ask long and patiently and press some shillings–coins into his hand until he finally came out with it: this is Patrick so-and-so, he owns all this! He waved his arms, all this, the harbor, and everything! Where he lived, he did not know, but that he

was during the day in the white office building, back there, to fish he must not go out for a long time!

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The next day a very tiring advance to Patrick. After waiting endlessly, the receptionist looked up and said rather ungraciously, Sir Patrick please enter. A tall man with beautiful, thick flea-white hair stood at the window looking out over the harbor. He turned, his tanned face smiling, and they shook hands in a friendly manner. Patrick anyway, Evelyn anyway, she said. She knew it was him from the first moment. The young girl from Austria, and Patrick didn't smile until she mimicked the outer office lady's face and pointed her thumb back. He smiled appreciatively, then asked her to take a seat. So, what can I do for you?

Evi reported that this was one of the most difficult lessons for her. Patrick listened attentively as Evi reported that her parents had died and she had set out on a long journey to find her biological father. A long silence followed. Evi dug the old photo out of her travel bag and handed it to him. No trace of recognition, no suspicious twitch in his features. He looked up after a long contemplation and looked at her questioningly. She enumerated, Uncle Peter, the father and mother, and on the far right, you, Patrick. After a long silence, he tapped his phone and barked into it in an Irish, unintelligible dialect and pressed the button again. He sat back, the photo in his hand, and said thoughtfully that they had every time to discuss it now.

He asked that Evi tell everything again. When she spoke of the fire, he asked if it was these three, if they had all three died. Evi answered in the affirmative and went on, about the whole trip (she didn't mention the handjobs) and at the end that she was now in this anyway–Bed–and–Breakfast. Unexpectedly, he asked how much money she had left. Evi was a bit startled, because she couldn't make any sense of it, did a quick calculation and named a sum. I can get by with that for another two months, she added, and withstood his inquiring gaze. He thought for a moment, then tapped the phone again and barked unintelligibly into it again, then ended the call.

Patick leaned forward and said, my company has always reserved a room at the GOLDEN STAR hotel, right on the main square by the sea, a very nice room with a view of the sea. I would like to ask you to be my guest there, it is a really good hotel. He misinterpreted her hesitation and quickly added, you can accept it as a gift, I don't want anything from you!, and you can stay as long as you want. Patrick paused for a long time and looked at Evi tensely. She hesitated a little, then she had made up her mind and thanked him for the unexpected gift. She asked if she could visit him here again, she still had many questions.

Patrick looked her very directly and honestly in the eyes and said, Evelyn, I am not your father! I don't recognize anyone in this photo, besides – he picked up the photo – the date on the back, no, that's when I was in military service. I am certainly not your father, sorry, I would like to be, because you are a nice young girl from Austria. Patrick laughed with a wink and said, if you can stay a few more days, I would be very happy to get to know you better! At the young girl Evi almost blurted out that she was already 20 and had been a woman for seven years, a real woman! but she kept silent and struggled with her feelings. Every fiber of her body, every instinct and all her feelings cried out silently, that's my father!, but he says no and it couldn't be him, he was in the military service at the time.

Patrick did not miss her reaction, her beautiful bosom under the flimsy t–shirt quivered and rippled. He looked at his papers on the desk and said he had a lot of work to do. She should check into the GOLDEN STAR hotel right away, he said, and he could take tonight off and meet her at the hotel for dinner around 8 o'clock, if she agreed, my dear? Evi nodded in the affirmative, knowing that this salutation was friendly but meant nothing else. He escorted her to the door and stopped for a moment by the outer office lady. All done? he asked, and she answered with a yes, sir! Then he introduced Evi by name and added that she was an impotant guest of my Company, so if she needed anything, she was to be accommodated accordingly.

Babsi suddenly fell silent and sat up. What is it, I asked, how did it go on? But she smiled with catlike eyes and said, the further tomor-

row! Ah, I said laughing, with pleasure, my dear Scheherezade, but Babsi already had her mouth full and played gently, but demanding with her tongue on my limp companion. Although it was already very late, we loved each other still longer than an hour, I left very late and got only in the hotel bar something “exceptionally” to eat.

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I came a little late to Babsi, she opened with red cheeks and bright eyes. I thought you would not come today, she said, saying that she had already started a little finger sport – I dispensed with the coffee ritual and immediately lay down with my naked lovemate. Without objection she let me stimulate her and we let the hard-on wait. She was back on her arousal plateau after a short time and impatiently and greedily took over the masturbation. The technique she had refined over the years, her many orgasms were not single sequences as before, but she masturbated virtually up a mountain and held this height, often for hours and hopped from peak to peak, only then she made herself a, often very wild orgasm. It was always a horny pleasure, because she let me look, “he likes to look so much”, every detail lasciviously showing, willingly. She smiled, because she could always clearly read from my hard-on how it was for me.

After the final crescendo, she swung on top of me to ride, giving my hard-on the pleasure of her pulsating vagina and my eyes a clear view of her finger-spread labia and stiff, pumping clit. Rapidly she rode me and she came up to the peaks, and as I spurted, she reached for her clit and masturbated to the finale, for she loved to cum and orgasm simultaneously and together as much as I did.

We lay next to each other, exhausted and gasping for air, until we calmed down. I reached over to her, stroked her thighs and labia, and murmured, if you don’t tell me more I’ll have to have your head cut off tomorrow, Scheherezade! She laughed softly and whispered little-girlishly, I know, I know, your majesty! Then she became serious and continued with Evi’s story.

So Evi lived in the most beautiful hotel, Patrick came every evening, they dined quite finely in the hotel restaurant and she had

to tell him everything in great detail. Every evening she brought up fatherhood, every evening he denied it smiling. He was pleased that Evi drank at most one glass of red wine, mindful of her parents' addiction, but she said that this proved best that they were not her real parents. Patrick told how he had built the Company, starting with one ship, into one of the largest businesses in the city. Evi asked why some said "Sir Patrick" and laughing he said that as a land owner he could use the title but he was no Tirana, it was abolished in 1922. He said that if some subalterns addressed him as Sir, it was purely out of respect, and nothing more. She should please just call him Patrick, and she muttered that Daddy would be more appropriate, but he just laughed and shook his head in denial.

One evening, as they smoked in silence after dessert, he suggested that she move in with him, in the beautiful white house on the hill. She asked for time to think it over, although she had already made her decision immediately.

The next evening she agreed on the condition that she get her own room and not have to cook, which she deeply detested. Patrick was almost offended, he was a gentleman and had no ulterior motives. However, he could not talk about everything, certainly not private matters, in the often busy hotel restaurant, but they had reached a point where he wanted to talk about everything with the young girl from Austria (they smiled nostalgically). His housekeeper usually left the house at noon, and they could have the food delivered. On the other day, Evi packed her suitcase, full of clothes she had bought with the generous Sir, and took a cab to his house. He was already waiting for her.

A beautiful, large and bright house on a small hill, about ten minutes walk from the city center, the sea and the Company. He showed her the whole house, introduced her very formally to Rose, the housekeeper, and gave her the choice between two guest rooms. She chose the bright one next to his bedroom. Throughout the afternoon he was at the Company, she strolled around the house inspecting everything. In the evenings, when he got home, he'd say let's cook, grinning from ear to ear, and pick up the phone. The next two weeks flew by, and they spent the evenings on the patio talking for a long

time, looking at the stars or standing, silently enjoying the view of the city. Sometimes he put an arm around her and so one thing led to another. They kissed, shyly at first, then with increasing passion. He lifted her and carried her feather-light into his bedroom. With a wave of his hand, she let the dress and her panties slide to the floor and lay down on the bed, naked, heart pounding and trembling with anticipation. Patrick lay down next to her, taking his time and hers.

Babsi, Evi said emphatically, my first time with my father! In the glow of the corridor lights, she saw that he had a shapely, beautiful long cock with a large glans. As he gently and considerately penetrated her vagina, tears came to her eyes. I'm fucking my own father, she kept thinking. He was in good shape and lasted a very long time, then his semen spurted hotly into her. She cried and told him it is with pleasure, she stifled the saying with "fuck father". They talked for a long time and when she saw his new erection, they fucked again, he held out again for a very long time and she was about to orgasm. A wonderful time ensued and he was very grateful when, blushing shamefully, she told him she had to masturbate a bit as foreplay so she could orgasm while fucking. They were a well-rehearsed team after a short while, watching her masturbate excited him even more, as he was already approaching fifty and the second and third time didn't go so easily. She did not hide it from him that she spent many an afternoon masturbating. He hugged her warmly and said, everything you need, my darling.

She read hundreds of books that were on Patrick's shelves and one day in spring he took her to the harbor, to his private yacht named AMELIE (his mother). She had no idea about boats, but she learned that it was a very dignified American 15meter–yacht. They went out frequently now, she learned a lot about how to handle the yacht and they spent many beautiful days and nights in secluded bays. When all worries remained ashore and they listened quietly to the murmur and sway of the sea, they sometimes screwed all night until morning. On one such beautiful night, as they smoked peacefully under the deep blue starry sky after sex, he proposed marriage. No, she cried in fright, and he looked meaningfully at both of their nakedness, at the rumpled bedclothes. No, she whispered through her tears, we are fa-

ther and daughter after all! He hugged her very, very affectionately and no, he was not her father!

That's why I'm here, Evi said to Babsi, I have to think and decide, I have to go to the town hall to ask for all the papers, because she had nothing except her passport since she left for Ireland two years ago. Babsi didn't have to think long. You finally found him, you love each other idolatrously and he is socially recognized and rich, from Cinderella to Princess! Evi smiled and said he is very, very rich, that's right, then she got serious and said two things bothered her. First, when he looked at the old photo with her parents at the very first interview and heard that all three were dead, he seemed to breathe a sigh of relief – no living eyewitnesses! Second, she had been trying for months to find out about his military service, but had been unsuccessful.

Babsi went to great lengths over the next few days to get her to marry him, father or not, poppycock, there's no proof! Evi went back to Galway, months later Babsi went to Ireland for the wedding, was mother of the bride and maid of honor and before she went home again, she hugged Evi very tightly and whispered in her ear, he is a great man, a true gentleman and most certainly your father, already this resemblance! They lay laughing and sobbing in each other's arms for a long time, then Babsi drove to the airport.

End of the story, said Babsi, now I want to be fucked! But only because it's you, Scheherezade, I laughed and we did the same until we were both exhausted but happy lying next to each other. But, she asked softly, you are still staying, even if it was already 1001 nights!? I reassured her that I had phoned London (that wasn't a lie) and asked for a month's convalescent leave (a lie, they would give me another 10 days at the most). Babsi was overjoyed and said nothing, because she already had her mouth full of cock. We spent wonderful afternoons full of joy, love and incessant sex. My negotiation with the city was successfully done. Babsi gave me the letters from Evi and I read them in one go. Thank God, she was doing very, very well and loving life with Patrick. Evi, whom I loved as much as Babsi, was out of the tired poverty of her parents' house, she was safe.

I read Evi's letters carefully, over and over again. She never had the slightest doubt about Patrick's paternity. She wrote Babsi very frankly, but only if you knew the codes the three of us used to use.

Patrick continued to make a fortune with his fishing business and made it possible for her to learn from one of the best fashion illustrators and remained an illustrator for over 25 years, something she had always wanted. For a few years she stayed at home with Patrick, he had left the day to day business to his nephew as manager and worked from home on his projects as a councilor, she was happy to help him creatively.

She described her love life with Patrick meticulously, they loved each other very much and no, she answered a question of Babsi, she was really faithful to Patrick and never had a lover or fling, although there was no lack of candidates or opportunities. But she wasn't getting any younger, the fire between her legs didn't ignite every hour, but only two–times a week, but that was okay with her.

Patrick's erection problems bypassed her with aplomb and she just continued the cuddling, cuddling and kissing. She began to love caressing Patrick's cock with her mouth and lips until he became semi-stiff. He enjoyed it very much and she learned to insert his big and thick half hard-on and fuck him gently and considerately. He couldn't get enough of it and they were both very pleased when he managed to squirt with his half hard-on. This succeeded once or twice a month, Evi loved it very much and when it wouldn't work, kissed and licked his beautiful big cock as long as he wanted, let him squirt in her throat.

You could almost hear Evi giggling in her letter as she wrote of a secret admirer, a very long account of her first years with Patrick. One day she had left the curtains open and noticed while masturbating that there was a Peeping Tom among the bushes outside her window. A young, dim-witted fellow peering in the bushes, masturbating and squirting and carrying on. After the initial fright, she felt a wonderful sensation and confessed that exhibiting turned her on a lot.

Day after day she masturbated, presenting herself obscenely and revealingly to the boy, until he came very close to her large, floor-to-ceiling patio door. She watched him masturbate, disinhibited by his greedy drooling gaze. The poor guy could hardly keep up with her two hours, at the end he could no longer squirt. He rubbed his long, thin cock incessantly, stretching his red swollen glans directly onto her vagina as if to penetrate her.

When he was close to the glass door, she – rarely, but still – sat down on a stool facing the door, they were separated only by the glass. Hey, how excited the obviously retarded boy was at her nakedness, but she wanted to look at him very closely, for he was unlike anyone she had known. His cock was very long but thin, just about as thick as her thumb, and even when stiff, it bent sideways and very crooked. His foreskin seemed very special to her, covering the glans entirely even when he masturbated. She could tell when he was about to squirt because he curled up and very carefully pushed back the foreskin, exposing the red glans, only the size of a strawberry, and waited motionless until the squirting stopped. He bit his tongue when he pressed his glans directly against the glass and squirted staring at her hole, fantasizing. Once he was gone, she cleaned the glass carefully.

She found this very horny and more than once she pulled her labia all the way apart and let him see deep into her vagina, making him squirt immediately. He splashed on the floor and masturbated just as she immediately continued, although from his glans soon dripped only a very thin trickle on the floor, so exhausted was he. One day he was no longer there, and in the evening Rose reported to Patrick with a deadpan face that she had had the police pick up a tramp who had brazenly unwrapped his cock at the sight of her. Patrick didn't make a face, although he knew about it, because Evi had of course told him long ago.

When Evi came home, they both laughed out loud when he told everything. As Rose showered in Patrick's glass shower after work, as usual, she noticed the guy in the bushes staring at her and playing with himself "down there." Rose was horrified and stayed in the shower for over half an hour, embarrassed, wondering if he would fi-

nally stop. Only then, she said, did she call the police. They laughed tears and no matter whether he had just watched her showering or, say, masturbating, as Evi suspected, knowing Rose's cramped living conditions – a room for four people with a toilet in the hallway that allowed no privacy. Patrick promised to intercede for the boy the next day.

Sometimes his youngest nephew Donny, who was studying in Dublin, came to visit for a weekend. She would lie there quietly at night, nestled against Patrick's naked body, and they would both listen to the moans, humps and orgasms of the current love affair. Evi listened to her and Patrick's heart pounding because it made them both equally horny, then she busied herself with Patrick's cock or masturbated herself to wonderful orgasms. Patrick had never been able to learn to masturbate her, but he loved it very much and liked to watch her happily.

Once — Donny sat with his current love forever ready to leave in his Morgan–Sportster — she asked him if he knew where his uncle, Patrick, had served in the military? Donny's answer came as if shot out of a pistol, Patrick had not served after all, he had been able to buy his way out, that was so common at that time for boys from rich homes, he himself was still thinking about whether he would not go into military service and threw a languorous look at his future ex–girlfriend. Then he stepped on the gas and let the gravel splash. Evi stood transfixed, pressing her hand against her chest where an ice-cold stone threatened to crush her heart.

Over the years, her love of the sea grew and she would often go out alone, anchor in a bay and read, write poetry or lie in the bunk masturbating for hours. When Patrick had appointments, she would go out alone. She described the wonderful feeling when the waves gently rocked the ship, then orgasming was especially beautiful and intense.

"Happiness only lasts a week, if the evil neighbor doesn't like it!" Pretty much exactly a week later the call from London. Come immediately, on the next flight! When I called back, I received only the code, there were too many raisins in the cake, so an internal problem in the Agency and my clever head was needed. I booked immediately,

packed my things and had the hotel prepare the bill and everything for departure. With drooping shoulders, I went to Babsi's, sat down for coffee and when I put in two shots instead of the usual one, she came back to the table and sat naked on my lap. That bad? she asked, stroking my hair soothingly. She was very concerned after my report and asked when? I said that everything was already done at the hotel and that I had to leave the house of love, vicious lust and fantastic sex at six-thirty at the latest. She laughed again and urged me, forget the shower, come, come!

I have a request, I said to Babsi, please masturbate, just for me, I want to look and absorb it, want to take it in my heart! She smiled in agreement, lay down opposite me and began to masturbate. I pulled her to me, pulled her butt onto my lap and watched from very close. Babsi spread her legs wide in the air and opened as wide as she could. I looked at the swelling labia, the still relaxed clit and her large, open vagina. Babsi quickly scaled the mountain, jumped on top and immediately made the finale. I bent over and licked her clit while she pumped and licked her during her finale. She sighed in pleasure and mewed how good the clit licking did her! I fucked her during her breaks and squirted as fast as I could, pulling her back onto my lap after she squirted to continue watching and licking her stiff clit as she orgasmed. I don't know how many times we repeated it, but until we dropped. Because Babsi was also quite finished, because she did it every time until the finale and then masturbated a new round. The admonishing beep of my cell phone tore us from our frenzy.

Our farewell in a sea of tears, hugs and kisses, then I had to go.

And of course, we promised each other, we would stay in touch, and we would meet again.

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# The Lighthouse of Kings Head

by Jack Faber © 2006

He had gone too far on his bike. Behind him, the storm was approaching, gusts swept across the path, and he threatened to topple over. Straining, he pedaled on, glancing back over his shoulder again and again, looking anxiously up at the black cloud bank. The first drops fell hard and forced him to make a decision.

To turn back was probably no longer possible, until home it was certainly 2 or 3 hours. After all, he had driven the whole morning, now it might already be 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He could only follow the winding coastal path and hope that soon a village or at least a house would appear. His mother had cautiously warned him, even admitting to him that she worried when her fourteen-year-old set off alone on a bike ride along the cliff. He had only laughed and assured her that it was "nothing", that other people of the same age had already gone much further, and that he wanted to be back in the evening. She had looked at him inquiringly, and he then reluctantly admitted that yesterday's experience was depressing him. That he wanted to be alone with his thoughts for a while was only unconsciously clear to him. She was silent and looked down at the floor. It was all right, she said, nothing had happened that he should worry about, the guilt was all hers. Uncertainly she looked him in the eye, then quickly turned and went back into the house. He should not see that she wept bitterly.

It was raining heavily now, the rain showers were repeatedly blown away horizontally by the gusts and swept over him. Clouds of mist emerged from the forest, condensed, and moved toward the sea. Suddenly the lighthouse appeared in the mist in front of him. He pedaled on wildly, thinking hard; but he couldn't remember seeing a lighthouse on the map he had studied diligently. But it didn't matter now, at least he could shelter there.

The closer he got, the more clearly he could see through the rain that light was still burning upstairs, in one of the small windows. He

stopped short and wiped his wet hair out of his eyes with the back of his hand. The light was now clearly visible. He breathed a sigh of relief. An inhabited lighthouse offered real safety from the storm. He pedaled until he reached the building. He placed the bicycle caringly next to the front door, since there seemed to be no place to put it. Then he ran his fingers through his wet hair and rang the bell. For a long time nothing moved, he rang the bell again with a loud heartbeat up to his neck. Then a wooden staircase creaked, he heard footsteps and then the door opened.

The woman – she must surely already be about seventy – stared at him sullenly. Then she saw his wet clothes, wet hair, and the raindrops running down his face. “Well, come in quick,” creaked her deep voice, and he scurried past her, into the gloom of the anteroom. She closed the door and locked it.

“What are you doing out here, in weather like this?” she asked, following up with, “Where are you from, what’s your name?”

“Jack Lock,” he replied, “I live in Lambert Barns and was going to take my bike for a little ride down the coast road today. But then the weather turned up” he muttered miserably at the end.

“Well, come on then” she said, already a little more approachable than when she started. “I’m Helen Fowler, the lighthouse keeper. My husband” she sighed deeply and went up two steps, “my husband died tragically many years ago, and now I have taken his place.” Widow Fowler led the way, up the stairs. He followed her up to the second floor. It was surprisingly spacious, a tiny open kitchen, a small table with two chairs, six small windows, and a large, odd-looking wooden box. Since the room was round, the rise of the spiral staircase took up a quarter, as did the spiral staircase leading up further on the opposite side.

She went to the small gas stove and handled the pots. Only after a while did she seem to notice that he was still standing on the landing. “Well, sit down, sit down!” she said, pointing to one of the chairs with the potholder. He sat down on the edge of the chair, and after a few minutes she poured tea, then brought the teapot along with cups

and a basket of cookies to the table. “How absent-minded I seem to be today!” she muttered, shaking her head as she glanced at his wet clothes, then quickly went to the closet and took out a jacket and a pair of trousers, then ordered him to change.

He obeyed, but she had to specifically ask him to take off his wet underwear as well. He blushed all over as he stood there completely naked after taking off his wet clothes. She looked at his slim boy body for a long time while he hastily twisted and turned the pants to be able to put them on, but got completely tangled up. It was very confusing, because it seemed to him that she was not as old as she had seemed when he entered. No, she was definitely younger, much younger. Of course, he got everything even more confused by her gaze, which rested long and curiously on his penis. She stood up and came around the table, taking the pants from his hand and turning them around so that he could finally put them on.

Obediently, he drank the hot, spicy tea that he usually got lukewarm and watered down because his mother had to economize everywhere. She asked him again about his where from and where to, then she said that he already looked very grown up for his fourteen years and after a glance at the wall clock she asked what he was up to now. But right after that she answered her question herself: “Of course you can’t go home in this bad weather. You’ll have to spend the night here, maybe the storm will be over tomorrow!” He bit his lips and squirmed back and forth on the chair.

Energically, she went to the phone, which was mounted on the wall next to the closet. “It’s already 9 over,” she said, shaking her head, “you have to notify your parents!” He looked at the old pendulum clock in disbelief. It was indeed already a quarter past nine, although by the feel of it he would have guessed more like 5 or 6 o’clock. He muttered that he had only one mother and gave her telephone number, for the Widow Fowler was waiting, receiver in hand. Kindly she spoke to his mother, fluting how nice the boy was and that she couldn’t justify letting him drive home in this sour weather, in this storm. She told her not to worry, that he would be safe here in the lighthouse, and then she gave her own telephone number, so that Mrs. Lock could call her at any time. As if they had known each other

for a long time the two ladies gossiped for a while longer, then Mrs. Fowler hung up.

"Everything is fine," she said and went back to the stove, "and now you must be hungry, I'll make you something warm!". Without waiting for his answer, she began to fiddle with the stove. In no time she had fried potatoes and two eggs, which he gratefully accepted and gobbled down with ravenous hunger. Outside the storm howled and raged, heavy showers of rain slapped against the window panes. She went to the closet box and, to his surprise, flipped out a bed. Noticing his glance, she chattered, "For centuries, we lighthouse tower people have slept in box beds like this," as she busily prepared the bed. "There, that's where we'll sleep!" she said with satisfaction, after she had again made up the sheets and pillows a little. "I guess it looks small and cramped, but that's where my Blessed One and I slept for decades!" she said when she saw the look of despair on his face. She completely ignored the fact that he was getting confused and anxious at the thought of not having a bed of his own, but there really wasn't another bed there.

The idea of sleeping with a complete stranger, of sleeping in the same bed as her, dawned on him slowly. But somehow he calmed down quickly, because she wasn't really old, he had only imagined that, she was young, at least younger than his mother and suddenly he didn't find anything wrong with it, on the contrary, at the thought of the new uncertain a certain cheerfulness spread. He looked at her again, and he was sure that she could hardly be older than twenty. His eyes had probably played a trick on him – how could he have thought her old, seventy!?

However, he was not prepared for the next surprise. She stood with her back to him, letting her dress slide to the floor and smiling softly, as if she had eyes in the back and could see his bafflement, his surprise. He was so spellbound by her nakedness that he simply did not realize the intentionality of it. She turned emphatically slowly and partly completely superfluously here and there to take care of her clothes. He stared at her the whole time, blushing as she slowly spun around.

Her body was really pretty and seemed surprisingly young. Something bothered him about that thought; yes, when she had opened the door upon his arrival, she had seemed much older and he couldn't understand why she could seem so much younger now. The large breasts, which seemed plump and firm, excited him as did the black triangle of pubis. Out of the corner of her eye, she watched his reaction, giving him plenty of time to look at her.

Then she turned back around and bent down to straighten the shoes beside the bed, carefully folding the stockings and tucking them into the shoes – taking much more time than necessary. She smiled at the thought that she was showing him her charms completely unashamedly, that he was now staring at her spread buttocks and the dimly visible cunt beneath them and almost expiring from the pounding of his heart. With a knowing smile, she remained bent over and pretended to keep looking for shoes under the bed, but in this bent-over position she widened her ass cheeks even further apart and pushed through the thick, bulging labia.

Jack swallowed and heard his blood rushing in his ears, for between the widow Fowler's bulging labia he could see quite clearly her slit, the two bulges left and right, the rosy naked flesh of the vagina between them, framed by black ripples. She bent even lower and the bulges opened wider and wider, the labia opening wide to reveal her vagina. The little hole was now clearly visible and suddenly he could see into the deep, dark tunnel. He didn't even know why he shivered.

He watched her breathlessly; of course he had sometimes watched his mother secretly, and now the same unchaste and sinful thoughts chased through his mind; but Mrs. Fowler was slimmer, prettier, and much younger than his mother. She straightened up, sat upright in bed, and covered herself scantily, but up to her thighs, offering her splendid nakedness for him to see. "Come!" she said, "it's bedtime!" He stood up and obediently took off his jacket, then stood indecisive. His gaze kept sliding from her face down to her bare breasts and the suggestively visible pubic hair, but she didn't seem to notice it at all.

"Come on, get undressed already!" she said, smiling encouragingly at him. He hesitated for a few more moments, being hyper-aware of

his arousal and not knowing how she would react, but then that strange feeling of indifference came over him again. He quickly removed his pants, and as he stood up naked, she looked down at his erection with a smile.

He felt a little self-conscious, for in the past he had had a slender, unobtrusive penis to match his slender boyish body. Over the past year, however, not only had his voice grown deeper and brittle, not only had dark hairs begun to sprout around his cock and under his armpits. His cock had grown bigger, chunkier, and somehow uglier, and when it was stiff, as it was now, the veins at the sides swelled up clearly visible, and the glans thrust forward aggressively and bright red, the pulsing of the erection clearly evident.

It made him very embarrassed that probably Mrs. Fowler knew as well as anyone, and as well as he himself, that his penis had become so ugly only because of his excessive masturbation. He glanced uncertainly at her, trying to withstand her curious gaze, for the Widow Fowler made no secret of the fact that she was studying his cock thoroughly and smiling. He was sure, now that she had seen this ugly one, she probably wouldn't take him to bed with her after all. She had known before that he had a big cock, regarded it with interest and an anticipation that he could only explain if he had been able to read her mind. "Ah, nice" she stated, pulling back the covers a little, "come on, come to bed!" He inwardly gave himself a jolt after a few seconds and walked with uncertain steps towards the bed. He looked shyly at her once more, seeing her encouraging smile as she pulled back the shared blanket invitingly, exposing her naked body again. He quickly climbed into bed, heart pounding, feeling his desire as their naked bodies pressed close together. Unlike her, he immediately buried himself under the covers, pulling them up to his chin and excitedly feeling her nakedness. She reached for the switch on the wall and turned off the light. The bright, rotating light at the top of the lighthouse illuminated the living room so that it was bathed in a diffuse twilight.

He didn't have to wait long. A gentle, soft and warm arm slipped under his neck. A hand ran lightly over his cheek. She whispered softly, but he didn't understand the words, it was perhaps also a for-

eign language, in any case the strange, hypnotic singsong soothed him immensely. He felt that she was connected to him, that this singsong opened him to her and awakened in him the need to confide his secrets to her. The hand caressed his face, his hair and his chest. Then it moved with inexpressible slowness over his belly, touching his proudly sprouting pubic hair. He held his breath as the hand lightly touched and palmed his erect cock like a breath of air.

"Uuuch, we really need it!" she giggled softly. He wanted to tell her not to caress him in that way, but she continued to sing-song and it was such a nice feeling that he kept his mouth shut. The thought that this was obviously not a secret between his mother and him and that he must have imagined it flitted through his consciousness as she quite clearly touched his penis. She stroked his hair and murmured soft, foreign-sounding words in his ear. He held his breath as she masturbated him quickly and with a knowing hand. Her hand routinely swirled up and down, pulling the foreskin back hard again and again, and sometimes her thumb ran over the glans with excitement. She formed it into a tight ring with her fingers and rubbed it in a frantic staccato until he squirted and his semen spurted and spilled over her hand. She continued to slowly rub him with her exciting wet hand until the cock gradually softened. He closed his eyes, for a warm feeling of happiness flowed through him. She embraced him with both arms and pulled him to her, letting him rest against her chest. He understood nothing of what she whispered in his ear in that strange language, but he felt warm and safe with her, her scent beguiled him, and he could tell her everything, even his last secrets. He was suddenly no longer afraid to put his hand on her breast and stroke it gratefully.

A while passed, he gently caressed her breast and almost fell asleep at her soft singsong. She spoke directly to him, asking him about his secrets. He was silent and listened within. But there was no fear, there was familiarity and she wanted for sure to know. He felt that she liked him and in a low, whispering voice he told, haltingly at first, what she wanted to know.

Yes, he masturbated frequently, certainly three or four times a day, and sometimes he had masturbated together with other boys,

they had watched each other do it and laughed sheepishly afterwards when they repacked their dicks. But that didn't happen very often. And once, shortly after they moved to this area, he had such a situation with Nina, the neighbor girl who was a little older than him. They had agreed that he would show her how the squirting went if she showed herself naked to him. She had unceremoniously removed her underpants from under her skirt and sat down with her knees bent facing him so he could look. Now he unwrapped his hard-on and Nina said, "Wow, it's big!"

He stared at the small, naked slit that she seemed to be showing off without shyness. He had never seen it so long and thoroughly before, and from this he became quite horny and masturbated quickly. Nina remained sitting patiently with her thighs spread wide and watched tensely until the first jet landed on the floor, the rest he let splash into his hand.

Jack was silent, for he had thus told just about all that could be told.

"So, what happened next?" the young widow asked, stroking his hair. He thought about it for a moment, then told her that Nina wanted to see the splash again a few days later. He agreed, but only on the condition that he could first look at hers up close, to which she agreed. She lay down on her back, bent her legs and spread them wide.

He bent over her and was quite disappointed, for not quite much could be seen, and what could be done with it they both knew very vaguely. He, of course, tried to gently insert his cock into her slit, and at first she had nodded curiously and enthusiastically, with a thick lump in her throat. Immediately after, she was very frightened and gave a pressed gasp that it hurt a lot. But he immediately squirted in her small vaginal entrance, although he had penetrated with the glans only up to her hymen. But since it didn't hurt anymore, Nina let him continue squirting in her vaginal entrance until he was done.

But the situation had aroused him. He sat down next to the girl and masturbated after a while. She asked if she could try it too. He

hesitated and said that she could do it, but only as he demonstrated and then when it squirted, she must not stop, no way. Nina was very docile and then he let her do it. Two–three times he corrected her until she did it right – and how well she did it! When he squirted, she stopped, startled, but he gaspingly ordered her to keep going, so she grabbed the nasty squirting thing again and rubbed it fearfully until nothing came.

From now on he didn't have to masturbate as often, because they kept meeting in the tool shed behind Nina's house. He had to promise Nina on high that he would not hurt her or pierce her hymen. She willingly and very carefully let him penetrate up to her hymen and there he was allowed to fuck very carefully, which she enjoyed very much. He squirted as often as he could and pumped his seed into her.

She explained to him that her hymen had a big hole and she felt very clearly when his semen squirted through the hole all hot and deep into her vagina. He was allowed to check if she really had a hole in her hymen and she assured him that it had always been there. He learned, with Nina's help, to press his glans directly on the hole before squirting and to squirt through the hole deep into her vagina. Nina said that was a great, horny feeling. After some time, during which he kept checking her intact hymen, he noticed that the hole had become bigger. He didn't tell her anything, because she had to notice herself that his glans already fit almost completely through the hole. But she enjoyed it very much when his hot semen splashed into her vagina.

What bothered him, however, was that he couldn't find her clit during his inspections. He asked her, but she just shrugged, I don't have breasts either, no pubic hair and not my period either. He appeased as best he could, but it annoyed him that she denied doing it to herself, she wouldn't know how. She let him search for the clit and held her breath pressed because he kept starting to masturbate in a place where he missed her clit. She was very tense and let him do it, but when her thighs started to tremble, she stopped him. And again no, she never had masturbated!

It ended when she fell in love with another boy and stopped letting him squirt into her vagina as often. About a week later, she came to their meeting place quite devastated and told him that she had fucked the boy for real and he was massively upset that she was not a virgin despite her assurances because it had not bled. He examined her vagina conscientiously and saw her hymen with the big hole, just as he had seen it last. He thought about how the other fellow had managed not to deflower her.

But then he noticed a spot where there was a tiny hump, because Nina was getting pretty horny during the inspection. He began to masturbate this little hump, and sure enough, it grew a bit and became hard. He stopped and looked. It was really a clit, a tiny one. As before, her legs began to tremble. This time he would not be stopped until she was writhing and convulsing violently in orgasm. When she calmed down, he saw the guilt in her eyes for lying to him all this time. No, she assured him again, she had never, never masturbated. He said nothing, she said nothing. From now on, however, he masturbated her as often as he wanted, even when she didn't want him to. In the breaks, when they had waited until now for his cock to get hard again, he masturbated her to violent orgasms, often a second time. Silently, without a sound.

Now, however, he masturbated her, even though she was still indulging her great love and crying about the lover. He concentrated on her clit, which soon made her stop crying. When she orgasmed, he didn't let her lie on her side as usual, but spread her legs and watched the pumping and rolling of her vagina curiously, seeing how the little clit pumped. She hugged him warmly afterwards and willingly let him fuck her.

He penetrated very carefully, felt the resistance of the hymen and pushed quickly and energetically, felt how it tore and fucked liberated and wonderful further and splashed long and extensively. Nina either had not noticed the tearing of her hymen or just said nothing. He enjoyed very much not having to think and pay attention to the stupid hymen anymore. After another masturbation orgasm, they fucked again.

They did it for another week, then another week, every day he was allowed to fuck her twice, once even three times and squirt in juicy jets in her vagina. She seemed to really like being masturbated by him all the time by now, lying down with her thighs open and playing with herself a bit, mewing in a childish voice for him to finally start masturbating her, but she steadfastly refused to do it to herself, not in front of him. No, again no, she never had masturbated!

After that he had enough of her heartbreak, incessantly the same sad details and complaints that the other boy had only a very, very small cock and squirted after only 5 seconds, she described the cock in great detail, every one of his fucking movements and every detail of his short, disappointing squirt. But he wasn't interested anymore and after some lying excuses they met only when he couldn't stand it at all or she wanted to be masturbated very badly. And she often wanted it, because of course they fucked afterwards until he was completely exhausted.

In the last few weeks Nina changed visibly, her breasts began to grow, her hips became rounder, and during his inspections he noticed that her pubic area and also the clit were slowly enlarging. More and more often he saw that the small clit and the skin around it looked very reddened and very worn. He told her that she should masturbate herself while fucking to experience the orgasm more beautifully. At first she resisted, but he urged her until she consented, but he was not allowed to look. He hummed, and she rubbed herself for a long time as they fucked. He didn't even need to look to know how she was doing it. He could feel her first masturbating her clit with one finger, and then just before she orgasmed, fanning her clit with her spread fingers at a frantic pace until she came. He was pretty damn sure that Nina didn't do it for the first time. She had done it since ever but had bloody fucking lied about it. — Uh, she said, that was nice! From then on, she had no trouble doing it herself while fucking, and when he finished faster than she did, she let him watch.

She surprised him by fucking him and telling him that she had had a new guy for some time. He didn't let her interrupt him and kept fucking and she babbled on. The new guy had a nice and long

cock just like him, but he had a very long foreskin. Even when she gave him a handjob the foreskin covered the whole glans and she was not allowed to pull it all the way back until he squirted. In fucking the boy was not special, he always squirted way too early and that's why she liked to come to Jack so much, because she could masturbate and orgasm with him. But the new guy loved the blowjob more than the fucking and allowed her to pull his foreskin all the way back and tease the naked glans in her mouth with her tongue. Yes, of course she swallowed the semen, there was nothing to it. Jack didn't care at all about the new guy, but she had to tell the glans sucking again and in great detail.

Jack wasn't quite sure how much of it he was really telling to the young Widow and how much of it was just coming back to him from his memory.

Already while he was telling, the young Widow had caressed his cock, now it stood stiff and firm. She made no effort to masturbate him again and already he thought it was over. But again she surprised him. She hugged and kissed him and stroked his cock continuously. With her other hand, she slowly but insistently maneuvered him onto her belly until he was completely on top of her. She put one leg even further to the side and suddenly he felt her wiry pubic hair poking his cock.

He was in a mood of alarm, this could not be a coincidence. He knew what was coming, and yet he didn't know it, because he knew how to go about it, but didn't dare. Was she really going to do it? He didn't move, and his breathing was clenched. How could she know that he could already do it? Had she seen it in his eyes?

She laughed cooing, thinking it was just as well. His heart was pounding and his fear was great, but she murmured again in that strange language, and he gradually became cheerful and expectant again. She reached down between their bodies and grasped his cock, gently inserting it into her vagina. She whispered she would make him stiffer first, and slowly rubbed his half-inserted cock with her hand, whispering soft foreign words in his ear again.

A long time passed before she was satisfied, then she pressed on his buttocks and his cock slowly penetrated quite deeply. She held him by the hips, he was surprised by the warm softness and tight tenderness of her vagina, and the explosion that now followed surprised them both. His cock jerked up and squirted for all it was worth, and she quickly pushed him back. The wonderful feeling of happiness subsided instantly, although he could feel the soft, warm skin of the labia on which his seed was spurting quite clearly with the glans.

"That was nice, my little lover," she whispered tenderly when he had stopped spurting, and let him slide slowly beside her. For a long time he lay there saying nothing, letting himself drift in a sea of mist – for that he had splashed far too soon he knew himself, but he could not help it now. A while might have passed, then she caressed his body again, slowly feeling her way from his chest over his belly and thighs to his cock. Energetically she kneaded him and stroked firmly up and down until the journeyman stiffened halfway again.

Once again she asked him pointedly about one of his secrets, and he felt so secure and comfortable with her that in this mood, especially since she was rubbing his cock so gently and comfortingly, he would have told her anything. He told of his lonely hours of masturbation, told of how his mother had caught him doing it regularly and had admonished him at first not to do it anymore because it was a bad sin. He believed, however, that she was mostly fascinated by his big cock, for once, when he once again exposed himself to her in an exhibitorial fit and playfully held his cock in his hand, she whispered appreciatively that it was one of the biggest cocks she had ever seen.

Yes, and a few times she was already standing in the room because he had not heard her come in. She let him do it first and waited a long time until he started again, she said the sin thing again, but he couldn't stop there. She told him to stop, but he gasped in sin despair that he could not. She shook her head disapprovingly at first, but then she watched him calmly until he finished. She had just stood there smiling, watching in fascination as he handled his big cock while masturbating, even though it was a sin, but she was long past talking about that now.

In the bathtub, he told quietly, he liked to do it because she always washed his back and because he liked to expose himself so much in front of her and also because he wanted to impress her with the squirting and his big cock, he masturbated while bathing every time. The mother would then stop washing his back and watch him, impressed, until he was completely finished. This secret – or at least he thought it was a secret between him and her – connected them, besides, in a small apartment where they lived as a couple, hardly anything could be kept secret. Gradually it became natural for him to masturbate in her presence whenever he needed to.

Later, when their sexual encounters had evolved, he naturally wanted more of her in the bathtub and instructed her to waltz his glans proficiently after squirting so that the last drop came out. Obediently she worked the glans with two fingers, soon it was stiff again and she had to continue until the cock was also completely stiff. Then, he said, she had to quickly pull the foreskin back and forth with her fingers over the glans, faster and faster, until the glans squirted. She did it, because he enjoyed that more than a hand job, and she had no intention of giving it to him either. She was okay with it, despite her bigoted remorse, because he liked it so much and more and more it didn't seem like a particularly bad sin. With her mouth she didn't want to do it, although he often asked her about it. After her negligee got completely soaked the first time, she awaited him naked on the stool from then on, giggling inwardly as she enjoyed him looking at her nakedness covetously and surely full of unchaste thoughts, but that also encouraged his erection. More than once she felt the sinful temptation to join him in the tub, but she always shied away from it because she was far too afraid of the very bad mortal sin.

Jack soon stopped masturbating, but let her do it to him in the bathtub one or more times every night. She thought it was fine, and when she had made his cock and glans stiff, she would form a tight ring around the foreskin with her thumb and forefinger and make very small, quick movements with the foreskin on the glans until he squirted, and keep doing that until it stopped. She also had fun doing it herself when she sat naked on the stool waiting for him and he got into the tub with a high grade erection. She told him to stop and did

it to him standing up, the first time it went yes very fast and he splashed his concentrated load into the water. Later, after she had washed him and his back, when he sat in the water and looked at her and she opened her legs slightly to his looks, then she herself felt a warm tingling in her loins similar to the one she felt before masturbating. Looking almost always gave him an erection, then she would reach into the water and make it splash loudly. All of this her Jack loved very much!

Jack was silent, still not sure how much of what had come back to his mind he had actually told the teenage playmate out loud.

The teenage widow stroked his cock and whispered that it was indeed beautiful and very large and now already surpassed that of many grown men. She was silent for a while before continuing to lie that she had not had such a beautiful and powerful cock in a long time. They were silent for a long time, then she asked him to continue.

He told that he used to watch his mother in the bathroom secretly through a crack in the door paneling. She used to stay in the bathroom for a long time and walk around there naked, which of course excited him a lot. She was a beautiful woman, in her mid thirties with beautiful reddish-blonde hair and a bit chubby. Her breasts were no longer round and full, large and heavy they hung over her belly. The nipples were dark brown and pointed when she was aroused. She seemed to play with her nipples quite unconsciously, again and again when her arousal increased. He always got horny when she stroked her breasts and rhythmically squeezed the teats with two fingers. She always had her pubic hair finely trimmed, which emphasized her thick labia and pubic fold and her amazingly slender hips. Her butt was quite round, and she often complained on the phone to her girlfriends that she was too fat, but that wasn't true.

Before bathing, she sometimes sat down on the little stool in front of the mirror next to the door, where it spied. She put her legs up and spread to cutting her pubic hair short with a little scissors and clean her pubic with a washcloth. Spreading her labia with her fingers, she very devoutly washed her vagina and labia and finally her clit. She

put the washcloth aside and slowly stroked her clit with her fingers. He was amazed every time, because the clit became quite dark red and lifted a little. She mostly closed her eyes and stroked the clit mostly from bottom to top, so that the little guy was brought to rise and stiffen.

Mostly she stopped when her legs twitched and trembled, but sometimes she had done it too fast and then hadn't been able to stop, so she had to press her fingers on the clit and her head and neck nodded back and forth, like pigeons when they walked on the floor on their little legs. She often sat in front of the mirror for a long time, making her legs tremble and very rarely her head dove–nod, he always watched curiously and hornily.

She stroked her clit delicately, gently and for a very long time before standing up abruptly and getting into the bathtub. When she lay in the tub humming to herself, or when she played with herself with her eyes closed afterwards, he would do it until he couldn't anymore.

What she was doing exactly, he couldn't see in the sea of foam, of course, but he was sure that she was sinning just as he was. After all, he could see her face, shoulders, and upper arm moving rhythmically, and he could imagine that in the extension of her arm, her hand was somehow working her pubic or clit.

She did it much less often than he did, but when she did sin, it was long and several times in a row. He could see on her face the ebb and flow of sin, the tightening and the gentle relief when it came. She would then stay in the bath for a very long time and do it to herself a few times until she fell asleep in the tub, redeemed.

He faltered in his narrative because he felt he was somehow betraying his mother, but his playmate, who had become young as if by magic, murmured in his ear that he should continue quietly and gently touched his cock. He felt a strong arousal rising, again she stroked gently and vigorously up and down his cock. She murmured that he should go on about the mother. It was something bad, he said gloomily, but she stroked him soothingly and murmured that he could tell her anything, really anything. He was silent for a long time

before he went on, and at some point he was silent again, because he was hung up on the memory that was clearly playing out before his closed eyes.

His mother did not often sleep naked, usually wearing a short nightgown. Lately, however, she had been walking around naked before she went to bed, and he looked at her covetously. True, she had violent palpitations, for her bigoted bourgeoisie tormented her mercilessly. It was very unchaste behavior to masturbate in front of the mirror or in the bathtub while her son watched her. But it excited her immensely to be naked in his presence, to show herself naked to him and to tease him sexually. She did it so casually, as if it were only accidental, but she showed herself to him more and more openly, shamelessly, obscenely. Yes, she even went so far as to sit on the edge of the bed with her thighs wide apart, creaming and caressing her body, breasts and loins with slow, lascivious movements, while he masturbated and squirted standing under the open door.

This vague addiction to exhibiting herself naked before him came from her unchaste dreams. Several times in a row she dreamed she was being wonderfully fucked, but when she saw the lover's face, it was always Jack. No, it couldn't be! the black-tailed, horned duckling throbbed in her thoughts, you mustn't even think about that! But she kept having this recurring dream, being mounted and inseminated by Jack. Sometimes it seemed to her upon awakening that her clit felt as if she had been masturbating all night. Sometimes her vagina felt like it had been really fucked all the way through. The dreams wouldn't let her go, she would watch languidly as Jack masturbated and fantasized about what she would love to do. Her other angel, the white-clad one with the permanent erection, whispered conspiratorially, come on, do it, grab him, feel free to touch him, let him fuck, I'm sure he won't mind! But she continued to suffer, torn, offering her nakedness to her son more and more covetously, and afterwards being very ashamed and depressed. Discord and Bigotry can hurt so much!

But the dreams remained, her horniness rekindled when she saw him masturbate and felt almost physically his penetration of her chaste, martyred vagina. From her phone calls and secretly whis-

pered confessions among girlfriends, she knew that several of them "blew" her husband, and, as one then explained blowing to her, that the woman took the cock in her mouth and let him squirt inside her mouth. And no, the sperm was swallowed, spitting it out he would consider a rejection. The girlfriend, Jeannette, was very simple in spirit and very direct. If Jack's mother wanted to see it for herself, she could come over.

For days she pondered Jeannette's proposal and fought against her bigotry, but watching wasn't even a sin after all! Finally, she called Jeannette and said she wanted to see it. The other day she went, they gossiped and gossiped in the kitchen for a while, then she brought up the blow job. No problem, Jeannette said, let's go see Frido! Frido was her mentally retarded cousin, whom she often took in for weeks or months when his family traveled. Frido was sitting in a wheelchair in front of the TV in the next room and looked up when the two women walked in. Frido is 50, Jeannette said, the same age as me. Unfortunately, he couldn't speak, but they had known each other since childhood and she understood him quite well.

Frido, she called, come, let's play! and Frido's eyes lit up. Jeannette stepped up to his chair and laboriously pulled down his pants. Jack's mother was to sit on a chair opposite Frido, and Jeannette took Frido's cock in her hand. So, the blowjob goes like this, she said, and she took his whole glans in her mouth, then she masturbated him with her hand, and when he squirted, she opened her mouth wide so Jack's mother could see very clearly how Frido squirted in her mouth. She swallowed the cum and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. She told Jeannette she got a good look at everything and now knew how to do it. Jeannette nodded, she held Frido's cock and then said he may still fuck! Turning to Jack's mother, she said she had to go to the bathroom, meanwhile she should get Frido's cock stiff.

Very hesitantly she bent over and touched Frido's cock, Jeannette farted loudly and walked out. She held Frido's cock very still, but he was wriggling and obviously wanted her to do him. She stroked his thick cock to keep it stiff, but she was definitely not giving him a hand job. Outside, the phone rang and Jeannette picked it up, chat-

ting and chatting endlessly. She stroked his cock as soon as it softened a bit, and stopped when it stood magnificently again. When Jeannette came back in, Frido made some sounds and Jeannette translated, he wants to fuck you! She encouraged her, come on, you'll enjoy it, come on, you can do it! But she shook her head vigorously, no, she didn't want to. Jeannette tried to persuade her, but she really didn't want to and let go of his cock. Alright, Jeannette said, you can wait in the kitchen or stay here, and with one grip she loosened her skirt, letting it fall to the floor.

She had nothing on underneath and swung herself up and over Frido. She reached through underneath and guided Frido's cock into her vagina. Jack's mother watched in fascination as Jeannette's big ass fucked with long, slow movements, the thick cock widening her vagina with each up and down. It took more than fifteen minutes before Frido made a sound and she saw that he was pumping cum. Jeannette remained sitting on the cock, masturbating as she could see from behind. As she orgasmed, her vagina contracted tightly several times and Frido's cock popped out.

Jeannette climbed down, wiped Frido's cock clean with a cloth and pulled up his pants, then she put on her skirt and they walked out quietly. Jack's mother looked at the kitchen clock and said, oh my God, so late already! and she had to go anyway and quickly said goodbye. She then went down the dirt road between the bushes instead of the car road and couldn't take it anymore. She crouched down between the bushes and peed, then looked around very carefully to make sure no one could see her and masturbated while squatting, quickly and greedily, in her mind's eye the image of Frido's cock and Jeannette's vagina slowly milking him.

She once again posed naked in front of Jack and he began to masturbate as usual, she timidly sat down next to him and tentatively touched his glans with a finger. She asked him if that was okay with him and Jack answered in the affirmative, that was very fine! He continued smiling and she kept her finger on the glans, feeling him suddenly stiffen. He masturbated his cock with long strokes and she turned her fingers all around his glans very quickly. He squirted into her hand and she washed it off, but she didn't dare taste the cum.

Jack said that it was very nice and that he would so love to squirt between her breasts. Though still troubled by her spirits, she nodded silently and knelt facing him, reaching with one arm under her breasts, which she held out to him ready to receive. He brought his cock back to a stop and fucked between her breasts, which she squeezed tightly to make the fucking go well. He squirted from the valley between her breasts onto her neck, her mouth and onto her breasts.

She washed herself in the bathroom and carefully licked the cum that had hit her mouth – it didn't taste bad. After this exciting bosom fuck she asked him if she could do it and of course he agreed. It was the first handjob for her, but she had watched so many times that she knew exactly what to do. Jack, propped up on the bed with both hands, enjoyed it very much and looked fascinated at his naked mother kneeling in front of him, who had first quite skillfully brought his flaccidity to a halt and then masturbated him the right way. Before squirting, she gave in to her own horniness and pressed his glans directly onto her half-open mouth so that the little hole in the glans was in her mouth. But when it squirted, she cowardly pulled her head back and it squirted all over her breasts. Her tighty whities almost rolled over at the thought of where this was going, bringing shame, dejection and regret.

Jack was torn, because a few days later she gave him another handjob and just before he squirted she licked his glans, played around it with her lips and took the glans in her mouth, the whole glans, continued the handjob and tentatively licked the glans with her tongue. Just when she thought she should take it out again, he spurted in her mouth, the semen spurting warmly down her throat, on her palate, all over her mouth. She was startled at first, but then she swallowed his seed eagerly, fantasizing about how nice it would be if he fucked her, and she soon wanted nothing more than to fuck him, that thought eating into her fantasies like a red-hot knife, making her more excited every day about when they would do it. It was no longer if, but when that ate through her thoughts. She still recoiled from it, even though she had imagined it a hundred times. She didn't let him cum in her mouth anymore, though, but she did tell him about the visit with Jeannette, giggling. He said that it would be

a great pity if she didn't want to do it to him with her mouth, but that didn't matter, since she worked his glans so wonderfully during his daily bath.

Jack did not know if he had spoken this secret aloud, told it aloud, for his pretty young playmate was lying with her head on his chest, playfully fingering his cock.

In truth, Jack had quite a terrible secret that he now had to confess. When his mother was plagued by the headache of a migraine attack, she escaped by taking 3 sleeping pills with a water glass of liquor, usually in the late afternoon. This was far more than she was prescribed, but she was able to fall asleep half an hour later and sleep soundly until noon the next day. He noticed that after she fell asleep, she slept very deeply and like a dead woman. All he had to do was pull the covers off and she was lying naked and beautiful in front of him, in her sleeping position on her stomach, one leg bent and her butt sticking out.

In the beginning he looked at her nudity and went again to masturbate. Later he wanted more, palpated her pink vagina and teased her clit. Full of excitement he saw the clit swell red and stiffen, he continued rubbing very gently until her legs began to tremble. He paused, she noticed nothing and he continued. Again and again he made her tremble until she orgasmed and he watched the pumping of her abdomen, the trembling vagina and the soft throbbing in her clit. She slept soundly like a dead woman and noticed nothing. Sometimes he spent two-three hours masturbating her defenseless body over and over to orgasm.

But he soon wanted more. When she made pleasurable sounds after an orgasm, he knelt up and pushed his glans into her vaginal entrance, then carefully continued until his whole cock was inside her. He let his cock feel everything closely, it felt very different, much softer than Nina's vagina. Almost instantly he spurted with his glans throbbing, letting it all spurt into her, and was quite dazed when he pulled his flaccid out. After a few minutes, he noticed that his semen was flowing out of her vagina. He got a towel and wiped it away as best he could. That he didn't have to move and the squirting came on

its own, that was wonderful. Sometimes he would move and those careful fucking movements would trigger his squirting.

Most of the time he had another erection within fifteen minutes, then he tested if she was asleep deeply enough, that was always the case. He sometimes turned her supine and brought her legs into position. He gently penetrated her vagina and fucked her slowly and with pleasure, sometimes even again and, the more he fucked her, the wilder he fucked her. Then he wiped away the leaking semen with the towel and turned her back to prone position, one leg bent. He was terribly ashamed, but the next morning he was the dear, good boy. And it had all been going on for months; he had probably squirted into the innocent sleeper's vagina more than a hundred times. That was Jack's biggest secret.

Showing herself-excited the mother more and more each time, more and more openly and deliberately posing naked before him, feasting on his greedy horniness. Whenever she was naked, she excited him very much, so much so that he had once crawled into bed with her when she had dropped the book and the glasses while falling asleep and had also left the light burning. She had let the blanket slide to the floor, as she often did, and the sight of her naked body excited him madly. She was lying on her stomach, one leg bent, and under the butt crease the mystery darkly loomed. For a while he masturbated sitting upright in bed while looking at her buttocks excitedly, he touched her buttocks and her pubic hair curling under them, he didn't dare to do more. Or else, he corrected himself with shame, he had sat up, knelt down and carefully palpated the damp bulges between her pubic hairs with his fingertips, had touched her damp secret with his glans and, heart pounding, had carefully inserted his cock up to the glans, then very carefully halfway, then as deep as it could go, into her soft, sleeping vagina and didn't move. He felt the excitement creeping up in his loins, he would soon squirt and he wanted nothing more now than to squirt his pent up hot seed deep into her vagina.

He noticed that she stirred and pulled out his cock very quickly and carefully. She woke up slowly and drowsily, as if sensing him, and turned around – looking hypnotized at his wet cock. He hadn't

masturbated in a long time and needed it now, badly. He knelt, cock in hand, waiting for something, anything. Actually, he wished she would take his glans in her mouth and let him squirt there, at the same time he balked at the thought that she might then smell or taste the odor of her own vagina. He wiped the thought away, because she was lolling and moving towards him, and he got scared of where it would lead.

With half-closed eyes, lust and horniness slowly creeping up behind them, she watched him, looking hornily and longingly at the erect cock. Her vagina felt somehow different and the little devil screamed wanting more! No, we are not allowed to fuck!, the bigot raged. The tugging in her loins increased to unbearable, she felt increasingly great desire to expose herself further to him, to excite him further with her nakedness and lust. At the same time she was agonized by her petty, bigoted soul. She trembled, for these impulses were extreme and contradictory, she sighed godly and hated herself for her lust, which now overpowered her and finally made her sink back completely on the bed.

She surrendered her cleft, which shone swollen, dark red and wet deep in the sparse–black frizz of her pubic hair, to his gaze, but her feverish gaze was still on his cock, which he masturbated very slowly, stretching its entire length towards her tantalizingly. In this position, her pussy bulged forward, now lying before him like an open, wet fruit. The tip of the glans, dancing lightly as he masturbated, touched her labia again and again, throbbing. She lifted her head so that she could watch his masturbation, the touches of his glans on her labia, while she worked her breast tips harder and harder and moaned voluptuously.

Some uninvolved, bored instance in her soul waved wearily away as the thought of mortal sin flashed briefly and immediately vanished. For a split second, a flicker of thought chased through her mind how much she must have suffered from years of renunciation, for his father had left her after a few weeks. But he wiped the thought away, stretched his cock even further, pressed it firmly against her pubic fold and rubbed gently. The greed and thunderous lust in her

gaze almost frightened him, pure lust, covetous greed and unspeakable horniness spoke from her gaze.

No! it screamed inside her, No! But she was shaken feverishly by her lust, with a hypnotized look she looked at her boy kneeling in front of her, slowly masturbating with a rigid expression looking at her exposed vagina. She looked down at herself, his glans kept touching her labia, but no!, that was not allowed! With one hand she reached down, with two fingers she held his red swollen glans, so that he touched it only very lightly. With the fingers of the other hand she spread her labia, opened her vagina wide. No, don't! The glans was only millimeters from her vagina, millimeters at a time she moved the glans forward to the vagina with her fingers until she touched it, until its tip had penetrated, until it was halfway in. No, don't! She closed her eyes and fantasized that it was her dead husband whose cock was bursting hornily at her gate. He was the only one, no one before him and no one after him.

She felt his thrusting, felt that he wanted to penetrate her fully, but she was not ready for that. Not yet. Her ambivalence almost drove her out of her mind, on the one hand trying to keep him from penetrating and on the other feeling him thrusting millimeter by millimeter deeper into her vagina. Oh, that was beautiful! But she pushed him back with her hand, leaving only the glans in the entrance of the vagina. And how nice it was to feel this firm, big glans in her vagina, to feel a pleasant shiver of happiness and fear with each of his thrusts.

Jack was out of his mind when his glans exploded at one point. She, however, was watching closely, a long drawn out wail escaping her throat as his seed spurted in in a thick, hot stream. She quivered and twitched with each thrust of his glans monster, pressing her fingers as deep as she could into her vagina and directing what must have been about ten spurts of semen directly into her vagina until it subsided. Tears rolled down her cheeks and crying she realized what had happened to her, what she had done. She pulled out the glans and bent his cock to the side, groaning.

She lay gasping and crying, he squirted the very last of it triumphantly over her body. She had put his glans into her vagina herself and let him squirt in, a massive amount of semen that had accumulated over the whole day! Humiliated and ashamed, she covered her eyes with one arm and felt nothing but terrible shame. She wept softly, but heartbreakingly, for what they had done here was a quite terrible mortal sin. When it was over, he crept back to his bed, depressed by her weeping.

But it only happened this once, Jack added, and he had been incredibly embarrassed. Yesterday, yes yesterday, that was before he left, which is why he left, to kick the shame out of himself. But he did not tell that. The beautiful widow had listened to him and caressed him, but now she had to smile, he saw that. His assurance that it had never happened again after that seemed hollow to her. And that was what it was.

The beautiful girl resting on his chest quietly resumed her hypnotic singsong, and he felt a fierce urge to tell her in great detail the shameful event of yesterday. He felt that it was this singsong that made him confess everything. After his mother had let his glans squirt all the way deep inside her he had gone into his room, she remained lying with her legs spread out. When she had pressed his glans deep into her vagina she had had a vision, her vagina had recognized his cock and glans, with one stroke she realized that he must have fucked her many times when she lay in death-like sleep on migraine days. He had fucked her, taking advantage of her defenselessness, but she didn't find it mean, just an insanely horny thought. Her arousal, which she still felt from earlier, turned into hot, horny lust, she relived the dreams in which Jack fucked her. Aaah, that was horny! Infinitely horny!

Although she knew that he could see everything through the open door, she began to stroke her clit, dreaming of the thousand dreamed fucks while masturbating, and soon she pushed the thumb of her other hand into her vagina to fuck herself with it, because that was a nice way for her to masturbate. Out of the corner of her eye she had noticed that he had come back into the room, lay down next to her and watched her blatantly. He watched very closely what she was do-

ing with her thumb and inserted his index finger along the humping thumb, sensing and feeling how she was doing it. She couldn't stop, masturbating with both hands until her orgasm took hold and shook her womb. He felt her convulsions and the pumping of her vagina and that her thumb was masturbating a special area. He probed into that area and pushed her thumb aside, he masturbated her in that spot and she squeezed the air out in agony, her head jerked forward and she stared at him with her eyes widened in surprise as she needed to orgasm immediately. Jack gave her a little break and masturbated her again in the same spot and she orgasmed again with her face contorted with pleasure. Then he gently pulled his thumb out of her throbbing vagina. He looked deep into her eyes and his cock touched her labia, his glans penetrating a bit.

She was still shaken from the rolling and pumping of masturbation and orgasm, but she breathed, Yes, Yes, Come! and Jack penetrated her pumping vagina. She felt her vagina recognize the cock, she clung to it and her hand on his buttock controlled it, gave him the beat. How beautiful this was! Jack put his hot cheek against hers and fucked her wonderfully, and her dying orgasm became a new, beautiful throb again as he fucked her good and hard. "Yes, Yes!" she cried aloud as she thought he was going to squirt, but he paused and waited for his cock to soften.

Then, after a few minutes, he started again, fucking well and hard so that her vagina began to throb violently until he almost squirted and stopped again, pulling his cock out of her vagina but letting it rest on her pussy. She had never been fucked this way before! The only one she had fucked before was his father, he did it fast and hard until he squirted, once or twice every night. But Jack made her wait and started all over again. Her heart was pounding, her vagina was pumping all of a sudden, and she orgasmed for the first time without clit stimulation! Jack had located the exact point that his glans had to stimulate just a little bit for her to orgasm.

Jack paused again and she had calmed down after orgasming; her tormentors were pounding her: incest, incest, incest! She became deathly sad and no longer participated in the fucking. No, she couldn't stop him anymore, because she had wanted it so much be-

fore, and he was now “in the middle of it”. Unresponsive, she let his cock enter her vagina and had tears in her eyes while he vigorously fucked exactly her most sensitive orgasm point. She felt it rise hotly inside her and she orgasmed again before he paused again. She cried softly, even though her vagina had cheered, muttering that “our incest was wrong and not right”.

It was a strange sensation as he inserted his semi-firm cock into her vagina, as he very slowly tightened again and she felt her rising orgasm. With powerful thrusts right on her spot he brought her to orgasm again and stopped, in the waning she cried very softly with sadness and shame as he rested for the next course. It went on like this, Jack stopped just before his peak and she orgasmed easier and easier each time as he focused on her sensitive spot. Her eyes briefly grazed the wall clock and she thought, my God, he’s been fucking me for over two hours! Her remorse made her even sadder, and the more she let it wash over her willy-nilly, the deeper the sadness became. She suffered silently, for the incest was incest, but her body, that rotten traitor, orgasmed loudly exultantly, and Jack felt it.

He made her orgasm again and she breathed choppily: “Yes, come, squirt already!” Jack threw back his sweaty hair and said for the x-th time, “yes, in a minute!” and prepared to stuff his softened cock into her vagina, then he started fucking her very slowly at first until his cock got harder. She begged in a tear-stained voice, “please, please fuck me and squirt, squirt already!” Jack went at it with all his might and she saw his face tense with effort as he fucked and humped like a machine. “Yes, come on, let it out,” she murmured, feeling that he suddenly couldn’t stop. She whispered in a tear strangled voice, “Yes, Yes! squirt at last!” and Jack couldn’t hold it in any longer and squirted rearing up, she whispered “Yes, Yes!” and was frantic with happiness and sadness as he poured out in bursts, rearing up each time squirting his seed into her vagina thrust after thrust, jet after jet.

She cheered and sobbed softly, for it was so beautiful! He stopped thrusting and remained motionless in her vagina while his cock gradually became soft and limp. She very gently and carefully pulled the limp cock out of her vagina. She squeezed and stroked the glans,

thinking it still needed to squeeze out the last drops, and she felt another drop or two dripping onto her pussy. He grumbled that it was fine and she pressed and massaged his glans for quite a long time, he should have it fine. She noticed that his cock was also recovering and getting a little stiff and murmured that it had been so exciting and wonderful, but it was also a bad mortal sin! She didn't stop for many minutes, until the glans felt big, plump and full again. He sank down beside her and only slowly regained his breath.

She looked at the clock again in disbelief, he had been fucking her for almost three hours, and she had surely orgasmed more than a dozen times! Still, she was very sad and depressed about the incest and the mortal sin she had knowingly and deliberately brought about. He was not to blame, because it was she who had seduced him and made him sin. She stroked his cock and glans with a finger until he dozed off. A few minutes later she too fell asleep, completely exhausted.

The next morning, Jack couldn't look her in the eye and decided to take that bike ride. He knew she would ask him hard questions and he would not be able to answer some.

Jack must have dozed off for a moment and flinched a bit when the Widow girl teased his glans with her thumb. Thank God his cock was soon stiff and ready again.

At the memory of yesterday, of his naked, frightened mother, humiliated and shy after the first intoxicating fuck, waiting for him to finally finish squirting, and whom he had made orgasm over and over again despite her restrained crying, his cock stiffened to bursting, and the miraculously youthful widow simply said, "Wait!" Then she turned him over on his back and squatted straddling him, slowly inserting his cock into her warm, pulsing vagina with her hand. "Just lie still!" she murmured, then quickly squat-fucked him, moaning and sighing at her lusty ride on that stiff cock. She ended up touching her clit for a second until it came, then jerked violently, her abdomen quivering and undulating. He could feel her soft, warm cunt waltzing and working his cock. She moaned loudly and continued to fuck him for a few short, choppy thrusts, then sank wearily on top of him.

Gradually she calmed down as he wriggled impatiently back and forth, for he had not yet cum.

The pretty young girl straightened back into a squatting position, propped herself up with both arms, and bobbed up and down. Their bodies touched at only one point, her cock and her cunt, cock-in-vagina. After a while, she quickened her pace and, panting, began to rub his cock firmly with her clenched cunt. He felt her gripping his steeply erect cock vigorously with her cunt muscles in this squatting position, and the rise and fall of her rocking acted like a masturbating fist. She became more and more urgent, faster and faster, bobbing on top of him, light as a feather. Now he felt the pre-cum sensation, felt the hard, demanding stiffening that was amplified by her fucking movements. Sensing his coming, she made long, deep movements in a crouch, then his cock twitched and again he squirted, spurting twitching jets into the beautiful girl's vagina, thrusting up with his pelvis and feeling the jet shoot twitchingly out of him. With a cooing sound, she orgasmed and plopped her cunt back over the cock, letting it squirt deep inside her. She bobbed slowly and deliberately now, getting slower and slower as did his squirting, which soon died down. She got off him and now they lay side by side for a long time, silently embracing until they fell asleep, Jack and the wrinkled-faced, wrinkled old woman with her emaciated breasts and scrawny, withered body.

It was early morning when he awoke. He was lying in a meadow, completely soaked, the dew droplets on the blades of grass and his bicycle glistening in the bright, cold glow of the morning sun. He ran his hand through his dewy hair and looked around sleepily for the lighthouse.

But there was no lighthouse.

When he got back to school, he researched this strange experience in the library. The lighthouse that had stood about there on the cliff at Kings Head had burned down 50 years ago, in the late fall of 1903, and was never rebuilt. The last lighthouse keeper, a certain Henry Fowler, marr., had died in the fireü. And as for the widow Fowler – and to find that out cost him weeks of research work – not the slight-

est trace of her was found. Only this abbreviation “marr.” next to his name, as if old Henry blessed even had one.

Jack kept this story to himself and wrote it down in his diary. He would have hated to go into unnecessary questioning or speculation.

Or to find an explanation for having done it with a ghost.

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# Blackout

by Jack Faber © 2006

She had cried half the night through when Jack didn't come home from his bike ride in the evening. The next day she was getting ready to go to the rural police station when she heard him roaring up, sweaty and beside himself with joy, he cycled one more lap of honor in the yard, then dismounted. She ran up to him, hugged and hugged him and kissed him on the mouth, cheeks and forehead. "My Jack, my Jack!" Not a word of reproach, not a scowl, just tears of joy that he was back, unharmed and as lively as ever.

"You're all sweaty, come on in!" she called, dragging him into the house. Although he resisted, she quickly took off his clothes while he babbled on about lighthouses and wondrous fairies. She undressed him completely, and there he was, her pride and joy. The most beautiful and finest cock she had ever seen. Wide and dark, the big guy stood out, half stiff, and winked at her. "Well, do you like?" Jack looked confused as she maneuvered him to the bed and reluctantly let himself fall backward. He fell silent as she quickly undressed and lay with him.

Jack didn't know what hit him and was visibly confused, but under her caresses and stroking all his doubts disappeared, his big friend stood up and demanded more. But when she made moves to guide him into her hole, Jack whispered, "No, please with your hand!". Disappointed, she lay down beside him and reached for him. It was not the first time she had masturbated him, and everything she knew about it she had copied from Jack. She had to masturbate him for a very long time until she felt that he was about ready. Quickly she straightened up, rubbed his cock faster, and let him squirt until he came to the end, exhausted. Then they lay still and silent next to each other, each thinking about his part of life.

She had loved him, from the first day of his life. His father, an unsteady preacher from the South, didn't stay long and Jack wasn't yet two when he disappeared, leaving her alone with the little one and

her 33 years. She had fallen head over heels in love with the preacher, for she was not particularly pretty and at 30 still an untouched virgin, strange as that may sound. The preacher was her first and only man, he seduced the old maid and lost his humor only when she became pregnant. He was more intent on a carefree life at her expense, not a family life where she would bind and shackle and chain him. No, not with him! Although she was greatly irritated by his disappearance, she had her little Jack, loved him and cuddled him and raised him. Men did not interest her, not after this treacherous preacher. Briefly and dimly she remembered the beautiful moments, for example when he asked her to dance naked for him and she twisted and turned naked in front of him. She remembered how scared she was of his big cock the first time and how skillfully he calmed her down, whispered her into a kind of trance and then took her quickly and violently without her being afraid that her hymen had been broken. She remembered the wonderful pain she felt at being fucked, which became so intense that she almost lost consciousness with blissful pain.

When Jack was about five years old, she befriended a young nurse from the city who was vacationing here. Hesitantly and with great shyness, she allowed herself to be seduced by the lesbian woman, only beginning to grow up in her arms. Her friend was stunned when she confessed that she did not know what an orgasm was and how to masturbate. Gently and with great seriousness, her friend initiated her into everything. Never known feelings, boundless excitement and horny lust, she discovered all this at an age where others already stop. She was not sad when her friend left, but infinitely grateful, because now she had found what she had been missing so much. Once–twice a month she lay down in the bathtub for hours and enjoyed the delights she had discovered. Her life became calmer and brightened a bit; screw that preacher who had been good for nothing!

Little Jack was growing and so was his little cock. Smiling, she watched the little one's childish games, lying on her bed like a little frog, stroking his cock. Sometimes, smiling kindly, she sat with him and stroked the inside of his thighs and testicles, watching the childish hand curl around his cock. If nothing else, Preacher Jack had at least left him a decent cock. Summer was hot and they often spent

whole afternoons naked on the bed. Later sometime, he might have been 8 or 9, he had apparently been tutored by his depraved friends, and she was somewhat puzzled when he tried to masturbate rather awkwardly long before he could squirt. She muttered something about fie and sin because her little one was losing the innocence of his play, but she let him try. She didn't know it, had never seen it, and knew only vaguely what was told about it in anecdotes and crude jokes. Nevertheless, she helped him discover it and demonstrated, pushing his foreskin over his glans with rhythmic movements until his little cock throbbed orgasmically, he couldn't squirt yet. He soon loved that she did it to him. Although after two weeks she released him to "independence" in masturbation, he kept asking her to do it for him. She had no objections, because that way he could experience orgasming the way he loved it.

Once, they were both sitting naked on the bed and he was once again trying to masturbate, he asked how it was with fucking. His comrades supposedly already knew well and he knew nothing. She enlightened him for the x–th time and explained how fucking goes. She showed him without shyness her jewels and what was for what, of course she skipped the chapter clit. He bent all the way over and looked at everything curiously, he was also allowed to touch her and feel everything. She guided his index finger into her vagina and explained the fuck part also practically with his finger. He promptly explained that he wanted to play fuck now.

She was speechless at first when he tried to insert his little cock into her vagina. She wiped aside her excitedly fluttering fears and helped him first to pull back the foreskin completely and then to penetrate with the glans first. The little guy humped away, she barely felt it, but he enjoyed it, and when he stopped, she felt the throb of his little cock as he orgasmed. From then on he wanted to "play fuck" all the time and she let the little berserker work his ass off whenever he wanted. After all, his little cock was still so small, he wasn't squirting and she brushed her concerns aside, this wasn't real fucking after all!

At about 11, he squirted for the first time while she masturbated him. He was amazed and delighted immensely when she explained everything to him. She laid out an old towel and told him he had to

wipe his squirts off himself. He kept asking her to do it when he was already tired from masturbating so much, and she did it as often as he wanted. When she came home from shopping or work, he was already sitting on his bed masturbating. Usually she would undress and sit with him, watching the boy play with his cock and watching him gradually learn to squirt. She stroked the inside of his thighs, her hand slipping to his testicles and stroking them gently. Jack strained mightily and squirted, she felt his testicles contract and saw the semen shoot out of the small hole in his little glans, onto her large, heavy breasts. His semen was still clear and transparent at this time. She thought that this was not yet “real” semen. It would only take on its white, milky form in the time that followed. She felt hot excitement rising inside her as she felt the throbbing of the little cock with her fingertips. She smiled at him kindly and with pride, after that she never said anything about sin again and from now on was understanding when he masturbated whenever he felt like it.

Naturally, he wanted to play fuck again and again, and since he could squirt, she tried to distract him, and she often succeeded. For her conscience and the devils plagued her when she let him playfully fuck and squirt rapturously in her vagina. She tried to silence the conscience and the devils quickly, but sometimes he wanted to fuck and squirt all afternoon, one time after another, and she sometimes allowed it despite her guilty conscience. She appeased her conscience, saying it wasn’t really fucking with the little cock, she felt almost nothing when the little cock fucked in her much too big vagina. In reality, she enjoyed it when he was so serious for his age and took to heart what she had told him. He pulled the foreskin back over the glans, spit on it, and rubbed the spit in so it wouldn’t hurt her if it was too dry. He looked at her vagina with high concentration and pushed his little cock inside.

Then he put his face on her big breasts and began to thrust. She stroked his head and caressed his butt cheeks, very rarely stroking her clit, which he could not see. She orgasmed quite unobtrusively, suppressing her tremors and all twitching so he wouldn’t notice while he thrust and throbbed. She was quite, quite sure that he never noticed her infrequent masturbation. Jack, however, the little rascal, always felt it, even if he couldn’t see. Still, her conscience kept com-

ing back with a vengeance and she distracted him, as often as she could, from the bang–game.

Long before his 12th birthday, his cock grew surprisingly and she was very ashamed, because the larger cock made her quite excited and horny. The bang–game had almost become real fucking and her guilty conscience left her no peace. More and more often she came in this game until very close to orgasm, and that, said her conscience, would then be real incest. That, God forbid, she really did not want!

Despite this, they continued to play the bang–game tirelessly, and she told herself each time that it would be the last time. She enjoyed it despite her remorse, sometimes they spent whole afternoons doing it and she admired his tireless virility. His cock grew daily, and one day, when she got really horny playing fuck x–th time and almost orgasmed, so that she had to go to the bathroom immediately to masturbate the horniness out of her body, she put an end to the fuck game. Jack didn't understand, but he complied.

When she bathed him, he bragged mightily about his cock and always masturbated. But the bigger he and his little cock got, the more she withdrew and felt what must have been natural shyness. Soon she overcame her shyness and masturbated him, conscientiously and rhythmically pulling the foreskin over the glans and making him squirt as often as he wanted. From now on, he always wanted to be masturbated by her in the bathroom as well, and since she didn't want to get wet all the time, she went to him naked as soon as he sat in the water. He groped her body while she did it to him, stroking and teasing her breasts and she enjoyed this stimulation, making it more and more delicate and exciting for him. Often he groped her pubis, and when he was already very horny, he played with her labia or clumsily fucked a little in her vagina with erratic fingers. She would never have admitted it, but she enjoyed it very much and opened wide and willingly to be fucked by his fingers. She often urged him to do it again after a break because she liked to let him touch her, everywhere. Sometimes she was so horny during his breaks that she would put his hand on her breasts or her pubic and let him stimulate her, making her squirm hornily while he felt her

up. She wriggled until he stuck a finger in her vagina, but she didn't dare go any further and grabbed his cock to masturbate him.

She also loved a variation she came up with herself. He had to sit on the edge of the tub with his legs spread, and she sat across from him on the floor. She masturbated his glans right in front of her face and he begged her to let him cum in her mouth. She opened her mouth as if she was doing it, sometimes touching his glans with her lips or even her tongue while she masturbated him. But when he squirted, she would turn her face away and let his semen splash onto her breasts, where she would later rub it. This game she found insanely horny and she did it very often. Most of the time she became so horny that she immediately withdrew and masturbated afterwards. Unfortunately, this phase was over after a few months, he became 13.

At 13 his pubic hair sprouted, he no longer wanted to be bathed by her, he also no longer asked her to masturbate him. Between them slowly but steadily built up a hot, sultry mood, full of horniness and unfulfillable lust – that lasted until he was 16. On one of her lonely evenings she reflected on everything, her long time as an innocent girl, the intoxication she experienced in the arms of the preacher and his fine way of bringing her to climax with his thick cock. She openly admitted to herself that she was just addicted to Jack's masturbation, watching him horny and greedy because it was a kind of vicarious–climax. Last – and really last – she admitted to herself that she felt an ever-increasing urge to show herself naked to him. I am a goddamn exhibitionist!

She gave in to her exhibitionist urges and only slept naked, often staying naked when she was in the apartment and secretly rejoicing in his reaction to her nudity. She even left the bathroom door unlocked when she spent the odd Sunday afternoon in voluptuous play in the bathtub. She probably noticed him spying through the crack in the door and then felt an uncanny pleasure in masturbating in the bath water and then posing naked in front of him. In the evenings she sometimes left the reading lamp burning and lay naked on her bed, knowing with carefully concealed horniness that he was looking at her and that this immediately made him compulsively masturbate.

Of course, it didn't escape her notice that Jack and Nina spent a lot of time in his room studying. As soon as she heard him lock the door, everything was clear. She quickly went into the guest room next to it, which mostly served as a storage closet, and pushed aside some of the wood paneling. The Venetian mirror, a one-way mirror, had been installed by the late owner of the apartment, only she knew about it. She could watch them from very close without being seen herself.

The two really studied, for about three minutes. Then Jack led little Nina to the bed and quickly undressed her, then himself. She didn't want to believe that her 16–year old had gotten involved with a not even 13–year old who had no breasts or pubic hair, but alas, it was just that. The two masturbated together, and she had to admit, little Nina could do it like a world champion and masturbated quickly and skillfully. When Jack wanted her to, she would stretch her legs high in the air, spread her little pussy with both hands, and let Jack's seed squirt right up and into her cunt, then clean herself with a paper tissue. Jack's mother bent all the way over and looked at the little girl's vulva, all nice and childlike, the clit so small it was almost impossible to see. Soon Jack taught Nina how to masturbate him and the docile little girl was able to do it very soon. Jack often knelt in front of her cleft to watch her masturbate.

After about a week of masturbating together, with Jack pressing his glans directly into Nina's vaginal entrance to squirt it all in, the two talked for a long time about the real, proper fucking and Nina really wanted it too, but she was a little scared because it would hurt the first time. Jack soon managed to calm her down, take away her fear and convince her how great the real fucking was. He said that if she masturbated first, it wouldn't hurt very much. No sooner said than done. Nina was very excited, but she started masturbating obediently right away and Jack knelt between her legs and pressed the stiffy into her vagina all the way to the hymen. He waited until Nina opened her eyes wide and masturbated the clit really fast, "it's about to come, it's about to come!" she gasped and when her orgasm started, Jack pushed his monster all the way into Nina's vagina with one tug, tearing her hymen. He fucked Nina throughout her orgasm and then squirted in bursts as her orgasm subsided. When he pulled

his cock out and she cleaned her vagina with a tissue, Nina said it only stung a very tiny bit, and bled only a little. And it was great, she said enthusiastically. Fifteen minutes later, they were fucking again. When they were done, Jack's mother left her watching post, but she spent the whole time there when Nina came to study.

From then on, they fucked all the time and Nina masturbated during his recovery breaks because she almost never orgasmed while getting fucked. But she needed it all the time, and Jack could fuck her as often as he wanted, so he almost didn't need the masturbating.

Vigorous with jealousy, Jack's mother watched their games, then almost passed out with envy every time they fucked, when Jack squirted with pleasure into the little girl's vagina. Her heart beat like mad when little Nina moistened Jack's big cock with spit on her fingertip and then inserted it full of greed in her cunt. When Jack then went into action and Nina almost passed out from lust, she felt more envy than lust. Only when Nina carefully pulled Jack's demon out of her and did it to him with her hand did she feel gloating. How clever of him to save it and let the stupid little brat masturbate him with pleasure, his seed belonged to her, not Nina! Lust, Gloat, horniness and jealousy were the godparents in her ever increasing desire to oust Nina and have Jack to herself. She never thought it through, but instinctively knew she wanted to fuck him instead of Nina. So when she thought it through, she made her decision. Fuck civic morality, fuck sin, fuck all mortal sins, I want it! I want to fuck Jack! Without Jack ever knowing, she had called Nina's mother, Nina stayed away, and Jack painfully felt the infamous semen jam as he could no longer fuck Nina.

Once she was actually asleep away and woke up to him kneeling next to her and stroking her butt. She looked up cautiously and saw that he was nimbly masturbating. She held still and continued to pretend to be sound asleep until he carefully guided his cock into her ass crease, squirted in her butt and went back to his bed. Now every night she hoped he would come back to her in bed and lay naked on her stomach. After all, her body was already a good 45 years old, her breasts oversized, heavy and hanging low. But she knew that apart from that she had a very pretty body with high sexual appeal, which

was confirmed by many looks and compliments she received at work. Her butt was really worth seeing, there wasn't an ounce of fat on her narrow hips and thighs either, she knew that, that's why she mostly stayed in prone position and hid her breasts. She lay there evening after evening, baiting him with her naked body, not suspecting that afterwards it would never be the same again.

He was always very curious to see her naked. As often as he could, he would look at the slit under her ass fold, greedily gaze at the bulges of her labia, and the thick lump in his throat almost choked him when she moved and the dark hole between her labia was visible. He liked to look at her large, heavy breasts, though she tried to hide them. Her face was deeply furrowed by worry lines, but when he secretly watched her masturbating in the bathtub, her face was lit up radiantly as if by an inner sun and she appeared beautiful to him. Breathlessly he followed her movements and imagined that she was doing it like Nina.

He came back in the evening, cautiously crept up to her bed and made sure she was asleep. She pretended as best she could. He knelt beside her, palpated her buttocks, slid his fingertips through the crease, and felt the ridges of her labia. His fingers parted her pubis, the fingers slid into her vagina and he kept them inside her until he squirted. As always, he masturbated slowly, then got fast and furious, pushing his cock right into her ass as best he could. She winced slightly as his semen squirted inside her ass and into her cleft, but she ironcladly pretended to be fast asleep. He rubbed the seed all over her ass and vaginal cleft, then left as quietly as he had come.

Leaving the door of his room half open so that a bright strip of light fell on her bed, he crept up to her and looked at her inquiringly to see if she was asleep yet. She adjusted herself perfectly and lay on her stomach, presenting her beautiful buttocks. She noticed a change, as he was busy with school and homework all day and only got around to masturbating in the evening. So he quietly knelt behind her and masturbated greedily and quickly. She felt him press the tip of his glans firmly on her butt hole and squirt. It missed a lot, but she could feel his semen squirting into her ass. He paused only

briefly and continued to masturbate. The second time he pushed his cock between her labia and squirted into her vaginal entrance.

He became more practiced every day, spread her butt hole with two fingers, pressed the glans on it and squirted his warm semen into her butt without anything going wrong. She didn't get horny from this, but it seemed to be fun for him, but he soon stopped. More exciting, on the other hand, was when his cock penetrated between her labia while he was masturbating, a little deeper every day. She felt his jerking fingers on her skin and the jerking cock in her vagina made her horny, but she didn't let on. Before squirting, he pulled his cock out to the glans, his hot jet spurting only into her vaginal entrance.

Mostly, though, he was so aroused that his cock stayed deep inside her when he squirted. Finally he did it right, penetrating deeply before squirting and then waiting motionless until it squirted. She increasingly enjoyed it, waiting for him to finally fuck her, but he didn't, holding back adamantly. Sometimes he would masturbate two or three times in a row, penetrating deep into her vagina before squirting, and waiting motionless until it squirted. She enjoyed it very much when she felt his squirting deep inside her, but she always pretended to be deeply asleep. When he was gone, she would lie awake for a long time masturbating away her horniness. This nice time ended quite abruptly after a few weeks.

One evening, it was the night before that darn bike ride, she couldn't help herself. When he came over and knelt behind her and masturbated, she pretended to wake up after a few minutes. He didn't dare touch her now, but he kept masturbating slowly, unable to stop. She was lolling and straddling herself right in front of him, she was doing everything she could to entice him, she even whispered "yes, fuck me!" but he didn't seem to hear. She kept sliding forward on her butt until his glans touched her cunt. She pulled her legs up and rocked back and forth, he stared down at her slightly open cunt and continued to masturbate. It almost drove her crazy that even though he was pressing his cock on her pussy and pubic bulges while masturbating, and its rhythmic movements were making her more and more horny, apparently he was only thinking about mas-

turbating, not about more that lay tangibly close before him. Was their long-ago fuck–play–ban still having an effect?

Jerkily, she spread her thighs wide apart until she had steered his cock right in front of her open cleft, then thrust herself toward him, as he still didn't understand. She quickly drove him into her, yes, she yelped in that brief flash of pain and fucked him, rotating her abdomen thrusting and fucking him! She almost had to scream, so good it did her, but at the same time this very pain caused a lust like she had not experienced in a long time. The stupid guy gawked puzzled and didn't move while she fucked him and needed half an eternity to finally make him squirt. Clearly she felt the hot jets in her womb, felt the twitching of his cock. She knew he wasn't done yet, because he knelt in front of her with his mouth half open, speechless and silent, while she carefully pulled his cock out.

She remained motionless for several minutes, but she felt the agonizing tension deep in her abdomen. Her cunt would not let her rest. She turned her back to him, fingers furtively groping for her clit. Stupid Jack stared at her ass and back, slowly rubbing his cock again. She hoped he wouldn't notice and caressed her clit, shamefacedly averted, even though she knew he already knew it from Nina. During the short, quick masturbation, she glanced anxiously over her shoulder at Jack, who, as usual, had put on a sort of grin while masturbating. She leaned forward as he rubbed his cock against her buttocks from behind, pressing it deep into her butt crack to squirt. She felt his warm semen and orgasmed for him only seconds, at the same time it irritated her that her abdomen treacherously quivered and twitched in the process, without her being able to suppress it.

But she really needed it again! Fuck it, let him see it! Now a certain indifference overcame her, she turned and sat facing him with her legs spread, looking him firmly in the eyes. After a playful beginning, she masturbated, letting her fingers race on her clit and two fingers pump deep in her vagina. It took a very long time for the orgasm to make her pelvis rage and her legs twitch convulsively and unrestrainedly.

She remained motionless, ashamed of the first time she had masturbated right in front of Jack. She was in a sad and depressed mood, although she kind of liked her boy's renewed jerking off – that was impressive vitality! Still, she began to cry as she thought again of her mortal sin. Jack's face had contorted into a grimace with effort, then the first drops splashed onto her, and Jack's hand flung a bit of semen onto her with every movement, soon she was covered from top to bottom with little splashes of semen. She cried long after Jack had gone to sleep in silence. And the next day he rode away on his bike, she had to think about her preacher's disappearance again, and she cried.

But now he was back. She brushed aside any thought of bourgeois taboos, did not listen to the poisonous whispers of conscience, and made him her lover. They never talked about the fact that they had committed incest. At first it bothered her that he liked it better with her hand and did him the favor. She was always proud and highly satisfied when he squirted, when the semen ran over her hand and Jack gasped and moaned with lust and satisfaction. Lust overcame her and she stuffed his cock into her vagina before squirting. He went in with great difficulty, then she made slow, deep movements and literally milked him as he squirted.

Then she let him rest for a few minutes and stroked him gently, sometimes dozing off. Later she slowly aroused him, caressing his nipples and inner thighs until his cock was stiff with arousal. Then she lay down on her back, ready for Jack, her lover and ready for the pain she needed so much. And Jack couldn't help it now, he was already highly aroused and wanted to fuck. The fucking lasted now, after he had already squirted once, very long and hurt at first, but just this pain brought her to the seventh heaven, just in the silent screaming pain she experienced the explosive orgasm that did not subside as long as he continued. Sometimes she would briefly lose consciousness and wake up a split second later when he had already spurted. She snuggled against him and caressed the cock that had so wonderfully satisfied her. Sometimes, when he stopped after her orgasm, she did him with her hand, gratefully and lovingly raining his seed on her body.

It didn't happen very often that Jack was the driving part. There he had to be already monkeywrenched, but then he demanded that she went on all fours and penetrated from behind. That didn't hurt so much and Jack was able to penetrate full length in the doggie position. However, the fucking that followed was so hard and so exciting that she had one orgasm after another and then really passed out. So she didn't notice that Jack was fucking her, the unconscious one, wildly and mercilessly. Unwaveringly his hands clawed around her hips, powerfully pulling or tearing at her and thrusting his cock deep inside, again and again. He didn't stop until he had spurted his guts out. He was very aggressive in these moments against the old woman whose still beautiful body excited him so much. He thought of Nina and he was angry because his mother had made him her love slave.

More and more often he demanded the doggy position, more and more often now she experienced true fireworks of orgasms, although she rarely really passed out. Sometimes, in the voluptuous half-light, she thought of her lesbian lover who had given her similar pleasures with her tongue. Jack was torn by his aggression and the rush of power he felt at this brutal fucking. He mounted her from behind at least eight times that rainy weekend, but she did not pass out despite his savage fucking. Jack–s madness subsided after two weeks, he felt sorry for her, and he was ashamed to fuck her mercilessly in all her defenselessness.

She didn't understand his scruples, but she obeyed and did him again more often with her hand. Jack growled and purred, for he was quite satisfied with it and the dog act was forgotten. One day he was out with friends, then they ended up at one of them and put on records, drank a little too much and Susanne blew Peter. Jack had never seen that before and peeked his eyes out. When he got home excited, he told his mother in no uncertain terms and demanded that she do it to him too. He lied that she would have to swallow the semen at the end. She only knew the tongue games with her lesbian friend, but taking the cock in her mouth? She thought back and forth, but before she said yes, she wanted a deal: if she did him with her mouth, then he had to do the doggie number again, from behind, you know. He bit his lips and then said that's where she passed out sometimes, but she smiled lustfully and said, that's just why, so it's either

the deal or no blowjob. She had to smile at that strange word. Jack didn't think twice and nodded.

Although they hadn't even had dinner yet, they made the attempt. Jack sat down on the sofa, pulled down his pants and waited. She knelt down in front of him and gently took his cock in her mouth, just as he had seen Susanne and Peter do. But no matter how hard she sucked, it didn't work. She took her hand to help and sucked him in between, then rubbed the tip really fast and hard. Although it disgusted her terribly, she kept his glans in her mouth while she continued masturbating him with her hand. She felt the squirt with her palate, in her throat, she kept pulling and sucking and had to swallow the nasty stuff because otherwise the deal wouldn't have been valid. Jack moaned and gasped with lust, whispering that this was the most wonderful thing of all. She sucked and sucked and gagged until nothing more came.

She quickly ran to the kitchen and vomited, but only the first time. Later she could swallow his semen without any problem and even started to enjoy it somehow, mainly because it became a power tool. Anyway, she vomited this time, then came back. Jack was still resting and watching her undress. She knew her body wasn't pretty anymore, but she undressed very slowly and lasciviously, stroking the prettier parts of her body trembling with arousal, because that excited him, she could see it on his cock. She could only half remember the number that followed, as Jack did his best to keep the deal.

In retrospect, she couldn't remember how it happened, but one day he found the letters from Irina, her lesbian friend. He literally got red ears as she told him the whole story bit by bit in a halting voice. He grumbled and wondered, but remained friendly, so it was not difficult for her to answer his curious questions and describe in detail even the most secret and embarrassing things. He asked if she would see Irina again when she came back in the summer, and she shrugged her shoulders, saying she didn't know yet. Then the months passed, summer came and Irina was suddenly at the door.

Jack took off, leaving the women alone. In the evening he went to his buddies and came home late at night, went to bed quietly and did

not disturb the two sleeping. He was sad and felt left out, his mother felt it very clearly.

Irina was horrified at first when she made the suggestion to her. They were silent and discussed, they argued and were silent again. Jack's mother told her to go along with it, and she repeated several times that Jack and she really wanted to fuck Irina. Irina fought it off, she had never fucked a man before and was very afraid of it. Yes, it was true, she had often done handjobs and blowjobs when her date insistently demanded it, but she had fucked only with girls so far. Gradually Irina gave in, well okay, but she just wanted to watch. She definitely didn't want to fuck a man, even if it was such a dear boy as Jack. His mother insisted, he was very sensitive and could do it fantastically well, and so they met in a compromise. Irina wanted to see it, his mother was eager to fuck.

Evening after dinner, when they were already on their third or fourth glass of wine, she told Jack he could stay home tonight. Jack looked up in surprise, but she gave him an encouraging nod and winked. That's okay, she said, and Irina also said it was okay with her. Only Jack said nothing, for he had not been prepared for it. The evening continued with wine drinking, the women becoming lively and boisterous, kissing and caressing each other without restraint. They cuddled on the sofa and drank a lot, Jack still sitting at the table holding his glass of wine indecisively, he wasn't drinking yet. The women were undressing each other and that excited him a lot, there was no question about that, but how it was going to continue was not clear to him. Irina was much younger than his mother and had small, nice round breasts. Her pubic triangle was reddish because she had blonde hair, and her slender body seemed flawless to him. Jack got hornier and hornier as the women drank and cuddled together. He drank the wine in small sips and looked at Irina's cunt and pubic fold with growing horniness. In retrospect, he thought, without alcohol, none of this would have happened.

He sat down in the kitchen, he grumbled, and went behind the kitchen curtain. Through the gap he watched the women. They were cuddling more and more fiercely, touching each other's pubes and fondling each other's breasts. Jack remained quiet as a mouse,

watching in fascination as the two masturbated each other. Irina reached out and touched his mom, grabbing between her labia and playing with her clit. It was new to him how Irina masturbated his mother: she rubbed the clit with one finger, rhythmically pushed the thumb of the other hand deep into the vagina. His mother got her orgasm pretty quickly and groaned and moaned with lust as Irina let her thumb race inside her for quite a long time. He saw her thumb in mother's vagina, and suddenly Jack felt something evil awaken inside him – he wanted to fuck Irina no matter what the cost! After a little pause, his mother in her turn masturbated Irina, but she only took her fingers to tease Irina's clit. It took longer than with her, then Irina started to tense up and because it was obviously not fast enough for her, she pushed her own thumb into her vagina through the hole in her hymen and fucked herself very hard with it while orgasming. Her smile twisted into a strained grin, she fucked herself furiously with her thumb and suddenly it was over. Then the two of them lay still and peaceful, recovering.

After some time they called to him to come to them. Trepidatious, but inwardly tense to the breaking point, he went to their bed and sat down at the edge. Now they were all three drinking, Jack getting a good buzz. Soon he was locked in their cuddling and bellowing, piece by piece they undressed him. When the last piece of clothing fell, Irina sat up. "Oh!" she said, and his mother nodded, "I told you, a real beauty!"

They cuddled and they cuddled all three of them, Irina touching Jack's cock as if by accident and feeling his erection curiously, then she withdrew her hand again. His mother took him in her hand and masturbated him. Irina watched with glittering eyes, the mother kneeling down and rubbing the tip of his cock intently and incredibly fast, but she let him go without letting him squirt. There was a long pause during which the two women cuddled together animatedly. His mother kept murmuring while cuddling that she wanted to fuck Irina.

"Come on," Jack's mother said after a while, "come to me! Do me, Irina wants to see us fuck!". She had to really seduce Jack, because he was very inhibited at first. It irritated him that Irina was watching

them so curiously. Again they drank, and the alcohol seemed to make him indifferent too. For whatever reason, his mother now wanted an old fashioned fuck, she on her back, he on top. His mother was lying on her back with her legs spread, he was kneeling in front of her, and Irina was staring at his cock, which his mother was rubbing gently and making stiff. Irina felt as if his mother had a cock, which she now rubbed thoughtfully, and she rubbed it for a very long time until it seemed stiff enough for her, then she pulled him to her, slowly inserting his cock. Jack forgot about everything else around and slowly started fucking her. His mother quickly got into the swing of things, looking steadfastly over at Irina, who watched them spellbound. “Irina,” she gasped, moaning, “we want to fuck you so bad, both of us!”

He fucked obediently as requested and looked at Irina, who to his surprise became horny very quickly and masturbated a bit while watching them and then closed her eyes to satisfy herself. Irina was still playing quite dreamily when he detached himself from his mother and quickly slid between Irina’s thighs. She looked at him completely perplexed and cried out briefly when he grabbed her and cried loud like crazy when Jack was shredding her hymen mercilessly in an instant. Although she had no trouble at all taking his big cock inside her, she resisted, but he was very strong and thrust deep. Irina began to cry and stammered that she didn’t want to be fucked! No! It felt wonderful in her tight but very soft and yielding vagina. Irina cried continuously and sobbed she didn’t want to be fucked, wriggling to shake him off, but he held her ironclad and fucked away.

His mother had sat up and was feeling for Irina’s clit. “See, what did I tell you, he fucks insanely well!” said his mother, who by now had sat down behind him and was now pressing her womb against his butt, joining him in fucking the weeping Irina. She reached forward and rubbed Irina’s clit very lightly and gently. Irina felt the comforting fingers on her clit, but she was crying and sobbing because she was forced to fuck him. Jack thrust and thrust, his mother rubbing Irina’s clit more and more insistently, using her abdomen to push Jack’s butt, and with it his cock, deep inside Irina over and over again. Irina tore open her eyes crying, feeling that she was about to climax again, the irritation of the clit flooding her abruptly. Crying

violently and sobbing, her eyes astonished and her mouth wide open, she orgasmed, jerking her head back and forth with a distorted grin as his mother rode Jack and Jack kept fucking, racing toward his own squirting. Irina was buffeted back and forth, in between howling that she didn't want to be fucked, that he shouldn't squirt, but Jack couldn't go back, his mother fucked him from behind and pushed him deep inside Irina. At the same time she stimulated Irina's clit so skillfully that she completely stopped crying and surrendered without resistance, because she realized that it was not Jack but his mother who was fucking her.

Jack's mother was the first to notice that he was coming to cum and she reached forward, grasped his cock and masturbated him energetically. Jack felt it rushing in and Irina cried out at his explosion and involuntarily opened wide her cunt as Jack came and his mother flung the semen into Irina's vagina, for it was she who was squirting and making it all squirt into Irina. Irina screamed crying for him to stop, "no, don't squirt!" With long strokes, his mother's iron grip kept running along his cock, loosening her grip briefly when she felt the twitching squirt and masturbating him further, pushing him deep into Irina's soft vagina to squirt. The squirting took a long time, and when he was done, Irina shrank into herself and sobbed, crying softly. She had not wanted to be fucked, and he should not have squirted into her. No! His mother calculated to Irina that she now had no days ready to conceive and could not get pregnant from Jack's semen. Irina stopped crying, and at the end of their discussion and after much alcohol, she gave in. They toasted each other for the x–th time and Irina happily elated said that fucking wasn't that bad ....

Irina drowned her sorrows in red wine and liquor in quantities, she smilingly stroked Jack's cock and said he could do it very well and he beamed with joy. For the next four days they practically stayed in bed. Irina didn't enjoy the mixed game until she was drunk and it was Jack's mother who now got her drunk all the time and kept dragging him into her, but Irina got her money's worth. Jack adored her in love because he thought she was beautiful. Once Jack's mother did it to him with her mouth, swallowing and choking down all the semen. Irina found it quite exciting. Afterwards, when Jack

did the doggie number and Irina got off on the fact that his mother had passed out after she blacked out and Jack was fucking the fainted like a maniac, she masturbated along to his beat and orgasmed long before he had finished spurting.

Jack's mother was a little jealous at first, but then she thought that Irina would be leaving in a few days and she would have Jack to herself again. So her jealousy remained small and shrank all together when she was able to entice Irina to get drunk and then look with pride at her Jack mounting Irina again. Irina, for her part, loved to love and cuddle Jack's mother, usually proceeding with a greedy, quick licking of the women.

Of course, it wasn't easy for Irina to let Jack fuck her at first, but she was drunk all the time and usually let it pass unresponsively, because Jack's mother was always on hand when Jack mounted Irina. She caressed and cuddled Irina, while she proudly witnessed her darling Jack fucking Irina properly. Drunk Irina enjoyed cuddling with Jack's mother and was willing to let Jack inside her only because of her. She was always there when Jack started, her busy fingers prepared Irina the pleasure she lacked with Jack, and later, when she had already endured being fucked several times, it was always the busy fingers that made her horny and lustful, so that when she orgasmed she didn't even notice that Jack was squirting inside her, squirting his seed deep inside her.

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Jack mounted Irina wordlessly while she was drunk. She took his cock inside her completely calmly and almost indifferently, he was not too big for her or anything, but from fucking she did not get an orgasm. His mother tasted her, her gentle fingers first made her voluptuous and ready. She let him fuck her indifferently at first and calmly pulled out his cock before he squirted. Irina masturbated him very slowly with her hand and let him suffer for a long time, rotating in between with the tip of her thumb on his glans. Jack always straightened up and pushed his abdomen forward so that his cock was very close to Irina's face. She stared, open-mouthed and mesmerized, at his glans and the hole from which it was about to spurt,

and continued to rub it slowly until he squirted. The first jets of his semen hit her face and open mouth, then she aimed the cock at her breasts where it finished spurting. His mother immediately gave Irina a shot so she could wash down the semen from her mouth, and she spread the rest on her breasts. Jack became more and more skilled, and as he squirted, he very delicately held her head and gently pushed his glans into Irina's mouth. Irina continued to masturbate him and let everything, really everything, squirt into her mouth. The liquor was then right at hand and Irina washed the stuff down in one. Mostly she was still greedy and insanely horny after the fuck and the in–the–mouth–squirt and still made her special quick thumb fuck. Jack, for his part, was able to cuddle Irina uninterrupted, touching and caressing her all over and enjoying her youthful body. They didn't have to say anything, so when his cock came up again, Irina lay on her back with a blur and spread her thighs to willingly take Jack inside her. Afterwards she did it to Jack with her hand and willingly let him squirt deep into her mouth, there was always a glass of liquor to wash it down.

Irina was getting more and more aroused because of the alcohol while fucking by Jack's mother's fingers on her clit and she soon had trouble timing when she wanted to pull out his cock. More and more often she missed the moment, longer and longer Jack's monster stayed inside her and at some point she concentrated only on her own greed and horniness. Jack's mother brought her to orgasm with swirling fingers while Jack fucked her and squirted whenever it came. When she orgasmed, she spread herself like a frog, stretching her bent legs wide left and right and opening up, letting Jack's mother masturbate her clit without interruption, grinning with a contorted face when Jack and she climaxed, jerking wildly and squirting violently. She didn't need the thumb anymore, she had Jack. Jack's mother looked at the two of them and was proud of how well Jack was fucking her.

The days flew by, and Jack was very downcast when Irina left.

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# Miss Janet

by Jack Faber © 2004

It must have been in the summer of ‘67, when the fairy tale made the rounds among us fellows that during the festival season greedy–horny women were on the lookout for willing–horny fellows among the locals; so whoever thought anything of himself stood willing–horny at gas station exits, loitered willing–horny near the hotels, or flaunted his sport-steeled boyish body willing–horny at the lido. I always went my own way, so I loitered willingly–horny some days at the train station, since neither Babsi nor Evi were available.

Just laugh, you are right: I had no success at all. Until one day, not only elderly pensioners and rushed ensemble staff, but also a small-boned but pretty elegant American woman got off the train. I stood willingly–horny but cowardly far back in the waiting room and watched as she struggled with the suitcases, asked the stationmaster something and reaped perplexed shoulder shrugs; hardly anyone spoke English back then, after all.

I saw my chance. The coward came closer, asked the stationmaster politely without a sideways glance at the lady if he could be of assistance. The stationmaster mumbled that he hadn’t understood her just now, so I took the initiative. Yes, she would look for a hotel, the ANKER would have been recommended to her. The stationmaster mumbled that it was a pretty run-down place and that she should try the HERMES or TERMINUS. I translated verbatim that the ANKER would also be quite okay in the opinion of the officer and I would like to accompany her there, it would be just around the corner.

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The lady thanked me and gave her name, which I have since forgotten; Miss Janet something. She was very short, maybe 1.50m tall and middle-aged, certainly 35 or 40 by now.

It seemed to me that she was somehow misshapen; yes, that was it – her head sat very low between her shoulders, she seemed to have a too-short torso and very, very long but spindly legs. There was no time now for longer observations, I preceded the small, petite person, with the largest suitcase in my hand. After a few minutes we reached the ANCHOR. She was frightened because it was really a dump, but I ran into the backyard and got the hard of hearing old woman, who then rented the room. We trudged up, I carried the luggage up and went to say goodbye.

She asked me to stay, and while she unpacked and busily walked back– and forth, she chattered incessantly, telling about her home. I got a soda, we smoked her Lucky Strikes, and she chattered away like a child. I looked at her more closely. She actually had a tiny torso and very long legs, her neck was so short that her head was stuck between her hunched shoulders. It seemed to me that she had a small hump. What I found amazing were her thin, long legs that reached up quite high – she had something of a flamingo. She was a teacher at an art school, where she taught anatomical drawing to the budding young painters. And so on. After about an hour she let me go, but asked me as I was leaving if I could come back tomorrow. She wanted to draw me.

I was confused because I didn't know exactly what that meant; but she smiled very nicely and said yes in my place. Then I left and came back the other day, as she had said.

First I had to clear up some comprehension problems between her and the landlady; no, she wanted another breakfast. I was happy when, after some prolonged mediation, I was able to squeeze the price and in return the breakfast was cancelled. Miss Janet or Jeanette whispered to me that breakfast could not be eaten! But a new problem arose.

The good Miss Janet had lost or misplaced her festival ticket voucher; now she said she was already there and couldn't leave without festival tickets, could I maybe get her tickets? I shook my head and said that usually the performances had been sold out for months, even years. I knew Charly, who was doing a lot of black market busi-

ness with tickets, but I kept it to myself. I did not believe a word of their voucher story, I'm not crazy.

I drank my lemonade and thought, out loud I said I might try it. She said she was sure I could come up with tickets, yes, get two right away, one for her and one for me. Her hand rested trustingly on my thigh. We drank cold lemonade and smoked her Lucky Strikes.

Then she said I could take my clothes off now. – Sorry, what?! — She smiled mildly, flipped open her big folder and lifted out a few sheets: look, this is how I draw! And I looked and saw all kinds of naked men or women, scribbled in all kinds of poses, some of them only half-finished. Apparently she was a genius, because the drawings were of a captivating perfection, the horniness and excitement of the depicted people so real that I had to shiver. The depiction of female and male genitalia was exceedingly accurate and realistic, the squirting cocks and wide-open, aroused pussies were in full action. In some sketches, cocks and pussies joined so realistically that you could really see the squirting in the pussy true to life, as if a mini-camera had recorded it. She smiled again and told me to stand there next to the window, naked, and look out of the window.

I was embarrassed. She had said drawing, but there was never any mention of naked. But she had something hypnotic in her gaze, and besides, the nude drawings earlier had made me very horny. I was coy for a long time, didn't want to know anything about it, but she pushed me until I hesitantly dropped first my shirt, then my pants, and stood there in my underpants. She stood me by the window, took my head and turned it so that I looked out, commanding how I should raise my shoulders and introduce my foot.

Then she sat by the table for a long time, drawing one sheet after another full, throwing them on the bed or the floor to start a new one. After some time, I was already getting quite tired and dull from the crooked posture, she put away her drawing pad and pencil and came to me. Gently she stroked my upper arm, grabbed my waistband and with a quick jerk she pulled down my underpants, my cock sprang out.

I winced and tried to hide it behind my hands, but she made me get out of my underpants and then took my hands away. She smiled, looked up at me and shook her head reprovingly, saying that it was already allright! Examining me, she moved back to my shoulders and pelvis, pulled one leg forward and unabashedly lifted my cock, looking only briefly as the glans emerged from the foreskin.

She sat down again and drew, long and dogged. I stood and stood, growing more and more tired, and my cock had soon taken its leave, dangling listlessly down. But I was now almost not afraid to stand there naked. Several times she got up, came to me and turned me into another position; she pulled the cock up again and stroked it firmly a few times until it stood stiff again. She stroked the cock only briefly, so as not to give the impression of masturbating, and since it did get quite wet, she dried it with the flat of her hand, then sat down and continued drawing.

She paused, came to me and looked at me questioningly; I didn't know what to say from embarrassment and just shook my head. She held the glans of the flaccid in her hand and looked at me for a long time examining it, stroking it delicately with her fingertips until the cock became completely stiff again. All the time she looked smilingly into my desperate eyes. Again and again she drove smiling with the thumb tip over the glans, again a tiny little drop splashed out.

Miss Janet sensed that he was very close to squirting and smiled finely, then with a surprisingly quick hand movement she pulled the foreskin all the way back two–three times. She bent low and began to masturbate me with a very serious face and without any shyness. Tirelessly she masturbated, pausing in between to tease the glans with her thumb. With a firm hand she masturbated and sometimes looked up at me if it was already so far.

But I held back for a long time and enjoyed masturbating. When my cock started to throb, she rubbed really hard and let the thick stream shoot out wide, rubbing slower as I continued to squirt and as long as the last drop oozed out and dripped onto the floor as if in slow motion. She smiled and nodded, dabbed it all up with a paper tissue and cleaned the glans.

My cock was still quite stiff, again she kneaded it with light pressing, murmuring that she needed me erected, but it should not torture me, that's why we do this. After a short break she masturbated me again, this time very gently. When he stood stiff again, she seemed satisfied with the result, because she sat down to draw again without a word. When he went limp again, she did not stand up, but continued to draw in concentration, barely looking up at me.

After about half an hour, she said it was enough, it was noon. I got dressed and was about to leave, but she called me back once more. Obediently, I came back to the door, and she mentioned the festival tickets again. I said that it would be very difficult to get tickets now, and then surely only at double the price. She gave me the money without batting an eye and said she really wanted to go to the performance, today or tomorrow! She stood very close to me, looked up at me and tapped my pants with her hand, directly on my cock: you'll like it if you make it!

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As I ran out, my thoughts rushed. What had she promised me? What exactly was the reward, what will I like then? Oh, for sure she meant I could fuck her! Of course, for sure, because she had certainly become quite horny after she had let me squirt while standing as her model, after she had played with my glans! Inspired by this thought, I hurried to the moped, drove like a maniac to Charly, who promptly laughed and said that the tickets for tonight cost a fortune. No, Charly, don't talk nonsense now, I urgently need two tickets! He delayed the negotiation for a long time and then named his price, which was still lower than what I had quoted to the American. Okay, I said, you are a crook, but I need them! So I got the tickets and went back to the ANKER.

The lady – Janet, Joanne or Jeanette, I don't remember – was pleased that I had succeeded and showed me some drawings she had made that afternoon. She drew beautifully, I was quite awestruck as I looked at picture after picture. I saw a naked young man looking out of a prison into the woods, where dimly a woman's figure billowed beneath the trees.... I feigned wow and hey, but I didn't recognize

anyone in that picture. Especially not me, because I didn't have such a sooo long, steeply towering cock like this incarcerated young god.

Then I said that the performance starts already in half an hour. She became nervous and looked for this and that dress, cleared out the suitcases almost in their entirety and again dismissed the idea of putting on one or the other. I despaired because the hand of my wristwatch was moving steadily. Then she said that she would put this one on. I wanted to go out, but she laughed loudly and said sit there. So I sat in the chair, gazing strained out the window while she stripped completely naked without any shyness, presenting herself and her naked front freely and hiding her hump coyly, selecting and discarding garments indecisively. She checked out of the corner of her eye that I was captivated by her nakedness, and it seemed to me that she was secretly enjoying it. I coyly peeked out of the corner of my eye to look at her small, misshapen body. I looked at the small, sagging breasts and at her pubic area. Only a tiny black bush the size of a thumbnail perched above her pubic fold, the entire pubic area itself was completely hairless and erotically naked all around, revealing the large, dark labia. Clearly I recognized the clit in the pubic fold, either Missy Janet was already very aroused or the clit was quite large, in any case this clit captivated me. But I did not dare to look any longer.

The performance lasted a long time, we applauded enthusiastically and she hooked herself in my arm as we walked back to the ANKER. I waited, heart pounding, to see what my reward would be. But she had apparently forgotten. All she kept talking about was how hungry she was, she hadn't eaten all day. I said awkwardly and in passing that I had found the tickets, had traveled halfway across town to get them, and that she had said I would get something in return. But she didn't seem to listen to me, pushed a few bills into my hand and told me to please get something to eat. Preferably chicken.

So I swung back on my rocket, went here and there, but nowhere did I get chicken. Only after about an hour I could get hold of a piece of grilled chicken with fries in a small neighboring village, bought another Coca–Cola and started the way back.

In the ANKER, everything was already quiet. I went up quietly, knocked on the door. A “Who is it?” sounded softly, I said it was me and I had a chicken too! She opened. Apparently she had already gone to bed, because she had on only a silk undergarment (negligé, I later learned) with nothing underneath. Her face was hot, and I stared at her body, which was clearly visible through the undergarment by the light from the room behind. Her arousal was obvious, I had apparently disturbed her “in the middle of it”.

Just come in, she said, what did you get? After a pause, she added, I was beginning to think you’d run off with the money because you hadn’t come back in so long! Then she sat down on the edge of the bed and looked into the paper bag. “Oh, a rotisserie chicken, and fries, and Coke! That’s very nice and sweet of you! Come, sit next to me!”

I sat there, sweating in this hot summer night, looking at her from the side. She had bitten the chicken, some fries in her mouth and was chewing, feeding me fries in between. I opened the can of Coke and placed it in front of her, my hand brushing over her bare upper arm as I walked back. She noticed because she looked at me and smiled at me strangely. After a while she asked if I didn’t want some, greedily chewing her chicken and stroking my face with the back of her hand. I shook my head, because I was not hungry.

I sat next to her, hanging my head a little and thinking how I could get ahead; time was pressing, because I was supposed to be home by midnight at the latest! I wanted to fuck her, no matter what the cost! After some time I carefully felt for her arm with my hand, stroked her. She smiled. I stroked her shoulders, avoiding touching her hump, she smiled imperceptibly. My hand sank groping lower, stopped at her armpit and carefully slid forward, to her breast.

Jeanne – or Janet, whatever – looked at me, smiling, and continued to chew. I paused, not knowing what to do next. She turned around now, let herself sink back on the pillows and put one leg on the bed, right next to me, so that the silk dress slid up; even looking firmly into her eyes, I had to see her pubic, her vaginal cleft. She kept smiling, biting and chewing on the damn shitty chicken. At some

point I couldn't hold my gaze, it sank lower and lower, looking deep and long at her secret jewels.

I was completely fascinated, as her vagina was covered by labia that were disproportionately large and dangling down the sides like limp cockscombs. I couldn't see much, but caught a glimpse of the perky pink clit sticking out above. I couldn't help it now, hesitantly I reached out and stroked her thighs, her hair frizz; then I unbuttoned my pants and took out my hard-on.

Janet laughed softly and leaned the knee now fully to the side, her pubic opened willingly and I lay down on her legs, dressed as I was. Guided the cock with my hand to her pubic, but did not get that far, because I lay there completely twisted. Initially I was disturbed by the arrangement: the delicate little lady lying backwards on the bed, naked in her silk shirt, holding a chicken leg in her hand and chewing, while a big, dumb native tried in vain to fuck her.

After that it bothered me less and less, I concentrated on my pleasure and pushed my cock further and further with my hand, but didn't get far enough because she was lying back and I was sitting very awkwardly twisted sideways. She chewed and chewed and looked me incessantly smiling in the face, while I struggled in vain and tugged on my poor cock.

Miss Janet now put away the gnawed chicken leg and turned to me. She reached between her thighs and grabbed my cock, pulling me to her. I followed and stretched and then knelt on the bed, directly in front of her vagina. She held the cock tightly and began rubbing her clit and vaginal entrance with it, but she didn't put it in; she even pushed me back when I tried. She rubbed it firmly on her labia, then on her clit, and then just on her clit firmly back and forth, up and down. This was so horny that I felt I was about to squirt.

I pushed and pushed further, but could not overcome her defiant resistance. She pushed me supine and swung her legs over me until she was sitting on top of me. With one swift movement she took off the negligé and threw it on the floor. Now she straightened up, guided my glans – and only the glans! – into her vagina. She closed

her eyes and began to masturbate herself with one finger. She held my glans captive with her vagina and masturbated for a very long time. I watched every movement and felt the twitching of her vagina with the glans. She threw back her head and orgasmed, her vagina pumped on my glans and with a wailing sound she lowered herself low on my cock, on my chest.

Quickly I grabbed her and laid her on her back. I spread her legs and glanced only briefly at her pumping, gaping vaginal entrance and thrust in. With firm, deep thrusts I fucked her, gazing unblinkingly at her face and closed eyes. I felt that she immediately began to pump violently with her vagina, again and again. But although I fucked obediently and devotedly, she did not come to climax over this violent pumping. And in the middle of her pumping convulsions I squirted, holding her by the buttocks and squirting until nothing came. It smelled like chicken and semen and vanilla as my cock went limp. Then I sat up, panting, and tended to my wet cock in my pants.

I'm not having kids, she said abruptly, but I need to wash up. She walked over to the shower and closed the door, but it kept popping open. She cursed angrily as it swung open slightly, then she took a shower. When the water wouldn't stop rushing, I got up and crept to the door and peeked in through the crack. She was crouching like a frog with her thighs wide open over the stream of water, her face turned toward the door. I saw that she was masturbating with her head down, directing the jet of water to her pubic area with one hand while the other jerked back and forth on her clit. But it was over too, she curled up in a crouch and gasped restrainedly, her wet buttocks and naked pubic rapidly jerking up and down like the rear end of a wasp. After an infinity, she looked up and saw me standing there gawking.

She blushed violently, got out of the shower tray and reached for a towel, then rubbed herself dry and looked at my face unblinkingly. She put one leg provocatively on the edge of the bath chair, shamelessly showing her open cunt and rubbing her pubic dry, looked at me again and smiled, although her face was still as red as a beetroot. I lowered my eyes in embarrassment and said that it was already very late and I had to go home. But you'll come tomorrow afternoon,

she asked, we were going to continue with the model standing?! I said yes and left quickly. Actually, I didn't know if I wanted to come back again.

The next day I slept until noon. However, I couldn't get Miss Janet out of my mind; it was her last day, she would be leaving in the next morning. Around noon I became restless and went to the ANCHOR with red ears and hot loins, paced up and down indecisively, then crept up quietly.

Miss Janet said come in when I knocked. She sat in the chair, dressed only in her negligé, balancing her sketch pad on her knees and working. I sat quietly in the second chair and waited. She looked really beautiful today, I looked at her body long and inquiringly. She was completely naked under the gauzy negligé and in her concentration she didn't care if and how much I could see – namely everything. The ash fell from the butt onto her leg, but she kept drawing, not caring about it or me. She showed me the picture, it was really beautiful! A muscular faun – so thank God not me – was lying in a clearing, his thick curved cock stuck in a petite fairy who was writhing excitedly around him. A terrific, very horny picture.

Janet noticed that I was staring between her thighs and closed her legs a little irritated. I looked up at her, she had a very sad look. After a long silence she said softly that you don't often find a man with that – she pointed to her humped back –. I was startled and rowed against the current as best I could with my 19 years; but Miss Janet remained sad.

After a while she said the light was favorable, I should pose again. No longer as shy as the day before, I uncovered myself and stood by the window. She came to me again, turned and turned me, then began to draw again quickly. Sheet after sheet she threw carelessly on the floor, began again, as if possessed. Standing up again and again to correct my posture; she now reached naturally for my cock and again excited the glans with the tip of her thumb until it stood well. Again she positioned me back and forth and back again, moved my shoulders and hips, kept pulling my cock up, gripping my balls and looking at me with wide eyes as it was already throbbing violently.

I controlled myself, though her gentle touches, light as the flap of a butterfly's wing, almost drove me mad. She smiled and said it looked like he was about to spit again (yes, spit she said). She pressed up against me and looked deep into my eyes, her look was irritating and mysterious, then her wrist raced up and down with lightning speed, she masturbated me as she did very routinely yesterday and let out a thick white stream. She rubbed slowly until the last drop.

She let me rest for a long time, drawing doggedly on, making gorgeous bodies appear on the paper. At some point she reached for me again and stroked me for minutes until it was hard and erect again. More sheets were painted, in between she now let me squat and attack the tail with one hand; yes, attack it properly, see that it remains stiff, and it remained so because I lightly pressed and kneaded it. Again she came over and released me from this uncomfortable, tiring position. Lie down on the bed, she said, very lightly and loosely, lie there as if dead!

So I lay there, as if dead, she sat on the chair and sketched sheet after sheet. It must have been hours again, my cock had long since hung to the side, Janet bent over and gently caressed my loins, my inner thighs and testicles, drove very lightly over the cock, which then stood again. But I didn't want to lie there like dead anymore. So I moved a little to the side, turned my head and looked at her. I reached out with one hand and touched her knee, pulled it gently to the side and looked under the negligé. She paused, then saw my cock erect again as I looked between her thighs. She smiled a little, then resolutely slipped the negligee over her head and dropped it carelessly to the floor.

Now she drew naked, with open thighs, let me see everything. I looked and looked and became really horny, my cock no longer had to be asked to stand – he stood upright like a guardsman and began to throb like my heart after a short while. Janet continued to draw, now posed a little for her part and horned me up even more, kept looking at my throbbing cock. I could tell she was getting aroused herself and I felt I was going to have to squirt soon. A few tiny little drops came off the tip of the glans and ran slowly down the shaft. Miss Janet put away her pad and pencil and knelt beside me.

Her hand caressed my cock, very gently only, and she avoided jerking me off. At the same time she caressed and stroked her breast with her other hand. She could now feel my cock throbbing and stiff to bursting. She sat up, then squatted spider-like over me, touching the wet glans with her vagina. I tried to thrust up from below, but she pulled back, grabbed the cock and rubbed it against the outside of her vagina. She sighed loudly as she rubbed the clit with the glans for the first time, then looked down, between her legs, and brushed the clit with the glans, concentrating and speeding up.

I pushed and pushed further, defiantly overcoming her resistance and slowly penetrating while my seed was already spurting over her clit, labia and vagina. Janet closed her eyes and slowly sank down on top of me, burying my cock inside her. Her vagina opened softly, very wide, then she dipped her butt up and down a few times and kept rubbing her clit until the squirting stopped completely. She came only after a really long masturbation, I felt the pumping and twitching with my flaccid cock still in her vagina.

Even as she pulled my flaccid out with a delicate hand and slid off me as light as a feather, I slept wearily away. When I awoke half an hour later, we embraced and kissed. We talked about this and that, I let my hand slide between her thighs and palpated them, but she immediately withdrew when I made clear masturbation movements. I then asked her directly if she didn't want to masturbate with and in front of her lover? She blushed, opened her eyes and shook her head in denial. I said I had seen her yesterday in the shower, so why not?

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She was silent for a long time. Then she said that she was so much older than me and that she was shy about it, also because culturally "with us" this belonged to the very private part of life and we were still strangers to each other. Then she stopped and said after a short silence that she was ugly. I did not want to accept that and said that I had observed her yesterday while masturbating and earlier in bed while fucking, and she had been beautiful, really beautiful!

Miss Janet blushed when I complimented her and did not look me in the eye. I hugged her very tenderly and told her that in bed, during sex, she looked much more beautiful than some other women I had fucked. She became even redder, fought with the tears and we continued cuddling for a long time until I had to go home.

The next morning I was over punctual at Janet's, more than an hour early. She had already packed and was sitting on the edge of the bed ready to go. I kissed her, not so much greeting as greedy kissing and heavy necking on the bed. She held my forearm and glanced at the wristwatch. Would you like a quickie, she murmured, and since I didn't know the word and didn't answer, she let herself sink back and, still fully dressed, flipped up her summer skirt. Quickie? she asked again, smiling and pushing her panties aside. I slowly penetrated her vagina with my cock and we fucked, happily whooping. After squirting, I squatted on my heels and looked at her throbbing pussy.

Janet kept her eyes closed, she had not been able to orgasm while fucking and was still very aroused. You may watch, she then whispered, you may watch. She began to masturbate, very long and kept her eyes closed. I looked unblinkingly at her clit, which now, after the fucking, seemed only half stiff. But now, during masturbation it became visibly hard, thick and very big, almost as big as a quarter of my little finger. She circled her finger tirelessly on the stiff clit, sometimes dipping her finger into the vagina to moisten the clit. After endless masturbation, she orgasmed, her clit jerking steeply upward again and again where she touched it delicately. Her abdomen rolled, her vagina pumped and she twitched her legs and then lay very still. When she opened her eyes and looked at me beaming with a happy smile, we kissed for a long time. Afterwards I took her to the station and slipped her a note with my address.

Although today I do not judge my role at that time so gloriously, I believe that at that time she was happy at least for a few minutes. I thought of her long and often later; she had my address but never wrote to me, so her image in my mind slowly faded.

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# The Accomplices

by Jack Faber © 2020

Monika was one of the prettiest girls in our class of 16-year-olds. Slender build, regal features, expressive eyes, and beautiful virginal breasts that she showed and let admire very freely under sheer blouses. She had only transferred from a convent boarding school that school year, her parents successful, wealthy real estate agents and award-winning architects with branch offices nationwide. Everyone wanted to be friends with the aloof girl; the gaggle of adoring girls let her get close; the boys didn't stand a chance. I knew it instinctively and did not participate in this unworthy race. How big therefore my surprise, when she was quite soon behind me! First pure small talk, in the school breaks serious discussions and later home escort. I remained reserved, because it was not clear to me why just me. However, I was the only one who had his Isabella at home and did not perform the pubertal peacock dance under hormonal pressure.

Monika gladly let me accompany her home and asked me into the house. Her parents were in town working until late in the evening. Monika had a big, beautiful room in this large, tastefully decorated house. Well, one thing led to another and soon we were sitting naked on her bed. We kissed and cuddled endlessly, Monika really wanted to get to my cock. No, she didn't want to fuck. I stroked her beautiful body, the gently rounded virgin breasts and her pubic, but she initially refused. She, however, tasted my cock with her lips and tongue and gave me a handjob. "No, do not squirt in the mouth, that would be disgusting." After that, I gently laid her on her back and blindly searched her clit with my fingers. With one hand she watched that I did not touch her vagina. No, she didn't want a finger in her vagina. When she was very aroused, she pushed my hand aside and masturbated wildly. She did not rub the clit, as Isa did, but drove her outstretched index finger up and down her pubic fold, at breakneck speed, as if she wanted to saw herself in half, to the point of violent orgasm.

We continued cuddling and kissing, and Monika wanted to know if I had any fantasies that I wanted to realize. She didn't wait for my answer at all, but described hers. She would hold a girl with her back to her in her lap and masturbate from behind with her fingers. A man, meaning me, would fuck the girl at the same time. Well, what do you think? she asked, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. I said um, um and nodded in agreement. What else, it was just a fantasy after all. I wanted to stay in reality and fuck Monika. No, not now, she fought back and we masturbated sitting opposite each other.

Naturally, I told Isa everything in the evening, because she was my first love, I didn't want to hide anything from her. Of course, all the details, Monika's body and our doings, had to be reported faithfully and with all the details, which made her horny as always. "Isa," I said, as we rested after a wild fuck, "didn't we forget something important?" She looked at me broodingly until I blurted out laughing: "Dinner!" During dinner, Isa said it would be good if I made out with girls my age, she would just be my mother forever and ever. It's time for you to move into reality, to fuck girls of your age group. I nodded, but it made me miserable.

From now on I spent my free afternoons with Monika. She allowed me to masturbate her in my way, Isa's way. From her physical reaction I recognized that she liked it very much, also that I masturbated her several times in a row. For her part, she remained to excite my cock with her lips and tongue before the handjob, sometimes taking the whole guy in her mouth and sucking and sucking, but squirting in her mouth was out of the question. Likewise, all attempts to fuck her failed.

In the breaks she told, at first only haltingly from the boarding school, when I addressed her on it. During the day everything was holy, at night the little devils crawled from bed to bed. All 40 girls in the big dormitory masturbated, and those who didn't know how learned it there from the others. Mostly the girls masturbated alone, some in pairs. When she masturbated alone, it was in her sawing way. Monika loved to masturbate other girls, but they didn't want the sawing, only the clit rubbing. Very few were skilled enough to satisfy

her, with clit rubbing, which was widespread. From that times she knew my way of masturbating her only on the clit. Finally, we sat across from each other and watched each other masturbate.

At the end of one afternoon, she acted very secretive. She gave me two keys, the copper one for the garden gate, the silver one for the house. She glanced at her high-fashion wristwatch, as if there was an appointment entry there, and told me to come straight to her tomorrow at two sharp. All very mysterious, she did not reveal more than that there was a surprise.

Tense as the cock of a dueling pistol, I unlocked the garden gate and the front door the other day at two o'clock sharp and went upstairs to Monika's room. Already on the stairs I could hear whispering and quiet giggling. After a short knock I entered, Monika was sitting naked on the couch with another naked girl, both facing me. Monika said this is Lisa, Elisabeth and introduced me. Come join us, Monika said, gesturing for me to undress. The knight slipped out of his armor in a flash and walked to the girls with his lance erect. Lisa sat backwards on Monika's lap, I across from her on the carpet, looking at two vaginas stacked on top of each other. Monika and Lisa chattered away, then I noticed the open bottle of liquor and two glasses, which explained a lot. While I was looking very closely at Lisa's nakedness, Monika said Lisa would soon be 14 and had just experienced her first orgasm today. Lisa nodded eagerly and babbled that so far she had only rubbed and stroked herself a little, that's as far as she dared to go. But Monika had done it to her today, in a completely new way, and she had had her first orgasm. Lisa was a little smaller than Monika, also slim and her small, pointed breasts were just budding. She had very sparse pubic hair, her small labia and clit were not visible, only her large, heavily reddened slit.

I fetched another glass and poured for us, we drank and Monika asked Lisa further with whom she had already played nude games, whether she had watched someone masturbating or fucking, and so on. She asked very skillfully and Lisa confessed even the most delicate details with red ears, an endless succession of doctor games with many younger girls, jerking brothers and neighborhood kids with whom she spied fucking adults. The confession must have lasted

twenty minutes. Monika listened carefully and memorized everything. Then she sat down on the couch, Lisa had to sit backwards on her lap again and Monika reached forward from behind, stroking her breasts and belly, her thighs and pubic area very gently. Later she began very gently to masturbate Lisa. After a while the question-answer game died down, Lisa closed her eyes as her arousal rose. I got very excited watching Monika masturbate Lisa my way. Lisa had her eyes closed and was listening inward, to her own pleasure. After a few minutes, Monika gave me signs with her eyes, I could now fuck Lisa.

I approached with highly excited erection. Monika rubbed Lisa with one finger, lifted her own pelvis to offer Lisa to me on a platter and spread her labia with the other fingers, made Lisa's vaginal entrance very wide. I brought my glans into Lisa's vaginal vestibule with my hand and supported myself with both hands on her shoulders. Lisa moaned and gasped after a few minutes, "Yes, yes, now, I'm about to come!" and I penetrated. I felt the tiny resistance as her hymen tore and immediately squirted, but kept thrusting and thrusting. When Lisa's orgasm hit and she jerked and wriggled violently, I slipped out of her vagina.

Quickly plugged back in, then I continued like a steam engine. I felt very precisely Monika's fingertips curiously palpating my cock and Lisa's labia as I fucked her. At the same time she masturbated Lisa's clit. I hugged Lisa tightly and pressed her against my chest, because now came the final spurt. I felt it rising hotly in my loins and spurted wildly thrusting deep into Lisa's vagina. She gave a little cry against my chest and orgasmed wildly. I disengaged as my cock went limp and straightened up.

We got dressed, Lisa hadn't bled at all or visibly. She danced happily in a circle and kissed us both awkwardly on the mouth. Three times orgasm and my first time fucking, a won-der-ful first time! she exclaimed. We made some more small talk, then Monika took Lisa to the door. When Monika came back, she unexpectedly gave me one of her beautiful, fast wriggling tongue kisses. Was it nice for you? she asked and answered herself, yes, just as I dreamed! Thank you! I asked after a while if she had known that Lisa was still a virgin? Of course, she said, she had wished for her first time. I didn't know how

Monika had lured the girl, but she had made it happen perfectly. Then she described how she had felt my squirting with her fingertips. I said probably the hundredth time I would like to fuck her now and slowly undressed her under a thousand kisses, even though she had said no. She liked to be aroused with kisses and caresses, but when I wanted to mount her carefully, she said no again, she just wants to be masturbated. I hid my disappointment and gave her a nice long orgasm. And no, I would not need a handjob, tomorrow again. Monika said that Lisa's good experience would help us with further recruitment. We whispered for a long time until I had to go home.

Isa was waiting for me with the ready dinner and let me tell. We had long finished eating, but I had to start telling all over again, so excited was Isa, and we jumped into bed without having washed the dishes. You are all sly scoundrels, she grinned, and I had to tell her again how it felt to me when Lisa's hymen broke. I embellished it in such a way that Isa hung open-mouthed on my lips. A wild night followed.

Almost two weeks later, Monika pressed the keys again into my hand and said, at two o'clock. So Linchen, Pauline, came to her first time after the same pattern as Lisa before. When she had gone, I asked Monika to fuck with me, but she refused as usual. Later, when we were recovering from the sports part, she offered me a cigarette. I tried smoking and said this is my first time. We grinned conspiratorially and I asked if she brought virgins here on purpose. Of course, she said, they're the only ones you can lure with the prospect of your first time. And you get a kick out of me banging the girls? Yes, she replied, it gives me something similar to an orgasm, but without clit rubbing and very, very relaxing, bringing peace, somehow. Indescribable feeling, in the whole body. "The terrific Peacemaker orgasm," I quipped grimly. It was to despair that Monika still did not want to fuck me.

I realized how unfair it was of me to compare her body to that of Isabella, who was twice my age. My hands explored Monika's young body every day anew, she revealed her secret quite soon. She had a small, crescent-shaped birthmark in her butt crease that could only be seen when her butt cheeks were pulled apart. Otherwise, she was

flawless, about my height and willowy. She didn't have an ounce of fat too much, her butt gently rounded, arms and legs long and slender. Her breasts were beautiful, reminiscent of the virginal sculptures of Italian Renaissance sculptors. She had beautiful, slender and long-limbed fingers, but they gripped hard during handjob. The dark underarm and pubic hair were a nice contrast to her fair, velvety skin. Her straight dark hair framed her face and reached almost to her hips. Her face with its candle-straight nose was reminiscent of Greek goddesses, her lips soft and full during our lovemaking sessions, hard pressed together at school. But most striking were her eyes, bright and intelligent. They were light blue or light gray and contrasted with the dark hair. She was already letting on that she would one day be an imposing, elegant presence and an impressive lady.

Her pubis with the beautifully curved mons veneris was also of impressive beauty. The dark pubic hair, not too bushy, formed a perfect triangle over the pubic fold. The outer labia were only sparsely hairy and nicely rounded, with the slightly darker labia minora between them, which I could only see when I pulled the labia majora apart. While Isabella's labia minora with their jagged edges looked like they had been shredded, Monika's with their smooth edges were as if cut out with a scalpel. At the top was the clit, which was smaller than Isabella's.

This magnificence was made to be licked. At my first approach she feigned chaste shame for a moment, but she immediately let me have it. She came to orgasm in no time, which I could prolong for a long time with careful tongue play, thanks to Isabella's training. Monika told me afterwards that licking had spread like an epidemic in the dormitory of the boarding school. She confessed that she always enjoyed it very much and had the most passionate orgasms. She had soon found out which girl was good at licking her. When menstruation started, she only let herself be licked on days when she was allowed to shower before. She also loved to lick herself and especially enjoyed watching the girl suffer orgasm after orgasm.

I never found out when Monika had time for recruiting. This time it took only a week until I received the keys again. Punctually, I crept

up the stairs and quietly entered Monika's room. She was sitting on the carpeted floor watching a girl masturbate. Quietly I dropped the covers and sat down next to her. I knew the girl, she was one or two years below us, around 14, and everyone called her Red Zora. She came from Russia as a baby, had a fiery red frizzy head and was chubby. Despite her youth, she had big firm breasts, a few blonde pubes and a really big cunt. She spread her thick labia with one hand and masturbated her clit in the same way Isa did. She orgasmed gurgling and opened her eyes, then sat up and said we have been waiting for you. She couldn't take her eyes off my erection, just as I couldn't take my eyes off her bulging labia. You know each other? Monika asked and I said, the Zora. No, she laughed, my name is Anna. Turning to Monika, she added, they all call me The Red Zora, like the one in the novel. So she will be my first Russian, I thought, although years later I learned that her light-blond mother came from Finland and the red-haired father from Germany.

The girls already had a liqueur head start, but I poured again and Monika involved Anna in the question and answer game. But Anna had nothing worth mentioning to confess, and Monika, whom I refilled twice, fought valiantly against the tripping of her tongue. I think that at that moment I decided to fuck Monika today. Anna nervously played with her labia, I rubbed my cock a few times and said to Monika, shall we? Okay, she said and sat down on the couch. It will be best if you bring yourself to orgasm before he fucks you, she reminded Anna, who sat backwards on her lap. I knelt in front of them both and watched Anna masturbate. Monika stroked her, but most of all she teased the Russian's beautiful, large breasts and nipples. She felt the alcohol and began to doze off.

Anna sat very high and brought herself to arousal, under her I saw the tantalizing cunt of Monika. I aimed carefully and quickly penetrated Monika's vagina. In a split second I felt my glans brutally tear Monika's hymen before I squirted my sperm very deep into her tight vagina. I thrust squirting, again and again — and Monika screamed! I stopped and slid out, straightened up and penetrated the vagina of the violently masturbating Russian. I had to thrust hard two-three times until her unruly hymen finally tore, which she acknowledged with a tiny scream. Then I plowed like a steam engine in her narrow

vagina, she became more and more excited and orgasmed unspectacularly. She masturbated again and I thrust as hard as I could. Anna orgasmed obviously very lightly and had two orgasms until I squirted hard. I went limp and we detached from each other.

Monika and Anna sat next to each other on the couch and dabbed the drops of blood with paper tissues. I sat down at the make-up mirror and drank liqueur, for I suspected that tremendous trouble was waiting for me. The girls got dressed and sat down at the small round table. I took my glass and bottle and sat down with them. We talked mainly about how Anna had experienced it. She was grateful because she had wanted it so much and because Monika and I had done it so well. Now she felt free and could fuck whenever she wanted. Monika took her down to the door and came back. I had sat down on the carpet, which was our favorite place. She dropped her dress and sat down next to me. She hugged me and pressed her cheek against mine. I felt her tears on my face.

I hugged her as lovingly as I could and stroked her hair. Her tears ran down my chest. I caressed her and slowly she stopped crying. “Why,” she whispered, “why did you do that?” I said without thinking, it was an accident. But then I corrected, “no, I wanted it, I wanted it during the past weeks, you knew that. I was pushing you, had no idea that you were still a virgin. You seemed so experienced that it never occurred to me that you could still be a virgin. If you had said it at some point, this wouldn’t have happened today. I am very sorry, because I would have certainly made your first time more beautiful and respectful. You are my queen, I would have much, much rather fucked you than Anna.”

We were silent for a long, long time. Her next sentence proved that I was right. “You really would have much rather fucked me than Anna? Even though she was so young and inexperienced, surely pretty too, and already so good at masturbating?” I picked up the thread. “No, Monika, you are my Queen, and Anna a pretty, nice Peasant girl in comparison. How could you not see that so clearly? Anna was pretty and horny, she had a fine, tight vagina and could bring herself to orgasm quickly. I deflowered and fucked her because

you should have your peacemaker orgasm. But it's you I've always wanted to fuck, that's very different for me than fucking Anna."

Monika snuggled close to me and kissed me on the cheek. "That's very nice what you said there, about me…." she left the sentence hanging in the air. I said, "look, we are in the defloration-business, the Kings of the tenth grade. You are the Queen and I am your fucking devoted servant and have nothing else on my mind but to fuck you!" I embraced her again and kissed her on the mouth, French kiss after French kiss followed, we cuddled and rolled passionately on the carpet. She caressed my erection and I playfully buried my fingers in her pubic.

I saw the horniness in her eyes and comfortably laid her down to fuck. I slowly and carefully penetrated her vagina, she was tight at first, but gave in to my thick cock. We fucked slowly at first, with increasing excitement faster and faster. All the time we looked happily into each other's eyes. I found my rhythm, she found hers. She moaned and gasped heavily, after a long time her embrace tightened and she orgasmed with a happily contorted face. I kept thrusting and thrusting, prolonging her orgasm as best I could until I had to squirt. She thrust her pelvis willingly against my intermittent squirting. I slid off her and we lay side by side, gasping for breath.

That was beautiful, she said, and I added that there were not many girls who could orgasm vaginally. I had read everything on the subject and we discussed this and close topics for a long time. When we had dressed, we kissed for a long time and then she said teasingly, "You are dismissed for today, my dearest servant!" I grinned and rather awkwardly made a fawning servant with circling right foot and bowed, "Her most devoted servant, your majesty!" and we laughed quite heartily.

Our defloration-business went like clockwork for a few months, we had deflowered a total of 11 girls. Most of them were from surrounding schools, only Anna, the Russian one, was from our school. Only one was disappointed because the two of us couldn't make her orgasm at all, she herself didn't know how to masturbate yet. Monika actually had to hold her because she obviously wanted to back out. I

held both girls tightly and as I prepared to penetrate, she cried and tightened her vagina. She was the only one I had to take by force. She let out a scream when I deflowered her and immediately calmed down, stopped crying and let me fuck her patiently but completely passively. I had to fuck her for a very long time until I cum in relief at the end. Seconds after I squirted she pushed me back, that was it for her. During the obligatory debriefing, she dutifully drank her liqueur and thanked me for her first time. She left without having smiled once.

Monika and I screwed on our afternoons off and were very happy together. Isabella had understanding, if I had spent myself too much. On many a defloration day I fucked three women until exhaustion. Although Isa promised to spare me and to prepare me a good, invigorating dinner, she became very horny at my detailed description and nibbled me after dinner. Usually she was content with me masturbating her or licking her.

That Monika would not become my great love, I knew after the first very amorous weeks. I told nothing about Isa, she also did not ask specifically. Monika was rich and basically very superficial. Our wonderful conversations were mainly with myself. When I recited topics from my rich library, mainly about mechanisms of love and sexuality, she listened attentively but contributed nothing because she had read nothing about love and sexuality. The disappointment of this did not get under my skin, because my classmates respected me more than ever, and I felt a deep physical love for Monika.

It was the first and only time that she rang our bell one morning. She wanted to go to school with me, she said, when I formally introduced her to Isabella. I grabbed my bag and we walked side by side towards the school. She had something important to tell me before it became official at school, she said. A cold hand clenched my guts. Her parents were moving and she would be transferring there for school. A thousand kilometers, I said, and she confirmed, 873km by train. We walked on in silence. What to say to that? But we can write to each other, every day, every week, every month, she said pressed. I promised we would write each other baskets full of letters, word of honor!

We had two weeks left. We spent every free minute in bed and fucked all the time. Even on her dangerous, ready-to-conceive days when we usually just masturbated. Fuck it, she said, I feel like you have to go to war tomorrow! Only the Gods favorable to us prevented her from getting pregnant, the others got horny on our love play.

I accompanied her in the cab as she drove to the train station with her large luggage. Her parents had already gone ahead on the overnight train; I hadn't seen them once in that six months. Our parting was Hollywood-like, but accompanied by deep feelings and real tears. Our correspondence began stormily and soon thinned out. We exchanged Christmas cards and birthday cards for a few more years until we lost sight of each other entirely.

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# The Settlement Heroes

by Jack Faber © 2006

These were they, the heroes of the settlement estate. The 17–year old Pitt, tall and slim, aggressive and undisputed leader of the gang, feared because of his knife, with which he had never hurt anyone. Then there was Klaas, the same age, whom they called Ka, a good-natured giant who didn't think much or quickly, but who did everything Pitt commanded with loyal devotion. And Jan, 16–years old, small and smart, who did easily in school and helped the two buddies with their homework. He wanted desperately to be part of the gang, to hang out with them and become a big gangster himself like them.

Only when he lured them in with marijuana he had inconspicuously stolen from his mother and stepfather's secret stash did they take him in and he continued to supply them, but never went in for an increase in quantity. His theft never caught on because mother and stepfather thought of each other in the excess consumption and it didn't really matter because they worked hard and they could afford the green weed. Jan also had a nice allowance that he liked to invest in cigarettes and canned beer.

The two big ones even let the little one advise them when which school lesson could be skipped without jeopardizing their school success. Pitt immediately realized that Jan was an asset to him and solemnly accepted him into the gang. Jan was allowed to enter their fortress, a semi-dark room in the twisted confines of an abandoned construction project. All the kids in the prefab knew they had no business being there, not even by accident. Ka had to give some of them a good punch in the mouth until they all got the message. They lit the fortress with candles, sat on the two old mattresses and smoked, drank beer and told each other the latest gossip, mysterious happenings in the settlement and which old woman was just fucked by which old man, which bitch was just in or could be fucked.

Jan would have left the big guys immediately if they had been gay, because he thought being gay was gross, but he didn't know exactly

what gays did. Of course, he had to show his dick early in his career, and Pitt decided he was number three. Then he added Ka was one, he was two, and Jan was three. Jan guessed it was a matter of tail lengths. He learned that the two had been committing petty shoplifting, far from their settlement, to make ends meet. They took the kids' pocket money on a case-by-case basis, and sometimes they talked girls into letting them fuck them in the fortress. Ka grinned wryly and laughed, fucking is good! The last girl fuck was a while ago and Pitt grabbed and rubbed at his pants, impatient, aggressive and smashed the empty beer can against the wall. Ka knew how he felt and said: "come to fuck, Pitt!"

Jan watched curiously and sucked on his cigarette. The two big guys took off their jeans. Pitt already had a real hard-on, his glans blood red, he had no or very little foreskin. Ka lay down on his back and spread his bent legs. Between his legs was a large sack and a rather large, thick and meaty cock that stood semi-stiff above his belly. Ka took a small bottle out of his pants pocket and rubbed his asshole with an oily liquid wet. Pitt knelt down and put his cock in Ka's asshole, then fucked his buddy. Jan watched them, he saw Ka's cock getting hard and Pitt took a long time to cum. Jan had one hand pressed on his hard-on the whole time, watching them both. Pitt stood up and pulled his pants up, with a sideways glance at Jan and his effort to hide his hard-on he said, "now you, Jan, your turn!" Jan looked at him in amazement and Pitt said, do it, Ka loves it!

Jan walked over to Ka uncertainly. He knew how men fucked women, of course, because he spied when his mother had a new lover and Jan had always watched as if mesmerized, even when the guy was done and fell asleep, he watched his mother masturbate. He hadn't known, though, that you could fuck men the same way you fucked women, but Pitt had just demonstrated it. And worse, it would be his first time, it pounded in his head. Jan dropped his pants and Ka licked his lips, yes, come! Jan's cock wasn't as long as Pitt's, but it wasn't tiny, it was thick, and the glans was peeking halfway out from under the foreskin. He got on his knees and steered his cock toward Ka's asshole, then penetrated.

Ka grinned, “uuuh, that’s a good one,” and Jan bobbed on the big guy, doing his best. From the masturbation, he knew to hold back the squirting and stared at Ka’s big, thick cock bobbing as he thrust. Ka’s glans swelled all thick and his semen oozed out thick and whitish, Ka pumped and pumped his semen out and his asshole pinched him, Jan had to squirt immediately. He quickly got up, put on his pants and sat down, a cigarette, a new can beer. Ka got up groaning and got dressed, came over to the two, grabbed Jan’s beer and drank it down in one. Buuurp! he belched and hit Jan’s shoulder with a paw, “man, that was good!” and Jan puzzled whether the beer or the fucking was meant. Later they rode the bus and stole beer and cigarettes from a small store. While Jan was asking the man at the counter whether the cookies were gluten-free or not, his fellow henchmen dashed out. Jan paid for the cookies and calmly walked out. It was as simple as that.

A few days later, Jan arrived late at the meeting place in the square between the apartment blocks, Ka sat soulfully on a bench, smoking and watching the pigeons, highly clever critters in his opinion. Pitt sat on the other bench talking to a not particularly pretty girl, skinny and rather ugly. Jan came over and sized up who he was going to sit with. At the same moment Pitt and the girl got up and they walked toward the fort. Pitt held the girl by the hips and when Jan joined them, Pitt said this was Anni, she was already 14, she desperately wanted to get rid of her virginity and he had offered it to her. The girl nodded and was still quite excited. “Is he coming with us?” she asked Pitt, but he strode straight on without answering. Arriving at the fortress, they smoked and drank beer. Anni drank very quickly and was already on the third can when she noticed Ka sitting on the back mattress. That’s the Ka, said Pitt, he’s with me. Then he turned back to Anni and made her hot and hotter with deep French kisses as he had done before. Pitt was pretty good at that and Anni was pretty drunk from all the beer. Now he pulled her dress over her head. Anni was naked except for her underpants. Jan looked at her, she had very small breasts and an almost still childlike body. Pitt kissed her and took off her underpants.

Anni clung to Pitt, who gently laid her on her back and directed her legs to the side. Anni had very little pubic hair and he spread her

labia before masturbating her clit. She sighed and asked that she could masturbate alone and if he would do it for real with her, because she wanted to be fucked for real and Pitt hummed, in a minute, in a minute! He opened his pants and pulled them down to his calves. Then he kissed Anni again with a deep French kiss and brought his cock into position. He penetrated slowly and Jan saw him stop short and then thrust deep with a jerk. Anni looked at him with wide eyes and whispered, it didn't hurt at all! Pitt fucked way too short and squirted pleasantly grunting into the astonished girl. Anni whispered she felt it very clearly, the warm semen!

Ka was already standing by, rubbing his cock very slowly to keep it stiff. When Pitt rolled to the side, Ka was already kneeling and Anni looked startled at his big dick. Before she could say anything, the cock was already in her vagina, cautiously he pushed forward and was soon all the way in. Anni whispered in fright that she was about to burst, but Ka only growled. Her clit, which had not been visible at all until now, now poked into the air above her clearly overstretched vagina like a little spike, nodding with each thrust. Pitt nudged Jan and said he was about to have his turn, and when he looked puzzled, he said in a cutting tone, you are number three! Now Jan understood and obediently lowered his pants, his cock was of course already stiff. Jan had already masturbated earlier in the afternoon, because when he got home he discovered his mother sitting straddled on the living room couch, legs propped up on the coffee table, masturbating. He had watched through the slightly open door until she finished and immediately went to his room to masturbate.

Jan looked again at Anni, whose vaginal entrance was greatly dilated by Ka's cock each time he thrust in and contracted again when he pulled it back out to the glans. Her clit nodded with each thrust and she began to gasp. This was a sign that she was about to orgasm, but Ka didn't hold out and jerkily squirted into her vagina. She whispered gasping, she could have felt the squirting quite clearly. Ka made way for Jan, who had knelt in front of the violently breathing girl and immediately penetrated her slowly.

He thought that it would not go so fast now with Anni, because of the masturbation before. Now he looked at Anni and heard her gasp-

ing while he fucked her with firm thrusts for a very long time. Anni was getting more and more into a frenzy and orgasming, he found her convulsions and her movements very pleasurable and continued diligently even though Anni had calmed down again. He clearly felt it rising hot inside him and squirted quite deep inside her vagina. Anni babbled on, about the orgasm and that she had felt the squirting again quite intensely. He got up and put on his pants, taking a beer and a cigarette while he watched Anni get dressed. Pitt reminded Anni that she had promised him the allowance, and with a heated face she nodded, yes, yes, we'll settle that tomorrow! Jan and Ka remained seated as Pitt left with Anni and returned fifteen minutes later.

About a week later, Pitt was unspeakably horny again, repeating over and over that he needed a woman. They sat on the benches, but none of the potential fuck partners showed up. They sat down on the grass at the other end of their precinct and watched the streetcar stop. All of a sudden, Pitt jumped up and started walking, the two buddies following. Not a soul far or wide, just the girl walking ahead of them. Near the ruined building where the fort was, Pitt caught up with the girl, the two moved up. Pitt waved his knife in front of her face and said, come along! She saw that she had no chance against the three and walked silently along behind Pitt. Pitt went into one of the rooms that was open to the top and waved his head to Jan, a mattress! and began to undress the 25–year old or so with Ka's help. Jan came with the mattress after a few minutes and they laid the unruly naked woman on it. She had not spoken a word and did not resist as the three groped and fondled her, only her face expressed deep disgust. Jan thought her firm breasts and clean-shaven cunt were very nice, but he was still quite inexperienced, yet he groped her and curiously examined her cunt extensively, though she gave him venomous looks.

They did as they had done with Anni a week ago. Except that this woman resisted wordlessly and didn't make it easy for them. Ka had to hold her down while Pitt fucked her quickly. Jan held her legs, because from here he had a clear view of her pussy. Her face expressed disgust and pure contempt. Then it was Ka's turn and she couldn't resist his strength and finally surrendered so Ka could fuck her at his

leisure. Although her face expressed disgust at first, she quickly softened and fucked along hornily as Ka's cock seemed to excite her strongly. The two did it like possessed animals, and Jan fixed his gaze on her labia and Ka's cock. She gasped and seemed to urge Ka on, but he could take no more. While Ka squirted and almost couldn't stop squirting, she shamefully lowered her gaze as her and Jan's eyes met. She was terribly ashamed because she had joined in and almost orgasmed.

When it was Jan's turn, Ka was on hand to intervene, but the woman let Jan fuck her without resistance and it seemed to him that she was enjoying it, but when their eyes met again, she looked away. She gasped hard, but she didn't allow an orgasm and Jan squirted with great relief. Then a long silence followed. No one thought of a second round, now it was time to leave quickly. While the woman dressed and gave them angry, hurt looks, Pitt searched her purse. He studied her ID card and read the name and address aloud, saying that if she opened her mouth, they would visit her. She nodded that she understood. Pitt took all but the large bills of her money and a few coins, which he pocketed. Then he walked her out, and when they got to where the assault had taken place, he ran as fast as he could back to his buddies.

They waited a whole week to see if the police showed up or if the gossip in the settlement knew anything about the rape, but there was nothing. They went to school when necessary, otherwise they hung out and listened to see if the bus drums gave anything. After a week, Pitt was quite sure the woman was silent about her rape. It was as simple as that.

There was thick air at home with Jan. His mother and her live-in boyfriend/partner and his almost–stepfather were fighting, and the live-in boyfriend/partner was moving out, this time for good. His mom had stayed cool, things were going well at her job and she was able to work two to three days from home. But that also meant that she started boozing and smoking weed early in the morning and was cross and super cool when Jan got home. In the past, she was often busy with a lover around this time, and Jan would watch if he could do it inconspicuously. His mother sometimes had girls too, then he

just had to watch, because it was always very passionate, erotic and much more exciting than the perpetually limp losers she brought. She had a special friend who came quite often, a beautiful black girl from Ethiopia who was a lesbian and gave her mother many lustful afternoons. Jan watched the women secretly for hours and disappeared only briefly in his room when he had to squirt.

Jan's mother had worked her way up as a fashion illustrator and now that she was internationally recognized, she was in high demand and could finally choose those projects that allowed her free time and work at home. She did much of it on her computer, which could rival anyone in fashion publishing. Now the floppy life partner was gone and the mother was left alone for days with the booze, the pot smoking and her hyped up sexuality. Lately, she had been completely neglected and needed to catch up on everything. So she kept bursting into Jan's room dressed only in a top and panties, chatting with him mainly about trivia. Once he was watching a porno Video on the laptop, with his pants down, his cock in his hand, when she burst in. Don't mind me, I want it too! Jan initially thought she wanted to watch the porn with him, but she took off her top and panties and sat on his bed. Don't let me disturb you, she said, and masturbated sitting down at first, then sank back and orgasmed.

Jan missed the porn because his mother's masturbating excited him much more. It was the first time she did it in his room and quite openly in his presence. When she relaxed, he was still sitting there with his cock in his hand and his eyes on her vulva. Come here, she said, just come immediately! He silently obeyed and sat down next to her. She took his cock in her hand, then in her mouth and masturbated it with her hand, letting his semen squirt down her throat and swallowing it all. Then she got up and went into the living room to continue working on the computerscreen. It went on like that, once–twice a week she visited him, sometimes bringing her shot glass and something to smoke. Then he knew it was going to be a long afternoon, she would do it several times and then masturbate him and let him cum in her mouth, down her throat.

She straightened up after the orgasm, drank and smoked a homemade. She loved this wonderful feeling of being powerful and un-

touchable by the environment, even if she knew that this high came from the booze and the green. She didn't give a shit about what was allowed or not, incest or not, she had decided that she could fuck him because she wanted to. She looked at him out of half-closed eyes, let herself sink backwards lasciviously and grabbed him hornily. Come on, little man, come on! she said softly and rolled him onto her belly. His cock poked right into her pubic hair, the glans touching her labia. Jan froze, because it could only go in one direction. "But I'm your son," he said somewhat lamely, but she interrupted him. "Fuck shit," she cursed in an unusually vulgar way, "don't babble about incest! I need it, you obviously do too, let's fuck! Who wants to forbid us?!" She spread her thighs further and reached under him, guiding his cock into her vagina with her hand. Come on, let's do it right! she said and Jan fucked her, experienced the most beautiful feelings with her.

His mother was already in her late forties and did not find a new life partner/partner so quickly, but she had Jan, whom she visited once–twice a week. Jan loved her huge soft breasts and also her plump body, but most of all he liked to fuck her, because it was much nicer and more intense than raping a girl. He liked her vagina, which felt so smooth and soft and which excited him so much when she orgasmed pumping and the vagina really milked his semen. He liked to put his face between her big soft breasts and slowly fuck this tall Valkyrie. He liked it because she was already too old to make a big fuss about pregnancy. Let it come, my boy, let it squirt, I like it! She enjoyed it as well and taught him many things. She explained to him that she did never get a vaginal orgasm and therefore had to masturbate long, extensively and several times after fucking and she liked it very much when he watched her do it. He had the nice feeling that they understood each other much better now.

Once she said that she especially found squirting in her vagina so really horny, Jan nodded and promised to masturbate less before fucking and save his semen for her. Mostly it worked and she increased her pleasure by sticking a finger in his asshole before squirting and fucking him with it. He had to squirt immediately and pour himself completely inside her. Sometimes he was allowed to start fucking while she was already rubbing her clit and about to orgasm,

enjoying the rolling and pumping of her vagina and stretching his ass up so she could finger fuck him and he could squirt explosively in her big, soft vagina.

Jan confessed to her that he was very much into Iris, the beautiful black girl from Africa, and very, very much wanted to fuck her. It would be difficult, she said, suppressing her pusillanimous jealousy, Iris is a diehard lesbian, she had been abused by various men as a child and as a teenager and didn't think much of men, on the contrary, she was afraid of them. But they would try it together the next time Iris was there. And so it came to pass.

Iris and his mother enjoyed themselves in the living room for a while, then his mother went to the bathroom and on her way back she took her naked Jan by the hand and they came to Iris. She was very puzzled and stared uncertainly at his hard-on, but the mother stroked the girl and mewed that she needed it again, very badly. Iris began to masturbate her gently and intently and as Jan gently stroked her beautiful, pitch black body, she relaxed. Jan was completely infatuated with her slender body and small but firm breasts and caressed them. As Iris got down on all fours to lick his mother's clit, Jan looked from behind at her pubic, light pink labia and clit, also light pink, and her light pink vagina. Her skin was pitch black all over, only the light pink flashing sex emphasized where he needed to direct his cock. Jan had seen that she had only a tiny little bush of black pubic hair high above the pubic fold, but her pubic was completely smooth and looked like that of a little girl. His mother gave him a sign that Iris was not yet ready, so he very gently palpated her labia and clit. To her own amazement, she willingly stretched her abdomen out to Jan and let him masturbate her. First her mother orgasmed and right after that Iris. They lay on top of each other, on top of each other and next to each other for some time and let the orgasms end.

The mother whispered to Iris for a long time and took her hand and led her to Jan's cock, but Iris refused. The mother continued whispering and then she pulled Jan to her, onto her belly. Iris mumbled in bewilderment that this was incest, but the mother just said "Fuck it!" and fucked Jan gently, exaggerating a bit the pleasurable

moans, but then being herself again, humping Jan's asshole with her finger and making him squirt pleasantly. They spent hours more with wonderful orgasms and Jan fucked as often as he could, but Iris said she liked to watch but didn't want it herself. She went home very late.

Of course Jan was sad about it, but his mother said at breakfast, with women you have to be patient, it will be alright! Jan was quite patient when Iris came back after two days, and it went just like the last time. Iris enjoyed very much how gently and tenderly Jan masturbated her and sometimes lay backwards on her mother's lap kissing her and teasing her breasts, spreading her vulva willingly and softly in front of Jan who licked it slowly and concentrated. She soon loved these orgasms very much and stroked Jan's hair because he did his thing so well. She looked Jan very deeply in the eyes and kissed him with a deep, long French kiss, which he returned puzzled and awkward, because he had hardly had French kisses before, but Iris knew nothing else. When he fucked afterwards, it was Iris who pushed one finger into his ass and fucked him very hard, with the other hand she masturbated the mother and both orgasmed almost simultaneously. This orgy also lasted until long after dark.

The breakthrough then came during their next afternoon of love. Again Iris lay backwards on her mother's lap, legs spread wide, and let Jan lick her. After she orgasmed, he stayed perched on his heels and slowly rubbed his cock. He looked Iris in the eye and moved toward her. There was no refusal or protest in her eyes, and when his glans touched her labia, she closed her eyes. He slowly penetrated her vagina and fucked vigorously and with pleasure, he had finally done it. His mother, who had been fondling and teasing Iris' sweet breasts so far, cheated and teased Iris' clit, who orgasmed instantly before he squirted inside her and waited for her orgasm to subside.

The three of them lay on the carpet, letting the arousal subside. Whispering softly, he asked Iris if it was okay, she turned to him and instead of answering, gave him a deep French kiss. From this point on his stamina was severely tested, he fucked both women in turn and only the dark circles under his eyes revealed how exhausting it was. A few times they laughed out loud as both women willingly got

ready to fuck and he got a red head from being overwhelmed because he couldn't make up his mind.

Iris had watched quite excitedly as Jan was allowed to squirt in her mother's mouth and deep down her throat. She wanted to learn it too, but the first few times she tried, she choked or almost threw up. Jan said she had a throat that was much too small. The mother explained it in detail, intervened and corrected until Iris had her swallowing reflex under control after a long time. Jan could now put his cock deep in her throat, then he held her head and fucked her all the way down her throat, deep into the girl's throat where he squirted and when it stopped, he let go of her head and she could swallow and take a breath. Iris was totally happy and grateful, now she could do something special. He loved filling Iris' mouth with his glans and being licked and teased by her tongue until just squirting. Iris then opened her mouth wide and slid her lips all over the cock, letting it penetrate deep into her throat and discharge there. She liked that better than being fucked in the mouth, too.

The gang waited a few more days, but Pitt couldn't take it anymore. They took a bus to an outlying district and looked for a park where there were also hiding places or secluded buildings for their scheme. On the second day, they finally found a park next to which was a small hut for the gardeners' tools. Ka picked the lock without damaging it and they found everything that was necessary, a few blankets could serve as a mattress. They didn't have to wait long for their victim, Pitt carefully crept up from behind and showed his knife. She dropped her shopping bag in fright and slapped her hands in front of her face, Jan and Ka collected everything and then they went into the tool shed with the woman. "Please, don't!" she said, "I have a small child, please don't do it!" But Pitt and Jan undressed her while Ka held her gently, which didn't seem necessary at all. She had realized that she was not threatened with the knife, not with death, and breathed a sigh of relief, then smiled expectantly, almost lustfully. She was a pretty young woman with nice full breasts, red shoulder-length hair and a slender abdomen, her pubic area was clean-shaven and looked girlish. Jan caressed her beautiful body all over, exploring her for minutes and the girl smiled hornily and let it

wash over her with a pleasant shiver. Please don't hurt me, she said smiling and very kindly, I'm very sensitive .... down there!

And how sensitive she was! She orgasmed at Pitt, who had to cover her mouth so that her lustful cries could not be heard. She screamed long and lustfully into Ka's paw as he fucked her and she flew from orgasm to orgasm, and when it was Jan's turn, Ka had to stifle her cries of pleasure with his paw. Pitt just read her name and address out loud and gave her his instruction, but he didn't take any money out of her purse, it wouldn't have been much anyway. When she was dressed, she smiled and said it had been a very nice afternoon and they needn't worry, she had no reason to report them. She and her husband had been to swingers clubs many times before the baby, and this would have been so similar for her. They all went out peacefully, and the boys were silent with amazement the whole way.

They continued their shameful activities for weeks, in the fortress or in various parks. Once they forced a young girl of Turkish origin into their hideout, where Ka held her and Jan undressed her. She was a black-haired beauty with small breasts, very slim, with carefully trimmed pubic hair and a wonderful cunt. She cried and wailed that she didn't want it and if she wasn't a virgin she would bring shame on her family, please, please don't do it! Pitt bent over her, spread her labia and looked into her vagina. Yes, she really is a virgin, said Pitt, that's something for our Jan, he didn't have a virgin yet! And so it happened that Jan for once was the first to get it.

Pitt held her by the hands, Ka by the feet and Jan knelt with the hard-on in front of her. She cried heartbreakingly as he slowly penetrated her vagina. He felt the resistance of the hymen and looked into her face. Tears were streaming from her eyes, which stared wide open at him. With a sudden jerk, he penetrated, shredded the hymen and had to squirt far too quickly because she tensed and did not open her vagina willingly. Then he took over Pitt's position and watched him fuck. Pitt fucked hard but not fast, and each time pulled his cock all the way out and penetrated again. Jan could see her vagina snap open and shut soon after, her legs beginning to shake. He was unsure if she had just orgasmed or not. In any case, he could feel at her feet that she was actively humping Pitt as he continued to fuck her,

stretching her vagina straight out towards him until he squirted deep inside her. Then it was Ka's turn and the girl stopped crying. When Ka was done, he said, she passed out! After a few seconds Pitt checked her pulse, thank god it was okay and she woke up shortly after, looked around and was completely confused. She dressed in a flash and ran away crying, name and address unknown.

The gang was far from finished, they continued to rape, it was as simple as that, because no one could touch them.

Nobody?

Really no one?

It caught them completely off guard. They had taken the blonde woman out after the rape and were still sitting having a beer and smoking. Silently, the troop of men and women, all masked and armed with baseball bats or sticks, had made their way to them. They fell upon the three and beat them mercilessly. Jan hid his face from the baseball bats in his arms and thought he heard a Turkish-sounding curse or two before he was knocked out.

They were in hospital for weeks, Pitt had lost his left eye and a lot of teeth, Ka had to have several stitches in his face, his testicles, which had been beaten to a pulp, had to be amputated, all three had many broken bones. Jan had no serious injury other than deep lacerations on his head and back, several broken bones and painful welts and bumps. They talked in quiet whispers, and when the police questioned them, their stories were roughly congruent and the investigation was soon closed without success. Jan kept quiet about his observation that they were Turks; the other two had long forgotten about the Turkish virgin.

After their release, Jan kept away from the two buddies and told them he didn't feel like it anymore, once hospital was enough for him. He let his mother take care of him for weeks after and they continued to fuck as before. She never told him that Iris had an abortion while he was in the hospital, because he was much too young to be a father. Iris stuck to her plan of catching a rich husband and went to

work full time in the jewelry store after her “illness” and only saw Jan and his mother on occasional weekends.

That was the end of the Heroes Gang from the prefab housing estate.

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# The Ride Northbound

by Jack Faber © 2010

A long, long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away — —

I implemented my plan to go to Amsterdam by moped this summer, and mostly gondolaed north along the German motorways. Only rarely did the Autobahnpolice stop me and urged me to use the bike path. After a few minutes, however, I was back on the safe motorway, where no cyclists were guaranteed to come my way. At some point I passed the Dutch border and drove the nose after, northward of a well-developed country road along. Whistling loudly or warbling, I reeled off kilometer after kilometer in the blazing sunshine when I caught sight of her.

There, standing on the side of the country road just outside Apeldoorn, was a young light blonde girl in a breezy summer dress that accentuated her plump, buxom curves, a small bag over her shoulder. I stopped, rattling, and turned off the engine, wanting to ask her for directions, because on my map of Europe with Germany's main highway routes, Holland was only a little three–centimeter–sausage. Her round, friendly face beamed and she gladly gave me information. In Dutch. Now began a cheerful competition, who understood what, who said what – German, Dutch and bumpy English.

The result was that she wanted to ride in the back, via Apeldoorn to just before Sneek. There, I only had to drive over the "afslotdeik" directly to Amsterdam, directly and straight ahead. Quite simple, and yes, she knew the route to Sneek. I immediately and enthusiastically made the wrong decision, unaware of what the detour meant in kilometers and hours. Who was she, I asked, after pointing to my chest and introducing myself as Jack, from Oostenrijk. She dabbed with a finger on her plump chest, Caroline – preferring "Caro" and with her fingers that she was 17. After mounting, I indicated that she should tuck her skirt under her thighs, because of the driving wind. From a distance, it must have looked pretty unseemly as I stuffed the skirt between her thighs. Unseemly it also looked when she squatted down

in the pee breaks, flipped up the skirt and I curiously looked at her round, bare buttocks.

While I cast a glance at Caro's bare legs and thighs in the rearview mirror more often, the clouds rolling in from behind escaped my attention. The rain catches us by surprise and I look for a refuge. At the end of the village Bant near Emmelord I finally see a farmhouse, I drive to it and we put ourselves, completely soaked, under the overhanging large roof.

After a while the door opens, a really–ancient old man with a walking cane sticks his head out. Caro chattering away, they talk very long and I understand at the end only thank you, Caro says "dank–ü!", and he shuffles back inside. Caro translates with hands and feet, we can wait in the barn next door for the end of the rain storm in the dry or even spend the night if we wanted, because it would still rain all night, the old man knew for sure. I push the moped into the barn, we sit down on hay bales and wait in silence, soaking wet. The minutes pass agonizingly slowly.

The barn door was opened with a trembling hand, shuffling the good-natured old man brought us a thick blanket and pointed with his head at our soaked clothes. Then he pointed with his walking cane to a spot lined with straw and chatted briefly with Caro, then he grumbled "wellte röschte" and shuffled out. I said aloud my "dank–ü!", closed the door behind him and turned around. Although it was now a little darker in the barn, it hit me like a blow because Caro was hanging her wet dress over a beam along with her wet underpants. She did not have a bra, I knew that even before she had climbed on the moped.

She was naked, totally–naked!

She was completely unabashed and spread the blanket, then pointed and hissed something until I understood. More shamefaced than the most chaste of virgins in the Convent of the Most Holy Virginity, I took off my soaking wet clothes and hung them next to Caro's. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that she was obviously appraising my nakedness. As I walked toward her, her curious gaze

rested on my cock, which was dangling from the cold. I stopped and held her gaze for minutes as I regarded her as well.

She had the pretty, childish–delicate face of a fifteen year old and surprisingly firm, not too big breasts with very nice little nipples for such a young girl. Her breasts were really nice, gently rounded and reminiscent of the beautiful virginal breasts of ancient Roman sculptures, not saggy and drooping as I knew them from my previous first attempts with mature women. Despite her narrow waist, she had nice, flared (inviting?) hips, her belly button hid in a little dimple, and she had nicely curved legs. Although, on her butt and thighs she had a bit of flab, but that was unimportant, the important stuff was between them.

Under the obviously recently sprouting curly golden pubic hair, I saw the roundness of the pubic mound with the small slit partially hidden in the clearly raised, beautifully curved pubic mound. She offered her body completely unselfconsciously to be looked at, well aware of her own beauty, and I eagerly absorbed her erotic, very childlike nudity. She nodded, as if to affirm a question never asked, and pointed to the blanket, we would have to crawl under it, because of the cold. And we crawled.

Slowly my shameful fear of the unknown subsided after we lay down on the blanket and she pulled its remaining width over herself and me. My ass was half peeking out and I was freezing pathetically. Caro groped over my butt and pulled me to her until we were lying tightly embraced, but in the dry.

Just to clarify: I was then shortly before my 18th birthday, I also believed to know at least theoretically everything about women, and I had already had sex once, at night behind the bush. Two small, insignificant details, however, I did not know at that time: firstly, that girls have a clitoris and secondly, that they could orgasm. My soul, at that time behind the bush, immediately after I had ejaculated prematurely into the vagina of an about 45 years old, we dressed hastily and plagued by remorse and went our ways. Clit, masturbation, orgasm? No idea! Contraception? Not a clue. - But now back to the barn.

We lay closely entwined like lovers very close together, naked to naked in the darkness of the barn. Caro's head rested on my left arm, I put my right one on her back first, but Caro gently but firmly pushed it onto her buttocks cheek. Her hands rested on my chest. The minutes passed and we both slowly became warm. Suddenly I felt Caro's lips on mine, her tongue made its way into my mouth. As a matter of course, we tongued and I soon felt a familiar tugging in my abdomen.

Slowly we warmed up, it was getting hot under the covers. My cock initially rested innocently soft on her pubic mound, but stiffened more and more and now really stabbed against her pubic mound. I understood nothing of Caro's whispers and said only "Yes, yes". We kissed again in fierce infight, then she buried her face against my neck. She continued kissing and whispering softly, her hand slowly moving south until it reached my cock. Very tenderly and sweetly she palpated it, circling curiously. I closed with my life and surrendered to fate. She whispered and whispered, in between nodding her head and saying yes, yes, yes.

The groping turned into soft, gentle stroking, I didn't understand a word of her whispering, but she knew a thing or two about a hard-on. I could have bet that she was certainly much, much younger than 17, but she masturbated me as professionally and routinely as the mature women of my earlier, unsuccessful attempts to get laid. She didn't masturbate very long before I squirted pleasantly on her belly and she continued to rub gently until it all squirted out. The slime she simply smeared on her belly.

We lay there quietly for a long time, murmuring and whispering, and I understood that it was nothing special for her to masturbate a cock. I tried hard to understand everything, that she had been doing it for a long time, because "in our country" it was quite normal for girls to masturbate their buddies and friends. Of course, not all of them. But "pijpen" (whistle?), she didn't like that at all and explained in sign language what that meant, driving the blush of shame into my face. Until now I didn't know anything about squirting in the mouth.

But many of her friends did it and blew the cocks. With childish–naive candor, she described that they usually met in an old building that had fallen into disrepair and smoked, drank and listened to cassette recorder music. New or old couples would form, and if anyone felt like it, the guys would let their girls masturbate them or they would – she teasingly poked her index finger several times through the circle she formed with her fingers and grinned. What, fucking, in front of everyone?! Yeah, sure, there was nothing to it! I said I didn't know it like that, it wasn't like that with us in Austria.

She was amazed and told with some pride that she had a secret competition with her best girlfriend, who masturbated and fucked the most guys, Caro explained again in sign language. Still the girlfriend led, but she did what she could. I asked Caro again if she really did it in front of everyone? Yes, she said, she liked it very much when some watched her finger–in–the circle. In her face, not a trace of showing off or lying, just childish–innocent pride.

We whispered and whispered about these things for quite a long time. She described in detail, supported with sign language, the boys one by one, one had such a big cock, but could not as often as the one with the little cock. By the way, he was the favorite of all the girls and could do it often, especially with her best friend. Laughing, Caro described her big jiggling breasts and the big hole down there, shaking with laughter during the pantomime. As if casually, she reached for my cock, which had already become more than semi-stiff during her tales, stroking and rubbing. She didn't need long to masturbate, then he became firm again (thanks to long training).

She pushed me and the blanket a little to the side, spreading her thighs and confusing me with her whispers. Gestures and hand movements made it clear what I had to do.

Fingers–in–circle.

I stared at her face in the dim light, she smiled sweetly and communicated with me. No, she wanted and she could fuck, finger–in the–circle, "Caro not little girl, Caro can and wants it!", she has done it many times and she liked it very much. Finger–in–circle. I knew

she really wanted it. She grabbed my cock and masturbated vigorously until it was rock hard. Then she gestured for me to do it. Go ahead, it sounded almost German.

So I get up, kneel between her thighs, she grabs the stiffy and directs it energetically but gently into the vagina. How good that did, her warm wet pussy! Without hesitation we fuck off, I see in the dim light her face smiling and hear her panting harder and harder and take that as a good sign. She pulls my face to her cheek and then holds onto my bobbing butt, breathing very hard and slides a hand between us. I don't know what she's doing down there, but I can feel her wriggling and also that she's pinching her vagina tightly a few times. She whispers "ooh, enough!" but it's not enough and I fuck and squirt, pouring into her vagina in bumps. Tired, I fall over and try to catch my breath.

Caro leans on one arm and keeps kissing my face. Then she whispers, that is "neuken" (sounds like nööiken), and we have well geneukt! I smile at her and confirm "was great, the neuken!" After some time, when we had calmed down again, I asked, plagued by uncertainty, if nothing could happen. Laboriously and awkwardly, I explained if she was getting pregnant. With wide, astonished eyes, she said, "Baby? No, not a baby," she laughed and shook with amusement. No, she counted the days very carefully, there is certainly, quite "zeker" no baby. When I asked if she wanted any, she shook her head and indicated, later, maybe.

I look at my wristwatch, it's late in the afternoon and I'm hungry. I gesture to her and ask, "Food? Do you like to eat?". She nods affirmatively and I dig bread, cold cuts and orange juice out of my saddlebag. I serve on the blanket and we sit cross-legged across from each other, eating and drinking as the rain pelts relentlessly on the barn roof.

Suddenly I have to pee and go to the corner of the barn, let it run. Caro has joined me and squats down. I cast a shy glance at the little fountain splashing between her thighs. Then I stow away the food and sit down again, smoke a cigarette and stare between her thighs in the dim light, trying in vain to make out more than just shadowy

shadows. I light the second cigarette, though she whispers and hints that smoking in the barn is stupid, I let the flame burn longer and catch a brief glimpse between her thighs, only to be disappointed to find that only a sparse bush and a tiny crevice are visible between her thighs, but only dimly. Despite the poor visibility, my thoughts circle right into he cunt and my cock stirs, beginning to stiffen.

Caro wakes me from my lost-in-thought stare and points excitedly at my hard-on. “Ooh! Neuken?” Without waiting for an answer, she lies down on her back and spreads her thighs, smiling sweetly and beckoning for me to come. “Neuken!” As I kneel down between her thighs, she grabs my cock and rubs vigorously until it’s completely hard.

I penetrate her vagina very gently and begin to fuck her vigorously. I’m almost there, but have to pause briefly. Caro smiles and asks something, but I understand only hond, dog? She pulls my cock very carefully from her vagina, so that it does not break and turns around, on all fours, and stretches her round ass towards me. I understand, doggystyle, I read it somewhere. She slides a hand between her thighs and waves impatiently. I stretch my hard-on in front of her, which she inserts very easily and gently. I fuck the first time doggystyle!

Soon I hear her breathing heavily and interpret it as a good sign. Suddenly notice that she sometimes pushes against my cock with her fingers. When she is already breathing very violently and intermittently, I have to squirt and suddenly her whole body starts to shake. When my squirting stops, I get stuck inside her as her vagina keeps working and pumping until she gasps “ooooh, enough!” and slowly pulls my cock out. Her beaming smile slowly makes me realize that this wriggling and pumping is the expression of her supreme pleasure in fucking.

We lie still for a long time, gasping for air, in a loving embrace. When we are totally relaxed, she whispers and tells quite a lot, but I do not understand anything, maybe a few times “neuken” and “masturbate”, but to this day I have no idea what she reveals whispering.

In between I ask “neuken good?” and she hugs and kisses me, so I do not need another answer and doze off.

I mean to have dozed for only a few minutes when I awaken to Caro gently touching my cock. She smiles broadly and nudges it. He is getting hard again, she keeps poking him to watch him grow. Soon she reaches out and strokes it for a long time, masturbating it faster and faster until it’s hard again. She tells me to stay on my back. Caro climbs on top of me and puts the stiffy in herself. She fucks me with fast movements, her pelvis rotates in between and she whispers “neuken good!” I find this fucking very pleasant.

She wets a finger on her lips and puts them on her pubic mound, where she seems to fidget with them. She fucks me with strong thrusts and gets more and more into a frenzy herself, her breathing faster and faster, her fingers nestle restlessly in her pubic hair and with a loud gasp she lets herself sink forward, whispers “ooooh, oooh, enough!” and stays twitching on my chest. After a few moments she straightens up and looks at me questioningly. She points at my stiff cock and goes “pfft, pfft” until I understand. No, I haven’t cum yet, shaking my head.

She clambers down and willingly lies on her back, thighs spread wide. “Come, neuken!” she commands, but she smiles, with laughing eyes she whispers “good neuken!”. I penetrate in missionary position without her jerking me off first. Already at the penetration she draws in the air, I fuck off, but shortly after she groans and moans, shaken by twitches, “ooooh, ooooh, enough!”. I ask if I should stop, but she shakes her head and whispers, “neuken! Good neuken!” So I fuck again, and after half an eternity I come, but my squirting is only short and unproductive. Finished, off, nothing more goes. Exhausted I sink next to her.

It’s only half past five, outside it’s still getting darker and the rain continues to pelt down relentlessly. Caro seems to intuitively sense that I’m knocked out and presses up against me to warm me. She kisses my face, my neck, and caresses my chest. She repeats a couple of times “neuken was good, very good!”, the “good” sounding very

guttural, like “chudd”. I look at her lovely, beautiful face and see in her eyes that it is far from bedtime.

Caro kisses and caresses me, opens her thighs wide and leads with one hand mine to her pubic mound. There she rests for a while until I overcautiously tickle the small, fluffy tuft. Did I do something wrong?! Caro nibbles my neck with her lips, her breathing shallow. She slowly spreads her thighs several times and lifts her bottom slightly until my fingers slide lower on their own. My hand, dumber than Parzifal, does not know what the question is to redeem Amfortas. The fingers caress disoriented her inner thighs, cowardly and ignorant they touch the warm labia, groping feel the moist cleft and then back to the start. For a quarter of an hour we kiss, but she wiggles impatiently, I should not stop stroking. Parzifal obeys in wonder. She wants it that way. The ignorant fingers caress the labia, caress the hole and again the labia. Caro enjoys it, but I am glad to have a longer break.

The quarters turn into hours, we caress, kiss and fondle to our hearts’ content. Sir Parzifal is still wandering in the unknown terrain, Caro with gently nudging pubic mound emphatically asks Sir Parzifal’s sometimes flagging hand to continue caressing. And as we know, he wandered for years in foreign lands. Caro keeps furtively stroking my cock, checking its stiffness. But it remains a semi-stiff one, I want it that way. She kisses and licks my ear very tenderly, presses her soft, full lips to my ear and whispers softly and seductively: “I want neuken, neuken is good!” and breathes countless kisses and foreign-sounding words of love into my ear. It must be, I can feel it.

I croak hoarsely, “Am not a machine! You have to masturbate me to make it stiff again”. She understands me right away, nods and repeats, “Masturbate! Yes! Stiff, neuken!” and buries her face against my neck. She grips the semi-stiffy and begins again, whispering softly her long, incomprehensible confession. I sense she is confiding very, very big secrets to me, because her whispering breaks off before she continues whispering hoarsely with excitement and continues masturbating me. Perhaps she talks about sins in thought, word or deed, or sins with her former lovers. I wish I could understand even one word, comprehend her sinful or filthy thoughts, her sinful de-

sires and young-girl desires. I feel it must be many small, outrageously horny sins, because sometimes her masturbating hand falters with excitement before continuing. I am grateful that our culture had invented sin.

My semi-stiffy remains true to its name, even when she whispers “Want neuken!” in my ear at the end of her confession. My shoulder shrug she understands correctly and straightens up, resolutely she embraces my cock, routinely and knowingly she masturbates, concentrating silently until he stands properly again. By now it is completely dark, but I can tell from her movements that she lies down on her back and, guiding me by my cock through the darkness, she leads me between her thighs.

As gently as I can I penetrate, her hand guides the tip of my cock, then she embraces me with both arms. I put my forehead on her shoulder and start to fuck slowly but forcefully. Gradually her breathing quickens, excitedly she grips my buttocks with both hands and dictates to my bottom how fast I should fuck. As she takes gasping breaths and her abdomen pumps involuntarily, she whispers her mantra “oooh, enough!” I whisper, isn’t it good? – “Yes, all good, neuken seeehr chuud, I want more neuken!” and punctuates it with thrusting abdomen.

Cheering each other on, we fuck until I spurt thrusting, but only very briefly. She sighs, holding my butt cheeks and not letting me out. I say, masturbate me! But she shakes her head vigorously and moves, with my three-quarter stiffy in her vagina. Slowly and steadily she fucks me, and as he begins to stiffen, I feel against my cheek that she nods affirmatively and whispers, “Yes, come stiff! Come stiff! Then neuken!” I nod and let her fuck me for a very long time.

Soon I also feel the excitement and we continue fucking together. Caro gasps with effort and arousal as I rebel and squirt. She has clung to my buttocks and stops fucking only when she and her vagina pump violently. She lets go of me and I sink down on the blanket next to her and breathlessly moan, “I can’t take it anymore!” Her twitching subsides and she hugs and kisses me hard. “Jack, you very good” she mumbles, as German as she can, we kiss for quite a while.

I turn around later and say “Good night!” She snuggles up to me tightly from behind and tucks us both in properly. “Good night!”

I am awakened by Caro’s violent fidgeting and her twitching body. Why is she fidgeting, now! Half past four, the sun brightens the barn a little. Caro presses a hand on her throbbing pubic, looks over at me and smiles, “Is stiff!” My morning wood, after all. “Come on, neuken! Quick neuken, still quite hot!”, which I do not quite understand, what was hot? She grabs me, pulling me impatiently to her. Caro looks at me smiling, with wet–hot look, “Caro still quite hot!” and I kneel down obediently, my morning wood is board hard, and I bend over her to fulfill her “still quite hot”–wish.

Caro’s hand pushes first the tip of the cock, then the whole cock into her warm, slightly pulsating vagina. I fuck in push-up–position, she holds on to my butt cheeks and we look into each other’s eyes laughing. After only a few seconds I feel her arousal, her breathing becomes fast and she gasps “is good, neuken is goood!” before closing her eyes and getting her convulsions with distorted facial features. I keep fucking her non-stop, but after less than half a minute of fucking, Caro gasps and jerks again, closing her eyes and twitching and pumping and I have to squirt instantly, squirting in bursts right in the middle of her pumping. “Ooooh, enough!” she breathes, looking at me with her brightest smile.

I remain sitting on my heels and can finally look at her naked cunt in daylight. She opens her thighs wide and willingly when she sees my looking and shows her cunt without any shame, smiling understandingly and full of childish pride. Under the soft blond fluff I look at her thickly swollen labia and the reddened wide open hole, looking really long and imagining that the pubic hole is still throbbing a bit from fucking. I reach out my hand and touch her reddened hole, Caro asks something and Sir Parzifal stutters “Beautiful, beautiful!” and is caught looking sinfully–horny. Exhausted I sink onto the blanket, we lie exhausted and gasping for air next to each other.

“Gotta pee,” I say, Caro gets up together with me and we go to the pee corner. Caro watches me smiling as I hold the semi-stiffy with two fingers and aim my stream at the barn wall. When I’m done, I

turn to her and she squats down, and I do the same. “Ahhh, kijken!” she says smiling, meaning I would like to watch it, “kijk mar!”. She pulls her labia aside with both hands and opens her thighs so I can “kijken”. The fountain gushes from somewhere above her red hole and soon ebbs away. Then she sticks a finger in her hole and puffs a little, pulls it out and a little of my thick, viscous semen drips out. We go back and I prepare breakfast.

After breakfast, I put the meager leftovers in the saddlebag, we sit cross-legged across from each other, and I smoke. My gaze is fixed and unquenchably curious on her pubic as I smoke. With a sad face, Caro asks, “We’re leaving? Drive? ” I nod in the affirmative and light a second cigarette because I, too, am sad. She looks at me with a steady gaze and breathes, “Another neuken, then drive!” After a long pause, I say, “Masturbate, neuken, drive.” She nods affirmatively and as soon as I finish my cigarette, she murmurs, “Masturbate!” and strolls over to me.

I lean back and she grips my cock and leans her head against my neck. She masturbates me with slow but energetic movements, whispering her lustful sins in my ear, the little ones and – sighs – the bad, sinful thoughts and memories of nice sins – sighs again – and all sins. She checks the stiffness in between and then, whispering the sins of secret masturbation and rubs on.

When he is almost stiff, she bends over him and masturbates me silently, with a highly concentrated expression on her face. Then at some point she is satisfied, lets go of him and lies down on her back. She spreads her thighs and asks childishly–naively, “Kijken?” I nod affirmatively, kneel in front of her and kijke, slowly masturbating. Caro pulls her labia apart and demands, “Neuken! Neuken!” I grin and bend over, in a push-up position I lean my cheek against hers and begin to fuck her.

I increase my thrusting and listen to her breathing, feel her counter thrusts and fuck her very devotedly. She stiffens and murmurs, “neuken good, very good!” before she starts pumping, jerking up, in the middle of my own climax. I immediately pour out, squirt-

ing as hard as I can, though little comes out. As her pumping dies down, she whispers, “oooooh, enough!”

As we lie side by side, happy, sweaty and breathing heavily, she whispers very, very sadly, “Drive?” For one tiny little moment I consider, really consider, spending the entire vacation days in this goddamn barn fucking, fucking with this wonderful, young, pretty, and much more experienced girl. I give myself a jolt and nod. “Drive!” but she’s noticed my tiny little hesitation and smiles again. She hugs me tightly and whispers next to my ear, “Neuken gut, Jack! dank–je, prima!”

We are dressed in a few minutes, I push the moped out and Caro knocks at the farmhouse. When the old man opens, she returns the carefully folded blanket, she thanks him profusely and gives him her best smile. I honk from the moped and call twice “Dank–ü!”, Caro gets on and we roar on in the beautiful sunshine, about an hour later she calls out to me, “Sneek!” and points to the town ahead.

Shortly before the city she calls, Stop! I stop and turn off the engine, she gets off and straightens her wrinkled dress. I jack up the moped, we stand there indecisively. Then she points to the city, shows a traffic circle and says, there’s a sign Afsluitdijk, Amsterdam. There, straight ahead to Amsterdam, directly, ready. I nod that I understood, then we just stand there. She points to a small dirt road and says “Mama, Papa, Oom Piet.” Oom Piet rings a bell, it came up a lot in her confessions, didn’t it? I step towards her and hug her, with all my heart. A kiss, then another and another very deep French kiss, we almost can not tear ourselves away from this embrace. I give myself a jolt and get on the moped. With tears in her eyes she says: “Thank–you,” I repeat it twice and start, because it chokes me in the throat. I start and roar tear-blind to Sneek, find the traffic circle and the right turn.

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Amsterdam, here I come!

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# The Silent Child

by Jack Faber © 2020

The circumstances of Emma's life were richly strange, for despite her low IQ, the Youth Welfare Office liked her as a foster mother because she was reliable and the children were doing very well with her. Her small apartment was always spotlessly clean, the children came to school neatly dressed, washed and combed, were in perfect health and enjoyed learning. She liked to cook and cooked very well, as the case-by-case reviews revealed. But the checks were very superficial at that time, otherwise she would hardly have become a foster mother.

Emma had stopped going to school and was just living off what she did best: Fucking. From an early age she was abused her uncles, nephews and cousins, but she always thought it was a game and actually liked it, squirting and later getting fucked was never violent. As she was passed from lover to lover and skipped school, she was kicked out. It went well for a few years, the lovers provided shelter and security and also a little money. Everything went well until she was infected with syphilis. Four weeks in the hospital ate up her savings, but then one of her former lovers picked her up there and helped her. First with a small, cheap apartment, then he arranged for her to be a foster mother because he could and knew how strong her desire for children was. Unfortunately, she never had a child herself. She experienced him as her only friend and fucked him, gratefully and passionately.

He remained her only friend for life, and when he visited her on a case-by-case basis in the years that followed, she gave herself to him gladly and passionately. He was always correct and fucked Emma only when the foster child was not around. He knew her well enough and knew that she would have fucked him even if the foster child had been there. He was a correct, friendly man, but he criticized her very harshly when the story about Karl was in the newspaper and she confessed everything to him. He had to explain to her in detail that this was pedophilia, child abuse and a bad crime. She calmed down only

when he explained to her that only Karl had committed the crimes and not she. He did not want to worry her further and caressed her breasts and hips until she stopped sobbing and crying. She was grateful and showed it to him during the passionate lovemaking that followed. Never again did the subject come up. Nevertheless, they remained friends for life.

In the beginning the children were young and sweet, rarely staying longer than half a year. In the following years, larger children were entrusted to her care. Marie was one of them, 8 years old and quite knowledgeable for her age. Emma learned the school material together with her and consolidated her incomplete school knowledge. In the evenings, after bathing and going to bed, they cuddled, close together. Marie already knew masturbation from before and they often did it together. When the next girl came, a completely innocent, unsuspecting child, Emma patiently taught her how to masturbate, even though the girl was shy and scared at first. The girl loved her very much, they had many orgasms together and their parting was very sad.

Something like that was the case with the many girls who followed, they cuddled naked in bed and learned to masturbate, they masturbated together whenever they got horny. The girls especially admired her big clit and compared it to their tiny, small and medium sized ones. Especially the older girls kept trying to masturbate her big clit to orgasm. Emma, who had never done a blowjob before, was startled when one of the more experienced girls dived down and licked her clit. She overcame her inner resistance and enjoyed the orgasm. Although she never licked any of the girls herself, she enjoyed it very much and taught many a girl to lick her. The girls soon got the hang of it. They licked the big, stiff clit to orgasm, kept it in their mouths, and continued a few seconds later, so that Emma rushed from one orgasm to the next, a dozen times. She had never manually achieved such a cascade of orgasms. The girls liked these sexual games and they all loved Emma with all their hearts.

Her supervisor at the Youth Authority, Karl, visited Emma very often in the beginning and scouted out that she was ideally suited for his hobby. In his opinion she was rather stupid, very simple-minded

and had a very strong sexual rapport with the girls. He constantly sent her girls from 13 to 15 years old, because he was a parthenophile, that is, he loved to have sex with young virgin girls in puberty. He especially loved to deflower the young girls. The first time Emma seduced him to fuck, he failed miserably. He had fucked only once with adult woman, and there he was senselessly drunk because the wife of a work colleague had totally bottled him up to fuck him. But he could remember well all the details that plagued him in his nightmares. She had robbed him of his clothes and ridden him sitting on the chair, orgasm after orgasm, until he went limp. Emma was too old for him at 40, too fat, and her large vagina unattractive and threatening. Above all, her large, erect clitoris made him uncomfortable, and the psychologist had to admit to himself that he would have to dig very deep if he wanted to get to the bottom of it. His discomfort grew because she offered herself so freely, lying invitingly and spread wide on the bed, innocently–obscenely playing with her clit, even though they hardly knew each other. He knew that her deal depended on him fucking her. Now.

He couldn't get it up, and for heaven's sake, Emma shouldn't touch it! He masturbated his little cock blushing shamefully and when it was stiff he penetrated her vagina full of disgust and lust to fuck her with deep thrusts. Despite her large vagina, large repulsive labia and frighteningly large stiff clit. However, it horned him up that Emma was masturbating completely unabashedly and greedily while being fucked. He, desperate to cum in the midst of her orgasmic convulsions, missed her climax time after time and was forced to keep fucking. It took him almost an hour with his little cock before he could finally squirt into her orgasm.

Now she was convinced of his intention and promised absolute silence. Emma, who herself had lost her virginity as a 13 year old and loved fucking afterwards, was quickly convinced that it could only be good and right for the girls and so Karl was able to organize and perfect his defloration parties. Nevertheless, perhaps because she was a little angry at his initial rejection of her aging body, she still seduced him on another three days when he came to discuss the details with her. She let her robe slide to the floor and slowly took it off, despite his weak protests. She grabbed his cock and rubbed it until it was

stiff and hard. She grabbed him, pulled him to her and inserted his cock into her vagina. Clever as she was, she made sure to orgasm just when he wasn't ready. Poor Karl agonized for more than an hour until she met him for squirting with her masturbation and orgasms. She let him suffer for a long time on purpose, because she felt that she was far from old in her early 40s!

A few weeks after moving in with Emma, the girl was introduced to the pleasure of masturbating and Emma prepared her with lots of talking and cuddling about how nice it was to have sex with a man. It never took long before the girls were as hot as cayenne pepper for fucking, the party could take place. Karl came and brought candy and champagne, which they mixed with strawberry lemonade. They were naked, toasting the champagne, and Emma breathlessly explored the anatomy of Karl's rather small cock together with the girl. They cuddled as a threesome, the alcohol soon took effect, the girl was allowed to hold the penis and witness the miracle of erection. Emma gave instructions on how to rub the penis and some of the older ones even managed to make Karl squirt.

Later, the girl lay between them and was made horny with all finesse. Emma had already instructed the girl step by step days before the party exactly what they had to exactly had to do before it would come to the little prick that made them real women. Following the choreography, Emma masturbated the girl teasingly rubbing the penis up and down her labia. The girl herself had to insert the cock into her vaginal entrance and then masturbate it until she orgasmed. Emma triggered the girl's orgasm the moment Karl slowly and pleasurably entered the small vagina and looked expectantly into the girl's face. The moment when the hymen tore very slowly and gradually under his pressure while the girl orgasmed, that was the climax for Karl. Sometimes the hymen tore very quickly and unexpectedly suddenly, then both Karl and the girl flinched. Afterwards he fucked her slowly and deliberately, while Emma whispered soothingly to the frightened girl and asked her to masturbate herself while being fucked, that would do her good and make her forget the prick. Many were happy when Emma then took over the masturbation while they continued to be fucked by Karl. Karl could usually hold back the

squirting until the girl was shaken again by the convulsing twitch of her orgasm.

Emma got annoyed every time she heard Karl compare her body disparagingly to the young girls' bodies. She punished Karl by masturbating him very quickly before his defloration climax and plunging his glans into the girl's vaginal entrance where he squirted instead of performing the sacred act of deflowering. Most of the time she did it again without helping Karl to succeed. Once, when Karl exaggerated his comparisons and compared the budding breasts with her expansive breasts, praised the tight, small vagina and the gently curved buttocks, she was very angry and made him squirt twice in a row in the girl's vaginal vestibule, whereupon his little cock went limp. After that she fucked the girl with her fingers, tearing the hymen of course. Karl was disappointed and later listlessly fucked the devalued girl.

Emma made it clear to him that she was far from being old junk and that if he withheld the pleasure of being fucked from her, she would also withhold his pleasure from him. For better or worse, he had to fuck her from now on when she offered herself. Emma now set the pace and the choreography, she determined if and when he could experience the magic of deflowering. He had to fuck her as often and as passionately as she wanted, when she wanted, regardless of whether he wanted. He had to overcome his disgust for her old flesh so she wouldn't spoil the game for him. The girls got very horny watching Emma and Karl fuck, so they all got something out of it. She gave him really good handjobs to get the tired little soldier standing at attention again. Karl quickly realized that he had to keep fucking her until she got the girl hot and switched from the big vagina to the small one at her signal. Then she gladly helped deflower the girl. It happened that Karl couldn't get it up and Emma couldn't fuck, which she usually understood and the party was simply postponed. A few times, however, Karl had to watch with wide-open eyes as she deflowered the girl with her thumb and the party ended with a bummer.

These defloration parties took place over a long time, Karl deflowered in these years almost all the girls he brought to Emma. Only

very rarely Karl visited the girl more times to fuck. But Emma was convinced that the girls found this adventure very exciting and even later often whispered to her about it when they had sex together. Karl was reported anonymously at some point and went to jail for a few months, after which he never came back to Emma. She was glad that her name did not appear in the court case, Karl kept silent and never contacted her again.

Under the new caretaker, girls and boys came in random succession, they were mostly between 10 and 14 years old and rarely stayed more than a few months. Among the younger boys were some who did not know how to masturbate. She often rubbed the little cocks and masturbated them really fast until they throbbed. Most of them couldn't squirt yet, they were too young. But they all loved this horny game and some of these tots experienced their first squirting with her. The bigger ones, who could already squirt, liked to let Emma masturbate them, because she did divine handjobs. For the second time Emma had to make an effort, but if one did not squirt even after an hour, she stopped and took care of her own orgasm. From watching, most of them got really horny and masturbated. She made it clear right away that they were not allowed to squirt on the sheet, no, they obediently squirted their semen on her breasts.

Almost all of the bigger 13 or 14 year old squirt boys were also eager to fuck. They all knew how to do it theoretically, but with her they learned how to do it practically. First, however, everyone had to pass a silly test, some only once, others more often. Namely, he had to kneel down between her thighs, masturbate together with her, describing the details of fucking in hefty words, and only then was he allowed to squirt on her cleft. Whoever squirted too early had to keep trying. But then he was allowed to fuck her. She loved to be fucked while masturbating. After a short time she had already taught her young lovers the essentials and they loved the sex with the foster mother.

The only time she had two children, they were the 14-year-old twins Max and Mia, they did not want to be separated. The two pretended to be bashful and innocent only on the first day, but at the latest when they bathed together, the false masks fell. After soaping up,

Max had to stand up and was freed from the soap with the shower jet. Emma reached for the boy's hard-on and masturbated him, moments later Mia leaned back and masturbated for all she was worth.

Then, as the three of them lay in bed, Emma asked if they were fucking each other. The twins were embarrassed at first, but then Max reluctantly admitted to having already made a few attempts because they were both totally curious. Yes, Mia's hymen had been torn the last time, so they had never actually fucked properly. After that, he wasn't allowed again. Mia said she'd rather not do it, it had hurt quite a bit until the hymen tore after many futile attempts, and she pressed her legs together demonstratively. Fiddle-dee-dee, said Emma, now go on, do it! She sat down so that she could see everything clearly and watched with her deep green cat eyes as Max and Mia wrestled silently with each other. Emma gave them instructions. Max was soon holding her forearms with one hand, pressing her legs apart with his legs, and bringing his stiff little cock into position in front of Mia's vaginal entrance. Mia half-heartedly tried to pull away from him, but he slid his other hand onto her pussy and widened her labia with his fingers. He pulled back his foreskin over the glans very firmly and immediately widened the labia again. Very slowly his little cock penetrated between his fingers into her tight vagina. Mia whispered in amazement that it didn't hurt at all! It was kind of exciting to watch the small, tight vagina and the slim, thin boy penis humping.

Emma watched their brief humping as Max squirted just a minute later. He let go of Mia, as she was no longer resisting. Emma whispered her instructions and Max stayed with his cock in her vagina making very slow humping motions. Emma could see that Mia obediently reached down and stroked her labia first and then his cock. She masturbated his cock for a very long time until it was firm again. She hugged him and pulled him into her, they continued fucking tightly. Emma watched them fucking and got all horny. They both stopped fucking and watched her with their mouths open. While she rested wearily afterwards, she watched them, the boy's slender cock pumping very deep inside the girl's tight vagina. Emma saw quite clearly the rise and fall of his sac as he squirted deep inside her vagina. Max kept fucking until he went completely limp.

Over the next few weeks they had nice sex again and again, Max mostly fucking Emma because Mia preferred to masturbate herself and didn't want to be fucked so often. But when Mia was very aroused because she masturbated herself or was masturbated by Emma, Max could penetrate her vagina without any resistance on her part, fuck and squirt. Usually she got her orgasm long after he had squirted. And Max often took advantage of Mia's arousal. Emma in turn masturbated Mia, because she enjoyed it very much when she was masturbated and she experienced her orgasm quite passively.

When a new guy took over the agenda at the agency, he lost track of Emma, but also the last foster child, Jim. Payments continued fully automated, Emma and Jim lost themselves on the radar for good and lived without any contact with the authorities. No more children were sent to her and Jim stayed with her until his untimely death. They lived well on the money from the ministry, the rent for the small apartment was low. She could manage the money well and they were popular in the neighborhood. The woman with the mute child. Jim was neither mute nor deaf, he had had a freak form of meningitis as an infant and no longer talked, he was far behind in development and learned very little. Although he dutifully went with Emma to the grocery store and to all her appointments in general, he always remained passive and listless like a large, mute doll that stood motionless until Emma moved on.

Their daily routine was very simple. Emma went shopping with Jim in the morning, then she read her Rainbow Press sheets and did all the crossword puzzles. Jim had a huge selection of children's books and looked at all the pictures as long as Emma was reading. She had tried to teach him to read for a long time, but he just couldn't do it. He much preferred to sit at the kitchen table and watch Emma cook. He was fascinated by the miracle of food making, how things turned from cans, paper bags and packets into a wonderful meal, Emma only had to make magical hand movements and the miracle was done. Unbelievably, she cleaned and took care of the dishes with her magical hand movements. Then came bathing and bedtime.

They always sat in the bathtub for a long time, Jim and she had become accustomed to nakedness when bathing and going to bed. She rubbed him with the soap, then Jim stood up and Emma washed the soap off with the shower spray. Gently she pulled back the foreskin and showered the glans, it did him so much good and made his little cock stiff, from an early age. When he was about 12, it squirted for the first time in the strong beam of the shower and she washed the cock carefully before drying it off. It had always been that way.

She knew how much he enjoyed squirting in the strong shower beam. He usually closed his eyes while she let the spray move slowly up and down his cock. She knew his smile announced the squirting and directed his semen jets into the water. He always squirted a thick, rich jet first, then many small jets, and she tried to catch all the splashes with her big, heaving bosom. She really liked it when people splashed on her breasts. It was a kind of fetish that she had learned to love since an early age. Of course, she couldn't remember who it was that masturbated in front of her and had his semen slapped on her childish budding breasts. She rubbed the semen on her breasts and moaned happily before washing it off with the shower.

Over time, he did not always succeed in squirting in the shower stream. She very slowly pulled his foreskin over the glans and back again very tightly, only for a few minutes, then he squirted. She didn't want to masturbate him, not yet. In her simple, twisted mind, masturbating was one of her failures as a woman, when men couldn't squirt when they fucked. She didn't want to teach him that yet. Still, she had to make him squirt more and more often with the slow, restrained advance– and retraction of the foreskin. It wasn't long before it took longer and longer to get him to squirt by hand. It's not like masturbating, she thought, as her limp sex partners did, rubbing their dicks wildly, quickly and desperately.

After years, the shower spray thing didn't work anymore. She, on the other hand, was slowly but purposefully rubbing his cock, pleasurably letting the glans come out of the foreskin and dart between her fingers. She kept him at the proper distance with one hand on his butt, masturbating him slowly and deliberately with the other. He seemed to like that she masturbated him faster towards the end,

gripping his thin boy cock a little tighter. It usually took half an hour for himt to squirt between her fingers onto her large breasts. Sometimes she noticed when the squirting was approaching, then she pointed the little cock directly at her breasts and teased the glans with her thumb and forefinger. He then squirted quickly, because while squirting she continued to irritate the glans until the end, smearing the semen on her breasts while still squirting.

After drying off, they went to bed. They always slept naked and both enjoyed the long, loving cuddle before falling asleep. She had little need for sex in the past decade, masturbating only once a month, and Jim sat between her spread legs. His little cock would stiffen and throb now and then, but of course he couldn't squirt then. But since she had to make him squirt by hand, her horniness grew and she masturbated like she did when she was young every day before she went to sleep. Jim sat between her spread legs and watched her intently. She never found out if he understood what she was doing.

He always got an erection, ever since he was young, watching her. He would bend over curiously and watch the finger rubbing the clit, first slowly and sensitively, then quickly and violently. Now he was in the throes of puberty, sitting between her legs and squirting more and more frequently, all by himself, usually only moments after her orgasm. There was no need for a shower stream or stroking his cock, he watched her masturbate and her finger excited him until he squirted, all by itself. She pulled him close so his semen wouldn't stain the sheet, but she could wipe it off her cleft and belly with a cloth. Soon she was directing him into the vaginal entrance, pushing the little cock deep into the vagina as far as it would go so that her fingers would not touch the freely swaying cock, which had bothered her greatly before. When she paused after orgasm and he had not yet squirted, she hugged him warmly and pressed him against her. At the same time she masturbated his little cock, which was stuck in her vagina, with two fingers until he squirted. He loved this and when his cock didn't collapse, he stayed stuck in her vagina, waiting patiently for her to continue. He seemed to increasingly like being masturbated by her in intimate embrace and squirting in her vagina. Of

course, she masturbated him every time she wanted to keep masturbating.

She blossomed and radiated desire and sex despite her 57 years. Her young neighbor, an unemployed alcoholic in his early thirties, fell for her charms for a few weeks and they hastily screwed in his apartment because she couldn't leave Jim alone for too long. That only lasted until another unemployed woman moved in with him. That's when she had to bring him over, she sat Jim at the kitchen table and told him to read his books while she went to bed with the visitor. Jim just sat there until the two of them had undressed. In the middle of fucking, he went into her bedroom, undressed as well, and sat on the bed. The neighbor was irritated at first, but she reassured him that the boy was harmless and didn't actually see them. Jim watched their daily fucking and had to squirt frequently himself. To the neighbor, this ejaculation without rubbing seemed strange to the neighbor, but he said nothing and concentrated on fucking. Jim ejaculated mostly when she masturbated the neighbor's cock between two numbers. Jim watched her very closely, which sometimes irritated her, so she rubbed the neighbor for way too long until he squirted. At that exact moment, Jim, who had been following her masturbating hand with a fixed gaze, started squirting at the same time as the neighbor in a kind of parallel enchantment. After a few weeks it was over, the jealousy of the new roommate brought a quick dry end.

Some time later, with his cock in her vaginal entrance while she masturbated, Jim began rocking back and forth on his butt until he squirted. Emma was pleased with this progression and enjoyed his rocking while she masturbated, he squirted and stayed in her vagina. As she slowly climaxed, he began to rock anew. His face twitched joyfully when her violent convulsions squeezed and squeezed his little cock. She rested for fifteen minutes and let Jim continue rocking in her vagina. He rocked and rocked for a very long time until he squirted in her vagina.

They rocked daily from then on and she was pleased because he could usually squirt three times when they rocked. Their nonverbal communication was enough for her to figure out if he wanted one

more. She was usually still in the mood for another orgasm and masturbated, as often and as long as the horniness lasted.

About a year later, he had just turned 18, she showed him the missionary position. She had to grab him by the butt and show him the motion in practice. The first few times she gave him to understand that it had to go like that with the neighbor, you saw that very clearly! Jim nodded and rolled his eyes with pleasure at the penetration and tried to imitate the humping of Mr. Neighbor. Emma steered and controlled him until he squirted with glee. Amazingly, Jim learned quite quickly the missionary position. Her orgasms while masturbating were so nice when he fucked her properly and then stuck in her vagina until he got hard again. When he slipped out, she masturbated him in her slow way until he was stiff again.

She had a wonderful time, though she didn't know if it was as nice for Jim.

Peter, her only friend for many years, who had taken her out of the hospital, gotten her an apartment, and helped her earn her own income as a foster mother, was at the door. He had lost his home, his wife and his life. To the tennis instructor. Emma listened to him good-naturedly for hours and comforted him when he cried. He needed her. So it came to pass that he no longer went out, except to buy more alcohol. He drank more than usual, but he was never drunk to the brim. He didn't live on her dime, accompanying her shopping and paying generously. He got along wonderfully with Jim, they carried the groceries together and he held Jim's hand as they walked the streets.

Emma waited patiently with the sex, until Peter came halfway back to himself. Jim was already asleep, they had silent, passionate sex. This went well for a few days, but Jim awoke and watched them spellbound. Peter asked why he didn't masturbate, but sat there with his erection. She said she had never taught him. Peter took another deep drink and sat down kindly next to Jim. He took his hand and encircled his cock with it and they masturbated together until Jim squirted. It took several days before Jim understood. The next time Peter indulged in his latest fad of sticking his glans in Emma's mouth

and masturbating before having sex with her, he asked Jim to masturbate with a friendly smile and hand motions. He didn't succeed on the first try, but after a few days it became apparent that he had learned.

Emma, who had never done a blowjob, was happy to fulfill Peter's wish and caressed his glans with her lips and tongue, for she loved him very much. She masturbated him and Peter squirted into her mouth. Since it was usually his first orgasm of the day, he squirted quite a lot of semen, she drank and swallowed it, she was not afraid of that. Peter hugged and kissed her intimately, because squirting into her mouth was one of his fantasies never fulfilled before. After that they fucked like in the good old days, Jim masturbated slowly and watched them having sex.

Peter soon had solid ground under his feet again, drank very little and went to his company two or three times a week to check on things. By the time he was 60, he had handed over the day-to-day running of the business to the managers and didn't interfere with them. Everything was going well and he was earning very well even in his self-imposed retirement. He had looked around the housing market and bought a much larger, nice apartment nearby. He had it registered in Emma's name and replied to her with a smile, you never know how long it will last and she and Jim should be covered when he was gone. Emma hugged and kissed him and wiped her tears, crying at the idea that Peter might die one day. Jim, surprisingly, leaned over and hugged them both tightly. After the move they furnished the apartment together, there was now a radio and a television. Peter set up a small workstation with a computer, with it he could contact the managers at any time, but also his friends and acquaintances all over the world.

They stayed together like a small family. Even when the tennis instructor faded, he rejected his wife, saying she should stay in his house and get a job! He wasn't ready to get divorced and be gutted like a Christmas goose in the process. He was through with it.

Jim now had his own room, with all his toys and books. But at night he always came to Emma and Peter's big bed. Sex between the

three of them was satisfying for all of them, Jim tried to imitate Peter in many ways. Perhaps this was his way of learning. And purely physically he was a young man and not a child, his cock at least as big as Peter's, rather bigger. He moved his abdomen close to Emma's face and waited. Emma and Peter stopped fucking because it was clear what he wanted. They exchanged a look, then she took Jim's cock in her mouth and caressed his glans. Jim laughed and you could really see the horny sensations on his face. She masturbated him quickly and made him cum in her mouth while Peter continued fucking her. Paying close attention to Jim's non-verbal signals, she masturbated him and made him squirt four times in her mouth until he had enough.

After some time, the team settled in. After lunch, Peter used to go to the coffeehouse to meet friends, thus giving Emma and Jim the space to do missionary fucking. He had managed to teach Jim to read after two years. For his 20th birthday, Jim got a large, empty bookshelf, which gradually filled up over the following months. When Jim read in the evenings after watching TV, Peter and Emma had time for each other and still had romantic sex every third day. Three years later, Jim graduated from high school as an extern at a special school. He couldn't talk, but when Emma read his "thought book," she was amazed at how smart he was and had began to understand the world. Peter sometimes took him to the coffee house where he and his educated friends discussed God and the world. Jim expressed himself with thoughts, which he wrote down in his little notepad and had Peter read aloud. The latter was convinced that Jim could manage the Final Graduation and a university degree despite his muteness and got him all the textbooks.

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# Woodstock

by Jack Faber © 2006

The gentleman pianist had to give another concert, this time in Dublin, Ireland. Robert's mother suspected that something else was up, and she didn't want to share her Mr. Pianist with anyone. So she decided to fly to Dublin as well, and the pianist soon gave up trying to talk her out of it. He hastily informed his alto soprano that his patron mistress was accompanying him and quickly hung up without listening to her whining protest.

Robert remained stubborn and stroppy. Dublin? No, thanks. He would stay at home, four days would be no problem, and besides, he was already 13 over, almost 14. He was already big enough to stay alone for a few days. Robert was instantly silent when he thought about being alone in this big, scary house. He made another attempt: or go to Grandma's. Robert's mother fought it off in horror, but the thought ate at her little brain. Grandma, the Woodstock–grandma.

The Woodstock grandma was called that because she had been to Woodstock once; no, not at the real Woodstock festival in 1968, but one or two years later, on some Belgian meadow of some Belgian backwater, Woodstock was re-celebrated then and umpteen times since. And she was there, told everyone she met. You had dope and were high from morning till night, drinking and doing it with everyone. That was her Woodstock. Smoking weed, boozing and fucking, depending on what you wanted at the time. She was already in her mid-20s at the time and still hadn't had anything in life. Her rich parents had forced her into a convent boarding school at a very young age, after which she lived at home, well protected and suspiciously guarded, until her friend Susanne took her first to this Belgian Woodstock and later to the movies. The strictness of her parents' home fell off her like a burst sausage skin at this Woodstock–revival, because there were boys, boys galore! Her silent, frozen yearning for the opposite sex, which had been fanned years ago by a few clandestine little adventures and stifled again by parental strictness, flared up again; a young lover tore her hymen at 16 and she

fucked secretly with a couple or more different lovers since. All you had to do was get close enough to one and it was on. It was the great fucking of her life. She was stoned for days and drank vodka, rum and other things by the bucketful.

When she finally began to design fashionable clothes, rags and other bric-a-brac, the rift with the bourgeois parental home was perfect. Although she was very successful professionally, her love affairs remained short and violent, never lasting. Only very late did she decide to marry the old colonel on his retirement; the wealthy old gentleman still became a general, but not three quarters of a year older. He left, in addition to real estate for his two daughters (from various relationships), this fine country house on the outskirts of the town along with a large garden and swimming pool for Woodstock, along with a well-filled bank account. She was very fond of the old beau, but since he had not yet grown too close to her heart, she did not weep for him for long and afforded herself a lover from time to time. If he was any good, even for several days.

Now Robert was with her, the small, friendly and well-mannered Robert. Robert didn't want to watch TV, Robert didn't want to read, Robert wanted to sit with his grandma in the terrace balcony among the hemp perennials. He sat well-mannered in front of his lemonade glass, Woodstock drank her drink sip by sip in time to Bob Dylan, my God, what did the boy know who this Bob Dylan was! Woodstock was lying on her chaise longue, a comfortable showpiece from the sixties, and since there were no immediate neighbors, she wore only a pareo because of the summer heat, which covered her only below the navel, leaving her large, heavy old breasts exposed nakedly in the shadows. Usually she lay completely naked on the balcony, reading or sleeping or oiling her body with fragrant oils. This sometimes aroused her lust, but there was no one to watch her do it except the good Lord.

She was stuffing herself with a little pipe, her slim little pipe that she had gotten at Woodstock that time. The smoke drifted pleasantly over her tongue, deep into her lungs, and then back up her nose. Peace and well-being spread, peace all over the world, this whole shitty old world! Woodstock sucked deeply again and drank small sips of her vodka–secret again, the peace spreading comfortably and

warmly through her mind, relaxing her. Bob Dylan clocked on dryly and Robert asked if that was a regular pipe. Woodstock smiled and shook her head. “It’s a peace pipe, little guy, but a real one!” and sucked in the smoke deeply. There was now even more peace, even deeper comfort, and Woodstock dozed a little, or more accurately closed her eyes, but kept the vodka glass securely in her hand. Later, Robert carefully took the peace pipe from her hand, as it threatened to fall from her clammy fingers.

Robert had read all about cannabis. About mescaline, too, of course, because Grandma Woodstock had answered Castaneda’s call and gone to workshops and seminars and all that shit, had miraculously resisted the charms of the little bearded wonder man, and since then had been regularly supplied with everything that could be smoked by her friends over there. Robert, of course, had no way of knowing what was in the pipe, but since he had already held it in his hand and saved it from falling to the ground, he twirled it thoughtfully between his fingers. Cannabis doesn’t make you blind, nor does it give you nasty pimples, he told himself, and bravely took his first drag. And felt nothing, absolutely nothing.

The fairy tale of the peace pipe! It tasted little different from the cigarettes he sometimes stole from his mother and smoked in secret. He felt a certain relief, a kind of elation that all this was not true, and sucked on the pipe. He drew on, he drew very hard, and inhaled. He had not inhaled before, but now he did. The smoke drifted down deep into his lungs, his eyes made slight staggering movements, and Robert coughed, coughed at the top of his lungs, because something that strong had to irritate his lungs.

Woodstock woke up and looked around. She noticed that the coughing Robert was clutching the small pipe, laboriously catching his breath. His pale face said it all. She lifted the lemonade glass and gave Robert a drink. “Silly boy,” she said reprovingly, “must try everything, though!”

Robert quickly recovered from his coughing fit. He felt light and buoyant and the granny suddenly looked so funny. After all, the pareo was almost transparent and you could see the sparse pubic

hair and her cleft underneath! He had always seen her only with some rags around the body, which covered provisionally what was to be covered, but only now he noticed this fact consciously. His gaze wandered over Woodstock's body and he realized with surprise that she really was completely naked under the pareo. Robert laughed wildly, because this was something great, he had never seen her so naked, so cute–naked, so funny–naked, so nakedly–naked. He laughed and giggled, the pareo coiled around Woodstock's body like a cunning little snake, luring his gaze back to her cleavage again and again. Robert suddenly felt an irrepressible need to be naked himself. Quickly he undressed, threw his clothes carelessly to the floor and sat down again. Woodstock looked at him in amazement, and Robert laughed out loud as her eyes grew larger and larger, spinning like tops. Her tangled white hair blew billowily around her head and she seemed to float on the couch. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that he was rapidly getting an erection.

Before Woodstock could stop it, Robert reached for her pipe for the third time and sucked, sucked on it like crazy. He inhaled deeply and immediately acknowledged it with a loud coughing fit, at the same time laughing because Woodstock was moving doughy and spongy on the couch and one of her three or four arms reached across the table like a windblown flag and took the pipe. Robert stood up quickly, he even thought he was floating, and reached for the vanishing pipe as well, grabbed the blown arm. He had the pipe, but the pipe had him too, pulling him across the table, making him float around the edges and land on Woodstock.

"Hey, hey!" cried Woodstock, holding the little wobbler tightly, "we've been hit pretty good there!" She laughed and put the pipe in her mouth, taking a deep drag. Ahhh, did that feel good! She made a little room and let Robert rest against her hip. Robert ran his fingers over the mound that was her hip and looked with wide, wondering eyes at the flag that waved over the mound, the transparent pareo that he playfully pushed away. His hand fumbled on her pubic and his fingers – the submarine-boats played with her cleft and labia, he loved it! Robert's hand was now a fighter pilot, chasing the pareo and landing on Woodstock's butt again and again to refuel or reload ammunition. Most of the time the plane had to bounce over her butt or

it would have crashed, but it made great turns and landed on her shoulder and bosom. The plane did a park lap on the bosom, then went around the nipple in circles. Then the submarine–boats came back into action and attacked the labia head on. Woodstock fumed and leaned back, for what the boy was doing she had been deprived of for a very long time.

Also, this was no longer the small, thin boy's penis she remembered, erect this looked like a grown man's, was nothing smaller than some she remembered. Robert's cock had grown thick and gnarled in contrast to his slender boyish body, thick and bulging it stood slightly bent forward. The glaring red glans had pushed out from under the foreskin. Woodstock rolled over in her head that Robert could barely be 15 or 18 and yet already had such a magnificent cock, strong and firm and ready to penetrate her, to fuck her. Slowly her face blushed and also her breasts, the longer she looked at the cock. She felt the slight, familiar tingling behind her ears as the thought of fucking him flashed covetously inside her – they were not related by blood, though she was commonly thought of as Robert's grandmother, yet the word incest flickered briefly through her mind like a bolt of lightning.

"Wow, wow," she said, and asked, "What are we doing there?" Robert replied with all the seriousness of the intoxicated, "I'm flying around on your boobs and doing laps around your nipples!"

And the Woodstock–grandma blinked because Robert kept reaching down and tugging and fingering his cock as he did so. "Well, you little fighter pilot!" said Woodstock, "sure is exciting to land on my boobs?" and giggled because Robert's hand plane was tickling her nipple. "Yes, very exciting!" replied Robert, continuing with his tricks, "I'm going to do two double laps around the nipple!" and sure enough, his hand made four delicate circles around her nipple while he impatiently kneaded his cock with his other hand.

Woodstock took a deep sip from her vodka glass and reached for the pipe again. She had to re-stuff a little tobacco and something from the plastic bag and relight it, but now the strong smoke was doing its work. As she busied herself with the pipe, it escaped her notice

that Robert had brazenly grabbed her glass and emptied it in one go. Woodstock, after a few deep puffs, leaned far back into the cushions, pressed Robert against her, and let him fly his circles on her bosom. Involuntarily, her gaze kept sliding down and lingering on his cock. Her desire grew, although at first she shamefully suppressed these thoughts. But Robert was very excited, his penis standing firm and erect. Woodstock noted to her amazement the lustful thoughts and horny feelings that rose in her, triggered by the contrast between the delicate, slender boy's body and that thickly swollen cock, whose veins at the sides seemed to pulsate distinctly, that coarse prick whose bulbous glans seemed almost like a foreign body. Apparently his mescaline intoxication triggered a strong sexual arousal, as he kept reaching for his cock and nervously pulling the foreskin a little over the glans, tugging on it briefly, and letting it go again. It excited her that Robert would sometimes pull the foreskin all the way back over the glans and then for fractions of a second rapidly flick it back and forth with three fingers as if he were masturbating. She sighed and smiled as the horniness moved slowly from her loins to her pubic area. He and Woodstock were nestled close together on the lounger, he still had his fighter resting on Woodstock's bosom, and he was excitedly pressing his cock, which was by now terribly bursting stiff, against her hip through the pareo. Woodstock fended him off half-heartedly, leaving her hand where it had gone as if by accident: right on top of Robert's stiff, throbbing cock.

Like pink soap bubbles, he watched the arousal rise before his eyes, little pink soap bubbles that floated up and beaded back down over Woodstock's shoulders. He wrenched his eyes open as Woodstock held his cock, lost in thought, and he felt the tugging in his loins grow stronger as he slid back and forth a little in her hollow fist. Woodstock was daydreaming to himself, holding the boy tightly, and her hand, which was sandwiched between their bodies, was holding his cock tightly. She had once again reached into the space between their bodies and grabbed the little naughty boy properly. How many cocks had she had in her hand, my God, countless ones! Now she lay there with her little Robert and his thick erect lance stabbed hard into her side. But now she was dreaming of the past, of Woodstock and of the many men she had done it with there and afterwards. One or the other had remained particularly in her memory, but the others

were too much for her memory or were washed away with vodka and mescaline. But one or two she remembered, stroking Robert's cock slowly and tenderly as she thought of earlier. She remembered the shipper from Essex who used to come and visit her for some time after the festival, but only until she figured out that he was already married. The shipper's name was Jones, Woodstock thought, Jones was the guy's name and great it was with him until, wait, well.

She thought of Jones and his tender, knowing way of fucking girls right. She had orgasmed with him so many times, and not at all with many others. She now held Jones' cock in her hand and smiled, the cock was, after all, stiff to bursting and about to spurt. Woodstock made a few slow movements to make it easier for Jones to cum, but Robert looked with big blurry eyes at Woodstock, who pressed his cock lightly against her pubis and rubbed gently. Woodstock daydreamed to herself, making love to Jones once again and rubbing him, gently and softly. Robert felt the warm pink arousal rising as if through a veil of mist, Woodstock rubbed him like a little clockwork and he sighed happily. Her hand was like a gentle snake wrapped around his cock, rubbing it. Woodstock remembered how sometimes boys she had a date with would drive her home and she would give him – a quick squirt on his cock before getting off, more out of gratitude than lust, and because many were not satisfied with making out and kissing only. — It was so common in those days, back in the days of big Cadillacs and Oldsmobiles, and many a boy was surprised at how adept Woodstock was at petting. Dave, for example, the rascal who always wanted to squirt between her thighs.

Woodstock was dreaming with her eyes closed, feeling the excitement rising in Dave's cock. Dave, the nice boy who wanted more than anyone else when it came to petting, Dave, whose cock she had to put in the front of her cleft a little bit before she squirted, just a very little bit in the front without it penetrating properly. Dave, who loved her running his glans up and down between his labia until he squirted. She closed her fingers tightly to make it good for him, and pressed Dave's little one firmly between her fingers. Robert pressed harder and harder against her pussy, wriggling impatiently in her gentle hand. Woodstock sensed he was about to come and was now purposefully and firmly pulling her hand back and forth. Not wanting to

stain the Cadillac, Woodstock was a wise girl and held her hand in front of his cock as Dave moaned and poured into her hand. Robert's eyes teared up as his seed squirted into Woodstock's cupped hand. Woodstock made another–two hand motions and Robert wondered in his frenzy that his milky white custard was squirting over her hand like little twitching snakes.

Woodstock's eyes widened. It wasn't Dave, it was Robert, lying gently in the crook of her arm, spurting his innocent seed into her hand. She smiled and stroked his hair, "Well, squirted fine?" Robert looked shyly into her eyes with a blur, then whispered, "For the first time!" and when she looked at him questioningly, he lowered his eyes and whispered incoherently, "…. For the first time … Of a woman …!". He could not see into her face, for it was radiant and so bright, washed with bright white hair, and her eyes gave off funny little sparks, that he could not see into them. Especially not when he was so stoned and boldly lying.

Woodstock was still pondering Jones, to whom she owed a painful clap. Then she wiped Jones away, out of her mind. What had Robert said? The first time? Woodstock stroked his head, his cheeks. "My boy," she whispered, "my good boy!" She didn't know why either, but she kissed him on the crown of his head and hugged him tightly. "It must have been good!" she observed. Robert whispered and lied without blushing, "I've already looked up everything about masturbating, but how to do it isn't written anywhere. Now I know, though." She had to wonder about Robert's expression, because none of the children she knew spoke in such a stilted way. A time passed, they lay still and silent beside each other.

Woodstock had gotten up, prepared a snack, and then they lay on the cot again. Woodstock drank a sip here and there, then she stuffed the little pipe and smoked. She said nothing when Robert reached for the pipe and carefully took a puff, then another. Half the evening passed with Robert at her hip, dozing, and her daydreaming in disjointed snatches of thoughts about the past and drinking quite a bit. They took turns smoking, Robert drinking nonsensically, inhaling deeply, and Woodstock smiled because his reaction to the sacred smoke was very drastically sexual. She watched as he slowly tensed

and leaned against her. He had one hand on her breast, shifting restlessly back and forth his buttocks, and after a while whispered, “It wants to again!” Woodstock pretended not to understand him at first, but then she saw his dark look and looked down at him, at the steeply erect cock. She laughed deeply. “That’s nice!” and giggled, for she too was already heavily intoxicated. She looked down at the stiff cock with a smile, anticipating the throbbing with which it was growing thick and firm again. “Well, what are we doing?” asked Woodstock, and it came nicely and lovingly to Robert. “Please, again!” whispered Robert after some hesitation, hiding his face coyly against her bosom. “What do you mean ‘again’?” asked Woodstock, though she knew exactly what he wanted. There was silence for a long time. Robert awkwardly fiddled with his cock and stroked Woodstock’s breasts. “Make it squirt out of my cock again, please!” he whispered so softly it was almost impossible to hear, but Woodstock seemed to have fallen asleep. Behind her closed eyes, thoughts raced, white and black arguing relentlessly, making her melt.

He propped himself up after a while and looked at Woodstock’s body in the semi-darkness. Although Woodstock was very old, she was somehow beautiful now that she seemed to be asleep. Her breasts were old and wrinkled, but they were still large, round, feminine breasts that could greatly excite a boy. Woodstock deliberately spread one thigh to the side, her hand falling next to her pubic as if by accident. Her desire to show herself naked and thus tease him suddenly sat on her neck like a little giggling devil. As if asleep, she sighed deeply and let her thighs fold even further apart as if unintentionally, and her heart thumped loudly as she lay open like a ripe fruit before him. Robert knelt up, then carefully bent down very low and looked at her cleft. His erection was getting fiercer, he felt for his cock and kneaded it impatiently.

Concealed, her hand approached her pubic fold, fingers gently and excitingly slowly tracing over it. Robert’s eyes snapped open and he immediately thought of Tess. During the next few minutes, he nervously palmed his cock, as Woodstock stroked herself without it looking like purposeful masturbation, caressed her cleft, and sighed. She had to open her eyes just a tiny crack to see that the boy was crouched on his heels opposite her, watching her actions with greedy

eyes. Her fingers were playfully caressing her pubic and labia, lambent and tender.

She glanced under the lashes at Robert, somehow satisfied at how violently he was becoming erect, how nervously he was tugging at his glans. Woodstock became aware all at once of how much it excited herself to show herself to the boy, to expose herself naked and bare to his gaze. She lolling even more, palpating her shame and sighing with excitement, for Robert's erectile response was unmistakable. Again and again he gripped his cock, spreading the moisture with his fingers and tugging at the foreskin, pulling it back a few times in a flash and then continuing to knead nervously, apparently not daring to masturbate in front of her. The cultural inhibitions stirred within him, but his greed and hotly rising desire were much, much stronger. Woodstock was happy and desperate, not knowing how to go on and yet actually knowing. The alcohol and the smoking pot had intoxicated her so much that the greedy horniness and anticipation made her smile widely. She saw that he was ready and lolling determinedly.

"Come on, Robert, do me!" she whispered, reaching out a hand to him. Robert startled and looked at her dumbly, for he did not understand her, and yet he understood her. He had read all about animal and human mating and knew everything, theoretically, of course. Woodstock whispered hoarsely in a luring voice, "Come, your first time!" Her hand felt its way to her cleft, parted the labia, and opened them playfully. From half-closed lids she looked at him obliquely, "Come, fuck with me!" Robert heard exactly what she said, but he didn't want to comprehend it. It could not be, after all, that she, Woodstock, that she – no!

She settled better, then put a leg around him so that all at once he was kneeling between her thighs. She groped greedily for him and motioned him to approach between her thighs. Fearfully he followed, his fingers still curled around his cock. Lustful and horny, she groped for his cock and pulled the foreskin back over the glans a few times. Robert wondered why he hadn't read anything about it in the illustrated dictionaries. His heart raced and pounded all the way up his throat as she pulled him even further forward, pulling him to her on her chest. Silent and feeling awkward inside, Robert experienced this

first closeness, this exciting, unknown, strange closeness, and was startled when she guided him with her hand into the entrance of her cleft, gently pulling his cock inside her. “Come on, little man, give it to me!” she whispered in a rough voice, reaching out with one hand and grasping his hip, grasping his butt cheek and directing him, pulling him deeper into that soft, very tight hole that opened willingly for him. Infinitely slowly, the brand-red glans penetrated it. Robert shuddered a little when he felt how narrow and tight her vagina was, but it was slippery wet and warm. Woodstock sighed deeply and sucked in the air sharply, for it hurt for a moment as the thickly swollen penis entered her slowly, infinitely slowly, for it felt even firmer and thicker than she had thought.

Slowly his fear subsided, but he remained motionless, listening with closed eyes for the signals of her hand caressing his testicles. Immediately and long before he did, she realized with mild disappointment that he was about to squirt and whispered tonelessly that he should hold it back. Woodstock pressed Robert against her, who suddenly looked at her quite sadly and remained motionless inside her while he jerkily squirted. She stroked his buttocks delicately, though she accepted completely unexcited and somehow indifferent as it twitched and squirted inside her.

She had tears in her eyes and gently enclosed him in her arms, smiling at him and holding him very tightly, stroking him and murmuring soft words of love, whispering in his ear what a big guy he was now and how great he fucked and squirted, she felt it great. Robert felt sad and exhausted, but the old lady’s caresses made him proud. He had his first time, and he had squirted great! It had to be so right, Woodstock had said he had squirted prima! He straightened up and kissed Woodstock, the first time in his life. Until now, the withered and wrinkled lips had frightened him when she kissed him, but now he kissed her, gratefully and sincerely.

Robert beamed all over his face. “Wow, did I fuck great!” he said boastfully. Then he let himself sink back and closed his eyes in exhaustion. Woodstock grinned guardedly and brushed away the semen stains. Robert was silent, for he didn’t know how to tell Woodstock how he felt. He moved forward and hugged Woodstock, bury-

ing his face against her bosom and caressing her. She hugged and hugged him because she guessed how vulnerable he was at the moment. Robert never told Woodstock that at that very moment he made the decision to fuck Tess, but this time to fuck her properly, no matter what the cost!

Robert awoke in the first light of morning with one hell of an erection. It took a few seconds for his confusion to subside and he knew exactly where he was. He knelt up and looked at Woodstock closely. She was instantly awake, but pretended to still be asleep. Robert had bent down low and was staring strained at Woodstock's cleft under the light, sparse pubic hair. She grasped the situation instantly as it came back to her that this had been his first time. With his thumb and two fingers, he clutched the foreskin and quickly and hastily pulled it over the glans with jerking movements, while staring strained at her cunt. Her heart grew soft and gentle, and the furtive look with which she gazed at the excitedly trembling boy was romantic and almost tearful. She bent one knee so that he could see her cunt better. Robert almost stopped, so fascinated was he by the moist cleft surrounded by darkly wrinkled skin. With a quick glance, he made sure Woodstock was still asleep.

Woodstock got slightly excited when she saw under the almost closed eyelids, how he with rapid, unrestrained movements again and again pulled the foreskin over the glans, which ran dark red and secreted a first drop. Robert sat up on his heels and supported himself with his left hand behind. Woodstock let her knee tilt to the side and spread her labia and thigh a little. He masturbated very quickly, with his eyes fixed firmly on her cunt, he let his hand race back and forth. Woodstock's arousal rose by leaps and bounds as she looked at the delicate, slender boy's body with the grotesquely enlarged penis that was swollen so incredibly dark red and thick. It excited her tremendously that Robert stared so greedily at her cunt and worked this monster with his delicate fingers as if possessed, letting the glans advance in a rapid rhythm.

Yes, something like a serene mood and excitement rose in her, just willingly and unnamed shamelessly she spread herself for his greed, looked under lowered eyelids at Robert and spread her thighs so

hard that the labia opened slightly. She held her breath because the boy crouching on his heels looked as if he were aiming his cock right into her cunt, as if his body stretched like a bow and in its extension the arrow he was rubbing wildly – it seemed to her almost as if he wanted to shoot it into her. Robert had his eyes fixed rigidly on her cunt and was masturbating as if possessed. Suddenly he tore his eyes wide open and quiveringly spurted the first white jet over her cunt, the second splashed on her inner thigh. The slender boy's body reared up and slumped far forward, so that the semen, which shot out of him in violent jets, spilled onto her cunt and thighs.

Robert remained perched on his heels, breathing heavily as he realized that he had spurted all over Woodstocks cunt in his rage. But she still seemed to be asleep, he noted with relief, and tried to catch his breath again, to calm down slowly. Woodstock squinted her eyes and tried to ignore her arousal, but she couldn't. The boy had cum on her hornily and aggressively, and she was amazed at how horny she had become letting him cum on her while she slept. She could feel her vagina getting wet and slippery, the old wrinkled skin swelling with arousal she hadn't felt in a long time. Under half-closed eyelids she watched Robert, who increasingly calmed down. The minutes passed, but in her soul it continued to bubble, the arousal continued to build. Robert lay quietly next to her and listened to the pulsing of his heart. At some point, Woodstock's eyes also fell closed.

Woodstock later got up quietly and prepared breakfast.

Then they spent the morning splashing in the pool and lazing around, reading and eating breakfast again. Then, as they were already firmly smoking pot and drinking vodka again, Woodstock brought up fucking. Gently and carefully approaching, she explained to him how fucking really goes, and Robert was increasingly unsure if he had done it right yesterday. Woodstock was already slightly aroused again by her own description and the smoking of pot and looked at Robert, who only gradually took up the pipe again. The more clearly she explained to Robert what was expected of a young man, the more she got into an increasingly horny mood. With her knee drawn up, she sat quite unabashedly opposite Robert, who kept looking at her cleft with red ears, trying to imagine what she was

telling him. It was obvious that he was trying to imagine it quite clearly, because he kept groping at his erect cock. Woodstock furtively played with one nipple and let one hand slide to her cleft for a split second to touch it inconspicuously. But of course, that wasn't enough for her.

After some time – occasion offered the common use of the pipe – she sat down beside him and propped up one leg, her hand wandering carefully to the fold of her pubis. Horniness and arousal throbbing in her throat, she drank and smoked, letting her hand rest on her pubic fold. Only when she was sure he couldn't overhear, she sank a finger and teased herself secretly. Oh, how that felt good, her clit hardened and her arousal rolled over her, though she wanted to give him a longer break. She silently groped for him, clasping his penis and stroking it gently. Robert's eyes snapped open as she touched him, but he said nothing. She lollied back and better adjusted herself, putting one leg around him so that all at once he was between her thighs. Wordlessly, she groped for his cock and pulled the foreskin back over the glans a few times. "He needs to get tighter!" he thought he heard her whisper, but then he thought he was wrong.

But she let her fingers slide nimbly over the glans, up and down again and again, for minutes. She tested its firmness with her fingers, but seemed satisfied only after she masturbated him again, fast and hard, so that he almost lost sight and hearing. His heart raced and pounded up to his throat when she indicated that he should kneel down. Robert obeyed, again enjoying that thrilling, strange excitement as she carefully guided his cock into the entrance of her vagina. Woodstock sighed, but only a little, as he slowly and carefully tried to penetrate her. Robert's thick cock would not go into her tight vagina, so he already thought it would not go at all. But she reached down between her thighs and with a loud wail pushed his cock resolutely into her vagina.

As she had done yesterday, she grabbed his hip with one hand, clasped his buttock, and guided him. Obediently, he moved back and forth, listening for her signals. Soon he found his beat, thrusting in and out with concentration. When she let out a little sigh with each of his thrusts, he looked up. She held him gently and her body was

pushed back and forth by his thrusts, her wrinkled breasts moving rhythmically. Each time he penetrated her again, she sighed deeply and sucked in the air sharply, smiling encouragingly at him. Robert intuitively grasped the essence of fucking, recognized the connection between thrusting and sighing. He lost the initial shyness and fucked her, thrusting violently into Woodstock's vagina, waiting a split second for her to sigh and thrust again. He watched as her breath began to fly, as she gasped and squeezed her eyes shut again and again, but it was sheer pleasure and not pain.

Robert's body worked like a well-oiled machine. Without knowing why, he pulled his whole cock out except for the glans and then thrust into her tight hole again, which seemed to please her just fine. Paying attention to her sighs and tuning into her beat, he could clearly feel Woodstock's arousal, feel her sighing deeper and deeper, her body slowly writhing and stiffening. He soon had figured out how far he could pull his cock out without the glans falling out and how deep he needed to thrust in. He moved even faster and saw in her face the weather glow of immense pleasure, which spurred him on even more. All at once she contorted her usually smiling wrinkled face into a painfully distorted grimace, bared her teeth and the corners of her mouth, and her eyes twisted briefly. Then a loud, long-drawn sigh escaped her chest, fading into heavy breathing. Her vagina held him tightly, clearly he felt the quivering and undulating of the soft flesh that vigorously embraced his cock. She suddenly opened her eyes with a radiance he never forgot. As if in spasm, she embraced Robert, one palm sliding to his ass, and he felt that flat hand steering him, driving him on and on to more and firmer fucking. Her joyful glow made him smile, too, and he moved his ass as fast as he could. "Oh!" was all she said, "oh!" and Robert felt her experience another small pleasure with each "oh!".

Then her tension collapsed with a thud. Woodstock was completely exhausted and let it all wash over her, her body shaken like a lifeless doll by Robert's thrusts. He continued to fuck her for a long time, paying no attention to the soft, plaintive wails of the defenseless woman in whose confines he doggedly continued to fuck. Then he thrust deep inside and remained motionless inside her while the semen shot out of him in bursts. She did not move and felt him

twitching and squirting deep inside her. Robert slowly and carefully pulled his softened cock out of her hole and lay down beside her with a deep sigh.

They lay side by side for a long time, Woodstock emptying glass after glass, smoking her pipe, and Robert lying exhausted beside her. He hastily drank down a few glasses, which got him drunk pretty quickly. They smoked a pipe together again and again, Robert enjoyed the effect of the drug and so did Woodstock, for her youthful lover, in his intoxication, told all the secrets he would not have told anyone else and let her tell him many stories of the Woodstock–Festival in Belgium. How different the stories sounded now, where she no longer had to censor and delete what was exciting and interesting! Robert also told everything that was really secret, how he had earlier been allowed to thoroughly examine cousin Tess after much begging, and that she had somewhat vaguely explained female anatomy and sex and masturbation to him.

Tess was very aroused after all this groping and showing and wanted to get rid of him quickly, but he had begged for so long after that she had given in. She said it was secret and he mustn't tell anyone, but she needed it now very, very badly and then she had let him watch her masturbate after all. He had read everything about female masturbation before, but nowhere did it say exactly how it was done. Now he saw it. Woodstock laughed a little embarrassed and asked what had happened to him and Robert lied, he had stood naked in front of the bed at Tess' behest and had a huge boner, Tess had touched him a few times while masturbating but nothing else, she had completely ignored him afterwards. Woodstock and he laughed boisterously as he performed a wild pantomime of Tess masturbating and her touching him.

They stayed in the garden all morning, on the comfortable, wide lounger. Woodstock stuffed her pipe and Robert slept, curled in her lap like a polar dog. The hasty fucking and his horny purrs had gotten her quite aroused after all, and since she had experienced only a tiny orgasm while fucking, she still felt very orgasm-hungry. She moved away from Robert a little, lay on her side and turned her back to him. She closed her eyes and fantasized fiercely and hornily, later

she stroked herself and as the arousal rose, she masturbated slowly and quietly. She took her time and every time she came her whole body shuddered, but she suppressed the trembling in her pelvis as best she could and carefully held her breath so that the boy would not wake up. It took a very long time, then she fell deeply asleep.

During the last two days, they practiced almost nonstop. Skillfully, Woodstock kept arousing Robert and then letting him mount her, often after only a few minutes. When he was already almost breathless, she let him sleep for a while and used the opportunity to fuel her arousal. Then she would go back to stroking the sleeping boy's cock, and he would soon wake up and be ready again. Robert realized how much Woodstock liked to get on all fours and let her take him from behind, he rammed her with pleasure and squirted for all he was worth. Even when taking his leave he had to strip again to mount her quickly and hastily, only then did she let him go.

It wasn't until Robert had said goodbye to Woodstock and trotted home that his lies came back to him, but why he had lied to Woodstock about Tess he couldn't figure out. In reality, Tess, about two years older than he, had started patting down the toddler very early and playing show-and-tell games with him. Her nature wanted that she absolutely had to have the say – the power – on the other hand she discovered to her astonishment how much it excited herself when she posed naked in front of the young boy. Then, when he got hard from gawking and staring, she would grab his cock and masturbate him. Often she would also lie on her back, spread her thighs with both hands like a frog and command the greedy gawker to masturbate and cum again and again upon her cunt until he could take no more. He was allowed to look at her chnt but never touch it. It was a very one-sided business, which he was quite aware of, because she didn't masturbate when he was there. One day, after a long back and forth, he managed to wrest the concession from her to watch her masturbate. For years he had been spying on his mother when she went to the bathroom, squinting one eye through a crack in the folding door, but he could never really see clearly under the bath foam and the water colored a toxic green by bath additives exactly how she was doing it – mostly he only saw her face and the quick movements

of her upper arm as she quietly masturbated. Sometimes he did it a second time right away if his mother took a very long time to finish.

Immediately after Tess had given in to the debate about letting him watch, she had half regretted it. She sat up on the edge of the bed and said surely this couldn't be one-sided, so he had to stand naked between her thighs. He stared again at her dark-haired pubis and at her small round breasts while she clutched his cock and rubbed it restlessly; she couldn't bring herself to keep her word.

Tess let herself fall backwards, spreading her legs wide in frog position and playing with her labia with her fingers. Robert looked at her small breasts and fantasized quite far ahead how she would show it to him now and soon thought that was already masturbating and stared down, although he was already so aroused that he almost couldn't concentrate his gaze on Tess' play anymore. She posed in front of him, spread her legs and closed them again, then lay back again spread wide and continued to play with herself, of course without masturbating properly.

Robert stood there with his head high and his wet, stiff cock and had a huge erection again, because watching her made him very horny. Tess never intended to show him her masturbation, of course not. Tess played dreamily with her labia, pushed them delicately apart and fucked herself a bit with a finger. Then she pulled the finger out again and stroked the little skin under which her clit was hidden. Lightly she pressed on it and rotated very slowly, because she had a lot of time, needed a lot of time to get warm. Her dark eyes kept looking at him, curious and almost watching. Robert got hornier and hornier and got a hard throbbing erection. Suddenly she sat up and jerked him very hard and fast, much better than usual. Robert sighed deeply, because it shot hot from his loins, but Tess let his semen splash on her breasts this time, rubbing his glans wildly on her semen wet breasts, and this obviously horned her up insanely.

She lay back again and now it was no longer a game. She closed her eyes, in her arousal now completely indifferent to the fact that Robert was now staring fascinatedly at her racing fingers. She masturbated wildly until she had almost climaxed, then she also took her

other hand to help her and fucked herself violently excited with two fingers in her vagina. She came loudly and violently while her face changed to a grimace, her legs, her whole abdomen jumped and quivered convulsively. Then she gradually calmed down and told Robert to lie down beside her. Still panting violently, she blurted out, now he had it seen!

After a short pause, she said that he could kneel between her thighs and watch very closely at eye level. Robert crouched down in front of her, she stretched both legs up and spread them wide apart. He asked again about the clit and Tess paused, then she pulled the skin way back over the clit. He was allowed to feel and palpate her clit for the first time, but when he tried to rub it with one finger, she said he was pressing way too hard and he had to let go again. As she now slowly and deliberately satisfied herself, Robert followed her every move with curiosity and growing excitement. Alternately, she palpated her semen-wet breasts or thrust a finger humpily into her vagina, while another finger excited her labia or clit. Rapidly, one finger rubbed the clit while another finger slowly humped inside the vagina. When the orgasm came, she humped herself with two fingers until it subsided. She paused for a moment, exhausted, and whispered that it would go on in a moment, and then she went on, doing it again and again, only releasing her horny spectator when she didn't want any more.

They resumed their games in the following period, but it was only occasionally that Tess became so aroused that she forgot herself – she much preferred to masturbate alone. Their play changed again when Tessa, sitting cross-legged, took him in her arms like a baby and then played with his cock. She allowed, no, later even demanded vehemently, that he lick her tiny round bosom with his lips, that he gnaw gently on the nipple and tease the teats with his tongue. She threw her head into her neck and laughed with horniness, her hand rubbing him quickly and making him squirt violently. It sometimes happened then that she had become so horny from licking and nibbling that she reached between her legs and masturbated quickly, so that Robert was just shaken around. But even that soon came to an end.

She turned to her peers and had no more time for Robert, who followed with jealousy and sadness the hissed rumors that Tess was fucking this or that, yes, actually all of them, and when he then took heart to visit her and want to fuck her too, she wanted to send him away again without having achieved anything. But while he was still asking, pushing and begging the doorbell went and that–is–Robert–my–little–cousin crept dejectedly past Tessa's admirer, out.

That she was really going off the rails, drinking and doing drugs, and then getting pregnant by her lead engineer — whom everyone just called that — made his heart grow heavy.

The year before, just when he was 14, his family – the mother, her pianist and he – were at the lake for the entire summer. While the two adults went to town or lounged lazily in the garden, Robert was at the lake, looking enviously and longingly at the couples and young girls, imagining what it would be like if. But he was still far too frightened and inhibited to even approach girls. He knew that he would immediately start to stutter or turn bright red; so he let it stay. After a short time, he noticed an exceptionally elegant young woman who went to the boathouse every day around noon to change clothes. Robert was curious, and curiosity was stronger than his fear.

He laid in wait, only to find that he really couldn't spy on her from a distance. He examined the area and the boathouse closely and realized that he could dive into the boathouse from the seaward side and hide wonderfully among the boats and the mess of sail bags, lines, and miscellany. He actually dove through and remained there, just his head above water, motionless clinging to a rope. No one came, he saw no one, and no one saw him. He stayed in the dimness of the boathouse for a few more minutes, filled with a relieving sense of triumph, now she could come, he would be there. The next day he was already waiting for her in his hiding place.

Suspecting nothing, she changed, far too quickly for him to see any of what he really wanted to see. Only when she was in her bathing suit did she stop, listening, and look around, then after a while she went out into the sun. Robert waited until the palpitations subsided and carefully left his hiding place. Thus two days passed,

but on the third day she undressed and sat naked on the edge of a boat. She remained seated, took a bottle of suntan oil from her beach bag and rubbed it on slowly and very, very conscientiously. Robert almost passed out, his stiff cock throbbing and he tugged and rubbed to master his horniness. Then, almost at the peak of his masturbation, their eyes met.

Robert froze in shock. Then, in an instinctive reaction, he wanted to dive off in a flash, to disappear, to run away. But she raised her hand, gestured for him to stay, and her dark, warm voice told him to stay, that she didn't mind. Indecisively he remained, only his head sticking out of the water. No, she said again, she didn't mind, on the contrary, he should just go on and then she made a clear obscene movement with her hand, so that Robert's blush rose to his face. He remained motionless in the water, stiff with shock, looking at her.

She twisted and turned as she sat, her silver-blond hair falling to her shoulders and covering the base of her already ripe, heavy breasts. Her figure seemed heavenly even to him, although she was rather plump and chubby, but her legs were slender and flawless. When she moved her legs, he saw her pubis, which to his astonishment was clean-shaven, leaving the slit visible as a fine pink line. He stared open-mouthed and she turned, lifting one leg and placing her foot on the coaming of the boat. Minutes passed without Robert being able to take his eyes off her, then she stood up and put on her bathing suit. On her way out, she said lightly that she would come tomorrow at the same time and hoped he would be back. It seemed to him that she had floated silently out the door, for it was minutes later that he awoke from his torpor. She would come, she wanted to see him again!

So nervous and restless he was, he had never had a day as long as this one. His heart was pounding like crazy thinking that she wanted to see him again! He hardly slept and ran to the beach already after breakfast, looked expectantly at the sun, whether it would soon, whether it would finally reach the noon point! Then it finally became noon. Impatiently he dived under, took another deep breath and dived into the boathouse.

His imagination was going crazy. Although she wasn't there yet, he could see her when he closed his eyes. His erection became unbearable and he rubbed himself slowly to keep the anticipation going for quite a long time. Then, after ages, she came quietly and quickly into the boathouse. She stopped indecisively and waited until her eyes adjusted to the semi-darkness, then she caught sight of him. Lightly she went to her boat, laid down the elegant beach bag, and slowly, looking at him again and again, undressed; she laid down each article of clothing as slowly and carefully as if it were the most precious thing in the world. Sunlight fell glaringly on the boat through the empty window cavities.

She sat down right here in the bright light where her immaculate nakedness stood out brightly from the dim darkness of the boathouse. She closed her eyes and seemed to shiver as, with a soft sigh, she spread her thighs slightly in infinite slowness, offering her open paradise to his eager gaze. Robert, heart pounding, stayed where he was. For minutes they just looked at each other. Then she nodded at him and made a hand gesture for him to come closer, and when he still didn't move, she quietly told him to come a little closer. Carefully he came closer until he reached the edge of the board floor about two or three meters in front of her and held on to it. She sighed and relaxed, her thighs slowly folding quite wide apart. Robert's breath caught as he strained to look up her thighs in the dim light, recognizing every detail in her cleavage. He had to swallow hard, because now she stroked one hand along her body down to her hip, then lifted one leg and boldly propped up her foot.

"Exciting, isn't it?" she asked, looking up into his face. He nodded involuntarily and looked away, for he was ashamed.

"You don't have to be afraid," she smiled softly, "I like it when you look at me!"

Robert looked to her, and sure enough, she was smiling at him. She had seen him in the water for a few days, she said, and it excited her a lot when she saw him masturbating in the water. That was fine for her, she always liked to see a boy masturbating, it was really fine for her. She liked boys masturbation very much, she had horny feel-

ings then. His gaze slid over her body again, lingering on her breasts for just a brief moment, and went lower. He glanced at her cleft and thought of Tess. He was embarrassed by his erection, though he tried to cover it with one hand under the water. The minutes ran through the hourglass while they remained motionless like this. This repeated itself over the next few days.

Once again he was at the very front by the plank, like a seal just poking his head out of the water, looking at her. She glanced to the side and Robert tried to cover his erection as usual. But the heart-racing horniness grew stronger and stronger, more and more often his hand clasped the shaft and first bent it downward, pulling it back up. He hoped that she could not see what was going on underwater and stroked himself carefully, then more and more violently. When she looked at him, he froze in mid-motion.

“No, don’t, keep going!” she said, making the obscene jerking motion with her hand, but Robert didn’t move, barely daring to breathe. But she turned her open thighs to him and smiled encouragingly, then she looked up at the ceiling rafters and, leaning on her elbows, leaned far back so that her light hair fell back. Her loins, the tender girl’s cunt between her wide-open thighs had such an electrifying effect that Robert, overtaken by his horniness, jerked off like crazy underwater and, letting out a loud sigh, cum. She had watched him, for sure. Time passed slowly as he recovered, panting. Slowly she raised her face and looked at him kindly. Somehow it seemed to him that she was triumphant. She waited a few more moments before standing up and slowly slipping on her bathing suit. Before walking out, she suddenly squatted down and gently stroked his dark mop of hair.

“It was nice, I enjoyed watching you masturbate very much, really!” she said softly smiling and stood up again, “see you tomorrow!” and floated quietly out the door. Robert was exhausted and somehow sad, but also happy and calm. She had watched him, she had touched him, she had praised him! No, she seemed to have meant it sincerely, she liked it that way. He was still confused at the thought that she wanted to arouse him with her body and that she wanted to see him jerk off. He dismissed this thought at first, but then he thought of Tess again and recalled past events. Reviewed today’s situation again

and trembled with excitement when he realized that she really meant it as she said it.

Another day he waited in vain, she did not come. He already thought that she had forgotten him or that she had changed her mind and hung around the boathouse all afternoon like a wet misery. When the sun was already very low, he trotted home and went to his room without eating, much to the amazement of the pianist and his mother. He shook his head and said, no–no, it was all right, but then he quickly went upstairs and sobbed his pain into his pillow.

She was back. He saw from a distance that she was going into the boathouse and he plunged into the water, bliss gave him wings and he swam and dived into the boathouse as if drunk. Her dismayed expression brightened as his head popped up.

She laughed and said, “I thought you weren’t coming!” and smiled as she quickly brushed off her clothes. Robert beamed inwardly and looked at her – I wonder how old she could be? She could be as 18 as 28 – he didn’t know. As she slowly slipped off her bra, she looked at him in such a strange way that it made him feel strange. Then she slipped the panties over her bottom, lifted her legs and pulled the panties over her feet. She smiled when she saw his expectant look. Then she stretched and stretched, gently stroking her breasts and hips. She sat down like a pin–up–girl from the 50s and looked at him. He held onto the floorboard with one hand and regarded her with bated breath. His eyes kept sliding to her narrow cleft and his erection came violently. He groped with one hand to his cock and held it tight. Just tight – he could have looked at her like that for a lifetime. Her eyes scanned him curiously and one eyebrow rose, lowered and rose again.

Robert still wasn’t sure if what she had said the day before yesterday still applied today. But her look told him what she expected of him. Slowly, she lifted one leg and propped it against the edge of the boat; the thigh slid gently to the side, revealing her slightly open cleft. Her gaze was firm and demanding as she slid her hand over her belly and very briefly over her labia in a definite manner. Her fingers delicately parted the labia, then she raised her hand and made that

inviting obscene hand motion again. Robert stroked himself slowly, then more and more violently, and rested his lowered head with his forehead on the hand that held him to the floorboard. He jerked and quivered as it came to him, but when he looked up he saw her gaze shine.

She beckoned him toward her, “yes, come, come even closer!” and then said, “come, sit here!” and pointed with her finger to the board floor, one–two meters in front of her. He gave a jerk, got out of the water naked as he was, and she gestured for him to sit down. Then, as he sat directly in front of her, she opened her thighs wide and said he was welcome to look at her, she leaned back. He looked at eye level into her slit, which she played her fingers around and also widened her labia. She watched in fascination as his cock slowly awoke from its resting position, became semi-stiff, and then quite passably stiff. “Do it again,” she said, “do it again, I like watching you masturbate!”

He groped for his cock and looked questioningly at her, she nodded eagerly “yes, please, do it for me!” and he began to masturbate very slowly. Unfazed she looked at his cock and his masturbating, unfazed he looked at her pussy, labia and fingers playing erratically and erratically with her clit. The longer he masturbated, the more purposefully her finger tongued the clit, which, up close, was about twice the size of Tess’. He masturbated thoughtfully, watching her keenly as her clit play became more vigorous the longer he lasted. After relatively long clit stimulation, she suddenly threw her head back, a quick trill on her clit and she orgasmed, restrained and very controlled, looking him straight in the eye. Robert saw the gleam in her eyes.

He masturbated very quickly and squirted in her direction, his semen slapping the boards and she tightened her feet so as not to get anything off. She smiled at him with bright eyes and asked if it was okay for him, and he nodded vigorously, having a thick lump in his throat. She put on her swimsuit, nodded to him very sweetly and said on her way out, well, see you tomorrow! He swam back, went to his room elated and he could have even hugged Mr. Pianist for happiness.

The next day he was already in the water when she arrived. She quickly undressed, sat down in her sunlit spot and beckoned for him to come out. She gave him an encouraging nod, opened her thighs wide so he could get a good look, and they masturbated together again. Again he delayed until she orgasmed and came second to squirt. Since it was his first orgasm of the day, he squirted all the way and his semen hit her pubic with pinpoint accuracy, as did the second jet, the rest went on the floor. She quickly got up and washed herself, but she smiled mischievously at him.

Then she sat down close, directly opposite him, and let him look, up close, watching his cock stiffen again. After a few minutes she looked at him questioningly and stroked her clit. He nodded delightedly and immediately masturbated again. She moved very close until her feet were behind him and at arm's length from him she masturbated, her gaze fixed on his cock, orgasming again in complete control and without violent kicking. Then she watched his masturbation until she realized that he was about to squirt. She pulled her labia apart with both hands and smiled promptly, letting him squirt directly onto her open vagina. She then jumped into the water and washed herself. When she had put on the bathing suit, she gave the seated Robert a kiss on the crown of his head and murmured, see you tomorrow, my dear! and went to the beach. Those were the only words spoken. Robert almost drowned with bliss, he almost forgot to swim.

At lunchtime, he was already in the boathouse when she arrived. Like yesterday, she undressed without a word and they sat down again very close to each other, smiling at each other expectantly and quite sweetly. She started to masturbate and he waited a long time until she almost came and moved a little closer, his hard-on touched her labia and she immediately stopped. He moved even closer and his cock slid into her vaginal opening. She sighed and looked into his eyes in wonder, but she embraced him at the hips and Robert could feel her pulling him to her. She wanted him, he could feel that clearly and heard her whisper softly that he could fuck her and cum all over it, it was completely safe. She kissed him several times in the middle of the mouth and whispered hoarsely, come let's fuck!

His cock was already practically in her vagina, but still he hesitated. She nibbled on his earlobe and whispered that she wanted it and that he should be allowed to squirt very deep inside her vagina, that's what she wanted, yes, really! Her whispered desire amazed him, she kept whispering and encouraging him, because she was convinced that he had never done it before. That was the special charm that made her, after two weeks of abstinence, seduce this boy, whispering horny words of love in his ear. He grabbed her by her buttocks and lifted her onto his lap, his cock sliding ever so slightly into her warm, wet vagina. She hugged him tightly and rested her head on his shoulder. He began to fuck her and she sighed and moaned in pleasure as he fucked her gently but forcefully. She looked into his eyes in wonder as she quivered a tiny bit and her vagina betrayed that she was orgasming by a slight, persistent twitch. Still gazing at him with star-sparkling eyes, he spurted instantly and she felt his hot seed shoot into her. They sat motionless embraced for a few minutes and she kissed the cheeks, neck and shoulder of the little boy she towered over by more than head length.

Robert sensed that his cock was still quite stiff in her vagina and let his hands again move from her back to her buttocks, then he pushed her very lightly and slowly to give the cock time to stiffen. She was completely astonished when their eyes met, she nodded in affirmation and willingly let him fuck her. The second time it took a long time and she noticed that he was getting a little tired. Her hand stole down, her fingers teasing her clit and she brought herself to climax very quickly. She looked into his eyes again and he felt the slight tremor and quiver of her orgasm. When it subsided, her fingers reached for his cock and she held it so that it no longer plunged all the way in, but was only partially inside her vagina. With seasoned professionalism she masturbated his cock as he was already very tired and watched his face. She could soon sense that he was ready now and took her hand away. He made two–three deep thrusts and squirted and squirted until nothing more came. They remained seated, weary and tight, embracing, and she felt his cock shrinking in her vagina.

With a grip that suggested great experience, she pulled his cock out of her cunt and jumped into the water to wash. When she came

out, she crouched down next to him and kissed him on the mouth. Robert said that he couldn't French kiss yet and she smiled and showed him. I'm Rikki, she said, I'm studying history in Munich and I'm 26. He said that he was Robert, 16 and a student, here on vacation with mom and her.... uh, lover, XY, the famous pianist. He was a little ashamed because he had made himself older. He went on to lie that he hadn't had much experience and had only seen his cousin naked and masturbating a couple of times, but masturbating he could do since he was 9, and that he sometimes did it several times a day.

But she also lied when she said she had also learned to masturbate when she was about 9 and did it every day, usually before she got up, rarely more than once. She had her first time at 17 and had only slept with 4 men so far, she did not have a steady boyfriend, she was writing her doctoral thesis and had no time for a boyfriend. But sometimes a non-committal handjob resulted, back in school, she had already done a lot of handjobs, certainly more than 150, the first time when she was 12 or 13. Almost all of this was true, except for the 4 lovers. After all, she had been financing her studies as an expensive escort–girl for about 3 years now, she was beautiful, young and educated and had probably let herself be fucked by more than 200 men. But she didn't want to tell him that.

He was happy all around, and in the hours afterward he imagined how everything would be, how everything would be different if he were just a few years older. But all this fantasizing didn't help, the next day the suitcases were packed and they went home. So gladly he would have waited until noon and gone to the boathouse to say goodbye, awkwardly kissed her goodbye and swore eternal fidelity to her; but the suitcases were packed, the cab driver seemed impatient and nervous, and his mother sent him up twice to see if anything else had been forgotten.

Robert pondered for weeks after his first time with Woodstock how he could get to Tess. And in the process, one day it just happened on its own. As he did every day on his way home from school, he walked past the house where Tess and her mother lived, but no one seemed to be there. He looked upstairs and there was Tess lying

on the bed, completely naked and out of breath. He stopped indecisively in the doorway, thinking sheepishly about what he was going to say now, because he knew immediately what he had just disturbed her with. Tess didn't feel disturbed, tapped the mattress next to her and told him to sit down. Then he sat next to her, she impatiently swallowed one of her pills and waited to see if he finally said what he wanted. Robert looked at her seriously and then he blurted out that he wanted to copulate with her. Tess nearly choked. She was almost 17 by now, pregnant and a drug addict. He was little Robert, well, they had played kid games, but that was about it.

What do you want, to copulate me!

Robert swallowed and nodded. Tess, who had earned her drug money mostly from handjob–service and casual prostitution, respectively, and who also didn't know exactly who the father of her unborn child was, marveled at the little guy's direct impudence, yet she now had great respect for his courage. She ran her hand over her belly and asked how he would have imagined it? Robert explained it to her in detail and she smiled, because that's not what she had meant, fucking she could already do quite well herself. Robert remained silent. That he was so young? And, when did you have your first time? Tess thought. She was not even 14 at that time. Robert grinned. Oh, and I'm supposed to be too young? He caressed her belly, stroked her thighs. "I don't mean any harm," he said, groping her pubic area. "I'm old enough already, and I just want it. And I don't want to do it with anyone but you. We already know each other, after all, and you are the dearest and most beautiful to me." He felt her labia very gently and stroked them.

Tess was flattered, but didn't let on and asked if it was really his first time. Robert lied: yes. Tess thought for a long time. Robert had burst in earlier in the middle of her afternoon masturbation, and actually she had wanted to continue. In pregnancy, after all, she always had lust, immense lust, and she had plenty of time to indulge that lust. Well, if she could not continue alone, then just with Robert. Yes, damn it, why not, it wasn't incest, they were only step-cousins. She looked up at Robert and nodded. Yeah, come on then!

Robert undressed in a flash and lay down next to Tess. She stroked his face and hair, she kissed him on the mouth and said that the first time was very important, that's when you should get comfortable so it would be a nice experience. Slowly she felt along his body and briefly held his semi-hard-on in her hand. Then she slid down and took Robert's cock in her mouth, her lips and tongue playing with it until it was completely stiff. She paused for a moment, then said he couldn't lie on her stomach because of the baby, but she would think of something. Quickly she took two head pillows and put them on top of each other, then she lay backwards on them. Robert stood next to the bed because he understood: so her vagina was at about the right height.

Tess lay down on the cushions and whispered, "Now come on!" then pulled her knees up and spread her thighs wide apart. Robert stood in front of the bed admiring her beautiful body. She was a very beautiful girl, but the drugs had already begun to draw her features. But her chest was flawless, her small, pregnant belly stood up well to her pubic area, which she had fashionably shaved except for a tiny strip of hair. Her labia were a soft pink and a fold of pink skin covered her small, pink stiff clit, though she spread herself quite wide. Woodstock and Rikki came into his mind and for a moment a guilty conscience seized him toward her, but he shooed away all thoughts. "You're a beautiful girl," he said to Tess, and she could tell he meant it. "Come on," she said impatiently and a little harshly, because she couldn't very well say that she had been working that poor clit for hours today, that she was still hopelessly horny and now eagerly awaiting the next orgasm.

Slowly Robert approached and had to bend down just a little bit, then his cock was in the right position. Tess closed her eyes as Robert slowly penetrated. How different Tess' cunt was! Much softer and wider than Woodstock's tight hole, although Tess was much slimmer. Rikki's vagina was also tighter and firmer than Tess's. Tess made some movements and encouraged him to finally do it. Robert obeyed and held onto Tess' knees while he fucked her. Tess relaxed, Robert stared at her face, which still twitched a bit when he thrust into it. Tess whispered for him to go ahead, Robert sped up. She grabbed his shaft with both hands and teased Robert with her fingers. He could

safely squirt, she added, she was pregnant after all, and laughed out loud. “Come on, sweetheart! Squirt, squirt me full, I need it so badly, darling!” and so on rang out her false bursts of emotion and then she held her belly with both hands as she saw him get round googly eyes. “Squirt already, damn it!” she cursed, pulling her labia apart with her fingers. Immediately he squirted, penetrating deep into her vagina and jerking as he continued to squirt, thrusting and spurting until it was over. Then he lay down beside Tess, panting heavily.

Tess asked him if his first time had been nice and Robert answered truthfully, nicer than ever. Tess asked if he had enjoyed her masturbating then and Robert said yes, it had been very appealing to him and very pleasurable. Did he like it when girls masturbate? He replied that he didn’t know, she was the only one he had ever seen masturbate. Tess continued to ask, whispering, if he knew that women can have orgasms much more often than men, and Robert nodded. Tess nodded and felt that she was in safe waters. She said she could also very often when she was filled with pleasure and then she almost couldn’t stop. Robert sleepily said he wanted to sleep for a few minutes and Tess gently stroked his hair, just sleep my little lover, just sleep, she said.

Tess was not uncomfortable with the memory of letting Robert watch her earlier, but in general she felt masturbating was very intimate and at the moment did not want him to watch her. She breathed a kiss on his forehead and waited until he was asleep with long breaths, then playfully and silently groped herself. She fantasized to herself, becoming aroused by her fantasies, and slowly and pleasurably played with herself, masturbating gently and stopping immediately to continue quietly teasing herself. Robert, who had woken up, watched her secretly and got hard again. Now he turned to her and continued dozing.

Tess saw his erection and immediately stopped. She wanted to feel him inside her again, carefully she touched him. Robert awoke and looked at her questioningly. They didn’t speak a word, then Tess turned around on all fours and stretched her ass invitingly towards him. Robert understood and knelt behind her, then inserted his cock into her vagina with one hand under the crease of her ass. It didn’t go

easily, because Tess was very aroused and her vagina was swollen. He fucked Tess, who moaned softly to herself, in the same manner as Woodstock. He pulled his cock out almost all the way and pushed it in deep very quickly. He fucked her very slowly, enjoying each thrust and caressing her beautiful ass, and she caressed her clit. She was getting very close to climax when Robert felt her raging finger. Now he couldn't hold back any longer and squirted, squirting all the way deep into Tess's vagina and feeling the vagina accept the semen and milk it until nothing more came, then he sank back on his heels. Tess was nowhere near ready and kept going obsessively, suddenly throwing her head back and groaning in orgasm as her vagina worked and squeezed his seed back out and the juice ran down her thigh. She was quite disappointed, for it had ended too quickly and was unsatisfying for her, but he would probably learn that.

Robert slept a few minutes while Tess was downstairs in the kitchen squeezing a fruit juice and called his mother that she was alone and it would be very pleasant if Robert could stay with her until tomorrow, he was handy and she could use a helping hand. No sooner had she said it than she smirked at the double meaning of her words, but Robert's mother was glad as hell that her good-for-nothing son was needed elsewhere and she had a free Saturday night with her pianist. Then Tess went back upstairs to continue fucking Robert.

Robert didn't like the missionary position with pillows and the dog position very much. He asked Tess to lie on her side and penetrated from behind in the side position. She liked it because this way she had both hands free and could masturbate while being fucked or hold the baby belly with both hands when Robert was in the final and rammed quite wildly. This became their favorite position because it was good for both of them. Robert really enjoyed being able to penetrate deep into her vagina, which was especially important to him when he was squirting. Tess masturbated all the time and kept having her little orgasms. When Robert was only thrusting with difficulty the third or fourth time, she reached deep down and masturbated his cock until he could squirt.

Robert had learned quite a bit about masturbating girls from Rikki and had tried it out. He surprised Tess when he pushed her fingers

aside and masturbated her. At first he was gentle and tender and told her to sit back and relax completely. She followed, as it was very fine the way he did it. He soon started harder and Tess gasped and moaned with pleasure, but he kept increasing and she protested that it was enough, but he didn't give in and held her ironclad even though she wanted to stop. Then he brought about the finale, she gasped, whimpered and shrieked and cried out, because she had since long time not experienced such a violent orgasm. Instead of stopping abruptly, as she always did, he continued to stroke her very gently until her involuntary twitches subsided. She lay there exhausted, saying only "wow! That was great!" From now on she let him masturbate her more often, because after that she was thoroughly satisfied for a while. Fucking in the side position she liked very much and when he could stay stiff or became stiff after a rest, they fucked several times in a row.

The only time they met was when Tess was home alone. She sometimes did him with her hand when she didn't want to fuck. Her belly quickly thickened, soon she rarely dared to fuck and sucked his cock instead. Robert was not surprised, it did very good and was a good substitute. That Tess swallowed his semen confused him at first, later he got used to it, but she also sucked the cocks of her patrons. Mostly, however, when the squirting came, he was allowed to stick the glans into her vagina after the sucking and fuck her very carefully with the glans and squirt inside. Tess only allowed herself to be fucked very carefully and in slow motion, because she was hell-bent on making sure he didn't start fucking wildly and hurt her baby when he squirted.

The baby came way too soon, precipitously. After the terrible birth and the operations that followed, Tess had become infertile, skinny and sad. He visited his cousin in the hospital, but they did not meet for many months after that. She had health and financial problems, plus her stepfather was urging her to finally marry her longtime beau, but whom she thought was an idiot. Finally she broke up after 3 months, she doesn't want to marry the idiot. So after 3 months Tess called Robert's house and asked if he could come babysit.

Of course he could.

# Cold Hearts

by Jack Faber © 2006

Fred worked as a corpse washer and occasional night watchman in the morgue during his medical studies, it paid very well and during the night watch he could study undisturbed. He soon found out when the professor came to check on him. Then he sat down outside the back door and smoked thoughtfully until he heard the professor coming. They then made the rounds together, checking off the dead on the list. As usual, no body was missing, all were well-behaved in the coolers. Fred knew they were all there, but the service paid good money. He couldn't even imagine how his predecessor, a poor boozer, could lose a body, and who could use a corpse for decoration or anything else.

The next time he sat and smoked for a long time before the professor came, his mind running like an old silent movie. It was always about power, about dominance over someone.

He lived alone with his mother in a small, poor apartment, they always had very little money, and since he was studying and earning some money, he forced her to go cleaning to earn some extra money too.

Since he was little, he asked where his father was, but she remained ironically silent. When he was little, he was allowed to sleep with her naked and he watched as the peck played excitedly with his little cock. Then she energetically turned off the light, shhh, now it's time to sleep! When he came to school, he first had to sleep in his side bed and again got no answer where the father was.

At 12, he learned to masturbate with his friends, but his mother scolded and ordered him to do it in the bathtub and wash it away instead of soaking the sheet! He ducked her power and obeyed, even though she ordered him to leave the bathroom door open. She seemed to enjoy her power over him and while he masturbated standing facing the wall in the bathtub, she never took her eyes off

him for a moment. Of course, he soon discovered that she was making out herself while hidden under the sheet. Her shoulder and upper arm betrayed her movements, even if he didn't know what exactly was going on.

At about this time he found out what was going on with his father. His mother came home quite drunk from one of her rare lady rounds and he was able to elicit from her that she didn't know herself. She was 16, a virgin at the time, at a tent party where they got her drunk. Afterwards the boys lured her behind the tent, where they fucked her one after the other in the grass. There must have been 12 or 15 in the pack fucking over the course of the night. Astonished, she said that she didn't feel her hymen tearing at all, but instead she orgasmed wonderfully every now and then, which pleased her very much. Fred was saddened for a while, because he knew as little as before, but he never brought it up again.

Later he changed his position while masturbating and sat on the edge of the bathtub, facing her. It was comfortable and he could rest during the breaks before continuing. He could also keep an eye on her as well as her on him and hear her sighing and soft moans during her wiggling. Most of the time she would get up afterwards and go to the bathroom, he would see her nakedness briefly as she scurried by and then have to squirt hard.

He was already almost 16, hair sprouted in the armpits and around his cock. The cock had also become larger through the many masturbations and he could masturbate very often in a row.

In the summer, cousin Inga moved in with them and stayed for a few weeks because her parents had gone to Greece. She was already in her mid-twenties, but hyperactive and unfortunately mentally completely retarded. She was blonde and short in stature, much shorter than Fred, had a crooked humpback and was spindly. Her bony body was sinewy and you could count the ribs she was so thin, her breasts were small and pointed. She had almost no pubic hair and a strongly bulging naked pubis with large brown labia, as Fred soon found out, but that was perhaps from frequent masturbation. That her mother sometimes woke up in the morning from Inga's

masturbation and stroked the little girl's head while she orgasmed was one of the few nice features of the bitter, lonely woman.

After her mother had incomprehensibly entrusted her with the secret that he always jerked off in the bathroom as soon as she arrived, Inga joined him in the bathroom every day and took every opportunity to tease him by making a horny fuss. Tense and curious, Inga watched him become erect as she stripped off her dress and stood naked in front of him, awkwardly playing childishly with her cleft as he masturbated. The mother watched unmoved from the bed, for she had already revealed to Fred on the first day that Inga was infertile, which after some thought he took as an invitation. First, Fred began to touch Inga's small breasts and rub his cock against her naked body. Inga played with his cock for a long time before finishing with a perfect handjob with a crooked mouth grinning. She was obviously very good at that and Fred liked it a lot, he wanted to squirt as often as never before.

For the first few days he was satisfied with the handjob, but then he wanted more. Moreover, her horniness took over when she had just made him squirt great. She drained the bath water and lay naked in the tub to masturbate. Fred, of course, had been watching his mother's wiggling day in and day out and sometimes dimly saw movement in the dark under the sheet, yet his eyes nearly fell out of his head the first time Inga began to work her rose between her wide spread thighs with a stupid grin. The skin around her clit was already quite dark red from all the rubbing and she was so addicted to orgasm that she kept rubbing her clit, wildly bringing herself to orgasm again and again. Soon he realized that she was also masturbating as often as she could. So she lay curled up in the bathtub, quickly rubbing her clit and grinning at him. Greedily, Fred knelt down and tried to penetrate her, but she resisted and shook her head. He was at a loss and tried several times without success, but it wasn't until she finally started orgasming violently that he was able to take advantage of her stupor and penetrate her. Her little vagina was very, very tight. She was very frightened and grabbed his cock so that it got half stuck inside and couldn't move. As her orgasm ebbed, her grip also loosened and the outpouring came as if by itself. Exhausted and will-less,

she allowed him to go in deep and squirt it all in. Fred laughed hysterically. His first time, with a moronic girl!

Fred soon found out that she was quite happy to be fucked if he masturbated her vigorously beforehand. Yes, she loved it when he held her down and masturbated her brutally, she whimpered and groaned with excitement and then truly exploded. Afterwards she was so dull that he could mount her right away. Her face took on a slightly frightened expression, although she was not afraid of being fucked. He fucked her as hard and as deep as he could push into her. She loved that fear and he loved the power; he enjoyed his power very much when she gasped and jerked at this vigorous fucking. She whimpered, but it sounded satisfied. Only when he rose up to squirt did she tear her eyes open childishly-expectantly. She couldn't stand that tension for long, though, and clutched him tightly. She gasped expectantly as he now slid his hand under her buttocks and pressed her abdomen firmly against his cock, but now she couldn't help it, her vagina opened soft and wide. He slid in even deeper and felt a soft resistance. He held her buttocks with both hands and kept fucking, spurting jet after jet into her. He felt triumphant satisfaction at the sight of her facial expression, which somehow reminded him of a frightened bunny. The mother didn't seem to care what the two of them were doing in the bathroom, she kept her eyes closed and her hand danced under the thin sheet. The sheet hid her actions, she thought, and she didn't care if you could tell her movements by the dancing of the sheet. Sometimes the sheet shifted with each movement and Fred could dimly watch her masturbation. He left it at that, letting her think that her secret was in good hands.

But when she was already done with her secret doings and could tell by the look on his face that he was about to squirt, she would sometimes jump up and burst into the bathroom, naked as she was. She acted very hypocritical, scolding and scolding jokingly, but letting her nakedness be proudly admired by them. She was, after all, a young woman in her 30s, her shoulder-length dark hair framing her face, which was rarely cheerful. She loved to caress her large breasts, which hung down full and heavy and had pointed teats. Her body and legs were slender and her hips were narrow, making her butt appear larger than it was. Her pubic area was barely hairy, as she al-

ways carefully trimmed the hair so that the beautiful pubic fold was completely exposed. When she had just played her sinful game, as she had just done, her labia, hanging out of her cleft, were also clearly visible. And she liked to be looked at and admired, often her fingers tonguing her labia as if unintentionally. That she was sexually highly active and masturbated at least twice a day, she could – so she thought at least – hide from him for a long time. Then she calmed down again, went back to the bedroom with a popo shake and muttered that nothing could happen anyway, because Inga was infertile. Usually, after masturbation, she sat naked on the bed, legs folded carelessly to the side, watching them with glittering eyes. Fred always got horny and lusty when looking at her naked cunt.

Inga had instantly pushed him back, for she was still a little afraid to be fucked so openly in front of his mother's gaze, and the rest splashed onto her thighs. She wavered between fear and horniness for a few moments, then began to masturbate unsteadily. The mother sat naked in bed, watching Inga masturbate with feverish eyes, while Fred had to take a break. The mother and he looked into each other's eyes steadfastly and aggressively; breathing heavily for a moment, she put one arm around her heavy breasts and with the other hand pulled the covers up to her knees, trying to resist his insolent gaze at her nakedness.

They were in a power struggle.

He had thought it unfair for years that she could watch him masturbate and fuck, but she tried to keep her masturbation as top secret from him. Month after month he watched her secretly masturbate under the sheet while he masturbated openly in the bathroom. Month after month he desired her more and more and cowardly put off deciding when he would take her, violently if necessary.

He felt defiant and aggressive against his mother and made her feel that he wanted to do to her all that he was doing to Inga. Soon Inga was completely withdrawn into herself and could not stop, she continued masturbating with an absent expression on her face. Instantly he made himself over her, because now she did not think of defense. He held her brutally and forced his cock into her tight and

cramped vagina despite the violent wiggling that preceded her orgasm. He gaped and stared at his mother's naked breasts and exposed pubic as he held Inga ironclad and fucked her thoughtfully, slowly. He looked at her with a look that revealed he must fuck her today. Inga clung to him, awkwardly wriggling her abdomen to make him cum quickly. Her already not pretty face gradually contorted into a stupid grimace, then she triggered her orgasm. The feeling of faintness prevented him from orgasming, and he looked proudly and haughtily into his mother's eyes as he continued to fuck Inga thoughtfully. His eyes revealed that he must fuck her today. His mother saw it in his eyes and instinctively knew very well that he was about to fuck her. She shuddered at the thought and got up unsteadily to close the bathroom door.

He had to take over somehow! He jumped out of the tub after a while and yanked the door wide open, because he wanted her to have to watch the roughhousing and fucking. Then he approached the mother with his stiff hanger, angrily tore the blanket from her body and carelessly flung it on the floor, so that she sat there completely naked and unprotected. The mother blushed violently as he grabbed her in mid-air and stared at her cunt completely unabashedly and provocatively clearly. I want to fuck you, his look betrayed, and the mother ducked down, putting her hand protectively on her cunt. He picked up Inga in the bathroom and threw her on the big bed next to his naked mother. Inga fled to her mother, who hugged her protectively, but he humped Inga from behind, spreading her buttocks with both hands and penetrating Inga's vagina. He held onto his mother, her breasts and her thighs.

He slipped off, slid out of Inga and when he penetrated again, he immediately realized it wasn't Inga's vagina and fucked away as fast as he could. The mother instantly gave a half strangled scream. He knew immediately that the power struggle had to be decided now and thrust his erect cock wildly into her vagina. Inga, lying across her breasts, obstructed her. She scowled at him and pushed the girl on top of him so that his cock slid out. He struggled, clasping her large, full breast with one hand and grabbing her hip with the other, then rammed his cock wildly into her vagina again. She was torn by her different feelings and desires, her upper half protesting shriekily and

pushing the girl against him, her lower half exulting and her thighs opening as wide as she could. She pushed him back screeching loudly, he thrust wildly into her vagina with a scream. This wild, screeching-screaming fucking evolved into an increasingly silent ballet, she pushed his cock out of her vagina and he thrust into her again. Soon they both fell silent, she thrusting back, he thrusting in. They both gasped with exertion, the struggle had been going on for a long time. He felt the typical stiffening before he squirted, after a few moments he squirted every time he entered her vagina. Although she had stopped pushing him back, each time he pulled his cock out and rammed it into her vagina again, squirting with each thrust. She howled and paused in the struggle, tearing her eyes open and whimpering like a little child all the while she was now being fucked to completion. He felt very clearly how Inga pressed her vagina from above on his cock to join in as well. He felt like fucking both of them and fucked like crazy until he felt the hot approach of his orgasm and squirted very hard. The mother seemed to want to stop the squirting and growled viciously, clenching her vaginal muscles tightly. He kept squirting anyway until he had thrust enough. He was glad that his erection still held after squirting and pushed his cock deep inside her. Inga was lying on her mother's breasts, legs spread, rubbing her vagina excitedly against her hip.

Fred paused and looked at his mother. He was not clear what she wanted, but one thing he knew was that he wanted it. Determined, he pushed Inga aside, but the mother clutched Inga like a teddy bear and pressed her protectively to her chest. Fred now had a clear view of the mother's cunt, pushed her legs apart again with his knees, and quickly penetrated her, though she protested weakly. He looked triumphantly into her eyes and began to fuck vigorously. Her gaze became unsteady and she tried again to use Inga as a buffer, but he wouldn't allow it anymore and pushed Inga aside, placing her small hand on her mother's clit. Inga immediately began to masturbate the mother's clit. The mother closed her eyes and hid her face against Inga's shoulder to avoid looking him in the eye, but she no longer resisted his shameful actions.

He continued fucking with persistence, meeting her plaintive gaze with triumph and pride. She shook all over as Inga brought her to or-

gasm, gasping and panting as it took him a very long time to squirt. “No! Don’t!” she breathed in unison as he spurted a thick jet, spurted and spurted in jets, spurted and spurted in jets. She tried to hide her lust and looked at him sternly and painfully, as if to make him feel that he was committing a monstrous sacrilege. He paid no attention to her mild–punishing looks, nor to her whispered protests. She apparently liked it, that alone counted. And that he had prevailed. Inga excited her mother’s clit with her fingers, he heard her moan pleasantly. Her protest was only very quiet when he penetrated her again. She was fucked wonderfully by both of them. She gasped and moaned in restrained complaint as her body began to shake again. Her eyes went wide from her sockets as Inga made her orgasming again. Afterwards, she lay there exhausted, letting it all passively and uninvolvedly wash over her. He just kept fucking her after her orgasm, for a long time, until he felt that he was about to squirt. She looked at him abruptly, startled, when she felt his sudden stiffening. “No! Don’t!”

Feeling her wonderfully soft, wet vagina with every fiber, he looked triumphantly into her eyes as he exploded, his thick, hot jet shooting into her vagina. He squirted jet after jet into it, not listening to her half-hearted whispered “No! Don’t!” She lowered her eyes in shame and bit her lips as he squirted, as he continued to pump for minutes, even when he was quite finished. Inga had been watching the whole thing with fearfully widened eyes, so he gave her a little pat on the butt and smiled at her until she smiled liberatedly too, because that’s how he always did it when she did something well. He stood up and strutted out with his cock bobbing, not looking at his mother. Finally, finally he had fucked her properly!

The following day she avoided all eye contact.

Then came the days when the mother came into the bathroom after his fucking with Inga, totally naked of course, and washed Inga clean. Presumably, Inga was not supposed to mess up the sheet on which the two women slept with Fred’s semen. As she leaned forward to wash Inga, Fred could clearly see her bulging labia under her thrust-out butt. He leaned against her butt from behind and watched over her shoulder as she washed Inga’s pussy and vagina with gentle

motions. He was eager to try anal sex. He grabbed her butt cheeks, pulled them apart and very slowly and carefully penetrated her asshole as deep as he could and fucked her very slowly. Apparently she liked it, he could tell by her breathing. It was nowhere near as arousing as vaginal fucking. He felt his hot rising horniness before squirting and pressed his cock very deep between her buttocks, which she moved rhythmically while washing. He stood completely motionless, leaving her to rub his cock with her buttocks and soon he was pouring comfortably into her ass, his cock sliding off and plunging deep between her bulges into her vagina. She squeezed her butt cheeks rhythmically as long as he squirted and then pretended to be annoyed and cleaned herself off.

The next day, at the same time. Fred stood behind her stretched ass again, carefully steering his hard-on between her ass cheeks with one hand until the glans was stuck between her labia. But she seemed to ignore it, because when he looked over her shoulder, he saw her teasing Inga's vagina with her fingers and masturbating the little girl. He put his hands on her butt and widened her butt cheeks, she slowly thrust backwards until his cock was all the way inside her vagina. He stood stock-still without fucking, clawing at her buttocks and moving them back and forth, virtually masturbating with her vagina. His thumb strayed into her butt hole, but he didn't notice. She, however, immediately pressed her ass against his thumb and pushed vehemently back and forth until he squirted very deep inside her. When she was done with Inga, she looked at him as if she were angry and wordlessly wiped his semen away.

This became the latest game, which they all seemed to enjoy and repeated more or less consistently every day. Inga masturbated engrossed in herself, the mother had deliberately stuck her butt out wide, thick labia bulging under her butt hole, he placed his glans between her labia. The mother let go of Inga and supported herself with both arms on the edge of the bathtub, Fred pushed himself further into her, the glans sliding gently into the vagina. He grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread them as far as they would go, widening her vaginal entrance as well. With both thumbs he pushed the thickly swollen labia apart and pushed his cock deep inside. Again he moved her buttocks with both hands and fucked with few,

careful movements. He squirted the last of the juice he had left into her vagina as she wiggled her butt cheeks rhythmically. Fred didn't mind her overly bitter look, she washed herself without a word and then they went to sleep. She scowled, for he had not lasted long enough.

At about this time he also woke up every morning and watched, quite openly and not hiding, how the mother masturbated Inga, the little one orgasmed one after the other. In the evening, at the new game, she was already standing wide-legged, deliberately presenting labia and vagina. He grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread them as far as they would go and widened her vaginal entrance with his thumbs, then he stuck his cock even deeper into her vagina and fucked her very slowly and gently, squirting a bit of semen at the end. She let it pass silently, she was fully occupied with Inga and did not interrupt him. Fred thought he noticed that she orgasmed a tiny bit while being fucked, but he wasn't sure. She looked at him in an exaggeratedly angry and reproachful way while she was cleaning herself, because again he had cum way too early.

Fred pulled one of her mother's feet to the side the other day as she washed Inga, wider and wider, and her ass and labia widened as he pulled them apart with his thumbs. He bent down and saw her wide open vagina and beautiful dark red clit. Carefully he slid his cock into her vagina and held onto her hips as he fucked. Now it was clear, she was orgasming and while orgasming she remained motionless and neglected poor Inga. He paused in fucking and felt her orgasm with his cock, her legs shaking violently. After she orgasmed, he kept fucking vigorously, watching her ass and the hole in her butt contracting as he fucked her to his rhythm. He was able to fuck for quite a long time this time, keeping his eyes on the movements of her round butt and butt hole. He couldn't resist and stroked her round buttocks and teased her butt hole with one finger. She seemed to like this very much and he teased the hole continuously. He heard her gasp and moan until she paused in the wash and orgasmed trembling, he squirted the last drops of semen into her orgasming vagina. When she was finally done with Inga, the mother didn't look at him nastily, but blushed from her cheeks to her breasts before she

cleaned herself and looked over at him unexpectedly shy and full of shame. This time he had held out well and let her orgasm.

With this game their last week passed. He saved masturbating and Inga–s fucking during the day so that he would still have enough semen to fuck twice in the evening. When he penetrated her from behind, she let go of Inga and supported herself with her arms in the tub. He could always tell by the trembling of her legs when she was about to orgasm. He explored her butthole carefully because it was very sensitive. When he put a finger in it during fucking and humped there a little, she got such violent orgasms that her restrained gasps turned into loud, plaintive moans and the trembling of her legs shook her whole body. He needed a few minutes break, she washed Inga again. Then he put his hands on her hips, she instantly bent forward and stuck out her ass. He fucked her this time so that he didn't make her orgasm before he felt his own climax coming. He thrust a finger into her butt hole, fucking her very hard with that finger and feeling her tremble, she gasped and moaned, her legs shaking. Now he thrust firmly into her vagina, allowing him to squirt in the middle of her orgasm. When he pulled out his flaccid cock, she straightened up, dried Inga and pretended that nothing had happened, but did not look at him. She was satisfied, for she had had prim orgasms after he had discovered the miraculous enhancement of finger-fucking her asshole.

On Saturday, Inga's parents came to pick her up. The father, his mother's brother, immediately took care of the little girl, they cuddled and hugged and he had to keep talking about the vacation and Greece. The mother and her sister-in-law drank coffee and whispered softly so Fred wouldn't overhear. Just stupid that Fred had ears like a bat.

Yes, his mother reported, Inga often masturbated as expected, but it posed no problem at all. Fred was grateful that she didn't tell on him, that she didn't say a word about him fucking Inga. As the conversation continued, the sister-in-law reported that the Greek vacation had done them good, they were making love again. Fred further learned that his uncle, who was not Inga's biological father, had a cordial sexual relationship with Inga, after all, she masturbated at ev-

ery opportunity and he had also taught her the handjob. And of course they fucked to their hearts' content whenever they felt like it. And no, said the sister-in-law quietly, she was almost always present, she felt no jealousy and the two were very happy with fucking. And if he had overindulged with Inga and couldn't get it for her, well, a woman knew how to get satisfaction. Both women looked at each other and nodded knowingly. When the sister-in-law asked how Inga and Fred were getting on, the mother said only the best, then remarked with a meaningful smile that he was old enough and now knew how the girls did it.

When they were alone again, he said, he was going into the bathroom and slowly undressed. He left the door to their bedroom open and sat on the edge of the tub. He stroked his hard-on and waited patiently. His mother had undressed and quickly slipped into bed under the covers. They watched each other, for minutes. Her eyes were fixed on his cock and his stroking. He stroked his hard-on and watched as her eyes betrayed the rapidly rising horniness. She sighed deeply, and the contours of the blanket revealed that she was spreading her legs slightly, one hand slowly creeping to her center like the serpent in paradise. The gentle movements of her fingers did her so much good, she closed her eyes and stroked herself.

Fred still waited for her hand to quicken before he silently crept to the foot of her bed. Carefully, he pulled the covers away, letting them slide carelessly to the floor, and regarded her. She stroked and twirled her clit very quickly, endlessly, speeding up. She orgasmed softly and with restrained pumping, after a few seconds she continued, masturbating the still stiff dark red clit and teasing her vagina with the other hand, fucking herself with a finger. Just before orgasming, she noticed him. She sat up with her head flushed and ashamedly sought the protection of the blanket, covering her breasts with one hand and her pubic with the other. Fred had knelt on the bed and grasped the hand on her pubic. No, please, Fred, we can't do this!, she whispered, trying to shake off his hand. He looked into her eyes for a moment and murmured firmly, we'll do it, now! and moved closer to her, grabbing her shoulders and gently leaning her back. No, please don't, she repeated several times, but her body reacted completely the opposite way. He kissed her on the neck, on her

breasts, and let his fingers slide to her pubic area. He kissed her big, heavy breasts and licked the nipples, pulling on the teats very gently and tenderly.

Fred heard her quivering sigh and knew he had won. Her own groundwork had aroused her and she was still heated and horny from the previous masturbating. Licking her nipples opened the path of his fingers to her clit after she had opened her thighs unresistingly and willingly with many anxious sighs. Touching her labia and clit, he considered in a flash whether to proceed firmly as he had done with Inga or softly as he had just seen her do. He started slowly and delicately and noticed that after seconds the clit swelled and became hard. He kept going, minute after minute stroking her clit and letting his fingers wander around it as well. She began to gasp and thrust her clit against his fingers, orgasming almost instantly with a loud, plaintive moan. He let her go and watched her intently, her orgasms, her gasps and moans, the heaving breasts and pumping of her abdomen, the contractions of her vagina and clit. She had one hand pressed to her mouth and was looking at him with eyes that sparkled with stars.

"So beautiful," she whispered, "no one has ever made it so beautiful for me!" and bit her lips for betraying herself. He knew it, she knew it. He kissed her neck, her breasts, and then her lips. Tell me about it later, he murmured.

Fred straightened up, bent over her, and his cock pointed at her womb. "No," she whispered, "don't! We mustn't, son and mother, we mustn't!" He kissed her breasts, her nipples and murmured, "when washing Inga we had already done it! And before that, with Inga, in your bed!" The mother became quieter and quieter and said, that was something else, with Inga's washing she didn't even notice it at first and later she was so busy masturbating Inga, under the spell of Inga's arousal and so terribly horny herself, that she let it happen. He had shamelessly exploited her defenseless vulnerability, that had not been real fucking at all. And that was only once, but Fred corrected her, "no, twelve times!" He reminded her that on the last few days she had been hanging almost upside down over the edge of the tub, willingly offering her ass and vagina wide open for him to penetrate

deeply. This was real fucking, with lots of orgasms! She fell silent and her whispers died away as Fred began to stimulate her labia and clit again. She closed her eyes and sighed, he was right after all, she had already given herself to him, day after day, willingly, willingly and hornily. She had really enjoyed the fucking and loved the orgasms, she had purposely only let him take her from behind, she had always leaned forward towards Inga, because if she didn't see it, it wasn't happening! She had just not wanted to admit it and had convinced herself that it had only happened once, and that too completely surprisingly and quasi unintentionally. She knew that he was right and not her inner voice that whispered, "a mother does not do it to the son!" Fuck the inner voice, she gradually gave up her protest and resistance and let Fred do it.

Fred took his time and hers. Without haste, he pushed her erect legs apart, then spread her labia and vaginal entrance with his fingers. She put her arm over her eyes – when she wasn't looking, it wasn't happening – and drew in a deep breath as his cock entered her vagina. He hugged her and put his head between her breasts and fucked her, for a very long time. To his delight, her arousal rose quickly, and sìe orgasmed twice before he squirted. He was exhausted and left his cock inside her until he went completely limp. She stroked his head and when he looked at her, he sensed she was happy. They stayed in bed from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, fucking as often as he could. During some breaks, he gently stroked her and masturbated her, which she enjoyed very much. He was thrilled at how easy she found vaginal and clitoral orgasms.

He came back to the fact that she had said that she had never been masturbated so beautifully before. Tell me about it, tell me everything! he said demandingly, in a tone that brooked no argument. He put his head on her breast and said, go on, tell me! She stroked his head, which she very rarely did, cleared her throat and began.

A man has never touched me like this ..... After a pause, only women. Fred waited patiently and stroked his three-quarter stiffy, then she told how it sometimes came to that with her girlfriends (she avoided the word masturbate). Yes, some of the ladies' circle. Go on, he said, go on! Fred sometimes knew who she meant, others he

didn't know at all. Mostly, though, the stories were similar, the girls or women masturbating each other or doing it themselves in front of each other. But there were also frequent situations where mutual desire led to kissing and cuddling, but no further. Yes, there were at least 6 or 7, only in some exceptional cases there was a repetition. And none had done it to her as well as he had, none! and she kissed his hair, the top of his head, which she did very, very rarely.

Once, she told, she had met a girl, about twenty. An absolute klutz, who could not caress her with her hand ..... and was very clumsy. It was not difficult for her to stimulate the girl to several orgasms. The girl then went to the closet with a red face and got a vibrator. After that, she must have satisfied herself a dozen times with the buzzing thing. And? he asked, but she had never used such a thing and the girl had also asked her, but it disgusted her, the vibrator was dirty with vaginal mucus all over. He asked and she had to describe everything to him in detail. The mother observed that Fred's cock stiffened more and more while she described this episode in detail.

Fortan they lived happily and in sexual harmony. She watched their cycle closely, and when it was ready-to-conceive days or their periods came, they had to explore new avenues. Handjobs, it soon became clear, she was not good at. She lacked strength in her wrists and fingers, finding the right rhythm was difficult. Fred bought lube and she was very afraid of it at first, but he had gotten a lot of good tips from his buddies and they did anal, considerately and carefully. In time she liked it a lot because she was on all fours, doggystyle and could masturbate her clit without him seeing it, but of course he noticed, always. She was still much too inhibited at that time to do it openly in front of him, to let him watch.

She also learned to do it to him with her mouth. "Go," he said, "go, you can do it, I remember!" She looked at him in amazement and said she didn't think he could remember that. She bit her lips, for she had betrayed herself once again. He knew it, she knew it. And now she had to confess everything to him in detail.

Fred was a quiet, happy infant, he never cried but formed "aaa" and "uuu" sounds when he needed something. After bath time, he

played squeaky-clean with his little cock and laughed sweetly when she stroked his little cock with a finger and it stiffened. One day, out of some indefinable impulse, she took the stiff little cock into her mouth, and Fred whooped when she pulled back the foreskin and gently licked the little glans with her lips and tongue. But as he grew older, she stopped doing that.

Fred laughed, brought his laptop, and she saw women licking cock for the first time. She tried it right away, she wanted to learn everything he liked. But he noticed that nothing came of it. He grabbed her head left and right and thrust into her mouth fucking. She looked up at him and realized he was going to have to squirt soon, she wanted to get free but he held her and fucked even faster. He squirted deep in her throat and didn't let go, kept fucking slowly while she gurgled and gagged swallowing the semen. Then he said that was the way to do it, and from then on they almost always did it before anal intercourse, which was, after all, the only alternative so far during her period and the days when she was ready to conceive. This had two great advantages.

First, this was the first orgasm of the day, because he loved to squirt his semen into her mouth in hot, full jets, the first time his ejaculation was very productive, and she swallowed and swallowed his semen more devotedly and devotedly from day to day. Soon she learned not to gag, but simply let the hot juice trickle down her throat, swallowing only when he had finished spurting. It became something she soon enjoyed doing.

Second, she became inconspicuously aroused while he fucked her mouth. Later it became real masturbation, she quite soon lost her natural shyness and masturbated and orgasmed while he fucked her in the mouth, squirted and she drank his juice. Now she also masturbated during his breaks and let him watch as often as he wanted, although she still blushed deeply with shame and looked at him shyly.

Often they lay quietly next to each other afterwards, and so good conversations ensued. Her father was completely disappointed in her and sent her away, not allowing her to return, she never saw her parents again. She confessed to Fred that during her pregnancy she

picked up guys almost every day and got laid as often as she could. She bashfully admitted that she took money then, since she was completely on her own with her pregnancy, but she never felt like a whore.

Well, the nuns ran a maternity ward for the poor. Because of overcrowding and because she agreed, she was billeted with a novice. Of course it was strange, but the whole convent seemed to be trapped in the deepest Middle Ages. She and the girl – perhaps two–three years younger than her – had only one bed and shared a pillow and blanket, lying close together in the dimly lit cell from outside. The girl slept completely naked, ecstatically caressing her baby bump, which was not very fat.

While caressing her, the girl took off her panties completely and caressed the baby bump and her pubic area. In short, the girl seduced and masturbated her immediately and she orgasmed in wonder without being fucked. The girl masturbated herself and murmured to touch her and she felt her fingers masturbating the wet pussy. She touched the girl quite curiously, because she had never touched a girl before and explored her labia, vagina and hymen. The girl took her finger and guided it to her clit, showed how it looked and she was allowed to leave her finger on the clit while the girl masturbated and orgasmed. The girl showed her how to make her clit stiff and how to make herself orgasm with a quick trill. Night after night she explored the girl's sex, and after a few days she was able to masturbate the novice halfway well.

This one masturbated in the evening often in a row and most of the time still in the morning, quickly before the levate. She did not do it herself at that time, but left herself to the expert fingers of the girl who loved it more than anything. They sinned a thousand times, every evening and sometimes in the morning, in all secrecy. After the birth she did not want it for a few days, she had lost a lot of strength and the nightly suckling of her beloved little Alfred robbed her of sleep and desire. However, the novice did not let it go and masturbated until madness. After the days-long break, she let the girl masturbate her willingly and inwardly exulting from climax to climax.

All at once, the girl let her tongue dance over her breasts and nipples, working its way down, to her belly, and then – oh my God! – she felt the tongue on her pubic, then in her cunt. Before she could react in any way she felt it rise hotly in her loins. The tongue danced in her inner sanctum, making her tremble in the storm of feelings and greed, she pushed her abdomen forward, pressed her clit against the tongue and orgasmed within seconds. The girl stayed with her tongue directly on her clit and made her orgasm one after another. She tried it out on the girl right away, although at first she was disgusted to stick her tongue in her vagina, but she quickly found the hymen and tickled it with the tip of her tongue, because the girl loved it. She quickly learned to find the clit with her tongue and let the girl orgasm just as she did, one after another, until she had enough. They spent a hot, exhausting time full of orgasms and suckling little Fred.

About four months later, the girl was suddenly no longer there, the nun only said dryly that she had had to leave. The house gossip knew that the novice had sneaked away from the lunch table and had been caught “doing it” in the room by two nuns of the Convent, the sinners–patrol (hihihi). One day she left the nuns and did not turn around. She went to clean for wealthier people during the day and was able to more or less feed them both. Of course she had to earn extra, the landlords secretly gave her five hundred, some even a thousand, and she gave them her youthful body and orgasms in return. She picked up the money and was able to quickly pay off her debts to the nanny and the landlord, and the rest she saved for later.

When Fred was about 9 or 10, she stopped cleaning and being “the cleaning girl who liked to fuck and was given money for it” to be there for him completely and to study with him.

Later, as Fred got older, so two–three times a year usually after the ladies circle, she roamed the bars to find someone for a quick, hasty fuck in the car or on a filthy toilet. But now, “now”, that was finally the end of it.

In these quiet hours and many more, he asked that she tell him again the wild night in which she had conceived him. She smiled mildly, for this seemed to concern him greatly.

She was 16, totally inexperienced and unenlightened. She knew nothing about masturbating or how to fuck, she was really still a young girl and what she knew were some guys who wanted to kiss and cuddle and proudly showed off their hard-ons. She didn't let them touch her nor did she touch their dicks. Most of the guys were masturbating and she watched curiously as they masturbated and squirted. Everyone did it similarly, but no two dicks looked the same, they masturbated the same with small differences and everyone squirted differently, some squirted three meters away, others just let the thick semen ooze out in bursts.

On said summer evening, she went with a girlfriend to a tent party, where they quickly lost sight of each other. A funny, buzzed round of guys, all so about twenty years old, piloted the pretty girl in dirndl to their table, there was drunk, danced, laughed, told sharp jokes and hefty piggish stories. She had to make friends with everyone, booze and beer made her as drunk as a beach howitzer in no time. Some boys escorted her out, behind the tent, to get some fresh air. Outside in the grass scattered couples who were just fucking unabashedly.

Suddenly she was also lying in the grass, one of the guys kissed her with his tongue deep in her throat and she laughed when he reached under her skirt and got to work on her panties. "Please, don't break it, it's not mine," she said and took the panties off herself, the blurry looking couples all around were fucking half naked after all. The boy unbuttoned his pants and flipped up her skirt, then penetrated her without her feeling that her hymen was tearing, that still amazed her today.

The fucking was very pleasant, she experienced almost immediately her first beautiful orgasm, which was to be followed by very many more that night. The fellow squirted soon and she didn't get that already the next one was sitting ready and about to lay on her. No one cock felt like another, this one gave her several orgasms before spurting hotly into her vagina. Apparently the first one had taken the others out of the tent, she and the lover were soon surrounded, she saw a lot of stiffs or semi-stiffs that still needed rubbing. They all got their turn, she looked forward to the next orgasms

and let them all do it with blissful smiles. Some probably two or more times, she just didn't know.

It was morning sometime, at dusk her intoxication faded and with the last fucks she felt her back aching and her abdomen aching under the heavy weight as well. The last one, a small lanky fellow, asked her if he could do it again because he was horny again and she nodded, despite her tiredness. The guy knew his stuff and fucked her very long and persistently, so that she flew from orgasm to orgasm, as if she was not dead tired. He squirted hot and hard, then they sat side by side and he offered her a cigarette, her first. She coughed and spat, but puffed bravely to the end.

He helped her stand up, she spotted a really big semen spot in the grass, where her ass had been. She grabbed her panties, but didn't put them on out of shame in front of him, and he accompanied her almost all the way to the farm where she was vacationing with her parents. She was able to take a long, thorough shower and wash her sore vagina before going down to breakfast.

Fred always had to laugh when she got to the part about not putting on her panties in front of him out of shame — they had just fucked each other after all!

When she told Fred her story with the novice, he dove down and started licking her pubic. The mother smelled so good, she smelled like ice cream and vanilla. He licked her around the clit and noticed her clit getting bigger and stiff, he enveloped the clit with his mouth and licked it, tenderly and without pause. She orgasmed and he kept her clit in his mouth, and when she calmed down he kept licking her, orgasm after orgasm. She liked it a lot, but she rarely asked for it, letting him have it when he wanted it.

Fred got his way. He didn't want to go into an apprenticeship at 15, he wanted the College. He didn't want to work right after graduating from high school, he wanted to study. He got the job as a corpse washer and night watchman and financed his medical studies. Although it wasn't essential, he sent his mother to work because she was alone during the day and drank too much. He put away the bot-

tles and got her to stop drinking. Their sex life was unspectacular and harmonious. Fred met some girls while studying, but it did not go well, because the girls did not want his demanding, over-strong sexuality and his absolute will to make the girls submissive. After one–two nights, where he also often brutally fucked the girls, it was over. Fred never felt lovesick, he always told his mother everything in great detail and she was happy that he was with her again. She let him fuck as often as he needed and as she needed.

Fred's studies faltered somewhat when he developed a special hobby. He often left his books and began photographing the private parts of the dead, male and female, created orderly directories on his laptop and had hundreds of pictures. Of course he also touched the genitals and examined them, no, he found it really horny. An unholy curiosity forced him to look at them, big and small cocks, circumcised and uncircumcised, small and big breasts, old and young, tight vaginas and wide ones, small and big labia, clits in all sizes and shapes.

Once he was quite sure he was undisturbed, he locked the doors and climbed up on the dissection table, on top of the young dead woman, and caressed the cold, naked body. She was in her late twenties and had committed suicide, with poison. She was still an impressive beauty, with nice firm breasts, clean-shaven pubis, and a very tight, fleshy vagina. Her clit and the skin around it were pale red and chafed, and he suspected she was a habitual onanist. He stroked the cold body for a long time, then spread her labia and vagina with his fingers and fucked her, even though she was ice cold. It was forbidden, unnatural and difficult, yet somehow very horny. He never told his mother, it would have ruined everything. Although he was very ashamed, of course it happened after that often. Of course, he had to wait until the coroner's inquest was over and be extremely careful so that no suspicion could ever arise. Although almost all of them went to the crematorium afterwards, he carefully cleaned the vaginas of his semen. He was not only careful, but also selective. They could not be too old, could not be mutilated accident victims, and could be reasonably pretty. Very many there were not with these requirements, but the urge awoke only when a candidate was delivered.

There was the young apprentice baker, a girl of 16. She had fallen from the ladder and broken her neck. He especially liked her beautiful, firm breasts, which were clearly different from other breasts. In no one else did he see breasts so firm and erect. She was no longer a virgin and he imagined, after a thorough examination, that she had started fucking very early. She was one of the few he fucked twice.

Or the young bank employee who was accused of embezzlement and fired. She had put an end to her life with sleeping pills and left a very sad, desperate suicide note, a copy of which he read three times. She was already 37 years old, but still a virgin, and she had a very large, beautifully shaped clit, which he fingered and looked at hornily for a very long time. That was also the reason that he fucked her twice. The first time he felt the resistance of her hymen and had to thrust several times until it finally tore.

One day a young girl was delivered, a 13–year old pretty child who was really lovely to look at. It had fallen over in broad daylight at school, sudden cardiac death. The coroner, his old professor, released her after two days. Fred stayed just that night and it was all set. He laid her on the dissection table and stroked his hand over her naked, ice-cold body. She was beautiful, with childish–small breasts and no pubic hair. He examined her abdomen, it was still all childlike and small, tiny labia and a tiny, apparently little used clit. He became sad, for that beautiful, tiny little clit had probably never orgasmed in rapture. Somehow, he felt deep in his heart, he loved her and felt deep sorrow for her death.

He mounted her very cautiously and guided his thick hard-on laboriously, becoming more and more greedy, into her small ice-cold vagina, feeling quite clearly the soft resistance of her hymen. He pushed forward inexorably and felt the hymen tear and he squirted immediately. He cleaned her very conscientiously and then sat next to her for another hour, his hand on her pubic, grieving.

When the child was taken away in the morning by the crematorium workers and the bill was signed, he immediately retired to his small office, sat down with his books and wept. He could not remember if he had ever cried before in his life. He went home and told his

mother that he had to surrender a beautiful young child to the flames, then lay down on the bed dressed and wept bitterly. She sat down beside him and stroked his head until he fell asleep.

From that day on he changed everything, with his own brutality he enforced his resolutions. No more photos, no more private parts, no more clandestine fucking. The dead remained untouched in their cooler compartments, he studied through the night, leaving his books only to have a quick smoke outside the back door. He persevered ironclad, his grades improving from exam to exam, catching up with his fellow students and easily overtaking them.

Days before his graduation, he dragged his reluctant mother to the best dress store and bought her the most beautiful dress she liked, on the day of graduation to the hairdresser, manicurist and makeup artist. His mother was the most beautiful at the party and many a person present turned his head to look at her. Afterwards, they dined in the first restaurant in town, and in the evening they happily fell into each other's arms and made love until morning.

You have made me the happiest wife and proudest mother, she whispered, before they fell asleep exhausted.

...

# My Barmaid

by Jack Faber © 2020

Jack's parents decided to make their long-held wish for a trip to Australia come true after his mother won handsomely in a lottery. They would finally catch up on their honeymoon, after 13 barren years. Their 14-year old Jack could not go, he had been away at boarding school during junior high at his father's request and had only recently returned. He would be able to complete senior high school at the local high school because he had an excellent high school diploma and his delighted father wanted to look after his career locally, so he would be living at home. The parents wanted to be alone for a few weeks carefree and perhaps newly in love, and Jack didn't mind spending that time in the care of Dad's cousin Jo. Jack had only seen her briefly two–times and he liked her at least visually, he was very curious to spend some time with her. Jo, actually Johanna, had been calling herself Jo, pronounced Dscho, since an early age.

Also, his mother Anni had explained to him in a long one-on-one conversation how important a rapprochement with his father was to her, since they were threatening to drift very far apart sexually in the daily monotony. Jack understood everything and promised to behave well, to do his homework every day, just to enjoy their vacation carefree and not to worry about him. So it happened that one day the parents drove away in a cab, Jack and Jo waved and went to her home.

Jo lived directly above the bar where she worked, in a small apartment with one and a half rooms, shower and toilet. The small half-room was cluttered with all sorts of things and rugs, but she would put it all away if Jack insisted on having a room to himself. The mother had already mentioned once, it was probably in the family, because Jo was just as messy as the father, but there was nothing you could do, the aunt Jo was mentally — well, not exactly the brightest, mother said. He shrugged, and Jo said the bed was actually big

enough for the two of them. Jack looked at her and saw her nostrils quiver, as if she wished and expected it. So he said “yes, that’s no problem.” Jo breathed a sigh of relief and showed him everything, the toilet, the shower and the small kitchenette with refrigerator. She said he could take what he wanted and note it on the little slip of paper so she could replenish it the next time she went shopping. Jo didn’t talk much, but she said he had to set the alarm in the morning because she had to sleep in the morning, he had to walk to school alone, it was only two streets away and Jack nodded, he knew the way. Depending on when he got home from school, they would eat together or if she was already at work, then he would find his food prepared. She wouldn’t be home until two in the morning on four nights, he should just decide for himself when he went to bed and she wanted to be so quiet so he wouldn’t wake up. Jack said he understood everything and it was okay with him. He was relieved that at least on those evenings he would have undisturbed time for his secret vice. At least he thought so at the time, having no idea what was coming.

Jo was still showing him how the coffee machine worked and Jack nodded eagerly, even though he had never had coffee before. Bread rolls were in a basket, and there was butter and sausage in the refrigerator. “Have to fix your own breakfast, I’m still asleep” Jo said, adding that he had to leave his dishes on the sideboard to dry after washing them. Then she gave him the house and apartment keys and told him not to lose them.

She would put on something more comfortable now, because she always wore only comfortable things at home. Jack, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, wanted to turn away politely, but Jo laughed cooing and said that was no problem for them, they were both no longer little children. Nudity was absolutely taboo in his family; he had never seen Father or Anni naked. Jo struggled out of the tight dress, took off her bra and panties as well, and took a very long time to stow everything away in the closet. Of course she wanted to show off her flawless body to the boy. Jo was about his height and almost as slim as he was. Her pretty, smooth face was framed by beautiful black hair, her shoulders were the same width as her hips, her bottom gently curved and plump. Jack fidgeted when she turned around

and showed him her beautiful, large breasts. He had only seen this in photos and the reality was much, much more exciting. His heart thumped wildly as he looked at the very small, carefully trimmed black bush above her pubic area.

Under her bush was a beautiful pubic fold. Unlike photos he had seen, she had no labia hanging out of the cleft. The mons veneris was raised and round and Jack couldn't help his sinful thoughts, his Little Jack anyway. She turned her back on him again and he nearly burst as she bent low to the closet floor and the vaginal cleft became visible beneath her butt fold. It was certainly no accident that she stood wide-legged, spreading her buttocks as wide as she could so that her vaginal opening was well and clearly visible. She let him look, gape and get aroused for several minutes. Jo fiddled pointlessly with some clothes for quite a while longer, then straightened up again and put on a knee-length see-through negligee that was theoretically held together by a belt. In practice, she never tied the belt, but presented her nudity unabashedly and proudly.

She sat down at the table and began to leaf through a magazine. Jack also sat down at the table and read in a textbook, but his eyes kept wandering to her, blinking to the translucent negligee that gaped open in front, clearly exposing her body to his gaze. He forced himself to keep reading. Jo looked at him intently and finally asked if he liked what he saw. She admitted that she had deliberately let him look and grinned from ear to ear. She knew that boys his age liked to look at naked women. However, she was very exhibitionistic and liked it when he looked at her naked body. And yes, she always wanted to show off her beauty, her nakedness, there was nothing wrong with that. Jack stammered silently and nodded vigorously in affirmation. She was very beautiful, he stammered awkwardly, even naked.... if naked.... her nakedness was very beautiful, he half-swallowed.

After some time, Jo went to the kitchen counter and fixed dinner. There was bread and cheese and cold cuts, Jo poured herself a beer. When she looked at him questioningly, he pushed his glass forward and had a beer poured for him, too. Maybe, he hoped, she didn't know he had never had alcohol before. The beer tasted bitter, but he

felt a pleasant lightness spreading through him. After the meal, she took two shot glasses and poured grain. The liquor burned in his gullet, but spread an even stronger feeling of lightness. In this delicate fog, it was easy for him to ask how old she was and if she had a husband. Jo laughed brightly and put a hand on his arm. I'm 26, almost 27, she said, and I'm unmarried. As a barmaid, I meet lots of men, and if they pay, things work out. Jack was confused and asked what was going on, he didn't understand. Jo drank another shot and thought, then a third and poured Jack one too. Depending on how much they pay, she said sighing, I'll do them by hand or I'll blow them. If they pay more and are nice, they can fuck me too. Jo looked at him frankly and watched his reaction. Jack pushed around until she asked what was wrong? Finally Jack said that he didn't know what a blowjob was and drank the liquor in one go. And fuck do you understand? Jo asked and grinned, because Jack was writhing with shame, but then nodded, he had read about it and with his buddies they talked about it all the time. He hid the fact that the neighborhood kids, brother and sister, had let him watch them fuck in the basement many times. That was a big secret, as was the fact that afterwards he had to masturbate standing in front of them and squirt his seed all over the sister, who was lying there with her legs spread and he had to aim for her cunt. He never succeeded.

# A new stage in life

Jo explained to him quite unselfconsciously the blowjob, there she took his cock in her mouth and caressed him, also with her tongue and did it to him at the same time with her hand. If she was into the guy, he was allowed to squirt in her mouth. Jack looked at her with wide eyes questioningly. Yes, she swallowed the semen of course, there was nothing to it. They sat in silence at the table for a long time, then Jack asked what exactly she was working on. Jo told them what she does at the bar, making drinks, mixing, talking to the guests and listening in a friendly way for a long time. That was the most important thing, she said, and then when the guy wanted sex, she would retire with him to a small side room and they would do it quickly, because she had to get back to the bar table. Yes, she liked the job and she would earn quite well. I have quite a bit in my account, she said, I'm saving everything for later, maybe for a big apartment, a car or a trip around the world. They sat for a long time, silently going over their thoughts. Then Jo got up and started washing her dishes. Jack stood next to her and washed his. They read for a while longer, then Jo said time for bed. Jack flipped open his little suitcase and searched, searching more and more desperately. Jo asked and he replied dejectedly that he had apparently forgotten to pack pajamas. Jo laughed bright as a bell and said he could sleep naked without worrying, after all she only slept naked.

No sooner said than done. Jo let her negligee slide to the floor and lay naked on the bedspread. Curious, she watched him as he undressed. She clicked her tongue and said he had a cute little one. Jack had turned turkey red long before, and although he tried to cover his cock with one hand, his cock grew to full size the longer he looked at her. She stroked one hand over her hips, her butt, and then over one breast as she looked intently at his hard-on, the red glans, and his hand tightening around the shaft of his penis. She watched him curiously, for now he tried several times to push his foreskin back over the glans, but the glans would not be restrained and immediately peeked out again insolently. But no matter how he pulled and pushed, he was getting hornier and his cock even stiffer, especially

because he was staring unblinkingly at the naked Jo. After a few minutes Jo laughed bright as a bell, his cock was nice, so stiff and that was okay. He must have misheard when she added that he was about to be doctored, that he should come to bed, so he walked with bobbing hard-on to the bed, where he slid under the covers. Jo turned out the light. After a long silence in the darkened room, she reached for him with a sigh, embraced him and gave him a warm hug. The parents will be back soon, she whispered, and Jack shivered with lust as their naked bodies touched. His erection pressed against her bush, which she did not comment on. He said he was just a little homesick, not worth mentioning. He stirred and she pulled him onto her belly, pressing him even more against her and slowly spreading her thighs. Jo knew exactly what she was doing. His glans was touching her cleft, he could feel it very clearly, it was warm, soft, wet and wide open.

After a brief moment she seized his cock and pushed the glans very slowly and firmly along her wet cleft, up and down several dozen times. She teased her clit very specifically with his glans and kept stroking her warm wet crack with his glans. She sighed deeply and deliberately teased her clit with his glans and somehow she knew sooner than he that he was about to squirt. She pressed his glans on her slit and waited motionless. Jack didn't move either, he felt it rising hot in his loins and Jo pressed his glans right into her slit. Jack spurted seconds later, feeling very clearly that his seed was spurting into her vagina in hot, twitching jets. When he was done, she let his glans gyrate on her clit for quite a while before pushing him away with a sigh. Jo held him with one hand, pressing him against her, and he noticed that her body was throbbing as well. His eyes had adjusted to the darkness and he could dimly make out that she was rubbing her pubis quite firmly with her other hand. Yes, he had read that some unchaste women also masturbated, but quite differently than men. At first he was flabbergasted, but then he let his thoughts tumble, for he could see nothing at all. He felt her body glowing and swaying rhythmically, sometimes he heard her breathing louder and sighing softly, his erection pressing throbbing against her jiggling body. His hard-on throbbed like his heart, she held it tightly against her.

Jo stopped masturbating and her wet hand touched his hard-on. She pushed back the foreskin, stroked his glans for a very long time with her wet fingers and made some definite movements. You need it, you want it, she whispered, do it, just do it quietly, I'm doing it! She pressed him energetically against her again and her hand on his cock masturbated him for a few moments. Then she took her hand away and started masturbating again. Jack was torn, but his desire was much stronger than shame. Please squirt on my belly, don't stain the sheet, she whispered, and he nodded. He half straightened and rubbed his cock on her belly. Tentatively at first, then more and more confidently, he masturbated and felt Jo rubbing vigorously as well. Again and again her arm touched his glans, which he obediently pressed against her belly. The closer he got to his climax, the more he was drawn to her cleft, and he squirted on her twitching hand and all over the place, continuing until nothing more came. He lay back down, she was still embracing him and he could feel her rubbing and rubbing without stopping, she wasn't coming to the end yet. She held him with one hand and he experienced firsthand her fierce struggle to climax and it felt very horny. His cock had become stiff again after a short while and he masturbated again. She climaxed slowly, rubbing harder and harder, letting him go as her body tensed in orgasm. As he continued, she rested and he straightened up, feeling the squirting coming. She grabbed his butt and steered him to her belly, grabbing his little sack and stroking it ever so gently. With her other hand she took over masturbating him and Jack almost burst with pleasure because she could do it so well. She let go of the sack and teased his glans, directing it to her vaginal entrance and letting the glans penetrate. The other hand rubbed him furiously, making the semen squirt deep into her vagina. Slowly she milked him further, to the last drop, and pulled the glans out again. He lay down and closed his eyes wearily. He was amazed that she let his semen squirt into her on purpose, but that was probably just due to his inexperience that he didn't understand it right away. Was fine, she whispered, let's sleep now!

The next day everything went like clockwork. He got up quietly, set the alarm clock for 12, made himself a sausage sandwich without coffee and a snack, then looked at the sleeping nude for a long time and carefully covered her up before he left. He didn't say a word to

his buddies and went home in the afternoon. He stuck his head through the door of the Flamingo–Bar and waved to Jo that he was going up. She waved back and he ate his lunch plate, did his homework and indulged in his secret vice. He wiped the semen off with his used underpants, and at some point he fell asleep without extinguishing the bedside lamp. He woke up when Jo came home. Although she tried to be quiet, she made noise locking the apartment door because she was quite drunk. Staggering, she put a handful of bills on the nightstand and quickly undressed, staggered into the shower and took a very long shower. Jack, watching her, got a violent erection. When she got to the bed, again somewhat sobered, she saw his erection and smiled. She sat down smiling at the headboard, spread her legs and played with her labia. Well, come on, she said, and Jack carefully crawled forward, between her legs, and inspected her pubic area up close. It excited him when she dabbed the clit with one finger for a long time and then began to masturbate. He couldn't help it, he masturbated really fast and let the semen splash on her belly. Jo masturbated for a very long time, he got hard again and masturbated a second time. Almost at the same time they orgasmed, he rubbed the semen on her belly, while Jo pressed her hand on her pussy with her face distorted with pleasure. Wordlessly but detached, they lay down and Jo turned out the light.

This was exactly how their first week went. Jo instinctively understood what he needed, left the light on, and he was allowed to watch her masturbate from up close. She also looked at his cock sometimes, but mostly she closed her eyes and let her imagination run wild. The boy had a slender little cock that didn't come close to the big dicks of grown men. And sometimes, watching him masturbate, she would let him fuck her with pleasure in her imagination, with a proper cock, of course. The first time he came much faster than her, bent over and pushed the glans into her vaginal entrance, but fucking he did not dare. He looked down, they masturbated for a few minutes at the same time and he obediently squirted it all in, that's what she had wanted and he didn't stain the sheet. Mostly she finished before him, when he masturbated the second time, then she energetically took over his cock and he grabbed her breasts and nipples with both hands and stroked them very gently. Gasping and moaning, she rubbed the glans on her clit and cleft, prolonging her orgasm. When

she felt that he was about to squirt, she pushed his glans into her vagina and rubbed his cock very quickly. She always made him squirt into her vagina while he stroked her breasts more and more erratically. She seemed to like that very much, because when she had irritated her clit for a longer time with his glans, she regularly felt like masturbating again. Jack teased her breasts and nipples very hard and then it went very fast until she reached her second orgasm.

She had Monday through Wednesday off, as she did every week, and awaited Jack, who came home from school at different times, with a hot lunch. As every day, he studied until evening, did his homework, cleaned the shower and the floor with the vacuum cleaner. Jo praised him and made a tasty dinner, they drank beer and a shot or two before going to bed. Jack asked her what it was like not to go to work. She answered flatly that she didn't get tips or "other money" on those days, but she could heartily do without the handjobs and blowjobs. Three days dick-free, she said with a laugh. Although, she added thoughtfully, sometimes she missed a good fuck, to be honest. Wasn't she afraid of pregnancy, Jack asked, and she said she had a magic coil inside that prevented pregnancy. Jack nodded, although he didn't know what this magic spiral was all about.

He felt a wonderful sweet lightness that might have come from the beer and the two shots. She sat back down at the head of the bed with her thighs spread, but he knelt between her thighs to watch her. While she masturbated as usual, he watched her quite aroused and caressed her breasts. He played with his hard-on, but he didn't masturbate yet. As always, he marveled at her climax, her face contorted with pleasure, and the throbbing and pumping of her vagina. She recovered with her eyes closed and he gently grabbed her by her buttocks, lifting her slightly and pulling her toward him. Jo opened her eyes in wonder and looked into his, she understood immediately. She lay down and willingly opened her thighs, then reached for his cock and guided it to her vagina. For a few seconds they looked into each other's eyes with anticipation, then with a soft wail she pushed his cock resolutely into her vagina. Jack wanted to scream with pleasure, it felt so pleasant. Then he began to fuck, slowly at first, then faster and faster until he was squirting violently. Squirting in her vagina was incomparably nicer than masturbating. Jo hadn't had a boy's

cock since her school days, it was slim, smooth and Jack had been fucking fast like clockwork. She didn't get very aroused during this, it was only when she felt his hot, intermittent squirting inside her that very pleasant, satisfying feelings came. He paused and waited a few minutes until his cock was stiff again, then they fucked a second time. This time Jo masturbated while he fucked her. This time he squirted in the middle of her masturbating, and it took Jo quite a long time for her second time before she orgasmed too. She couldn't get an orgasm while fucking, she said later, she could only when she did it to herself. From now on they fucked every day, sometimes already when he came home from school and definitely when she came home from work. He never asked her if she had to do handjobs or blowjobs that night or if she had to get fucked. She usually told him on her own what she had to do besides work at the counter, but he felt no jealousy. She brought home a lot of money, because more and more men wanted to fuck her, she reported. There were usually more than ten, sometimes 15 or more if there was a bachelor party. But masturbating, that's taboo, I'll only do it with you, my dear Jack! she often said and he believed her. She somehow felt the need to tell him about fucking, it was probably related to exhibitionism. Jack listened and caressed her velvety skin and beautifully rounded, full breasts. She usually made him quite horny with her tales, which she often reported slightly drunk and giggling with all the spicy details, and they had wonderful sex afterwards. On their days off they spent whole afternoons fucking, leaving him little time for vacuuming, cleaning the shower and doing his homework. But fucking was just much, much more important.

Jack was a bright boy, curiously exploring everything, which he did well thanks to good listening. He soon had a much better picture of Jo than his mother had given him. Probably Anni simply had a distrust, suspecting that Jo was not just working behind the counter. In any case, Jack had listened well when Jo told him something frankly. For example, that she had discovered masturbating by herself when she was about 6 or 7 years old and since then she masturbated every day before getting up, feeling light and exhilarated afterwards. And yes, of course she also masturbated now every morning before getting up. And after work anyway, then she slept deeply and dreamlessly. And of course sometimes she had an orgasm while fuck-

ing, if the guy was nice and well built and knew how to fuck a woman. But that happened very rarely. On special evenings, once or twice a year, she also got orgasms when several men came to group fuck, so one right after the other. It was very exciting to be in a room with several naked men and to present herself naked to their horny looks. Most men had to rub themselves stiff first before fucking, watching her fuck made them even hornier. So about the second man she had an orgasm and then again and again, with almost everyone afterwards. When group fucking, her exhibionistic lust came out fully, everyone watched her getting fucked, so she wanted to live out her orgasms openly and uninhibited, that really spurred the men on. They threw a bill on the table if they wanted to fuck again. In the last few months her reputation had spread and she had more men than ever before, but also many orgasms that she hid from the men. Jack, still remembering an earlier version, thought this was the one.

Naturally, he also wanted to learn to masturbate her. The first attempts failed, although she always helped him with instructions. But although he had seen it a dozen times, he did not succeed. He masturbated the clit either too gently or too firmly. Frustrated, he stroked a finger up along the clit starting from the bottom and made the point of the inverted exclamation mark right on the little clit head, and Jo sighed loudly. Now he repeated it several times and Jo was soon sighing and writhing with pleasure. He continued, speeding up, and Jo exploded wonderfully in a violent orgasm. But for some unknown reason, she rarely wanted him to masturbate her. In fucking, he had learned to fuck her - while she masturbated - just very slowly until she was almost ready and then he fucked her hard, in the middle of her orgasm, enjoying very much that her vagina contracted rhythmically tight and pumping around his cock while he squirted deep inside her. Jo said that this way she really enjoyed feeling his cock in her vagina while she was masturbating and feeling his humping and squirting while she was orgasming. As of now, this was the only and proper way of fucking, for both of them.

He asked Jo, in one of her storytelling moments, when she lost her virginity. At 13, she began to tell, her 16–year old stepbrother, who was not her half-brother, had first enticed her to masturbate together and she had to learn to give him a hand job. He was one of the few

who could squirt many times in a row, certainly ten times a day, and since they were often alone at home for whole afternoons, he was happy to let her serve him. Soon she went along with everything, because he could masturbate her very tender and horny. But he was by no means a tender man, he was possessive and brutal. Even before her 13th birthday he fucked and deflowered her, it hurt her, which he did not care at all. Handjobs and masturbation were passé, from then on he fucked her every day as often as he felt like. She gradually began to enjoy being fucked. It ended when her father threw his mother and him out because he was tired of her constant affairs. Her father was not an easy man either, he lost his wife, Jo's mother, in a car accident, remained disabled and became an alcoholic. Jack's father forced him out of the company, gave him a very generous severance package, and in return he waived all further claims. Jo however continued fucking, soon she had all her classmates through and she often skipped school when she could meet someone to fuck. At 16, she fucked her way through all the male relatives and their circles of friends and wisely did not mention Jack's father with a word. At 17 she dropped out of school and went to work in a hotel as a waitress. There she had her prey right in front of her, and the hotel management tolerated it because she was very circumspect and did not attract attention. Her lovers put money in her pocket, more than she received as wages for waitressing. A year later, a friend referred her to the Flamingo–Bar, where she remained to this day. Jack asked her about this girlfriend, Jo became very embarrassed. With reddened ears she told, with her she had a longer lesbian relationship, she learned from her how to lick and be licked. There was nothing more, because she was sure she was into fucking and was not a lesbian, but let it go on until she left the hotel.

Jo went to her gynecologist every month to get tested because she had gotten painful gonorrhea several times and paid more attention to her health than many. While with Jack, she went weekly to get tested; she owed it to him, she said. One night, as Jo was fixing dinner, his eyes fell on the bank statement peeking out from her overturned purse. When she sat down, he pointed his head at the purse and said there was more than eight hundred thousand on there. Annoyed at her carelessness, she put the purse aside, then smiled at him, for he was not to blame for her oversight. She said that she had

put it aside for later, perhaps for a nicer, bigger apartment, a car, or 37 world travels. They both laughed, because no one in their right mind took 37 world trips! He said, laughing, that it would probably be more sensible to take a trip around the world and buy an apartment with a garage for 37 cars. He sketched in the air with his fingers a trip around the world and a small house with a huge garage the entire length of the tabletop, and they both shrieked with delight and slapped their thighs laughing and snorting, 37 cars! – yes, they really had a good time together.

That evening, before his parents returned home, they fucked and humped and fucked all night and all morning before showering together and packing his things. Jo put on her most seductive dress, which accentuated her breasts with low-cut cleavage. At the apartment door, they hugged and kissed each other fondly goodbye before heading out. The parents beamed tanned and hugged him and Jo probably a dozen times with reunion joy. Anni whispered in his ear as she hugged him that everything was wonderful and winked at him conspiratorially. They drank coffee together and ate the Australian cake they had brought with them, Jo answering their curious questions with a smile and quite in the spirit of the inventor. Not a word about who had slept where, drank booze and screwed. Jo smiled finely as she apologized for Jack getting into the habit of drinking coffee with her, not knowing that he wasn't used to it. Anni looked irritatedly at Jack's coffee cup and then inquiringly at Jo. She nudged the father, who stared over the rim of his cup at Jo's expansive cleavage. The father pulled himself together and muttered, three months with the camper van across Australia, that had something!

# A theory is proven

Jack was honestly pleased with the new zest in his parents' love life, for they were again cheerful and affectionate toward each other. At night, when he indulged in his secret vice, he often heard his father's gasps and the lustful moans and groans of Anni, who sometimes let out a tiny little cry at the end. Some afternoons he would hear her moaning and sighing for an hour, one time after another, even though his father was at work, and he had to interrupt his studying due to vice. Once she came into his room unexpectedly, completely naked, and stopped under the door frame. With feverishly shining eyes she watched him masturbate until he had finished squirting. Only now he opened his eyes and noticed her stunned, but she smiled and nodded at him with an understanding look full of love and quietly left. Shortly after, he heard her sighing and moaning in the bedroom next door, all afternoon. In the evening, at dinner, she was distracted and agitated, leaving the dishes and dragging her baffled father to the bedroom, full of impatience. He heard the two of them humping wildly through the paper-thin wall, father panting and mother panting and moaning without end, without her final cry. Dad's panting soon turned into regular, soft snoring, and after a while Anni was moaning and groaning again, apparently having to start over and over. Only around midnight did her panting turn into heavy panting, then a tiny, half-suppressed scream. Now Jack could also stop his co-masturbating and immediately fell asleep.

Another day, he skipped school and went to Jo's at lunchtime. He visited Jo frequently on her days off, until graduation. He was completely exhausted and sore penis. Jo kissed his wounds and gave him a tender and gentle blowjob, because nothing else was an option. He told her that he had been masturbating for about 10 hours, together with his mother and separated only by a thin paper wall. Jo's eyes teared up and he had to report everything in great detail and with all the juicy details. Above all, she wanted to hear everything he had seen of Anni's nakedness two or three times. That afternoon they laughed more than they had in a long time. Jo was very curious and when she asked him about his parents' love life, she wondered aloud

how old they were. Jack thought, that Anni was 34 or 35, the father would be 50 in the summer and there would be a big party to which Jo would surely be invited. Jo laughed and said it was nice that the Australian vacation had saved their sex life. Anni was, after all, a young woman and it was nice that she could enjoy masturbating happily and in a relaxed way and that his parents were having sex with each other again as they had when they were young. Jack nodded in the affirmative, for he had hardly heard anything from the master bedroom before this vacation.

Then in the summer there was the birthday party for their father, Jo was of course invited and many gawked at her slim body and well-filled cleavage. She was very elegant and ladylike and nothing indicated how she earned her money. His mother watched eagle-eyed over Jack and Jo's every move — she might be naive, but she wasn't stupid. It wasn't until after the party, during the highly embarrassing interrogation on the farthest stone bench in the garden, that he confessed everything about Jo to Anni and asked her not to tell father, Jo was after all father's niece (not cousin) and he would only get unnecessarily upset.

Anni was wearing a colorful summer dress, only panties underneath, no bra. He looked at Anni covetously for the first time and unashamedly glanced at her panties under her skirt as they sat down. Jo had thoroughly changed his way of looking, his view of women's bodies had completely changed. He had never paid attention to his mother's body until now, she dressed like a gray house mouse, unobtrusive and well-behaved. But today she wore a strikingly pretty, thin summer dress that drew men's eyes. He couldn't help but look covetously at her pretty figure, which showed under the thin fabric. It emanated from her that they sat so close together and Jack consciously felt her body with his for the first time. She listened intently, leaning her head on his shoulder and curiously placing a hand, as if they were so familiar, on his thin summer pants. Yes, right there, as if she were familiar with his cock. He could see into her cleavage from above. He saw her breasts up close for the first time and stared steadfastly at them. The breasts were much smaller than Jo's and were not as firm either. During the course of their intimate conversation, he saw very clearly how the small teats became stiff and firm.

They trembled ever so slightly when he recounted sexual details. He suspected that this was a sign of sexual arousal. He hoped that Anni did not notice his staring. Of course she had noticed, but it was a small price to pay for his honest confession.

Anni persistently elicited all the details from him, for she had long had her suspicions, and Jack was honest and reported everything in detail. She was visibly uncomfortable that he had been let in on the secrets of love during their Australian vacation and had been Jo's lover ever since. But the more secrets Jack revealed, the more her indignation evaporated, and in the end she thought it was good for her fifteen-year-old to experience first love with this presumably very experienced young woman.

Anni realized belatedly that she had inadvertently let her hand rest on his pants. It was his erection that she felt under her hand and also that Jack had put his hand in his pants pocket and had been secretly rubbing his cock for quite a while. She asked him for more details and carefully slid her hand away, away from his erection and left it at the hem of his shorts. She listened intently to him and noticed that his erection continued to grow and the tip of his glans had come out from under the waistband of his pants and was touching the heel of her hand. She pretended not to notice and inconspicuously covered the naked glans with her hand. She did not want to interrupt his narrative at all and tried to hide the indecency. As clearly as if she saw it, she felt his glans on the ball of her hand, felt the rubbing movements on the shaft and also the wet little hole. She pretended not to notice that he was rubbing and grinding his glans against the ball of her hand. She should be outraged, but she clung to his lips and just let the indecency happen. She continued to listen to him, but when she felt his cock twitch and the little hole spurt throbbing wet, she took her hand away completely. She turned to the side, away from him, and looked at the distant flowerbed. She pressed the semen-wet heel of her hand on her pubic, not letting him notice how agitated and excited she was.

My God, did he just squirt?! She had just wiped his semen from her palm, of course he was squirting. After all, she had watched him getting more and more excited as he told her, and felt his cock get-

ting erect. It might also be that he felt a little more at ease with her after she had watched him masturbate a few days ago. She had stayed until the end, leaving only after he had squirted. Now he was highly aroused by his erotic confession. Of course, she had noticed that he was rubbing his fist in his pants pocket, deliberately sticking his glans under the waistband. Right under the ball of her hand. He was rhythmically grinding his glans against her palm, telling and telling. It was a kind of vote of confidence that he was satisfying himself next to her. The moment he squirted, all courage left her and she pulled her hand away cowardly. Even though she turned her back to him and looked away ashamed, she knew that he was squirting now and had to hide his semen somehow. She closed her eyes and told herself that it couldn't be, shouldn't be!

In the same instant, after she had taken her hand away and turned away, Jack clasped his glans in his fist in the pocket of his pants, squirting and pressing his seed into the soft fabric. After a few moments he asked what she had asked, for he had overheard. She repeated it and slowly turned to him. No, it just couldn't be that he had just cum! It simply could not be! Continuing, she put her hand back on his pants, on his fist in his pants pocket. Groping through the thin fabric, she assured herself that his erection was gone, shaft and glans innocently soft. She must have been mistaken, he would never dare to squirt sitting next to her! She deliberately placed her hand on his cock and continued to question him curiously.

He was honest and answered all her questions, only leaving out fucking when asked about Jo's work. Anni was pleased and saw the whole thing in a cheesy-romantic light. Jack would have been very surprised if he could have read her mind while she smiled and followed his narrative. Sometimes she closed her eyes and felt his cock through the thin summer pants.

He didn't mention the sounds from his parents' bedroom with a word, but she said after a pause that she could sometimes hear him doing .... something very private and assumed he could hear his parents, too. Tough question! Jack kept his eyes down and nodded. So, she said, you're already a big boy, almost a man, and surely understand that the Australian vacation brought your father and me back

together and that it was perfectly natural for parents to sleep together. Jack nodded in affirmation, still gazing into her cleavage with lowered eyes. The nipples trembled ever so slightly as she groped and felt his cock quite openly.

Anni thought, put a hand on his arm, forcing him to look directly at her. She asked: and – that.... um, my private, you hear that too? He looked at her with a ravenous gaze and nodded weakly. She turned a furry red in the face all the way down to her cleavage and to her breasts, which Jack had been able to see all along because she was leaning forward. Her voice almost failed when she explained to him that she was not cheating on father with it when she had a strong arousal and was doing it secretly herself. Other, more stupid women get a lover, but she does not do that, she does not want to cheat on his father. This long internalized lie beaded easily and automatically over her lips. True, the father would be disappointed in her if she told him, because the father thinks about the private things very differently, very disapprovingly. But if .... Jack interrupted her and said he had no reason to say anything to Father. Private is private, isn't it? They looked at each other and he said it was nothing he would talk to Father about, word of honor! He thought for a moment, then he said that it was quite normal for him that they slept together, on the contrary, he was glad that they were doing it again. And as for the very private thing, he swallowed and thought for a moment, all his girl acquaintances do it, it is quite normal and quite natural. He had witnessed it with them a thousand times and found nothing wrong with it, he lied, because Jo was his first and only. He said that when a girl is aroused and not satisfied, it is natural for her to do it to herself if her husband can't do it to her. Very directly he added, father is now 50, should you renounce your arousal if he can't always now!?

He was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his words. She held his cock very gently and nodded in agreement. No, he said, "I think it's natural for you to have the arousal. Somehow it bothered him that they didn't call things by their proper names. Remember when you caught me masturbating a few days ago? I noticed right away that it excited you a lot that you dragged father into the bedroom - they both had to laugh - and then, when father fell asleep

tired, you masturbated until midnight? So for me that was quite understandable, absolutely normal and right! There you have nothing to reproach yourself! I only felt sorry for you because you didn't succeed for so long that night, because you had to torture yourself for so long." She was silent and looked down. She had long since taken her hand from his pants and now pressed it protectively on her shame. Jack was fascinated by the sight of her small breasts and the quivering of her stiff nipples.

What are we going to do now, she asked, maybe we'd better insulate the wall? He immediately objected. Then we would have to justify and confess everything to father, that would not be good at all! He stopped and thought hard. No, he said, no matter how we turn it around, the smartest thing is to leave everything as it is. We want to leave Father alone, that's important to both of us. And besides... he thought for a moment, trying to think of the best way to put it. Besides, we are a close-knit, loving family after all, in all ways, or we wouldn't be having this conversation. You hear me through the wall, but what do you hear? Your son is doing good for himself. I hear you when you're doing something good for yourself, and I love you in those moments just as much as I usually do. That it makes us horny is nothing bad, it's quite normal and natural. And, he continued, I would be sad and have a very bad conscience if we stopped doing something good for ourselves, if we gave up something natural or somehow limited ourselves, just because of this stupid partition wall. I would feel bad if that was the result of this conversation. He broke off and was silent.

She grabbed his hand and said he had grown up, mature and serious. Embarrassed, Jack picked up his coffee cup and took a sip. He had the impression that she saw everything a little differently now and smiled with understanding as she stroked his mop of hair mildly and lovingly with her hand. They both drank and were silent for a long time. He rose and sat down opposite her. He stretched his legs between hers so that she had to open them. It affected him that a few days ago she had stood naked under the doorframe watching him masturbate — it created an inexplicable familiarity between them. He looked unashamedly and hornily up her skirt at her thighs all the way up to her panties. He looked directly into her eyes and she immedi-

ately looked away. If he wanted to look, then he should watch, in God's name! She was not squeamish and let him look.

He had a theory, Jack said, and wanted to check it out. She waited curiously, glad that they had concluded this very private subject. He looked directly at her and asked when she had actually started masturbating? She blushed again with embarrassment, from her face to her cleavage to her breasts, but she could tell he was serious. Well, she said quietly, sometime about 12 years ago, before we went to Australia. He prodded if she hadn't been doing it since she was a teenager, but she shook her head. No, she said, in my youth I had no idea about sexuality, I was with a boy for a while, then I met your father right after that. The only two I ever fuc.... with. Had sex, she lied. Of course she lied, because it was only those two she was thinking about and she honestly wanted to believe that it was only those two. As if absently, she reached for the hem of her panties, pushed them aside, and Jack caught a long, deep glimpse of her cleft. She dabbed thoughtlessly at the labia for a while as she thought hard. Sighing deeply, her hand spread the cleft a little as she dipped a fingertip into the vaginal entrance before continuing. She became aware of it, withdrew the finger, and now he supposed he could see her hole. I see it, I see it very clearly, he cheered inwardly. If he wanted to look, let him, but I can't show him the finger fucking! "And the private, uh, masturbation came only when father and I were making love very rarely and I didn't know where to put my excitement." It was hard for her to think of something spontaneous, but Jack stared at her cleft, fascinated. So, eleven or twelve years ago, she continued her web of lies. You know the rest, Australia reawakened our lust..... She fell silent after Jack nodded affirmatively. He repeated whether she had not known masturbation at all when she was young and had started very late, as an adult and a mother. She sighed deeply, yes. He pulled himself together, took another intense look at her little hole and beamed at her.

Now to my theory, Jack said, how exactly do you do it, technically speaking? Anni withdrew her hand from her shame and looked protesting, for in a flash her sinful fantasies of masturbating, where she produced herself lustfully and obscenely in front of Jack, surfaced in her mind. Jack noticed her dismissive reaction and said he

had thought long and hard about why she often took so terribly long to climax. Following a spontaneous inspiration, he placed his outstretched index- and middle fingers parallel to each other on the table and said the fingers were the labia, left and right, the gap between the fingers was the vaginal entrance. Anni looked at him with wide eyes, thinking where she could escape to in this embarrassing situation. But Jack remained quite serious and grabbed her hand, guiding it to his fingers. Come on, show me, he said with finality, please! She was terribly embarrassed, then hesitantly slid her index- and middle fingers into the theoretical vaginal entrance. She leaned forward, Jack looking fascinated at the slight quivering of her nipples. Tentatively, embarrassed, she slid her fingers in and out. Understood, Jack said, gently enclosing her hand in tenderness. And you're not doing anything else? he asked, and she shook her head in denial.

May I show you something that will make it easier for you, he said, not waiting for an answer. He put the two fingers on the table again and pointed with the other hand to the place where the gap between the fingers began. There, he said, there is very small and inconspicuous, the clitoris. She just looked as he repeated, vaginal entrance, clitoris. She shrugged, yes, maybe? Jack moistened the tip of his other index finger with saliva and said, moisture is very important. Then he let his index finger rotate on the invisible clit, stroking, and jerking back and forth. In between, the diligent index finger dipped into the invisible vaginal entrance, and he repeated, keep moistening and let the index finger keep masturbating diligently. Okay, he asked, but Anni showed no reaction. Jack said that was much faster than humping herself with two fingers, it took way too long. She whispered, she understood that, thank you for explaining that to me! The ... She rarely touched her clitoris after bathing because it was a very sensitive area and she had always thought it might be an abnormal part of her sex. A thought flashed in her mind. Surely this was the sensitive abnormality that the girls had licked so delightfully at the orgy on the Graduation trip.....? Jack was very sorry that after a while her cleft closed and the panties covered everything again. They drank more coffee in silence, then went into the house.

After dinner they watched the news on TV and went to sleep. He was very satisfied and happy when he heard his parents fucking and

his mother panting loudly and letting her little cry be heard before his father finished. It was all right, she had understood his arguments and did not hold back. Did it just seem that way to him, or had she deliberately gasped, moaned, panted and let out that little cry louder than usual? In any case, he was pleased, because her beautiful orgasm was certainly good for his father's self-esteem.

# Together ahead

Anni came home from work in the early afternoon, as usual, and stayed in the bedroom. He heard nothing for days, though he listened quite expectantly. On the second or third day, however, he abruptly heard small, sharp cries through the partition wall and then a loud, satisfied, drawn-out moan. He was still masturbating when his door opened quietly and Anni came in totally naked. He spurted high into the air at the same moment he saw her standing next to his bed. He looked at her nakedness in depth, just as she looked magically fascinated at his club, from which his semen was gushing in bursts onto his rubbing hand. Although slender, she had broadly flared hips, her buttocks forming a well-rounded curve, as did her mons veneris. Her breasts were already a bit floppy and drooping, she had a very small golden bush above her shaved pubic fold. Her outer labia were wet and the flesh between them all swollen red from masturbation. Suddenly she noticed his eyes and for a moment covered her breasts and pubic area with her hands. She watched his slow masturbation with shining eyes until he had rubbed out the last drop.

When he was done, she stepped very close to him on the bed and stretched her pussy forward, spreading her labia apart with her fingers. With a vague expression of shame, embarrassment and triumph in her eyes, she said, it worked, it worked very well! She pointed a finger at the red clit, which he looked at up close. She said, look, look how I can do it! and very briefly rubbed her clit to show him that she was doing it right. Unlike Jo's clit, which was at least as big as a finger limb, Anni's clit was tiny and almost disappeared into the surrounding flesh. He pushed aside the full flesh covering the clit and felt for the tiny little clit. It could have been mistaken for a larger wart now that it was stiff and erect. It was barely half the size of a fingernail. He palpated the tiny little clit for a few moments with semen wet fingers, it was stiff, round and warm. Very gently he rubbed her clit, his semen on his fingers was enough lubricant and she began to tremble. He had masturbated the clit for a few moments and the clit grew, became quite stiff and pointed and he could grasp and rub it

with a finger. She trembled incessantly and looked at him steadily. He nodded encouragingly at her, in the sense of yes, that was the way to do it.

She must have completely misinterpreted his affirmative nod and taken it as a commanding request, for she looked at him for a moment, shame-filled, fearful and chastely questioning. A cold gust of wind touched her soul, no, he could not ask that! She couldn't masturbate in front of him after all, although she had done it shamelessly and hornily in front of her admirers earlier. She felt his greedy rubbing of the clit and her own trembling. His firm gaze, and how he smiled at her! Her soul fluttered like a caged bird, surely he can't ask me to do that! He is forcing his will upon me, she thought, full of fear and shame, he wants it, he wants it badly! She thought he wanted his will and her submission. Suddenly she gave in to his will, gave up all shame and restraint. So be it! Jack experienced what he never expected.

She spread her labia wide with her fingers, pressing firmly on the surrounding flesh to expose the clit completely. The little one came out of its recess and stood out half an inch, ready to be masturbated. Voluptuous and full of unchaste thoughts, she resolutely bent her torso backward as she quickly began to masturbate with one finger. He bent over so that he could look quite deeply into her oval shaped vagina. She felt somehow humiliated, her son had imposed his will on her and demanded to humiliate herself. She felt it was shameless, unchaste and obscene to masturbate in front of him despite her deeply hurt sense of shame and humiliated degradation. At the same time, it excited her to have Jack touch her cunt and caress her labia. She masturbated for more than a quarter of an hour, moaning, gasping and trembling all over her body until she shuddered violently in orgasm and went down on her knees jerking and shaking choppily. She remained squatting on her heels and had both hands slapped shame-filled in front of her face, the petty bourgeois morality trampling on her soul. She disappeared again as quickly as she had come. A while later he heard her sharp, soft sounds again, ending in a rich, comfortable sighing moan. Jack and she were now masturbating together and simultaneously, hearing the other only through the thin partition. Sometimes she would emerge completely unexpectedly and

stop naked under the doorframe to watch his masturbation and squirting.

Jo asked him out after the birthday party, of course, and when he finished recounting the conversation with his mother, she hugged him tightly and said how proud she was of his cleverness. He had to recount Anni's masturbation three times. He told how he had secretly rubbed in his pants, that Anni had not noticed anything and had only taken her hand away when he squirted. Jo got so excited that she had to fuck him immediately. That Anni had let him see her cleft and finger fucking briefly, he concealed.

Once he discovered his naked mother standing in the doorway and he let her watch him masturbate and squirt, and she had gone back into the bedroom, he lay there for a few minutes recovering until he heard her. He entered her bedroom quietly, and she was lying on the bed with her legs bent, masturbating. When she spotted him, she quickly covered her pubic with the flat of her hand and watched him anxiously as he came naked closer, joined her on the bed, and sat down between her legs. Of course she was anxious, he began to masturbate, the glans just inches from her pubic area. He smiled at her and said they should do it together. It took long moments before she dared to masturbate too. He came very quickly and squirted on her pubic cleft, watching her masturbate and orgasm. He did it again and soon she got used to masturbating together.

After a few days, he slid forward even further, pushed his glans entirely into her vaginal entrance and masturbated. Here, too, she pretended to be ashamed at first, although she didn't have to fear pregnancy since the tubal ligation. He knew about it, he had overheard a phone call once — the doctor had advised it because a second pregnancy could kill her. He already knew from Jo to masturbate with the glans in the vagina and squirting inside was so much more pleasurable. Once he was very aroused just before squirting and his cock unintentionally slipped in deep as he squirted. She nodded affirmatively and said that she thought it was gross to be squirted on. From then on, he put his cock as deep as he could into her vagina before squirting. From the beginning she felt responsible for his getting hard after she got used to the new situation. Completely naturally,

she took his cock in her mouth, licking and rubbing until he was stiff, something Jo never did with him. The first time he squirted in her mouth, he was startled. He spoke to her about it, but she just said gobbledegook, that it was a just part of it, his father liked it very much and she had finally done it in her school days too, but she didn't want to talk about it now. So it happened that sometimes she licked him with a mischievous smile until he squirted and sucked up his semen to the last drop. Jack enjoyed it very much, because she could do that very well. In his recovery breaks, he liked to grab her clit and make her have nice orgasms. She enjoyed that very much, closed her eyes and let herself fall happily, sighing and moaning, kneading her breasts and teasing her nipples. In the months that followed, they masturbated together as often as they could, his work stopped and made no progress.

Jo had a phone installed so he could call in- or cancel if he couldn't get away from Mother's bedroom. He had to tell her everything in great detail, of course, and of course she wasn't jealous. She often brought up the fact that he would certainly have liked to screw his mother, but he always denied it; that was a threshold they couldn't cross. Jo laughed brightly and said she didn't trust theory, but practice. Jack loved Jo with all his heart and visited her as often as he could.

Jo was understanding when he fell in love several times while studying and always asked him to tell in detail about fucking the female students. Most one-time-stands he consummated with condoms, mainly because he didn't want STDs and offspring. Jo was just terribly curious and never jealous, since Jack visited her as often as he could. One flirtation even lasted several weeks; he fucked like a maniac with the national champion floor gymnast. She had a surprisingly large clitoris and said that it was from her supplements, steroids and hormones. She only let him masturbate her with his hand at first and returned the favor with half-hearted handjobs until later, when she was ready to conceive, she willingly let him fuck her. Jack's cock had also grown properly and was now getting really thick when he erected, giving his gymnast wonderful orgasms. But after weeks she discovered his double life with Jo and broke up with him.

He visited Jo frequently on her days off, until the end of college. Jack continued to work as a tutor at the university while he wrote his doctoral dissertation and fucked the odd student. Afterwards he had to tell his ever-curious Jo every adventure in every detail, she listened to him with growing horniness.

But dark clouds appeared on the horizon.

# Betrayal and Traitor

His father, who usually fucked his mother three or four times a week, was increasingly staying late at the office because it was getting very late, but he always called so she wouldn't worry. Jack often stayed in her bed in the afternoon and then all night, they made nice, and she enjoyed having so many orgasms. She once said it was as if she had to make up for all the lusts she had missed, the years without real orgasms. Jack kept hearing Jo's words in his ears that he would eventually fuck her. But he remained steadfast, although to squirt he now always penetrated her very deeply and awaited the squirting motionless. She always interrupted then to await the squirting with a happy smile. They both waited a few seconds motionless, then he exploded and squirted intermittently in her vagina. She said that she loved it very much. It was a beautiful and bonding feeling for them both to fall asleep and wake up next to each other. Once when he came home after a night at Jo's, he found Anni crying on the bed. He asked in a whisper what was wrong, and she howled in tears, unable to get a word out. He quickly undressed and lay down with her, hugged her for a long time and stroked her hair and head. After a long time she calmed down and told everything.

Some days ago, someone from the office had slyly told her on the phone that her husband was having an affair with one of the young doctor girls at work. No, no doubt about it. He went out with her every day, they left in his car at four on the dot and would come to work together in the morning. No, there would be no mistake, the director, the doctor girl from a research department, his car, all night. The false snake feigned sympathy, but she thought the Mrs. Director knew about it. She took a cab to the vicinity of the factory in the afternoon and waited, tense to tears. Shortly after four, her husband (she didn't say father, as usual) actually came out of the company with a young, pretty woman; they went to the parking lot, to his car. His hand possessively on her round wiggly ass.

Jack stroked her to soothe her, and she drove away sad, but no longer crying. That morning he came, as he did every week, to change his laundry for the coming week. Usually he then fucked her

quickly and hastily before leaving for work. She greeted him without a kiss this time and they ate breakfast silently. She went wordlessly into the living room and undressed, he came over and she let him fuck her silently. She was sad because it was going to be her last time. The first time she masturbated while fucking, he stared with discomfort, eyes wide open at her unchaste actions and she denied him her orgasm while fucking. He looked at her masturbating and squirted miserably, as he never had before. When he finished squirting, she continued to masturbate smiling as he slid uncomfortably back and forth under her thighs. He was to witness for the first and last time her new private pleasure, the pleasure of a cuckolded, sex-crazed slut. After her orgasm she sat up.

He didn't look at her as she told of her cab ride to the company and up to the girl's house. Then he too cried and lied that it had come completely unexpectedly, like a bolt of lightning, that he was very, very sorry. After a while she asked if the new girl was better in bed, but he dodged like a kicked dog and mumbled that she was different, she was just wonderful. It wasn't just the sex, he said, but they both knew he was lying cowardly. They were silent, then she brought him the prepared travel bag with the fresh laundry and told him not to come back. Wishing him all the best for the rest of his life, she turned and went upstairs, to the bedroom, to weep bitterly. And here I am, she cried anew, and I don't know what to do next!

Jack didn't want her to cry, kissed her and stroked her hair and head, took her face in both hands and kissed her again and again. He said he didn't understand father, but he, Jack, was there for her, always. He stroked her all over her body, never missing a spot, and her crying finally subsided. Only after a long caress did his hand approach her bush, stroking it very tenderly. As if absently, she spread and bent her legs, as she always did when they masturbated together. He knelt between her legs as usual, his erect cock proudly thrust forward. He was ready to insert the glans into her vagina when he heard her soft whisper. "Come," she whispered, "come inside me! Come, do me, fuck me!" and covered her eyes shamefully with her forearm. Jack slowly and carefully penetrated her vagina and they fucked for the first time. Although Jack knew (she had told him once) that his cock was bigger and thicker than his father's, he was still surprised at

how quickly her arousal came, the short moans and the rich sound of her orgasm. He kept going, holding off until she was shaking with arousal again and her small, soft cries announced the orgasm. He squirted like he was out of his mind while she was still reeling from the orgasm. Afterwards, they lay quietly, holding hands next to each other, indulging their thoughts. “I knowingly cheated on your father for the first time, and I’m glad it was with you!” she whispered and smiled. Jack resolved to pursue the subject of unknowingly cheating later.

They stayed in bed until morning and fucked as often as he could. During his rest breaks he masturbated her and then they continued fucking like two young lovers. After a few hours of sleep, she wanted to get up and make breakfast, but he held her back. My morning wood, he whispered and she came back to bed to fuck his morning wood away. Then she went downstairs to fix breakfast. He heard her happily humming a song and also went downstairs to call Jo. He pretended to set up the next meeting, since Anni could overhear everything he said. Jo asked what was really going on, he murmured into the receiver that she was right. Long silence, then Jo asked, “you fucked her?” And he said yes, and reported briefly and succinctly, his father had moved out and his parents were separating. Jo was silent, then she wanted him to tell her everything, but he said to speak at his next visit and hung up. I kicked him out, Anni said, and we’ll stay separated for now. But whether we will get divorced, I still don’t know today. She had made a big breakfast, as usual only on Sunday, with egg dish and tomatoes. When they were done, Jack asked if she wanted the house to herself, she would be free and could meet men, the lovers …. She interrupted him, no, she didn’t want that! She had not given up on father yet, with a lover she would seal it for good. No, we’ll stay together, and…. She fell silent, then came a postscript: If you want me, I will have no man but you! Jack nodded happily, then her face darkened: And Jo? She looked at him from the side. Can you with us both….? And without hesitation he said, yes! But, do you have to tell her? she asked doubtfully, and he said, of course he had to, but he was quite, quite sure that Jo would agree. He could solve the problem of managing his time.

# Ménage-à-trois

They continued to sit in silence at the kitchen table, then they got up, still holding hands, and after a quick look, they rushed up to the bedroom, laughing and giggling, and tore off their clothes. They fucked and masturbated until lunch and then continued right after. The mother had called in sick at work, thank God no one asked what she had, because she couldn't say well, a new lover! After a day of relentless sex, they calmed down. She went back to work in the mornings, because the accounts were left when she was not working. She called her father to see how he was doing, not forgetting to mention that he should send her money every month for her support and for Jack. Jack resumed his doctoral work, but found it very difficult to get back into the material. He stayed over at Jo's twice a week and called Anni every night, so their ménage-à-trois developed excellently.

Multiple times Anni invited Jo to afternoon coffee and Jack was very happy about these hours together in the garden, where very soon a family bond was formed. They trusted each other, all three of them, and they also talked about sexual topics completely freely. Once Jo brought up the subject of threesomes, but Anni couldn't even imagine it, she was too much of a child of yesterday. Jo explained what happened in a threesome, but Anni shook her head when Jo described in great detail what the women did together in a threesome. She couldn't imagine doing it with a woman at all, she lied. Jack helpfully jumped in and assured her it was only a theoretical question, the thought had never occurred to him. Jo smiled, because she had discussed it with him over and over, but he had told her it would have to happen with one of his female students sometime, if ever, but never with his mother, never! Jack wasn't clear why Jo brought it up, did she want a lesbian fling? She had never had it with a woman, Jo kept assuring him, forgetting about her lesbian relationship with the hotel maid, threesomes were all the rage these days, everyone was talking about it. He went to the university several times a week to give his tutorial. Jo gave him the most powerful

Texas Instruments calculator for his 22nd birthday, which helped him a lot in his work *(PCs were not invented then)*.

Their ménage lasted more than two years. It was very satisfying for all three of them, and one day when the afternoon coffee lasted into the night and they had long since switched from coffee to wine, Jo spent the night with them and he slept with both women alternately in the big bed. Initially, Anni was uncomfortable and embarrassed when Jack mounted her and Jo caressed her body all over. When Jack had cum, Jo continued to stroke Anni very skillfully and teased her labia and clit for a long time. She enjoyed it very much and began to gasp and moan in delightful arousal as Jo masturbated her, but orgasming she didn't want and held Jo's hand tightly before letting Jo continue and stopping very short of orgasming again. After the fourth time, she pushed Jo's hand aside again and continued masturbating herself for a few minutes, coming to a screaming orgasm trembling and slapping both hands in front of her face.

Whining and incoherent, she stammered that Jo might not be angry with her, but she had had to do it herself from arousal and horniness, and she had never let a woman touch her before and didn't dare let herself fall. Anni was a very convincing actress and always believed her own lies, they quickly became conviction and then truth. Jo caressed and kissed her and murmured soothing words until she stopped crying. It was still a wonderful night, repeated more often at Jo's instigation. Jo managed with patience and persistence to seduce Anni after all. She very anxiously allowed Jo to masturbate her to orgasm. Later she also masturbated Jo and after some time Jo wanted to lick her. After briefly feigning shame, she opened her thighs very wide, willingly pushed her chnt towards Jo and Jo licked her to the best orgasm of the year. She tugged and tore at her breasts with loud moans, so aroused was she, fantasizing herself back to the Graduation orgy. Jack very much enjoyed fucking the licker doggystyle and watching the licked one orgasm, for Anni had learned it quickly and he could observe that Jo very much enjoyed being licked by Anni to orgasm. He was very grateful to Jo that she had arranged everything so straightforwardly and considerately. He sometimes licked Anni after they had fucked, giving her many nice climaxes. When he asked her once, she said the orgasms were the same whether licking, mas-

turbating or fucking, only the experience before was completely different.

# Coma, Affair and Charitable Work

The news that his father had been taken to the hospital hit like a bombshell. Immediately, Jack and the mother drove to the hospital, where they learned that he had suffered a severe, very serious stroke and was still being kept artificially in a coma. They stayed with the father and all of a sudden his mistress came to inquire. Thanks to Mother's inimitable interrogation methods, the full story came out. The mistress had made a fine dinner, the father gave a proper toast to the wine, and then they went to bed. It was all as usual, perfectly normal, but this time the father had collapsed on top of her after his orgasm. She immediately called the rescue, dressed him and herself, and the emergency doctor took them both to the hospital, where the father was first treated. They visited him daily, rather rarely meeting his mistress, who was completely distraught. She gradually stayed away completely and called his mother only once. She was at the end of her training and would not be able to take care of him, she would soon start a job abroad and so on. The mother ended the conversation and was quite upset. Her love can't be that far gone, she scolded, if things get tight, she'll be gone in no time! Jack consulted with her on how they could do it, the solution was simple. They would put a bed in the living room for him, he could sit in front of the TV or listen to the radio or music during the day. Anni couldn't give up her job, so on a case-by-case basis the father would be alone for a few hours, otherwise she or Jack or both would be there if he needed anything. After all, he was her husband and his father for a long time. They never, ever wanted to think about his stupid affair again. Jack phoned with his father's company to hear that things were going.

The day father was discharged, his doctor asked them into her room and gave them lots of instructions, advice for everyday life, and once again described his condition. He would spend his life in a wheelchair, he would probably never be able to speak again. The examinations showed that he had not suffered any cognitive damage, but he could not speak. So you had to ask him if he needed this or that and he could signal very well with his eyes what he wanted. So for example, she said, you could ask if he wanted tea or coffee, and he

could signal well which one he wanted. Then she recommended some more reading, a support group in town, and gave them a brochure on home care. Then they went home, and an ambulance took him home, including his wheelchair.

The care went unspectacularly, just as they had discussed. One afternoon it rang, Anni dressed quickly, it was the mistress. She brought his things in a travel bag and asked if she could say goodbye. The cab was waiting with the engine running, the mistress stopped a few moments in front of the wheelchair and said, Goodbye, my love! and quickly left, goodbye! Jack helped his mother get the father out-of-bed-in the morning and get dressed, likewise then in the evening. They took turns feeding each other, Jack regularly emptying the pot that was built into the chair and rinsing it out. In the evening, while undressing and putting on the nightgown, the mother paid no attention to the father's erection. Afterwards, as they sat at the table, she asked Jack what he thought of the matter. The thing about the father's erection. He thought for a moment, then said his penis and imagination were apparently intact. She had three choices, ignore, handjob or ride him. She was violently flushed, then asked what she should do now. Ignoring is barbaric, Jack said, and I know you never, or very reluctantly, do handjobs. If I were you, I'd fuck him, I'm sure he'd get a kick out of it, and he doesn't get much pleasure these days. She just thought for a long moment, then asked, will you help me?

They went into the living room and lowered the blinds. Then they put his father in a comfortable position, she slipped an extra pillow under his head so he could see everything. She pushed up his nightgown and touched his cock, stroking it until he became erect. "Now let's fuck, do you like it?" she asked, seeing a glint in his eyes, desperately trying to say YES! While his mother stripped off the dress, Jack went into the kitchen and sat down at mother's place, from there he could see directly into the living room without his father seeing him. She had stripped completely naked and was moving back and forth a little provocatively, Dad's cock swelled and after a moment stood bolt upright. Jack guessed she was right when she said once that father's cock was smaller, much smaller. She climbed into bed, over him, and slowly inserted his cock. She asked, fast? slow? Yes, slowly? Apparently that was the choice, she rode very slowly and began to mastur-

bate at the same time. She rode very slowly and for a very long time, then she stopped, apparently he squirted. Then she continued masturbating and finished with a loud, jerking orgasm. Jack helped her put her father again to bed. She covered him, turned out the light, and came back into the kitchen, naked, clothes in hand. She would take a shower and then go to bed, would he come too?

Before they fucked, he asked if it had been good? He said he enjoyed watching, it was very horny and arousing to watch them fuck. She said at first she didn't find it arousing, but then she saw the flash in his eyes and felt that he had a good orgasm and had squirted quite hard like before. She laughed that his beloved body part was the only one that still worked. Jack added, some fingers too, he could push the remote control buttons. And I deliberately masturbated right in front of him, she said, because I'm sure he was very embarrassed and I wanted to rub his nose in the fact that I also profited from his stupid affair. Your father had let me know, that only dirty, filthy sluts masturbated. Jack didn't quite understand her train of thought, but he kept quiet. From now on she fucked the father every Friday night and Jack watched her from the kitchen, on the one hand because he was lustful and on the other hand because he helped her at the end in taking care of the father. When Anni stayed on her father's cock and masturbated, she sometimes had a sardonic, contemptuous tug around the corner of her mouth. Jack now had time again to go through his technical literature while he sat in the living room and the father watched TV.

Otherwise, none of this had any effect on their ménage, the father sleeping in the living room on the first floor, the three of them enjoying themselves in bedrooms on the second floor. It was a quiet, unspectacular time. When Jo came to spend the night, she sat with the father and held his hand. Jo offered the mother, if she wanted, that she should also fuck the old man for a change, she would be very happy to do it and the uncle would certainly not mind, he would certainly like it. But the mother angrily waved it off, after all it was her husband and her duty, and not Jo's. It was the only time that anything like dissonance arose. The discord lasted only a minute, then everything went back to normal. Later he brought it up again when he visited Jo. Jack knew the reason, Jo had fucked his father many

times as a young girl before he met her mother. She told Jack that she just wanted to give something back to her uncle, as she didn't feel abused, but on the contrary, had been fucked very lovingly, very respectfully and gentlemanlike by his old man. Jo smiled mischievously as she confessed to him that when she visited him and Anni for a threesome, she waited sitting by the bedside until they went upstairs for a shower. Then she would grope the old man and give him a quick hand job once he was erect. Jack and she laughed happily, because he liked that.

Jo visited him on her mornings off and helped him lift her father out of bed and get dressed. When she noticed her father's morning wood, she exchanged a glance with Jack and took off her panties. She fucked the old man and made him squirt, and when the stiffness remained, a second time. She loved his father and was always very sweet in her actions. His eyes flashed with pleasure when she stroked his cheeks and gave him beautiful orgasms afterwards. Jack often got so horny watching her that he immediately dragged her to his room afterwards and fucked her until his horniness was satisfied. They kept it a secret from Anni, but she made a remark during a threesome that she knew after all. Jack pulled his head between his shoulders, this was going to be fun! Jo's honest explanation that she just wanted to return something nice to the old man that she had received as a gift from him reassured Anni, because she had always suspected that her husband had had something with Jo before her. She said she didn't mind and Jo did it whenever it came up.

When Jo came over in the evening and felt like screwing her father, Anni would sit in the kitchen and watch. She looked with favor on Jo's youthful body, which obviously gave her husband so much pleasure. Although she had watched Jack and Jo fuck hundreds of times, Jo was fucking her uncle in a very different way. At first, she bobbed on his cock in a squat position until she realized he was ready. She lowered herself completely onto his cock and you could tell exactly by the contractions of the muscles of her butt that she was massaging him with her vagina as he squirted. Afterwards she sat still because he was still stiff and the movements of her butt showed how she was making him completely stiff again with her vaginal muscles. She stroked her uncle's chest, cheeks and face for a very

long time before she started rocking. It usually took a long time, but Jo seemed to sense exactly when he was ready and bent over, her butt twitching up and down faster and faster like the rear end of a wasp. She stopped immediately when he squirted and gave his cock a long time to go limp in her vagina. Most of the time she sucked and licked the cock completely clean before covering him up. Jo never masturbated in front of her uncle and fucked him once or twice a week, Anni stubbornly stuck to her Friday. When Jo didn't think about it being Friday, the old man had a feast day and was fucked by two women, though not often. Anni once said to Jo that she really fucked her husband quite great, much better than her.

About a year later, on a Friday night, it was going on as usual on Friday nights, the mother was fucking the father and then masturbating with the still stiff cock in her vagina. Suddenly she called for Jack all excited, pointing at the father and breathing that he was dead. Jack tried to feel his old man's pulse, to feel his breath, then shook his head. At last she rose and the dead man's still half-stiff cock slipped from her vagina. They washed the father, who had a thin trickle of semen running down his belly, covered him properly, and called for rescue.

Jack hid his guilty conscience to Anni that maybe this last festive day with two women had been too much for his old heart, he didn't want to burden her. Jo suffered a lot because that Friday morning his erection lasted much longer than usual and she let him squirt gently, the second time she fucked him very long and demanding but he could not squirt anymore. She felt guilty and Jack could only console her a little with the fact that the father had left in the middle of making love to mother, a very beautiful, love-filled death.

He helped organize the funeral and all the official business. They spent the next two weeks quietly grieving in seclusion; he had asked Jo to let them grieve alone for a week or two. He knew it was sad and painful for Jo, too, but she understood him and said she was understanding and could manage quite well on her own. He called Jo daily and spent time with her, very close to her.

# The Admirers

In the evenings, Jack and Anni would clasp each other and he would caress her naked body to soothe her when she cried. When she wasn't crying, she told anecdotes of their life together, of their admirers, of whom their father was very jealous. Jack, after all, was in boarding school until he was 14, and her husband worked and slept at the company. In an aside, she slipped out that it never came to more than secret handjobs; she had never, ever cheated on the father. Jack immediately inquired. Since she kept giving the admirers handjobs, but they weren't allowed to screw her, they stayed away and the father's jealousy subsided. Jack continued to probe. Yes, some admirers were very persistent and probably got three dozen handjobs, but none were allowed to touch and tease more than her cunt. With none did she fuck, never, although very often she was so well teased that she almost did it with excitement. But it never happened, because she was faithful and knew that the father worked diligently in the evening, she was faithful to him and had never fucked with anyone else.

He drilled on, for her stories wound like garlands with ever new confessions, becoming more detailed each time, circling treacherously around the shamefully hidden truth. Yes, at the handjobs, she finally said, at the very back of the stone bench in front of the thuja bushes, she let the seed splash into the grass at the first ones. The stone bench, you remember, where you for the first time masturbated in my palm. Jack nodded. Later she rubbed the cocks right in front of her cleft and let the semen splash on her cleft, at leas some, although it disgusted her to be splashed on. But because she usually got very aroused, she would push the admirer's cock really deep into her vagina before squirting and let him squirt in, that's not disgusting. And no, if someone tried to fuck her afterwards, she pushed the naughty guy back after a few thrusts, a few at least, because she had never cheated on father! Yes, she said in her somewhat confused narrative, it was only because she was very aroused, the squirting relieved her of the tension.

And when the tension finally subsided and she slowly realized that he had started fucking her after all, she rarely waited that long for him to squirt, but pushed him back. Unfortunately very few, she admitted contritely, only very few, that is, one at least. But because it was usually already too late and he simply continued fucking until he squirted, then HE had crossed the threshold, SHE was faithful and SHE was not fucking! Because her excitement was often so strong, she rarely noticed that some, some more, very many even did not wait for the handjob and immediately penetrated her vagina, they fucked and squirted, many needed it a second and third time. She let them, of course she tolerated it, because they were all friends. Most only came to her a few times, some remained long time admirers. Jack asked how many she fucked? Then she thought and hesitantly admitted that it was almost all of them, maybe 25 or 28, only some, about another 2 or 3, were satisfied with the handjob or squirting in and didn't fuck her. But none SHE fucked, just a handjob, and then possibly squirting in her vagina. That was NOT fucking, she was right, wasn't she? And the 25 or 28 had crossed the prohibition threshold with fucking, not her, SHE was always faithful to her husband! Jack wondered how differently they thought about fidelity and sexuality and muttered bitterly, maybe Dad ONLY screwed his secretary in the evenings, while her admirers penetrated her vagina, fucked her and squirted inside. NO, she said, NO! She was by now highly aroused by Jack's gentle stroking during her confessions and pulled him to her. They made love again for the first time after two weeks of mourning. Thoughtfully, she said in a pause before they continued, it could be, maybe he had many affairs, the bastard! But I NEVER cheated on him, although I would have had very many opportunities! Jack mumbled, she was right, the next fucking was more important to him than a moral discussion.

Two days later, during a recovery break, he brought up the admirers again, she should please tell everything again, he had almost forgotten everything because they had fucked so hard afterwards. She enjoyed Jack's arousing stroking and agreed right away, she had checked her diaries yesterday so at least the numbers were right. The worship period lasted about 15 years, until his 50th birthday, you remember? There were 3 that just wanted a hand job and never came back.

Totally there were a lot more, but she hadn't taken daily notes then, but she thought there might well have been more than 30 in a half year. Only at the very beginning did she let the seed splash into the grass in the garden. Most of them wanted to squirt on her cleft, but she was disgusted by that and pushed the cock into her vagina before squirting. When she masturbated the cock in her vagina, the hand movements on her labia and the movements of the glans in her vagina sometimes almost made her orgasm. If he squirted too soon, she would finger fuck herself to orgasm, all shy and bashful because she was ashamed to do it in front of someone she wasn't very familiar with. While watching, most became horny again and had another erection. For many, the second handjob lasted a very long time, she plunged the masturbated cock deep into her vagina with her hand, again and again, there she almost always came to orgasm and did not have to humiliate herself to finger fuck.

She chose the most from the customer base of his company, hardly anyone refused. Mostly she sat on the lap of the sitting man, plugged his glans into her vagina and gave him a handjob. In the beginning she had 2 or 3 admirers in a row in the evening, but she never came to orgasm. But one day the cathedral vicar came, who had heard about her in the confessional, and he had his own ideas about how he wanted it. He did not remain seated on the living room couch, but lay down on his back. Go ahead, my daughter, he said, and had her squat down over him. She wanted to serve the tall gentleman with her hand, but he pulled her deeper, deeper and deeper still, until his cock was entirely in her vagina. She was supposed to hold the root of the cock tightly with her hand and bob her butt up and down. That was such a good feeling, to feel the holy pole inside her, to feel it in her vagina while bobbing up and down, that she orgasmed quite fast and squeezed and pressed the noble lord's cock so that it squeaked with pleasure.

She propped herself up on his chest with both hands, wiggling her butt seductively before sliding up and down on his cock again. He placed his hands on her bottom, giving her a good feel for his rhythm. She felt each jet of semen as he squirted. This did her so much good that she had an orgasm very quickly. She was now purposefully bobbing up and down rapidly, she and he were having or-

gasms, one after the other. He remained a permanent guest for about three years, coming over once or twice a month and enjoying her squatting on him and making him squirt while bobbing, no handjob of course. Whenever he left, she would look up at him and ask the same thing, that nonsensical: and, heaven? The vicar looked satisfied and said unctuously, Heaven loves you very much, my daughter! He put - as always - two large bills on the dresser before he left.

Her behavior had been completely changed by the high holy gentleman. She began rocking on her admirer's lap, holding her cock on course with one hand, rocking back and forth, cock sliding in, cock sliding out. She orgasmed easily in the process and so did he. She carefully selected those who held course themselves and also enjoyed her rocking themselves, which became more and more violent towards orgasm, and also expected no more handjobs. The rocking and swaying ended when the group of those admirers appeared who wanted to fuck her. Handjob, that was poppycock! Fucking, fucking and fucking, that's all they wanted. Heaven loved her, she was sure, because now she could practically prove her steadfastness, her unbreakable loyalty to her husband.

And there were 38 suitors who had screwed her, but she had never screwed along, she always had her husband in her thoughts, she had never cheated on him! The 38 didn't want a handjob, they wanted to fuck her. She had always strictly refused that. But she loved it when her cunt was tenderly teased and her arousal was increased immeasurably. While she in turn made the cock nice and stiff with her hand and mouth, she said she would not fuck in any case, and if he had to so badly, then she would let him, but she would always think of her husband and never be unfaithful to him, never! All the admirers got it right away, and when the cock was tight enough, she would let go, lean back and close her eyes, because she was thinking of her husband, of her fidelity, and it was up to the admirer whether he wanted to fuck her, screw her, and shagg her, and whether he really wanted to do it to this virtuous, demure-looking, and possibly deeply faithful wife.

Of course, the 38 mentioned were only those worth mentioning in the diary. There were, of course, in truth many more, because many

were not good for orgasm or did not pay. These ephemera did not make it into the diary. She knew the truth and despised the men who just put it in her, squirted and just left. Those men didn't count for her, they immediately disappeared from her memory. So only those 38 remained worth mentioning. If she imagined something firmly and repeated it incessantly, it became actual and true. That's how it was, all her life.

All wanted and fucked her, all squirted in her vagina as often as they could. But SHE never fucked, that had to do the admirer already himself. Many wanted a second time, some could three times. Yes, of course, she answered, she almost always had an orgasm, she almost always had that while fucking. That was also the reason why she felt a little unfaithful after all, because when she orgasmed she clawed at her admirer and forgot to think about her husband when the explosion was very violent. Since she had been fucking the cock quite firmly for a long time before and during her orgasm until it exploded and then subsided, she usually felt deep sadness that she had let herself get carried away with fucking. But it was only an unconscious reaction of her body, a quasi animalistic, automatic reflex, she told herself, she didn't want to fuck and never doubted her true fidelity.

She remembered one admirer, he had a big cock, but she only got as far as very close to climax. He was one of the few with whom she immediately brought herself to orgasm with two fingers thrusting, although she was very embarrassed because he was watching so greedily and obviously lustfully, but she had to do it immediately. She cried then, because yes, she never thought about her husband during the finger fucking. She cried while the fool again stirred his cock around in her vagina and could not manage anything except to squirt like a fountain. And yes, the bottom line was that there were many who watched her finger fuck, even though the display of her finger fucking to the cathartic orgasm filled her with great shame and was very embarrassing. Most were aroused from watching and were allowed to fuck again. Many asked her after sex to please-do it again, they loved watching! With these men, the embarrassment was lost and she fucked herself liberated, shameless and disinhibited in front of his eyes.

Jack had found that she was much more honest when he gently stroked her, touching her clit very gently. In this state of mild arousal, she answered everything truthfully. Yes, she discovered finger fucking when her father slept at work during the week and didn't come home until the weekend. She lay awake for nights stroking herself endlessly, rubbing her labia with the flat of her palm, as she had experienced on the Graduation trip, but her legs twitched and trembled when she carelessly touched her sensitive anomaly in the process. The labia stroking was exciting when she left out the sensitive spot, she imitated being fucked at some point and so it happened that she climaxed all by herself. Every day during the week she fingerfucked herself to orgasm and felt released and wonderfully relaxed afterwards. Sometimes several times. Father usually came Saturday night and went to sleep immediately. Sunday morning they fucked as long as he could. She resigned herself to it, but his condition was rapidly declining. Sometimes, despite loving mouth- and handwork, they failed to make his cock stiff, and fucking with a half-soak succeeded less and less often. Gradually it became routine for her to finger fuck on Saturday night and Sunday morning when he was still asleep. After all, she wasn't even 30 yet and still needed at least one orgasm a day! He sometimes woke up and watched, getting a hard-on and fucking her like in the good old days. Then, when he couldn't take it anymore, he once said, transferring his aggression against himself to her, that was "ugh, decent women didn't do themselves, only unchaste, sex-crazed sluts!" It was very hurtful, that rebuke. Since then she never did it again when he was around, the weekends became long and joyless. That's when she decided to give in to the urges of her admirers and get her daily orgasm that way. At this time she also began to trim all the hair that was not part of the actual bush and shave around her cleft. The carefully trimmed bush should point like a golden arrow to her love gate, under the wooded pubic mound, the naked slit should draw all attention to itself.

She sighed happily because Jack excited her clit so finely and delicately and told frankly. She first called those who had flirted with her at previous garden parties, because she could instinctively distinguish flirting and flirting well. Already on the phone, she bluntly let the admirers know that she now had what they always wanted from her and she never said no. When the suitor knocked on the window

in the evening, she opened in a sophisticated, completely transparent veil dress, which highlighted her nakedness underneath lasciviously and obscenely in the backlight of the anteroom. In keeping with the fashion of the time, she also had some gorgeous, lace-trimmed baby-dolls that reached only to her navel and particularly accentuated her nude-trimmed slit.

The impressed men silently followed her into the living room, where, if it was his first visit, she made the rules of the game clear over the first glass of wine. Handjob or even sex, but she would not actively participate, because she did not want to cheat on her husband. She would not cuddle or kiss, but she would let his hand slide over her thighs, her pubic, yes, she would willingly open her thighs so that he could tease her cunt comfortably. Just as willingly, she brought his cock to stiffness with her mouth and hands, and when they were both aroused, she would lean back, cover her eyes with her forearm, or watch him – one hastily, the other thoughtfully and slowly – enter her vagina. She let him fuck her like a lifeless doll and watched it like an outsider, only clawing at him when he orgasmed, sometimes fucking his cock wildly until her orgasm came and died away. After the orgasm she was usually sad, because she never thought of her husband, but only of her selfish satisfaction. When one pulled out his cock and squirted over her masturbating, she told him to leave his cock inside next time, she couldn't get pregnant and it was disgusting to be squirted on.

Most came to her daily, she had her daily orgasms and it relaxed her a lot, it was much more pleasant and natural than finger fucking. Unfortunately, none stayed longer than two-three weeks, then she had to search her husband's address book again for a next suitor. This balance allowed her to endure the long weekends; father rarely fucked her on Sunday mornings. Instead of fucking, he sat up and showered her with jealous accusations and baseless suspicions that she was screwing all his friends. She remained outwardly completely cool, because none of his circle of friends would confirm him to fuck his wife. I am faithful to you, she always said and swallowed, because when she orgasmed she did fuck, she knew that only too well, but only because the body was set up with this automatic reflex, and she really couldn't help that! When his tirades had died down, he

hummed good-naturedly and they fucked peacefully. Rarely, but still, her mouth- and handiwork managed to get fucked a second time, and more rarely a third. Still, she felt they were drifting apart the more infrequently they fucked each other.

Jack was glad that the mourning period had ended with her now telling him everything truthfully, and he saw no need at all for a morality-soaked debate about whether or not she had cheated on her father for fifteen years. In any case, it set his view of her straight, she was not the sexless and unsullied virgin as he had considered her up to the Australia vacation, but had it fistful behind the ears with all sky-scraping naivety and completely twisted concept of fidelity! Aloud, he said, she was perfectly justified in getting her daily orgasm without feeling she was cheating on her husband. Yes, she whispered excitedly next to his ear, the daily orgasm I needed, often several times a day! And she whispered, come fuck me, make me feel good!

At some point, when talking about her admirers again, she mentioned that the admirers initially brought a good bottle of wine or champagne. Then, when one left a bill on the living room table as he was leaving, she was taken aback. When she told the next one about it, he did likewise, and soon it became quite natural for the suitors to give her gifts of money. Jack looked at her with wide eyes and dropped jaw. She interpreted that he didn't believe her, so she dug out a silver casket from her nightstand, there, look, there's quite a bit left! Jack shook his head disapprovingly, hoarding so much money in the house, then he counted the bills and grumbled that one could buy a big, a very big car with it, but she waved it off, she didn't have a driver's license. But what she had spent it on were gifts for her father or him. The first astronomical telescope, she had also bought him with it, and many other things. Jack, who couldn't stand her begging puppy-dog eyes for long, grumbled that it was all right, they were only gifts of money, she shouldn't worry about it. He almost remarked that Jo also received "only" gifts of money, but he bit his tongue in time and kept silent.

Jack stroked her gently and erotically, and she kept telling something new about her admirers. That many were already surprisingly squirting in her mouth while arousing her with their hands and

mouths was not new to her, because her father liked it also very much and she had to sigh to make him stiff again. The picture rounded off when she admitted in small morsels that with some, with all actually, she could barely last a minute playing the lifeless doll, and threw herself at the cocks with full force and passion. What on earth if the guy couldn't get anything done? Fear drove her to do everything she could to get her orgasm! That was her drive after all, she was never going to cheat on his father! She fucked and fucked herself to a redemptive little death, after orgasms she rested and let her beau continue the good deed until she was aroused again or he squirted and she had to struggle again to get him hard so she could get to her well deserved next orgasm. But she always thought of her husband, with whom she fucked and screwed just as she did with her admirer. And because she always thought of him, she remained faithful to him, at least in her heart. And she learned that the more passionately she fucked the beau, the more likely she was to fuck three times, so she had at least three orgasms, sometimes more. After a successful evening, at least she would not have needed the finger fucking right away, although then she always did it anyway, usually several times, until she fell asleep exhausted.

She cried softly as she confessed to Jack that most suitors just wanted to be ridden by her after their first cum. Whether they were too lazy or too exhausted, she didn't know, but they all wanted to be ridden, right from the start. She crossed herself and sent a push prayer to heaven that it would not be entered in her sin register as infidelity, while she stiffened the cock with her mouth and hand. Heaven made her feel quite clearly that it was not infidelity once the pleasure-giver had become stiff. The admirer mostly stayed seated in the fauteuil, she sat on his lap facing him and inserted his cock. She embraced him and rode slowly at first, then faster and faster when she felt the coming of her orgasm approaching.

She enjoyed these hour-long sessions, because she could orgasm as often as she came. Most admirers hornily palpated her beautifully shaped ass and humped her butt hole with a finger, which wonderfully intensified and accelerated her orgasms. The combination of feeling his cock in her vagina and being fucked by him with a finger in her bottom triggered her orgasm in no time, often after a few sec-

onds. She rode so devotedly afterwards that her admirers repeated it as often as they could. One of her admirers went limp after his first cum, but fucked her so long with his finger in her butt until she gave up exhausted from orgasms.

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Sometimes she had to ask a suitor to fuck her with his finger in her bottom, and some enjoyed her begging and pleading for it, but it was just a game. They all squirted pleasurably in her vagina as many times as they could until they finally went limp. She whispered tearfully in Jack's ear that she sometimes doubted her fidelity, for she did not think of her husband again until the admirer had gone. But she could always feel quite clearly that Heaven graciously smiled upon her orgasm and never entered it into the register of sins as infidelity. If she thought about it rightly, it was all 38 of them that she rode passionately every day until the relationship with the beau ended.

Some also wanted anal sex, but she didn't like that at all at first. Nevertheless, she made exceptions because the admirers paid her princely for it. She had procured gel and creamed herself as a precaution, then it did not hurt at all. She endured the procedure on all fours, often several times in a row, but she could not orgasm. There was only one who penetrated her ass in the missionary position and wanted to watch her finger fuck. She enjoyed lying on her back spreading her long slender legs like butterfly wings and teasing him with the sight of her. Mostly she played with her labia before letting him penetrate her ass. The more excited she got while finger fucking, the better he fucked. She couldn't feel his squirting, yet her orgasms while ass fucking in this position were insanely awesome. He could fuck and squirt twice, very rarely three times. For that she had many very nice orgasms. She loved these orgasms very much, because they were very, very intense. He was allowed to squirt in her ass as often as he wanted, because that way it lasted longer and she orgasmed as often as she could. He was rich and paid her princely during all those years.

Naturally, she told the other admirers about it, and many wanted to try it too. She never went on all fours anymore, but seductively spread her butterfly wings in the missionary position. For most, a single try was enough, but some made it a regular ritual and fucked her in the ass after they had had a vaginal romp. When Jack asked, after much thought she replied that she had anal intercourse once or twice a week, but it was horny every time because she could make herself orgasm and also the lascivious exhibition in front of the admirer brought an extra kick. And money, of course.

Crying, she hugged her Jack, for this confession made her soul shudder sadly and sob, also because she believed her own web of lies to be true - most of it really was, and she only lied when she wanted to embellish or conceal something. It was just the arousal, she sobbed, that damned unconscious and automatic reflex of her body, why she had fucked the hell out of everyone-s mind. And, because I needed that orgasm so badly, your father was never around to do it to me! Jack stroked her, finding it very hard to stand her crying. “Thousands of times I fucked from orgasm to orgasm in those fifteen lean years,” she whispered crying, “never once thinking about your father!” Jack stroked her gently to make her stop crying. “This was neither bad nor unfaithful,” he assured softly. Jack felt perfectly well that he could have dug much deeper into her sexual adventures, but he felt heartily sorry for her and preferred to let it be.

She stopped crying in relief, because her Jack understood her, didn’t think her thousandfold screwing, humping and fucking with her admirers was infidelity either, the good dear boy! She was, of course, in her right mind and knew perfectly well that she had fucked all her admirers, that she had cheated on her husband day after day after day, that she had let them pay her handsomely. And knew very well that with that money she could have bought not one, but ten or more of the expensive limousines Jack had mentioned, because she had shown Jack only one of the caskets. She would have been very ashamed if he had found out the full extent of her whoring. But it did her immense good to have Jack take the innocent line from her, her dear, good Jack! For a split second she regretted having let him believe in her innocence and fidelity with ever more intricate tall tales. She now told daily, quite liberated and in great detail, about her ad-

mirers and her sexual adventures, wept with emotion, and amazingly never again claimed that she had always been faithful.

Jack had remembered one detail carefully. In the aftermath, when she rode him, he would reach around her and carefully insert a finger into her butt hole. She looked at him coyly, but also expectantly, as if asking him if he really wanted it. He soon loved how nice her orgasm became when he fucked her ass with a finger. It became part of her repertoire, and he was always pleased when she flew from orgasm to orgasm, whooping. Jo also joined in when she licked Anni. Jo licked her up, from the first orgasm she humped Anni's butt hole and let her continue orgasming every half minute, orgasm after orgasm, until Anni had to stop.

# Innocence at the beginning

Jack eventually stroked her again, gently and calculatingly, and kept asking her out. Now, her husband dead, she can report freely to Jack every sexual adventure, every fucking and whoring in those fifteen years. No, there was no playing doctor in her youth, but every night in bed she kneaded and stroked her labia and became virtually addicted to the accompanying arousal, which helped her fall asleep. At about 11, a classmate showed her how a hand job went. Before she met her first lover at 16, she did as many handjobs as she could, there were maybe more than a hundred. Word had gotten around that she gave handjobs in exchange for small gifts. But only to classmates, never to outsiders and once even to a high school graduate. She didn't do blowjobs, but for a generous donation, at the end of the handjob she would take the cock in her mouth and let him squirt in. At 16, she fell in love with Jeremiah, Jerry, a year older and one of the smartest she ever met. He wasn't jealous when she earned extra pocket money with handjobs and in-the-mouth-squirting, and stayed in the background as a protector, though he confessed to her that watching often turned him on a lot. He liked her a lot, they cuddled and kissed, she gave him as many handjobs as he wanted and made him cum in her mouth. Jerry had the most beautiful cock she had ever seen and a large glans in comparison. He caressed her small, budding breasts as she worked his cock. It always took some clever improvisation to find an undisturbed spot. One day, as they rolled and cuddled on the floor in the materials storage area by the gym, she looked at him hard and said she wanted to make love, really fuck him. He sheepishly said he never had, and she smiled, neither had she, she was a virgin too.

They pulled their pants down to their ankles, she lay on her back and Jerry over her, in a push-up. She rubbed his cock until it was hard, wetting her labia with lots of saliva. She steered Jerry to her vaginal entrance and he gently penetrated. She felt a small twinge as her hymen tore, then they fucked long and persistently, and she had her first orgasm. They stayed together for almost two years, reading together in the school library all about contraception, ovulation, and

days ready to conceive. Together they calculated whether they could fuck. Sometimes they bought condoms, but it was just a tool for them both on those dangerous days. Jerry's parents were very nice and kind to her, they never bothered her when they were having fun in his room in the afternoons, although they knew it very well. Only his naughty little sister would sometimes watch through the crack in the door. Jerry could fuck really well, from today's point of view it was probably his big glans from which she got her nice orgasms. She was very happy to have so many orgasms and loved fucking more than anything. Even after he graduated from high school, they stayed together until she was charmed by the junior manager during a trial practice in the big pharmaceutical company. She succumbed to his wooing, they fucked in the warehouse between the shelves. Infinitely sad, she poured Jerry pure wine and comforted him in his heartbreak. She took turns screwing both of them until they graduated from high school, after which his father won. A year later they married, Jack was on his way. You, my love!

The end was not quite as she portrayed it, of course, but she never wanted to tell Jack the truth. In the year leading up to the wedding, she was alone a lot, because her father loved his work more than the many nonsensical hours wasted on the details of planning a patrician wedding. Jerry, on the other hand, loved to listen to her and was lavishly rewarded with sex. She loved being fucked by him very much. Although she kept admonishing Jerry to pull his cock out before squirting so she wouldn't get pregnant by him, this rarely happened. When he did dutifully pull it out before squirting, she would quickly sit up, take the cock in her mouth and let it squirt in, because Jerry loved it too. Mostly, though, he squirted first into her vagina. He squirted much less semen than her husband, but she could make him hard several times in a row with seductive mouth- and tongue play and keep fucking him. She gave herself to him passionately, as his thick glans gave her a wonderful orgasm every time. Please don't make me a child, she begged, to which he only said, I'll make you a child, we both want it! She had long since lost track of her days when she was ready to conceive and was completely surprised when the gynecologist confirmed her pregnancy a few weeks before the wedding. Her husband grumbled contentedly, having done his duty, but kissed her warmly and two days later brought her a pair of beautiful ear-

rings from the jeweler. Jerry turned white as a sheet, but he was very happy and proud. For hours she lay awake at night, pondering desperately which of the two was the father of her child. As the wedding approached, she was already very nervous and asked Jerry to wait for her call until after the honeymoon.

The wedding was magnificent and she enjoyed being the center of attention. They did not reveal the pregnancy yet, the honeymoon was to be in France. The day before, the phone shrilled, her husband had to go to the company immediately. She heard exactly what had happened, but she didn't understand or care. No honeymoon. We'll make up for it later, her new husband said, I promise! She cried only for a moment, then immediately called Jerry. During the pregnancy, her sexual appetite increased, and since his father again preferred to stay at the factory, she screwed Jerry as often as he could. When she went to the clinic to give birth, she was alone. Her husband promised to join her immediately, which he did not - after all, the tasks at the factory had to be solved immediately.

Whenever the door to her room was opened because the nurses were coming or going, she saw Jerry sitting outside. Usually he made a shy gesture with his hand. He wasn't allowed to see her, after all; he was a nobody. She smiled at him, because she no longer felt lonely when they furtively shook hands. She watched him sit there all night until the child came. In an unguarded moment, he slipped to her for a moment and wordlessly kissed her forehead, then scurried out again unseen. When the baby, freshly washed, was placed on her belly, they both realized that he could not be Jack's father. Jerry left the clinic with his shoulders slumped, not recognizing Mr. Director, who rushed in with a huge bouquet of flowers and an oversized box of pralinés in his hand.

She screwed them both until little Jack was about eight. Then Jerry went overseas to continue his studies, only then did their relationship effectively end. Jerry stayed in the United States, but never forgot to send a birthday- and Christmas card every year. Her husband only grumbled when another card arrived, but his jealousy waned because this rival was far, far away. All the while he was sure she had been cheating on him with Jerry for years, but he silently ate

it up and did nothing to turn it off and they never talked honestly about it.

Jack grew splendidly, and she had to admit to herself one day that he looked just like Jerry. She kept this secret to herself and no one ever found out. She, of course, sent Jerry a picture of Jack every year. It wasn't until Jack was already a graduate student that Jerry came to visit once. Jack immediately recognized his spitting image and embraced him with emotion. Fatherhood was never an issue, although all three of them knew it. Jack maintained a lifelong pen friendship with Jerry.

# The Graduation Trip

Neither her husband nor Jack told Anni a single word about the Graduation trip. One week Costa Brava. Most enjoyed sun, beach and sea, but a small, sworn group stayed in the hotel, a sexual orgy was announced. She did not belong to this clique, but a friend took her by the hand, she belonged from now on also to it, which was already great for her ego. Anni was glad that the Graduation trip did not take place during the dangerous days when she was ready to conceive. They opened the intermediate door of two apartment rooms, forming a large free space. She stored her bathing stuff, including the bikini, in a closet, because everyone was already naked. One, playing the boss, gave out the motto: Booze, sex and lesbian! Everything may, nothing must, but there would be no No! One sat closely to closely, naked bodies sweating pressed against each other and they drank everything what was available. Drinks could be ordered by the case as well as pizza or fast food, porn videos ran on the VCR. The record player made Adamo howl in love, the Beatles competed with Cliff Richards and Elvis, the King.

She was not used to alcohol and soon drunk as a skunk, sometimes completely in a fog, sometimes she appeared briefly, only to sink right back into a deep drunken stupor. She laughed completely hysterically when in turn the general fucking started, laughed further when the first and then the second and third boy fucked her. Everyone looked up at her loud, shrill orgasms, soon some were crowding around her and the boss was yelling the next motto: Gangbang, Woodstock-style! She didn't know later how many had fucked her, gangbang-style one right after the other, in the ring of bawling spectators. She moaned and shrieked orgasmingly, dozens of times, with every fuck. Sometimes she was handed a cup, which she emptied in one go, then she went on even drunker. All around the couples were fucking, and she threatened to doze off in the middle of the fuck. She woke up abruptly when the boy fucking her lay down on his back and penetrated her from below. A second boy excitedly played with her butt cheeks, stroking them and rubbing her asshole with some cream, then penetrated from behind. It hurt at first, but then she or-

gasmed several times with two cocks inside her, screaming of joy. Although she didn't enjoy anal intercourse that much at first, the guys managed two more rounds and she a dozen orgasms, which amazed her a lot. After sunset some slept, some still fucked or watched the porn video masturbating.

She slept fitfully, one ate, drank and fucked in the morning again in turn like the day before. The boss, a colorful tattooed Valkyrie with menacingly large breasts and clean-shaven pubis, yelled the next motto, Lesbian at the dinner table! but no one laughed. The three girls who had already made lesbian love to the Valkyrie yesterday challenged other girls to make lesbian love. They seized the hesitant, the procrastinating girls and made love to them. The guys watched hornily and jeered when a pair of girls changed positions or girls. Anni, heavily intoxicated, was lying on floor cushions when a girl approached. No, she had never done this before, but the girl said that a No does not count in an orgy. She allowed the girl stroked her all over, but pressed her legs together because she didn't want to be fingered on her cunt.

The girl kissed and stroked Anni from above down to the navel and teased her so finely that her hearing and seeing passed and she gasped and moaned with excitement. The girl kissed, licked and caressed her inner thighs until her thighs parted as if by magic. The girl licked and kissed her labia and licked her to orgasm, did not stop after that and she had whooping screaming orgasms one after another. She kept asking the girl to lick her again, she had never imagined it so wonderful. At noon she got even more drunk and fucked every lad within reach. Some girls licked her to hot, violent orgasms, which she enjoyed more and more each time. In her drunken stupor she wondered if she might be a lesbian, but then she giggled, drank, and muttered to herself that she preferred the fucking after all. When the two boys asked her if they could do it again front and back, she refused and fucked one and gave the other a handjob at the same time, which was quite complicated. She didn't think much of anal sex.

When she woke up the next morning, almost everyone was already gone. She got some sandwiches and vodka with orange, alternatively there would have been orange with vodka. In one corner the Valkyrie

was licking a girl, then a boy came along and prepared to mount the Valkyrie from behind. The Valkyrie wanted to shoo him away, but the girl reminded her that there was no No. Reluctantly, the Valkyrie gave in, later forgetting to continue licking while screwing and waving a hand between her legs. She groaned quite loudly while orgasming and licked the girl anew, the boy continued and squirted violently thrusting. The Valkyrie whispered with the boy that he could not fuck the girl because she had her days ready to conceive and that only she was available. The boy nodded, the Valkyrie continued to lick her girl and he fucked her from behind. He rammed diligently and the Valkyrie did not interrupt her licking as he widened her buttocks quite tightly with excitement and squirted into her hugely large vagina under the huge Valkyrie ass. Anni crawled up close and knelt next to the boy and took a closer look at the large, open gaping vagina of the Valkyrie as the boy spread her butt cheeks wide before squirting. Anni palpated the clean-shaven pubic area, gently teasing the large labia and looking deep inside the vagina, as the boy pulled his cock out each time so that the dark tunnel of her vagina was clearly visible before he thrust forward into her gullet again.

Anni continued to watch, fascinated, and when the boy paused again and the Valkyrie licked her girl kneeling on all fours, she lay down directly under the Valkyrie and palpated her pubis, her vagina. Besides the thick labia, she saw the jagged, as if torn looking labia minora, which she mistakenly thought were remnants of the hymen. She touched everything curiously and gave in to an impulse and licked the pubis, labia and the torn hymen with her tongue, it tasted like vanilla and also salty, probably it was the boy's semen. The Valkyrie pushed her sex on her tongue promptly, she licked obediently and put in a trill with tongue again and again, as she had observed with the girls. The Valkyrie grunted approvingly and Anni did her best. Again and again the Valkyrie pressed the region of her anomaly on her tongue, Anni licked in wonder, for she had a little hump right in the middle of the anomaly just as she had. When Anni used to feel herself after orgasms, she also had such a small sensitive hump.

The Valkyrie didn't seem to mind being licked at the anomaly, she didn't twitch or tremble. Anni continued to lick there and slowly she

noticed the rapidly increasing arousal of the Valkyrie, whose hump was already quite hardened from the many licks. With a loud, roaring squeezing sound, the Valkyrie came to orgasm and squeezed her twitching, pumping vagina onto Anni's mouth. Anni, who had been concentrating on licking until now, became aware that the handsome boy was fucking her, at the same time the Valkyrie wiggled her abdomen and gasped, again, again! Despite her disappointment that she couldn't take care of getting fucked and climaxing herself, she licked anew, concentrating on the small, firm hump and giving the Valkyrie another two orgasms, violent, explosive eruptions of the mountain of flesh in front of her face. The boy let go of her without having squirted and Anni freed herself from the wet, hot steaming embrace of the giantess, who went to the bathroom and was stopped noisily and hornily when she returned and stayed away for a long time.

Anni wanted to feel the boy's erection inside her again, his slim, smooth boy penis feeling so good, but he slid toward the masturbating girl, sinking his cock into her sweet little vagina. Anni's disappointment faded as she pressed her fingers in between her labia and his cock, feeling the glans. She encircled the shaft with her fingers and rubbed it, pulling the foreskin back again and again with her fingertips, feeling his twitch as she masturbated the cock in the girl's vagina. She felt his come and felt his seed shoot into the girl's vagina over her fingertips. The girl gasped as she masturbated, continuing to work the glans in her vagina until the squirting stopped. Anni palpated the hard-on, pulled it out of her vagina and masturbated it thoughtfully. After a few minutes, she sensed that he was about to squirt. He kept his eyes closed and grunted comfortably as Anni very slowly reinserted first his glans, then his whole cock into the masturbating girl's vagina. The boy continued to fuck very slowly. After her fingers and her knuckles opened the girl's vagina all the way, Anni was able to easily insert the three longest fingers along the cock.

Anni was not irritated by his fuck movements, masturbated him further with her fingers and pulled his foreskin back very tightly again and again. It was a handjob in a very tight space, the boy enjoyed it very much and paused in fucking, abandoning himself completely to her fingers. She did it for quite a long time, feeling it in the

increasing firmness of his erection that he would soon come. His glans reared up and she felt the rhythmic throbbing in his urethra on the underside of his cock as he began to squirt. He squirted his seed deep into the girl's vagina once again to Anni's utmost satisfaction, she felt the cock throbbing and spurting quite accurately. She continued to masturbate him slowly, squeezing every drop from the glans with her fingers. Slowly she pulled her fingers out of the girl's vagina, who masturbated on and on as if absent-minded.

She was startled, for she had just impregnated the girl! In Anni's mind, the whole fertilization process played out in slow motion, the sperm cells snaking forward and one penetrating the shell of the egg. She shuddered, the boy and she had impregnated the girl together! She felt in her fingertips how she had masturbated the cock relentlessly, letting the semen spurt into the vagina in bursting jets. The boy had sat down, Anni placed her fingers on the girl's labia and wide open vaginal entrance until the girl rapidly increased her speed and jerked orgasming with a squeezed sound. Anni watched her long, violent, spasming orgasm in amazement, wondering anxiously if the girl had even realized that she and the boy had just meanly impregnated her.

Anni turned to the boy and played a bit with the beautiful cock, but the boy shook his head, saying it wouldn't do. Nevertheless, she sat down very close to him and inserted his glans and soft cock a bit into her vagina. She began to masturbate him and laughed out loud, because it looked like she was a man and was masturbating. The girl also had to laugh chuckling because Anni was winking and devotedly rubbing his cock in a manly way. The girl imitated her hand movements with quite a bit of obscenity and laughed with a wry mouth. But the cock was no longer stiff, only half stiff. She was getting more and more aroused from the in-out as she not only rubbed but pushed it in and out. This masturbating excited her and she experienced a tiny, gentle orgasm. She shuddered with pleasure, continued to masturbate diligently and after a few moments had a second gentle orgasm. She continued masturbating with his cock until the Valkyrie returned. Anni went back to her place and was very sad and depressed because she had knowingly impregnated the girl.

She sipped her vodka–orange and fretted, because with the handsome boy of the Valkyrie she would have liked to fuck undisturbed, moaning and screaming to get her morning orgasm. She smiled, for it must have looked really strange that she had masturbated like a man with his half-stiffy. She had sort of enjoyed that tiny little orgasms, and paused, startled, when the boy groaned in agony, as if she had hurt him. He groaned again, his glans suddenly jerking up inside her vagina and squirting really hard, but only once.

Instinctively, she pushed his cock even deeper into her vagina, holding his half-stiff cock in her vagina with one hand while the boy poured into her, moaning and groaning. No, no thrusting and no throbbing squirting, his semi-stiff cock just poured into her, though very little semen wanted to come out. She could feel it very clearly, the boy kept moaning and a bit of semen flowed slowly and viscously into her vagina. She saw his agony and helped him by pushing his cock in and out again deep and hard. Groaning, he thrust forward, wanting to squirt at last. He thrust and squirted, thrusting and squirting, although almost nothing came, until his cock had gone completely limp. Anni pulled out the flaccid one, bent over and gently licked the glans clean. The Valkyrie had been standing behind them for who knows how long and had witnessed everything. Anni was embarrassed and slipped away wordlessly.

With growing disillusionment, Anni watched a couple nearby fuck, was fascinated by the very intimate, lovingly performed act. They smiled when they noticed her watching and moved closer so she could see everything better. The girl rubbed herself very firmly between her labia as they fucked until she orgasmed and then stroked the boy's sack and cock, then masturbated his humping cock to make it gently cum inside her. They only took short breaks after which the girl stiffened the cock with her mouth and hand, then they continued fucking.

They lay down next to Anni and the girl stroked her until she was highly aroused. Only, when the girl waved the flat of her hand not only over her labia but also over her highly sensitive anomaly, her legs twitched and she trembled all over her body in pleasurable pain toward orgasm. The boy slowly and considerately penetrated her

vagina, the girl made her twitch and tremble incessantly with the flat of her hand. Anni finally got her morning orgasms, then she reached down and masturbating made him squirt. Queen swap. The girl realized Anni's inability to rub her and did it herself. Anni curiously felt her vagina and labia while masturbating and humping, the girl had encouraged her to do so because she could see Anni's cluelessness. She palpated the girl's cunt curiously, felt the cock with her hand rhythmically widening the vaginal entrance, felt the vagina and labia tremble and twitch as she orgasmed. After the girl's intense orgasm, Anni masturbated the cock that was inside the girl and made him squirt. Exchange of ladies, again and again. When the boy needed longer pauses, the girl wove her from orgasm to orgasm, twitching and trembling, she gasped and moaned in pleasurable pain. Unfortunately, she could not reciprocate, but gently kissed and caressed the girl's breasts and nipples while the girl palm-stroked herself several times. Anni placed a hand over the girl's labia and vaginal entrance to witness her rapid masturbation and orgasms up close. During one of these orgasms, she put a finger inside the girl's vagina full of curiosity to feel the violent convulsions and contractions of the vagina. Lady swap. Anni was very embarrassed that she had to tremble and twitch so much under the girl's palm, but she felt as if she had had a hundred wonderful orgasms during that time. When they stopped after hours, she got her bathing suit and slept off her high on a shady beach lounger.

Anni spent the next few nights with different guys, fucking them and the roommate alternately until dawn. She felt quite clearly to have now grown up.

During the siesta on the day of departure, the Valkyrie came to her in the room and undressed her and herself completely. The Valkyrie did not linger long with kisses and caresses, but licked her to quite wonderful orgasms. She could magically lick with her tongue, stiffen her tongue and once even bring her to orgasm with her stiff tongue. Anni played with the nipples and the huge breasts of the Valkyrie, twitching and trembling incessantly as the Valkyrie constantly worked her anomaly with her tongue. She had wonderful pain and orgasms and never got the idea that all girls had this anomaly and

used it to get orgasms. Decades later, she wondered how she had not seen the forest for the trees.

Her roommate, a naive, innocent child, masturbated incessantly while watching, but Anni couldn't see anything because she was doing it under the sheet. She was not part of the orgy clique, so Anni saw her masturbate for the first time. When she orgasmed, she twisted her eyes so yould only see the white and immediately continued. She watched with an astonished, dumbfounded expression, apparently completely taken off guard by the fact that one girl was licking another. Or she always looked so dim-witted while masturbating. Before the Valkyrie left, she pulled the sheet away and stroked the girl, nodding encouragingly at her, and Anni watched the two of them as they pleasured themselves in front of each other. The wide Valkyrie ass wiggling in orgasm did obstruct the view of the girl, who masturbated quite violently and quickly, and after the short orgasm continued uninterruptedly until the Valkyrie gave up laughing and said she wouldn't come as fast as that!

Totally surprised, she reached under the girl's ass cheeks and lifted them a bit. With both hands she bent the thighs apart, so that the vulva presented itself like an opened peach, between the labia the small clit came out quite clearly, half a centimeter perhaps. Anni was annoyed that the view of the girl was obscured by the back and head of the tall girl. With a glance, the Valkyrie grasped the girl's hymen and marveled that at 18 or 19, the girl was still untouched. She enclosed the whole peach smacking with her mouth and let her tongue dance magically on the clit. The girl's eyes were wide open, for no one had ever licked her before, and she was afraid that the energetic thrusting of her tongue into her vaginal entrance all the way to her chastely guarded hymen might damage it. But soon the voluptuous gasps and moans of her orgasm rang out, and she did not stop, for the Valkyrie continued even during her climaxes, which made the girl wince at ever shorter intervals. She stopped only when the incessant sounds of orgasm faded into soft, catlike whimpers. The girl was completely exhausted and remained lying there as if unconscious when the Valkyrie left.

Olivia, as the girl was called, remained absent and apathetic as Anni groped her and explored her cunt. Olivia willingly allowed Anni to spread her thighs very wide and explore them with her eyes and fingers. Between her labia she too had the jagged looking remnants of the torn hymen like the Valkyrie. They appeared to be larger on her and hung off to the side next to the vaginal entrance. Anni had to look twice, but Olivia's vagina was still closed by a pink shimmering hymen! So the large, jagged lobes could not be a torn hymen. She apparently palpated the hymen too closely, because she heard Olivia whisper fearfully: "I'm still a virgin, please don't do it, please don't deflower me! I want to stay a virgin, please don't deflower me!" Anni didn't intend to, she said, shaking her head, "I've just never seen it done so well!" She touched the large flaps of skin and Olivia said, these are the labia minora, with me they are just quite large. Anni pulled the flaps apart, at the very top something was exposed, something that looked like a uvula. Both the Valkyrie and herself had only a tiny bump there. She touched it and Olivia said that was her clit, Anni had never heard of that. She let Anni stroke and kiss her cunt and sighed excitedly as Anni licked her. Like others before, she slid her flesh, her anomaly, her suppository over and over onto Anni's tongue. Anni licked the anomaly very gently and Olivia moaned, yes, yes, right there! Anni licked the anomaly, which soon hardened like the Valkyrie's hump. Olivia moaned comfortably and Anni licked her right there, fast and trilling. She wondered no more about it and licked Olivia to a beautiful orgasm.

Unexplicably, immediately after the Graduation trip, she forgot that the secret of female pleasure lay amidst the anomaly. After all, Olivia had explicitly named her clit, the girls had licked the hump in the anomaly. When she returned from the Matura trip to her two lovers, she completely and permanently repressed the orgy and everything that went with it from her memory. She didn't hear the word clit until over a decade later, when Jack explained proper masturbation to her.

## We're rich!

A few days after her return, Anni visited Jerry. Both knew that this was their last time. They made love to the point of exhaustion, they kissed intimately and she thanked him for his loving, tender friendship. He accompanied her to the front door with a thick lump in her throat; she never visited him again. She went to her junior boss and told him that she had finally broken away from her last relationship and that she had fallen violently in love with him. In the meantime, he had gotten her a job in a large business law firm where she could put her accounting skills to the test. Then there was the beautiful wedding and Jack's birth. She stayed at home for four years, until kindergarten. The Graduation trip remained her only secret, which she liked to recall while fantasizing in her lonely masturbation sessions.

One of her former admirers had become a very good lawyer, advising her on her widow's pension and negotiations for her husband's shares in the company. And he was really good! She would receive a relatively large monthly appanage for life, about five times what she was getting with her half-time job. She would get about 30 million in cash for her husband's relinquished share and then keep about 25 percent of the company in stock. She admired the lawyer, Rüdiger, who was persistent, dogged and relentless in getting out all that was possible. He drove her home and she took notes of his instructions; they drank coffee in the living room. Before he left, he hugged her, kissed her and reached under her skirt. He bent her backwards, laid her on the living room table, and pushed her panties aside, then penetrated her vagina and fucked her briefly, oh so terribly disappointingly briefly that she didn't get aroused at all, and he pulled his cock out before squirting. He zipped up his pants and wiped his semen off the table with a paper handkerchief. He said goodbye, see you the day after tomorrow, and left in a hurry. She went into the bedroom to masturbate, for this brief fuck had only aroused her afterwards. In the evening, when Jack came home, she told him about the trial and the result, she was rich and so was he. Right! Rich! It took Jack a few moments to digest it all. Then later, she said, he fucked me, the Rüdi-

ger! Jack asked and laughed out loud, a quickie, on the living-room-table! She joined in his laughter, after which they agreed that the quickie meant no more than the handjobs she had given Rüdiger at the time.

Two times a week Rüdiger came, brought documents or had signatures given to him, did his quickie on the living room table before quickly leaving again. After a few weeks it was all done, he got a quickie for the last time, after that no more Rüdiger, no more quickies. The mother took Jack's advice and held back on spending money. She cleaned out her wardrobe and bought only a few nice pieces. She closed her accounts after she quit and counted the days until it was finally over. She now made time for exhibitions, the great museums, went to the theater and concerts with Jack and Jo. She listened to Jo's advice about fashion, hairstyle and what makeup to wear and soon looked very elegant and understated. Jack rubbed his eyes, this was no longer the unremarkable, cheaply dressed house mouse. This was a proud, selfconfident woman.

She had hired a real estate agent, an acquaintance of his father's, to look for a new apartment. Finally, she decided on a very large apartment, high up in a high-rise building by the city park. After four months, it was renovated and furnished. Jack stayed in the family home, loving the familiar surroundings and the beautiful garden. In the evenings he commuted between Jo and the new apartment and rarely slept at home. Anni blossomed and had many one-night-stands, mostly very young, muscular guys and Jack stayed home more and more often to give her space. Once or twice a week he stayed over at her place, in the huge bedroom with the marble bathtub. He expressed concern that the huge glass front of the bedroom might be a peeping tom's paradise, but she laughed that she didn't care, let them peep then! She told in great detail and with excited laughter about her sexual adventures, but soon had to admit to herself that they were very, very unsatisfying. He was very pleased when Anni calmed down a bit and got involved in an aid organization for abandoned and stranded girls and young mothers.

## The end of a period in life

He continued to visit Jo on her days off. Of these, she now had 7 a week, for she had quit at the Flamingo–Bar and, at his request, moved in with Jack at the family home. They were preparing together for her trip around the world, which she wanted to give herself for her 40th birthday. He couldn't go, couldn't straw dance for 6 months while his PhD was in final labor and he had been offered a job as an assistant professor. When she would be back, and she was not sure about that at all, she did not want to work as a barmaid anymore, she was quite sure about that. She was done with that phase of her life once and for all.

But the trip around the world, that's a whole other fairy tale.

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# The Marques de Caceres

by Jack Faber © 2006

For one of my many missed birthdays – to my recollection it was the 52nd – I had treated myself to a week-long trip to ride a motorcycle in the island of Gran Canaria. After a long, heroic battle with the front desk, I had snagged a gorgeous room (No. 317) with a balcony and spent a week of breakneck cornering around the Spanish volcanic island in the Atlantic. The borrowed Kawasaki had plenty of power and, most importantly, a hell of a sound that would have done credit to any Harley.

And as that is just so, if one is alone as a man on the road, one looks closer when the waitress serves or flirts with the eyes sometimes left, sometimes right. My eyes stayed already some days again and again with 2 younger Dutchwomen, the one a willowy, blond gorgeous woman and the other, with black silk hair splendor and very well-groomed slim body, but – well, obviously loving a good drop and with a pretty disfiguring skin disease in the face.

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Today at breakfast no Dutch women, that worries me a bit. Encounter afterwards in the hotel lobby, the blonde comes to meet me and we both smile at each other, then she slips out with the left slipper and puts a Tolup with Half Turn before I can catch her. Let go of her hip again and grin encouragingly. Off, off to the lift, the Kawa calls!

Damn, what am I going to do with a Dutch girl who looks like a speed skater with her almost 2 meters and is at least 30years younger than me!!! Besides, I am not unattached; (yes–yes, and the grapes are too sour for me anyway).

Well, like every day, I swung into the saddle on this one and rattled along the coastal road. In the evening I returned to the hotel. The approximately 280 km of this day went into the bones, was al-

most throughout pass road! Have a slight muscle soreness and am finally rid of my big butt, I feel it at least not at all... I shower long and hot.

Come late to dinner, right at the next table the Dutch girls. Wumm, they are already at the 2nd bottle of red wine! Yes, but, the girlfriend seems to booze gracefully as suspected. The blonde beams at me. I nod kindly and chow down. When the waitress Yennifera comes by, I ask her name again. Yesenia Rodriguez. There you go, I'll correct that on the hotel–s rating sheet. During the casual chat, I joke that she is wearing a beautiful gold ring, but on the wrong hand. She laughs and confidentially places her hand on my forearm. Soy nuvia, or something like that. Probably means I'm a bride, I'm engaged. Okay, Yesenia, have a nice life and many niñas, all as beautiful as you are! — It's much easier to chat when hitting on has become futile.

After dinner I smoke for a long time, the girlfriend of the blonde swallows violently and already sways slightly while sitting. The blonde drinks mineral water and looks over the rim of the glass at the three Italians, three young bulls her age, or rather younger, pimped out like the black rap–singers in MTV, with fashionable robes and lots of gold chains, yo, man, yo, we are rappers!

When I get up, I look at her and mumble loudly, I go to the bar. Go out with soft knees and occupy a nice table in the hotel bar. The beer sinks millimeter by millimeter as I figure out what to do next. Definitely an alias with an exciting backstory. So Jafar the shark hunter? Or Dr. Jafar, biologist and shark researcher? Sounds less bloody, I'm quite familiar with the subject matter and could talk shop for longer if necessary. Or just Jack, computer expert? Hm! Before I can decide, the Dutch girls come through the hall to the bar. The long blonde has the small Alk-lady undergrasped and supports her as a precaution.

I get up and stand behind the chair like a butler, so things are clear. They are undecided at first, but then I make a head movement, come now here, so they come closer. I move the chair, the Alk-lady sits down, then I pull another chair from the next table for my blonde. May I invite you both for a drink? Marieke, she introduces

herself, and Inue, from Ijmuiden. Holland, I say, she smiles. Her German is not much better than my Dutch. So be it. I also introduce myself. Jafar from Vienna, preacher.

Tequila Sunrise and Copa Tropical, I misjudged. Preacher? Preacher Man, I explain. Our German Dutch, pimped up with some English, that goes quite well. What does a Preacher Man do? the blonde asks. I preach what good computing is and demonize what bad computing is or comes from Redmond. Aha. In her eyes, blank nothingness, no spark, no flash of wit. I make Advice, I say, "Advies en Automatiseering. Van die Computergebruikers." Uh-huh. Then why Preacher Man? I stammer laboriously in Brockenholland and Pidgin English, slowly she catches on. "Een programeur?" Yes, I wink tiredly, there's probably no point. Next time shark hunter, shark researcher or real estate shark, damn!

She's 32, Marieke says, and works in an office in Amsterdam. Pump store, fire department, pumping out basements and so on. But from pumps she knows nothing, the others do that, she is there for the correspondence and customer service. Okay, I say, I would have thought she was a speed skater. She looks concerned and says, that was in the past, she was really in the national racing squad. Would I have seen her once? In her eyes, suspicion and mistrust that I am not what I pretend to be. No, I say, it's because of her slim figure and her movements, which look like those of an athlete.

Silence. Figure was probably not the right word, what the heck do the Dutch understand when I say figure? Wordlessly, the seconds slowly pass. Tequila, Inue grumbles, another dekila. Sanrais, she adds energetically. Marieke whispers Dutch with her, tries to talk her out of the Tequila. The waitress doesn't care and brings another tequila. The mood is completely fucked.

And you ride the big bike, out there? Yes, I nod, but before I can continue, the Italian rappers, yo yo, man, come loud and noisy from the dining room, coming closer and closer. They stay a few steps away, standing around indecisively. Marieke slides back and forth on the armchair and whispers, sorry, but she had agreed with the Italians that they would go to the disco with five other people. Do I want

to go with them? No, I wave her off disappointedly, I can't dance, my bad knee. She slides back and forth. Inue, she says, Inue, you can't stand anymore, we can't go to the disco. The Italians grumble, the boss talks to Marieke energetically and demanding, jo jo! You can't get any lower than the bottom of the swimming pool, I think, and offer to sit with Inue until they get back from the disco. Marieke beams. Damn, how easy it is to find idiots when you need them badly! Inue speaks surprisingly fluent German and says Marieke should just go to the disco with the guys, she'll finish her drink and then she'll go to the room. Okay, says Marieke, then see you later and goes off with the guys. Jo Jo, Man!

# False start

I nibble listlessly on my stale beer while Inue tells me she's 26 – oops, no, 27– and a dental assistant and hasn't been able to get rid of the red port-wine stain on her face for years. I don't even need to go to the disco with it, she says, the boys all just want Marieke. She is silent and waits for my comment. Then she says stating, you also imagined it differently. I pretend no, no, but she grinned and sips deeply on the tequila and the Sunrise. Stubbornly she mumbles to herself that she had imagined the vacation quite differently, but what the heck. No disco then. She has beautiful, long black-wavy hair and almond-shaped, beautiful eyes — I can see that she must have Asian parents — and a pretty face, apart from the port-wine stain.

The initial halting conversation becomes more eloquent as she continues to ask me about my bio. Motorcycling and sailing don't interest her at all, but writing is where she thaws out. She writes diaries and poems, no, she doesn't think about publishing. She energetically asks what I write. We get into a heated dispute because she thinks that sex should only be hinted at in literature, so that something happens in the reader's mind, but it shouldn't be explicit. I disagree that you can write very explicitly and still have something going on in the reader's mind, provided you have a good concept, a viable or unusual plot. Just the pure noise of humping alone, we agree, that doesn't give anything.

No, please, no more tequila, I say to Inue, be a good girl! We wrestle over the tequila for a few minutes, in the end I win when I promise I'll take you up there. She smiles. You'll take me to the room? Yeah, I say, there's nothing to it, I won't bite you. Sure. She smiles, she knows better. I pay, then Inue whispers to the waiter: "dos Marques de Caceres y dos copas, para la cama," and I realize a few minutes later that the good Marques must be swimming in a bottle of red wine. In both. Inue, Inue, I say shaking my head, but I won't sit that long! She looks at me very directly and says that I promised to accompany her to her room, then she gets up as well as she can. I hook her under, because of the swaying floor in the hotel lobby, and we go

up to 716. She holds on to the life-saving Marcheses and her purse, I clutch the two red wine glasses and her hip, my God, she can barely stand up straight. But the hip, it grips uniquely well, gentlemen!

She rummages the room card laboriously out of the handbag and then can't find it in the slot, I have to help out. She goes ahead, I stop in the doorway and say, I have to go now. She shakes her head obstinately and says, put the glasses on the table! I obey and hear the door slam loudly behind me. Inue, I have to go now, I say, I don't want to, we agreed, don't bite. My panic increases as she calmly and with a certainty of purpose that I would not have believed her to have in her condition, unscrews the red wine and pours it into the glasses. Wingless, I try to fight her off several times, but her stubbornness is tremendous. I sit on the edge of the chair, ready to jump, and sip the Marquis from the province of Caceres. Not bad, but heavy and bitter. I don't like wine in general, and this Marques may be the pride of the house, but I don't want it. Inue holds her glass out to me, willy-nilly I have to top her off.

Inue grinned at some point and mutters, the boys won't have any fun with Marieke, she only loves her Vibby. What, I ask, what is that? She climbs over the bed that my eyes almost fall out of their sockets from gawking and digs out a pink sex vibrator from the nightstand drawer. She laughs at my puzzled face and stows the thing away again, then sits down opposite me on the couch. Somehow my heart is beating at full speed in my throat because Inue's little dress has nothing to hide anymore and on the other hand I am embarrassed by this undecent revealing of Marieke's sexual secrets.

She notices and continues to drink doggedly. Her handling of her beautiful, slender legs is pure provocation, my throat throbbing as her thong is at best an alibi for etiquette gone useless. With a gesture of complete self-assurance, she reaches under her dress and unfastens her bra, deftly pulling it under her arm and armpit. I gulp, because under the gauzy little dress the sweet little breasts and teats stand out clearly visible.

She sips the Marchese and watches me with cat-like eyes over the rim of the glass as she slowly pulls one leg up and rests it on the seat

beside her. Then she calculatingly folds the leg slowly to the side so that her thong shifts completely, exposing her black silk fluff covered pubic and slit entirely. Triumph flashes in her eyes as my eyes magically latch onto her naked cunt, smiling somehow victoriously as I look helplessly–aroused at her nakedness and cannot avert my gaze. You have to be a complete moron or even Dr. Jafar from Vienna to not instantly understand these body language signals.

I chatter something irrelevant, while my eyes feast on her body. The leg bent in a seductive way and the thin, black thong reveal everything, my heart beats up to my throat and my buddy with the watery eye smiles knowingly. She leaves me smiling at her beautiful body, at her exposed cunt. I continue our conversation haltingly for a few more minutes, even though voyeur and exhibitionist are facing each other, then she begins to doze off sitting up. I stand up and greedily take one last look at her naked cunt, then quietly slip away.

# From people walking in the elevator up and down

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I know, you might think it's cowardly. But the inhibition against taking advantage of the alcohol is stronger than the desire, has been beaten deep and hard into my soul. Even as I drive down, I ruminate on this inhibition to bite and that Inue looked quite appetizing. Maybe I should have? When the elevator stops, I am undecided whether to go up again. There you go, says my buddy with the watery eye, she's already completely gone anyway and surely doesn't mind a quickie, with her bawling that only Marieke ever gets the guys off. Come on, he drools greedily, press the 7 already! Obediently I press 7, the lift thinks nothing of it and goes up good-naturedly. Angel–Jack and Devil–Jack, who had been silent since the 3rd beer, are now talking to me incessantly. Don&ash;t be a pig, don&ash;t be unfair, you boozer, don&ash;t do shit! Exasperated, I press 3. The elevator door waits indecisively for 7, whether I do not want to get out, then it closes with a shrug and goes down again. This time I get off. I'm not an idiot to take the elevator for a walk at night!

For seconds I stand in front of the open elevator. Then it closes quietly. Angrily, I press the "up"–button again. Obediently, the door opens and the yawning emptiness of the elevator seems to laugh at me cynically. Then it bristles and shrugs itself closed again. I push the button again. My buddy urges. I quickly get in and head upstairs. I have to knock several times until Inue opens with a sleepy look. We look into each other's eyes for a long moment, I recognize budding anticipation in them.

# Prelude

I can't sleep, I lie, muttering in an embarrassed manner, and sit down in the deep armchair. Inue refills both glasses and sits down on the couch. "I want it too!" she murmurs audibly, looking me kindly in the eyes. Her eyes flash briefly and seductively, pretending to think of something on the spur of the moment. With a knowing, calculating look, she slowly raises her leg to the seat, the snake watching the mouse with calculating interest.

A moment later, she flips the leg off to the side, as she did before, and pushes the thong aside with a quick flick of her wrist. There is nothing accidental or unintentional about it, she already knows from before how she gets me hooked. She exhibits her naked cunt completely uninhibited and proudly shows me her whole tempting splendor, drunkenly she plays with the pubic hair, the labia. I watch her tied up for minutes, drink carelessly and feel magically attracted by her obscene permissiveness, unchaste display and erotic shamelessness.

After a long while, Inue, triumphant over the taken-by-surprise old man, laughs up bright as a bell and sits down on the arm of my chair after pouring our drinks. The alternation between exhilaration and clarity completely confuses me. She plays with my hair and nuzzles my neck before feeling her way down over my chest and unzipping my pants almost effortlessly.

"Oh, there he is!" she exclaims, smiling mischievously at me, smiling as if this is an unexpected discovery. I'm excited and horny as a spitz dog. She is now lying across my chest, feeling my cock, checking its stiffness. I sigh loudly, it feels so good. I touch her bare thigh, caressing it and stroking myself further up. Inue is now wriggling back and forth terribly excitedly, squeezing my cock. As my fingers slide under the thong, she almost drives out of her skin and masturbates me delicately.

Before I can even say peep, she bends down low and caresses it with her lips and tongue. Pushing her mouth fully over my cock, her

lips enclose it tightly. With quick movements of her head she fucks me with her mouth. I feel in my frenzy the violent rising explosion and pour myself in her mouth. She only stumbles for a split second, then swallows it and continues. I shudder because it is so eerily beautiful the way her warm mouth fucks my spurting cock, the way she sucks, swallows and caresses my cock with her lips. Then I pull her head back — someone had told me insistently that no woman would like to be squirted directly into the mouth.

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"Phew, don't you like it?!" grumbles Inue, unable to hide a certain disappointment. She wipes her mouth and lets her flickering gaze rest on my hard-on, from which a bit of semen still oozes. I murmur in an embarrassed manner that I am sorry. "Oh what, I actually like doing this very much! Today I had to do it to you with my mouth," whispers Inue, "you must not squirt inside, today is a dangerous day!" I keep quiet because I'm drunk and horny and don't give a shit. "Let's have another drink," she suggests.

The unfamiliar alcohol gets into my head dangerously fast, I'm drunker than I've been in a long time. In the next quarter of an hour we drink another glass, I caress her incessantly and explore groping her body. Feel her warm, soft skin under the thin fabric, the stiff nipples lift firmly from the small breasts. My hand glides gently over the dress, caressing her hips and narrow buttocks. She quivers slightly, I feel her arousal and deeply suck in the good scent of her body.

Finally, I pull her dress over her head and let it slide to the carpet, undressing myself too completely before sliding onto the couch next to her. We kiss and my hand slides to her thong, I slip it down and Inue wriggles her legs, flinging the unnecessary thing to the floor. She has a flawless young body, a head shorter than me and willowy, with a handful of nicely shaped breasts. The disfiguring red marks on her face suddenly don't matter.

She kisses me and I caress her, touching the small breasts again and playing with the nipples. She sighs and her body relaxes completely after a few moments, she lies down next to me across the

couch. She puts her butt on my lap and opens her thighs willingly, her hand invitingly leads mine to her cunt, smilingly inviting me with her eyes to explore. Expectantly, she closes her eyes.

I feel over the silky shiny pubic hair and her cunt, spread the narrow labia very gently and look at everything closely. The vaginal entrance is very, very tiny and I think involuntarily, how an erect cock should go in there?! Her clit is much larger in comparison and hides under a small bonnet. She twitches expectantly as I carefully push back the bonnet and touch the clit. Maybe I was wrong, but it feels like the clit got a millimeter bigger as I gently push the bonnet back and forth.

Yes, definitely, her clit stiffens and straightens the longer I push the bonnet back and forth. If I were braver, maybe now would be the time to lick her clit. I remain a coward and don't even dare to put a finger into the tiny vaginal opening. I take her leg that obstructs looking in front of my belly and lift it over my head onto my shoulder. My face is only a few spans away from her pubis. Visibility: excellent. Inue continues to keep her eyes closed, sliding a hand onto my cock. She smiles pleasantly as her hand feels it growing and throbbing, though it doesn't get much stiffer than semi-stiff. She opens her pussy as much as she can, her abdomen demanding with lascivious movements the continuation of the bonnet game.

Following, I masturbate specifically the clit, while her hand, which until now had lain quite calmly on my semi-stiff, becomes restless. Her fingers grope for my glans, first play and soon give morsing the beat to masturbate. I masturbate her clit until I realize that she is about to orgasm. The abdomen undulates deeply and wave-like, she lifts her pussy higher with her butt to press her clit firmly against my masturbating fingers. I can see and feel quite clearly that she is orgasming now. I press a finger vibrating on her stiff clit and clearly feel it throbbing and knocking. I look directly into the slightly open pubic fold and vaginal entrance, where the small opening of her hole opens and closes like a little fish's mouth, trembling gently. Inue's abdomen pumps long pulsating and she sighs comfortably deep. She sighs several times as I release the clit after her relax and let my hand rest on her warm pussy. My fingers gently and very delicately caress

her pubic fold and swollen labia while she calms her breathing, her heartbeat with her eyes still closed. Later, as I gently close her thighs, I whisper softly, “Wonderful!”, though I don’t know if Inue liked this gentle orgasm.

Later, I get up because I need to piss. She passes me just outside the bathroom and sits down wide-legged, mischievously–smiling drunkenly. She beckons me over, grabs my semi-stiffy and tells me to kneel down. She directs the cock in front of her labia and stammers drunkenly that I should piss. She looks between her thighs and starts to piss over my glans. I let it run as well, grinning dirtily she directs the jet, waving like a hose, onto her pubic fold and between her labia. I find it not horny and go out.

# Question time

By now she's drinking the third-fourth glass, I can't take any more. She pours herself another glass and finishes it in one go, pours herself another and downs the glass with fierce determination. Her eyes are already swimming as she looks at me uncertainly and says softly, "I haven't had a man in over a year!" I nod, what can I say in response?

So I seize the opportunity and ask her thoroughly. No, she says, I should answer two questions first. "Did you bring a condome?" No, I say, they would laugh at me old man after all. Okay, she says, and now the second. She circles around a bit, because she wants to know how I fuck. First I joke, I'll show you, then I realize that she's not joking and answer, very simple, normal and nothing out of the ordinary. Only vaginal, never anal and rather slow, not fast, usually I take a break when I squirt. I add that most women do not orgasm with me, we do that together if she wants it.

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I look at her if that fits, she nods and says today anal would be better, but if I didn't like it – the sentence was left hanging open in the air. And then it's my turn to ask questions and summarize how I understood her.

Faltering at first, but after a deep swig from the vodka bottle she had conjured from somewhere, as well as supported by my probing questions and caressing fingers, she reported. The longer I caressed her, the more readily it bubbled out of her: yes, on their first vacation together with Marieke about 10 years ago, they had tried if they were lesbians, but no, they were not. The vacation was simple: to be fucked properly every day. As a result, they towed all kinds of guys, taking turns getting fucked, although over time Marieke increasingly held back and let Inue do the fucking. Yes, Inue answered gruffly to my question, of course the men squirted into our pussies, we were on the pill at the time.

It was clear: she was a fierce hetero, Marieke rather not, she loved herself best. Most of the time they were three or even four, but Marieke mostly left all the men to her and just watched excitedly as Inue was fucked by the men in turn. In the early years Marieke had still joined in the fucking, and Inue admired her because Marieke orgasmed violently every time she was fucked, writhing in fine pleasure and loved the pain. Inue said that Marieke orgasmed much more often than she did while fucking, she herself needed the clit stimulation.

When a man was good, Marieke could orgasm two– or three times before he squirted and felt great pleasure each time. Inue got excited at the sight of her, loving it when Marieke orgasmed from his thrusting alone while fucking. With some men it didn't work, so Marieke, driven by the rising excitement, rubbed her clit with her face contorted in suffering pain, to orgasm after a few moments. Then she threw her head back and forth, her body quivering under violent convulsions. She then slowly pulled the cock out of her throbbing cunt with pointed fingers and gently stroked it, only to be humped further a few moments later.

Mostly the men squirted before she reached the next orgasm. Marieke didn't wait until he had squirted the whole load in, but hid under his body, keeping the cock in her cunt and rubbing her clit quite stealthily, usually only for a few moments until she orgasmed.

Initially Marieke did not masturbate alone in front of men, but sometimes it happened when she was highly aroused and could not control herself. That's when she closed her eyes and did it very quickly, turning her face to the side, which had turned bright red from embarrassment and shame. Although she seemed to be terribly embarrassed every time, she kept doing it in front of the strangers when she absolutely needed it right away and immediately. Inue meant that Marieke made it despite all shaming in truth very gladly in front of spectators, firstly because she made it constantly and offered each time her spread thighs and her cunt exhibionistically to look and secondly, if it was really so embarrassing to her, why didn't she turn then with the back to the man?

After Inue had returned from the cheerfully splashing pee from the bathroom, I urged her to describe Marieke in more detail. She let me fidget a little, but then she said that everything was much bigger than her's, even her pussy. Only they both had small breasts, she giggled. The light blond pubic hair (at that time there was no shaving mania) framed her pink cunt, but her labia were like hers, so smooth and narrow. In any case, Marieke's clit was twice as big as her own, but usually completely covered by a bonnet. But when she got horny, the clit grew under the hood – she meant the bonnet – and stuck out stiff and firm. She broke off and drank. She really enjoyed being stroked gently during our question– and answer game.

When I asked her, she replied with a shy sideways glance that she had also done it once before men, because the two of them were already completely pumped out and she had not come to orgasm and was still terribly aroused. At first she was very embarrassed when she touched herself and Marieke's piercing looks made her pause at first. But she was terribly horny and wanted it badly and it surprisingly made her totally horny because the others were watching.

I urged her to tell everything. Well, she said and licked her lips, she lay on her back facing the men, closed her eyes and let her fantasies run wild. She slowly played with her labia and spread her thighs, first a little, then more and finally quite wide apart, and the open-mouthed gawking spectators gave her a certain kick. It increased her excitement that she could secretly see, under almost closed eyelids, how the cocks very, very slowly swelled and stiffened again as she masturbated herself to just before climax.

Marieke came closer and grabbed a guy, lying down so that her willingly opened pussy was right in front of Inue's face. She looked spellbound directly into Marieke's beautiful pink cunt in her light blonde pubic hair, while the man slowly and carefully penetrated Marieke. Inue exploded at the same moment as they fucked away, still orgasming violently as the second fellow brutally penetrated her throbbing cunt, making her convulse orgasmically with strong thrusts for a long time before he spurted loudly inside her.

It was a wonderful, arousing watching for her. Inue only noticed in passing that her own lover was cuming, her gaze remaining fixed unblinkingly on Marieke's cunt, fucking cock and dangling sack. Marieke's lover was giving his all and soon Marieke had to orgasm.

He noticed, then kept fucking until he finally cum. Marieke gestured to her lover to stay inside and keep squirting. Inue could quite clearly observe his pumping, which rhythmically widened Marieke's cunt, and also that Marieke had already pulled back the hood and was masturbating with her other hand.

Almost immediately she orgasmed. Her cunt twitched and jerked endlessly, squeezing the still spurting cock, then it ebbed. Instantly she pulled the flaccid cock out of her vagina. So we all had another good fuck, Inue said, adding, "one of the very good ones."

I asked abruptly when and how she started to masturbate? She looked at me for a very long time, then she answers, she will probably have been 8 or 9, was invited to a school friend with three others to a pyama party and sleepover. After the parents had gone out, the girls stayed alone among themselves. Her friend's older sister – about 13 or older – bragged terribly that she already had hair and willingly undressed on her bed to show off her sparse down to everyone.

Soon after, they were all naked, ogling and groping each other's hairless crevices and holes, until finally the big one, again marveled and gawked at by all, spread her thighs and pulled her labia apart with her fingers, letting everyone see inside her red hole. They gaped and marveled as she slowly slid her index finger inside, grinning broadly as she claimed she was already fucking her boyfriend properly. They had all climbed onto the bed, surrounded her and gawked at her miraculous hole.

Some moved forward when she said they could all touch her there and touch her. Some dared and she was soon writhing with horniness as many hands, many fingers groped her. This made her totally horny, she pushed the strange hands aside and masturbated without any shame in front of the girls until she orgasmed. Inue herself sat right between their legs and had curiously participated in the groping

of the big girl's pubic, now she breathlessly watched the masturbating. Everyone gawked in amazement, for none had ever seen or had an orgasm. After that experience, Inue said, she played with her pussy at night until she could do it. And every night since then, when she was alone. And she would never forget the triumphant look of the big one.

I kept drilling until she finally admitted to fibbing earlier, that she did it not just once but over and over again in front of strange men, just like Marieke, but without feeling embarrassed or ashamed. Listening, I continued to probe. Yes, Inue answered with some discomfort, we both did it very often, in fact almost every time. She apologetically added that many men needed a break after squirting, and should the horny girls wait idly until the man could fuck again? If there was only one man and only Inue wanted to get fucked, why shouldn't Marieke satisfy herself when she got aroused and needed it badly? Thoughtfully, Inue said, Marieke really did it a lot when she watched the fucking, often three or four times in a row.

And she herself, I asked? She really didn't find anything wrong with doing it in front of a man, possibly getting him horny again with it. Inue stuttered a little as she added that exhibiting often gave her an arousing sense of power, that's why she liked doing it so much. And very often even two men didn't manage to fuck Inue to orgasm, so should they then sit around as a foursome, or release their horniness unceremoniously? Of course, I say, that's okay, please keep reporting, I'm very interested. But, she continued, we never did a lesbian show to the man, each only satisfied herself when men were around. Always.

Then she continued: more often it happened that a man wanted Marieke to give him a handjob at the end, which she did only reluctantly. She wanked the cocks tantalizingly slowly and smiled as soon as they squirted, but she was careful not to get squirted herself. Most of the men, however, couldn't stand her slow hand for long and did it to themselves. But because most of them were eager to squirt on her breast or on her cunt, she made sure that the man masturbated kneeling in front of her. At the crucial moment, she moved her cunt forward so skillfully that it was all over his glans when he squirted or

he had to penetrate while squirting. She was very proud of this technique. Marieke never let herself be squirted in the face, and certainly not in the mouth.

And you, I ask curiously. Oh, it's nothing, she replies. If a man wanted a handjob, he got it, even though she kept trying to seduce him into fucking her. And she didn't care where the man wanted to squirt, just not on her hair. And it was no problem for her to swallow the semen, it comes from inside and is absolutely clean. But it rarely happened that the man wanted a handjob, squirting in her throat was victorious ever.

After a few deep gulps from the bottle, Inue whispered with tear-flecked eyes how nice it used to be to watch Marieke fuck! But this happened more and more rarely, so that Inue was finally the only one who fucked with the men. Marieke just watched them until she was aroused and horny enough to give in to her exhibitionism despite all the embarrassment and shame and masturbated with her thighs wide open. Most men stopped fucking to watch her masturbate horny before they continued fucking. Rarely, Marieke would lie down next to Inue to gently rub Inue's clit while they fucked, bringing her to orgasm. When the men had left, Marieke would get her vibrator and give herself a long, wonderful orgasm.

I couldn't help it, I kept drilling. Hesitantly, Inue replied that they were not embarrassed of each other from the beginning and were doing it together as a matter of course, at first each on her own side of the bed. Yes, she liked that very much, Inue said, because since she had that disfiguring fire mark on her face, she rarely got a shotgun in front of her little mouse, she giggled. Marieke was fine with it, because she was autoerotically inclined anyway, and so they enjoyed masturbating together every night when they couldn't hook up with anyone. But mostly it worked, Marieke picked up a man, she fucked him.

Yes, she finally admitted then when I asked, sometimes feeling Marieke's clit while she satisfied herself with the vibby. When I probed further, she said that Marieke really enjoyed it lately when Inue stimulated her clit just before she orgasmed, she usually came

immediately, after a few strokes on her clit. And she herself, yes – she scratched her head before revealing her last secret in a hoarse whisper, – yes, by now she always let Marieke masturbate her, from start to finish. And yes, by now only by Marieke, because she could do it very, very well. Inue didn't know why, but Marieke was very dominant and brought her to fast orgasms with her fingers better than she could do it herself. They both loved multiple orgasms in a row and did it for hours. I wanted to know if they were doing it the same way this week, and Inue replied – a little surprised – yes, of course, this is our vacation after all. During the year they rarely saw each other, and she herself only had enough time to masturbate extensively on the weekends. And only on the weekends did she have time to fuck some older men she was friends with. But she mentioned that she masturbated every night before she went to sleep, which she had done every night since she was a child.

# Preview

Inue downs another glass, wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, and glares at me. She is suddenly ashamed of her openness, gets even more drunk, and completely surrenders herself to me. I wonder if I should fuck her, because my worst urge has suddenly faded. Nevertheless, my cock had become neatly stiff again during her confession. I quickly get up, lift her up and carry her to the bed. As we lie side by side and kiss for a long time, I feel the urging of her body. Her abdomen presses longingly against me, her pubic caresses my cock demanding. I caress her everywhere, what a beautiful, wonderful body! I feel my way into her abdomen, feel her heat and moisture. Delicately and purposefully I stroke her clit, hear her breath quicken and stroke even more gently and quickly.

I enjoy her getting hornier, stroking her to almost orgasm, but she doesn't come. Soft and willing she lets me turn her onto her belly, I pull her up by the hips and spread her thighs, her butt cheeks. She buries her face in the pillow when I mount her from behind, reaches through between her thighs and steers my bulging cock with one hand helping carefully into her vagina, which goes surprisingly easier than previously thought.

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A wonderful cunt, very tight and cuddly, wet and warm. I feel at the end of her cunt slight resistance – ah, there it goes no further. I'm relieved, because my little one is not particularly large.

"But don't squirt inside," whispers Inue, "it's a dangerous day today!" Although I'm dead tired from the day's ride, I pull myself and give her a good evening ride. She sighs and squirms as I fuck her slowly and vigorously. Her hand, which she had used to help my cock in, steals to her clit and I can feel it rubbing gently. In her drunkenness she loses the ground under her feet, suddenly tears roll down her frightened face, she sobs in tears "please don't make me a child!" and pinches her vagina so that I cum once twitching briefly, but I continue to fuck slowly without continuing to cum.

Inue doesn't stop rubbing herself. I look down at my cock, which disappears between her small, round buttocks. It's not an arousing situation because the "don't squirt!" or "don't make me have a baby!" is very irritating. Without really having come to orgasm, I tense up inside her because earlier, while she was busy with her clit, I had nevertheless squirted into her a very little bit when she had cramped her vagina. She continues to rub her clit and I watch as she brings herself to a small, gentle orgasm. She keeps exciting her clit really hard to delay the climax as long as possible. She is highly concentrated on this and ignores everything I do. I now thrust in very deeply, the cervix gives way and lets my glans penetrate deeply. It encloses the glans quite tightly, the stranglehold lets me squirt only in tiny jets.

Because I remain motionless stuck in her pussy and squirt in very small jets, she suddenly looks at me very anxiously over her shoulder and whispers in horror, whether I'm squirting right now?! She does not seem to sense my secret squirting, since I do not thrust. We both remain motionless and I continue to squirt in tiny little squirts into her vagina. I close my eyes and try to somehow enjoy this restrained, strange squirting. She doesn't move and seems to listen inside herself as she continues to tease the clit further and further and further. The seconds turn into minutes and I squirt in small doses inside her vagina. Squirting each time she shudders as the clit is teased and her vagina squeezes my cock comfortingly. She pants and steadily increases the speed with which she rubs her clit. I am amazed that she can masturbate so elegantly and purposefully even when intoxicated, it is almost automatic. Her fingernail scratches my cock as she climaxes. She sighs in satisfaction and triggers the orgasm.

Suddenly pure panic — "are you squirting right now?" I ram it in deep to squirt and lie "No, but in a moment, in a moment I'll squirt!". She is terribly frightened and immediately pulls out my cock with her hand, strokes it with her hand and makes a satisfied face, because she believes because of its stiffness that I have not yet squirted. In a lucid moment she asks, "did you cum inside? Squirted in?" and I hum and nod in confirmation. She missed the clear moment and grins stupidly. "Not squirted, not squirted!" she repeats shaking her head as if she understood. She nods in satisfaction as she squeezes

the glans and a tiny bit of semen immediately spurts out into her hand. She giggles with a blur, “squirt nicely, squirt just fine! Squirt, squirt, squirt!” and squeezes the glans with each “squirt!”. She lets the semen squirt out in little droplets into her cupped hand. She giggles idiotically and tries hard to make me squirt really hard and is happy about every little drop of semen that squirts into her hollow hand. I alone know that I have squirted far too little and restrained and still need it right. After a while she stops squeezing the glans, smudges the semen on the sheet and murmurs, “fine squirted, have fine squirted! Very fine squirted!” She still checks with a finger if there is any semen in her vagina. The situation is not erotic, the woman and I are completely drunk and my desire is subsiding, I am subsiding at all.

I slide to the side and remain lying there breathing heavily. Shit, I’m all fucked up! And shit, I did squirt in, even if only a tiny little bit. It was not particularly horny, but I had been able to squirt for minutes in her vagina without her getting suspicious. Had I injected directly into her uterus, in the stranglehold of her cervix? Very unlikely, I must have imagined it. She was too drunk to notice the restrained squirting or to recognize the semen in her vagina. She gropes for my cock again and tries to squeeze the flaccid glans and make it squirt, unsuccessfully. It just doesn’t work that way. Very skillfully she rubs my cock and finally takes it in her mouth. It took a very long time, because I was still quite exhausted. But her tongue play made me jubilant. My finger play with her clit seemed to inspire her to suck my cock to climax. She actually manages to make him rebel again briefly and squirt a little bit. Like an actress in a cheap porno, she sticks out her tongue to present the bit of semen before swallowing it with a grin. Only now she seems to be satisfied and stands up swaying.

She briefly visits the vodka bottle and goes into the bathroom to splurge, then we lie quietly next to each other for probably a quarter of an hour, dozing, kissing and cuddling. I can’t keep my hands off her beautiful, girlish body and she obviously enjoys being tickled and caressed all over. I must go very far back in time when I last held such a pretty and willing girl in my arms. After some time she crawls down, feels for my cock and takes it into her mouth. She licks the

half-asleep fellow very gently and brings him almost stiff. She can do it really well, licks and sucks and sucks in her intoxication that it is a real pleasure. I let myself continue to lick for quite a while because it is so pleasant, but after endless time I release her and say it would not go at the moment, I can not yet fuck and squirt. “No, not squirt, just fuck!” she replies with a heavy tongue, “just fuck, not squirt!”

She really seems not to have noticed my previous squirting, stands up and gets the next red wine bottle from the table, because the first Marques is already empty. She drinks directly from the bottle, sets down only briefly and drinks with violent gulping. Then she comes to bed swaying, with an unsteady step, but determined to do anything. With feverish eyes I look at her beautiful naked body. I knew only a few Asian women, but she was certainly the most beautiful and erotic of them. She is completely drunk again and cuddles up to me demanding. She takes another deep sip from the bottle and abandons herself to my finger play. My fingers play a little with her labia, she spreads wide and willingly, the booze drops all her inhibitions. With one hand I caress her breasts, with the other her labia, circling them and avoiding the clit to rekindle her excitement.

I close my eyes, indulging my thoughts and thinking of the couple I watch every day….

# Cute neighbor

.... I had gone out on the balcony to smoke the very first evening when I heard distinct noises coming from the next room. I pressed one eye to the gap between the wall and the unfolded wooden sun-shade and sure enough, the couple next door was fiercely at it.

I had already seen them the previous evening in the dining room, he, a medium sized, beefy built fellow, she, a tall blonde with a first class figure and rather large, bouncing breasts – a magnificently grown woman! Nevertheless, I suspected that the breasts had been surgically enlarged. I estimated that she was only in her early twenties, but that he was about 45 and they appeared to be on their honeymoon.

Now I saw them through the gap, he was fucking her slowly and deliberately. They were barely ten feet away from me. She was lying half erect on several pads, her legs wide open for him. I could see quite clearly how he was slowly and rhythmically thrusting his very thick, large cock into her cunt. She seemed to really enjoy it, making soft sounds and thrusting in turn with her pelvis. It wasn't long before he paused and she grabbed the root of his cock, pulling it out up to the glans, but leaving the glans in her cunt. His cock twitched slightly as she rhythmically pulled her labia together to milk his glans. She groaned softly with excitement as she fucked the glans with her labia and her whole cunt.

He soon seemed to be ready, pulled his glans out of her pussy and quickly pushed it in and out again. She looked at him totally in love and took his bulging giant in her hand. She made very gentle, soft jerking movements and very slowly inserted half of his cock. Now she tightened her grip and rubbed once–twice quickly, he instantly reared up and pulsatingly squirted into her. She pulled the cock out of her vagina and continued to rub it gently, letting the semen splash onto her pubic, rubbing it with slow motions until it stopped spurting. She continued to rub him very gently after he let himself sink tiredly to the side, continued to rub him gently and patiently until he stopped her. Then he got up, I heard the bathroom door slam and

then the rush of the shower. All the douchebag seemed to care about was his own squirting, he didn't seem to care if she came too.

But she was certainly not a child of the day before yesterday, still lying spread wide on the bed and stroking her cunt, obviously still highly excited from being fucked, pulled the hood over the clit all the way back with her fingers, so that the little guy peeked out a tiny bit. To my disappointment, it was quite small. Then she sighed once deeply and immediately brought herself to climax with a few quick strokes. I carefully withdrew while she was still pressing her fingers on her pussy and letting the convulsions subside.

Every evening, promptly at six-thirty, I watched them fuck, although I had the impression that at least she must have seen me, perhaps as a dark shadow behind the wooden screens. But apparently she loved having someone watching, because after he went to shower, she half-turned, directly to me, and opened her thighs quite wide, eyes and cunt conspiratorially directed at my observer post. She seemed to still be neatly aroused from fucking, and with one hand pulled the bonnet all the way back so that I could see the small, reddishly aroused clit. She let him nod, quickly pulling the bonnet back and forth a dozen times. Then she made one-two strokes with her fingers right on the clit to orgasm immediately. She closed her eyes and spread her labia with her fingers so I could see the pulsing quite clearly. After it subsided, she looked up and smiled, and it seemed to me that she was winking at me, but I wasn't sure. I stayed until she got up and dressed, then I withdrew as carefully as I could....

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## Vibby

"I haven't had it yet today" Inue says with a shy sideways glance at me, which gave me a little twinge – she'd probably forgotten about the gentle orgasms earlier. I smile tiredly at her, knowing I won't be able to get anything done today. I tell her to do it herself, with the Vibby. She hesitates and looks at me questioningly, and I add that I want to watch her do it with the Vibby. With a swimming look her tongue stumbles that I am a fucking voyeur, but she sees my horny grin and laughs, there you are like all the others. Only after a while does she open the nightstand drawer, rummaging for Marieke's Vibby.

I sit up and light a cigarette. She plays around with the vibby for some time, obviously having to overcome some inhibition, despite her intoxication, as her uncertain look reveals. I bend over and take her hand with the Vibby, steering it lower and lower in gentle curves and playfully pushing the tip against her labia, gently pushing the Vibby into her vagina with her hand. She looks me slightly embarrassed in the eyes, her gaze gradually changing to drunken determination.

After another sideways glance at me, she shoves the vibby deep inside. She alternates between rubbing her clit and frantically fucking herself with the Vibby. It takes a very long time, she whimpers and groans and moans that it's not working. I get a decent hard-on watching while she desperately struggles to come to orgasm. I almost can't control myself, it's so exciting to watch this girl up close as she tries to satisfy herself. Whenever she gets close to orgasm, she lets go of the clit and hesitantly fucks herself with the vibby without coming to orgasm.

"It won't work!" she moans softly, trembling and tears rolling down her cheeks. As suddenly as it began, it's over, the vibby flung carelessly onto the sheet. "It won't do!" she says again, lying there as if struck, covering her eyes with her forearm, the other palm pressed to her cunt.

# Finale

Her show has driven me completely crazy. I'm on my knees in front of her now, holding my hard-on at the ready, barely able to contain myself, though I realize she's completely exhausted and totally drunk. Her helplessness, her tears and her stammering drunken jerk off have awakened my most power-hungry fantasies, have unleashed my hungry sex demons. I have to squirt and fuck now, so I move forward, grab her and sit her down so that she is supported by the pillows. Then I kneel down, grab her butt cheeks with both hands so I can lift them and try to penetrate. With a surprised sigh of pain, she sighs when I finally find her hole, poking between her labia, helps with a hand my cock to penetrate. She notes my determined firmness and murmurs that I must not squirt. I just grumble and know I'm going to cum all over her today, no matter how!

I grab her butt cheeks and fuck her very, very slowly, thinking of Marieke and her vibby. I'm kind of angry in my frenzy and imagine I'm inside Marieke, who I'm really quite angry at because it was her I actually wanted to fuck. This time it takes a long time, she groans comfortably with each of my thrusts, her fingers playing with her clit.

She masturbates in her frenzy continuously, slowly I feel my orgasm rising and embrace her buttocks with both hands. But when I straighten up shortly afterwards to tackle the finale, she stops masturbating unsteadily and looks at me fearfully, because she actually doesn't want to fuck me further, doesn't want to let me squirt. Her eyes blur into tears as she notices my motionless pause inside her and asks tonelessly if I'm squirting inside her right now?

I shake my head in denial and murmur "Yes, in a minute! I'm about to squirt!". I can only hear this from far away, because she tenses up and doesn't want to anymore. She whispers tearfully, "Please, don't make me a baby!" even though she realizes that all I want now is to fuck and squirt. I hold her ironclad by her butt cheeks, press her butt against me and thrust slowly and deeply into her cunt. I hold her tightly, am not ready to let go of her and continue to fuck undeterred. My hands are clawed into her buttocks, energeti-

cally I press her against me and push thoughtfully and full of pleasure into her vagina.

All of a sudden she gives in, keeps giving and giving and finally spreads herself completely wide to let me softly and willingly into her despite the tears, whispering again and again “yes, come fuck me, squirt!”. Somehow in this I sense their buddy-like agreement to cross the line together, to break the rule, and don’t think about the fact that drunkenness and sexual greed have taken over. I’m drunk and yet I know I’m doing her violence, know in advance that I’m going to squirt inside her, at any cost!

I fuck panting like a bull, thrusting in and out, in and out, thoughtfully and forcefully like the ram of a steam engine. I get more and more excited and feel my plunger hammering against the soft end of her vagina. She gets more excited with each thrust, pressing her fingers to her clit and fucking me like crazy with her eyes wide with fear, tears rolling out of them again. “Come on, squirt already! Make my baby!” she slurs with a heavy tongue and now thrusts her pussy excitedly towards my cock. Her eyes blur into tears as she gasps “Yes! Fuck me! Squirt me a baby!” and continues to fuck my little one, she fucks and fucks me like a fury!

Her face contorts into a tear-streaked grimace with effort as she fucks me completely intoxicated as if out of her mind, “Yes, come on, squirt! Squirt!” she gasps. After one last frantic trill on the clit, she stops all at once and comes, suddenly and very violently. As if from a raging thunderstorm, she is buffeted by orgasm, rocking her pelvis back and forth while I hold her like an iron vise. She bends her head forward to look down at herself, half horny, half helpless, but I watch her in my rising burst to observe her body jerk forward convulsively in orgasm and her cunt contract rhythmically around my cock. The rhythmic, sucking convulsions of her cunt excite me greatly, intensifying the premonition of the urgent coming eruption in my abdomen. I remain motionless, feeling my cock throbbing against the heaving, grinding end of her vagina. She slowly and gently rubs her clit to prolong her orgasmic convulsions. “Yes, come fuck me!”

In the midst of this endless orgasm, I explode – probably the best time for an old cock. She pulls in air violently as my cock suddenly rears up in her vagina and shoots the first jet into her. She feels the explosion of hot juice in her vagina and opens her mouth as if to a soundless scream, which immediately turns into a satisfied smile, she looks me straight in the eyes and hugs my hips demanding. She involuntarily holds her breath, opens her body softly and widely, receives my thrusting and squirting with a breathed “Yeaaah! Squirt!” and acknowledges every single thrust of the squirting piston with a gentle counter thrust of her pelvis, lets my semen squirt into her with a happy drunken gurgle, clings to me with her hands and lets everything squirt into her willingly and softly opened.

As I stop thrusting and squirting, she holds her breath, pulls out my cock with gentle fingers – I realize she is still highly aroused, and how! – and looks with a blurry, uncertain gaze at the still firm journeyman. Transitionless, she rubs it quickly up and down her labia a few times. She pushes it deep inside her vagina again and tries to keep fucking me. As if that would go so easily again! But I’m an old man, I can’t feel it any clearer than right now – my little one is rapidly losing all composure. “Enough,” I gasp, and only now does she let go of me. I sink down beside her on the bed, exhausted to death.

# Escaped

At this moment I notice Marieke standing under the door frame. She must have entered silently and has been standing there for who knows how long, watching our act with glittering, feverish eyes. The evening is a disaster! I jump up in a daze and go half-dressed to my room, after pressing a fleeting kiss on Inue's cheek and sneaking past Marieke with my eyes lowered.

318 (or his bedmate) snores like a bear. I have no more nerves and drum against the wall, hitting the jo man Italians one by one in the face. First silence, then indignant grumbling in 318, then finally silence.

I am disappointed in Marieke, who had most certainly fucked one or the other or all of the rappers in a filthy disco–toilet or in the back of a Bentley or Rolls–Royce, am disappointed in me and Inue, who let my darkest demons crawl out. I am disappointed in myself because the evening as a whole was disastrous. And because — —

Fuck you, guys. All of you!

...

# Head over heels

by Jack Faber © 2020

Lena had heard unfamiliar noises from upstairs and crept quietly up the stairs. Carefully, silently she opened the door to Jon's room, just a crack wide, for she extremely rarely disturbed her son, and peered inside.

Jon was leaning back against the wall, upside down, naked. He kept his legs spread wide, and with one hand he rubbed his cock. The glans was entirely in his mouth. Yes, his cock was in his mouth!

Lena had never seen this acrobatics before. That he was masturbating, she knew of course, but she had never seen that before. She stopped and watched her 13–year old slowly masturbate and suck his glans. Within a short time he was ready, arching his back as far as it would go and fucking his mouth very hard. He seemed to suck on his cock while visibly orgasming violently. She could tell by the rhythmic tightening of his urethra that he was squirting, and he sucked and sucked before swallowing the cum.

She closed the door quietly and went downstairs all agitated. In the living room, she lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes. It had been more than five years since her husband, Jon's father, had died. Doctors didn't recognize the cancer until it had already metastasized throughout his body. It wasn't a pretty death; she sat at his deathbed for days watching life leave him. She was only 29.

Frank was a quiet, very sweet man whom everyone liked and who worked as an engineer in research. He was very practical in many ways and had made good provisions. She received her apartment, a row house he had inherited from her parents. In addition, a million from his life insurance and another 600,000 in the joint account and in shares as well as annual income from his patents. He had whispered to her shortly before his death that the thought of knowing that she and Jon were well taken care of would make dying easier for him. She made a solemn promise to use his fortune sparingly, to

send Jon to the best schools, and to give him as much as possible from the fortune to start life.

At 14 she had fallen in love with Alfie, the crush of all the girls in her school. Their relationship was very brief, she willingly allowed herself to be deflowered and they fucked a few times before he moved on to the next girls. Quantity went before quality, yet he announced to all his beta–monkeys that Lena was splendid to fuck and a horny fuckable girl. From then on she had a great choice, fell in love easily and curiously let everyone fuck and squirt inside her. She knew nothing about contraception, of course, so it was the well-meaning goddesses who prevented worse. It must have been about 20 love affairs until she met Frank. He was already studying engineering and came from a good house.

They had come together towards the end of their school years, for both of them it was the right thing to do. While he was still in college, they had moved in together and slept together almost daily. When she had her period, she would give him a hand job. She had been shown how to do it by him, and soon she could do it so well that she could make him squirt twice, even though he stubbornly claimed he couldn't a second time. But she was used to masturbating twice in a row and was pleased that she could do the same to him. They made love sincerely and devotedly.

Although he made every effort, the most she came close to during sex was orgasm. It had never occurred to her to fake an orgasm for him. On the contrary, it was natural for them both that she masturbates immediately after he had cum, as she had been used to doing since childhood. He had tried it many times, but he just couldn't do it. He usually put a hand on her labia, under her rapidly vibrating fingers, to share in her pleasure, and gently slipped away. She usually waited a few minutes until he was deeply asleep and masturbated again because she was so used to do it twice. Fast, hard, and silently orgasming.

She mourned quietly and for a very long time, because he had become an important part of her life. They had so much in common, she couldn't let him go and meet someone else. It had already be-

come practically a family tradition that they bathed together once a week in the big double bathtub. Little Jon grew up with that, with the pleasurable nakedness, splashing and splashing. Sometimes he would play alone with his water toys when his parents got quiet and made love in the water. They thought that it was beneficial for the boy to witness their sexuality. In time, he watched with great interest and playfully palpated his little hard-on.

No, after his death she didn't want to meet anyone new, she had her daily orgasms while masturbating and didn't need a new man. Or sometimes she did, then she went in the evening to a small bar three streets away and let herself be towed after one–two drinks. The friendly, good-natured barman, with whom she occasionally fucked, gave her the key to the room above the bar and collected a fifty from each man for it. She always made sure that the man put on a condom, because she did not want to get sexually ill or pregnant. Most of these unions were not worth mentioning, a few were quite good and she had orgasms with the very best. After the orgasms she cried because she had never experienced that with her husband. She became selective and stayed with those she orgasmed with. It felt so different from masturbating, especially when he lasted a long time and she flew from orgasm to orgasm.

Such a one was Friedhelm, the mechanic. The two-metre man didn't have a big cock, smaller than Frank's and about the same size as Jon's. But he was the best, he could fuck Lena to orgasm effortlessly. Little by little she learned his life story. At 13 he tore away from home, he couldn't stand the alcoholism and the violent quarrels of his parents anymore. He came to live with his 20–year old sister, who worked as a prostitute. She put a condom on him and taught him to fuck. Incest was not a category for her, she just said hogwash! and taught him the most important thing, a condom protects him from STDs and her from an unwanted pregnancy. The thirteen year old was very teachable and they fucked as long as he lived with her, more than 12 years. They loved each other with all their hearts, all their lives.

He learned the mechanic trade from one of her friendlier pimps as well as the pimp trade. With his sister's approval, he fucked all the

hookers he met. Sometimes his sister would bring one home and they would happily drink and fuck each other. Slowly, the sister was able to improve and worked in the escort service after she got free from drugs. She was soon considered the quiet e–girl, because she was poorly educated and only made up for it with her charms and extraordinary techniques.

Friedhelm had grown up, an excellent motorcycle mechanic and pimp with some girls he treated very well. They were grateful because with his height he impressed even the most audacious suitor. They gave him sex of the finest in return, and he enjoyed it to the fullest. His sister had found a good and wealthy man who was completely infatuated with her and proposed marriage. Since he could no longer have children, she agreed with the proviso that she be allowed to start a family with a child. He agreed and Friedhelm was amazed when she moved back into their shared apartment. She took the condom packet from his hand and said she wanted it naturally. With a strange shyness she told him she wanted a child, a child by him. It took some time before she explained everything to him. So it happened that they now worked day and night on this child. It was the first time he had cum in her vagina, he was terribly excited. It was a completely new, wonderful feeling to cum not into the condom as he was used to, but into her vagina. He had to squirt, as often as he could, his semen very deep into her vagina. She received him full of love, masturbated dreaming about her baby and clinging to him during orgasms. Then she drove him wildly to squirt very very deep inside her so that she finally conceived. It took almost a whole year for her to get pregnant and marry her impatient, ardent suitor.

His sister had it good, living luxuriously in a large house right by the sea, raising her little daughter with lots of love and attention, something she had never received. Her husband showered her with his great love and was as much in love with his daughter as she was. He really didn’t care who had made his wife the child and never addressed it.

Friedhelm loved the little drinking bouts he celebrated with his girls. Often there were three or four of them and his manhood was challenged as he mounted one after the other. The girls sang boister-

ous obscenities and cheered him and his partner on with obscene words. Although none of them were lesbians, the alcohol made them drop all inhibitions as they masturbated each other to orgasms or masturbated completely in seclusion. It was a beautiful, joyful time.

Friedhelm sighed deeply before continuing to narrate in a dull voice. He carried on with his life until one day Russian gangs began to take over the scene. One evening he came face to face with a pack of gunmen. He was told to clear the field or die here. He hit the leader on the head, just once with his fist. “He just keeled over, I didn’t want to kill him!” The Russians ran away, the giant had killed their chief with a single blow of his fist. He suffered greatly from having beaten a man to death, had nightmares and cried, although the Russian himself was a multiple murderer. Of course, the Russians gave anonymous tips to the police and he had to flee. He swung on his machine and now rolled from town to town, under false names and changing precincts every year. Lena was almost heartbroken when he wouldn’t make another appointment after a year. He had to move on, he said sadly, and disappeared from her life forever. She cried, because he had become very close to her.

A few months after Frank’s death, they resumed bathing together weekly. Jon grew taller and taller, looking greedily at her nakedness and getting strong erections. His shapely cock had very little foreskin and his glans was almost always exposed. She showed herself without any shame, his eyes wandering from her full breasts down to her pubic hair and gazing at her pubic cleft for a long time.

They had many nice bath times, mostly he sat in the water with his back leaning against her. She reached around him, washed his chest and belly, then she reached onto his cock. She washed his cock very gently and rubbed it afterwards, as she always did. He was still too young to squirt at 9. She pulled the foreskin back over the glans as she rubbed, until his cock throbbed slightly. He growled in satisfaction. No, never would she give him a hand job!

Jon was growing, he was turning 12, and his cock had grown a bit too. When his cock throbbed, a few drops would squirt out and she would stop immediately because she would never, ever do it. A few

months later his drops got thicker, from then on she stopped at the first sign. She would hold his cock and let the heavy drops ooze out and fall into the water. If she was careless, when she rubbed him, his semen splashed in irregular, halting jets. Mostly, though, she stopped in time and held his cock tightly while the semen spilled out sluggishly and irregularly and fell into the water. No, she would never let it come to that! She sighed deeply when she became aware of the contradiction. He loved it when she first rubbed, then held his cock motionless, circling his glans with her thumb until the semen oozed out and dripped lazily into the bathwater.

She knew full well she would never give him a hand job, ever. She let her thumb circle on his glans until the semen came out or spurted out – that wasn't a handjob after all! She knew that was exactly where she was headed. For weeks she did nothing to stop the semen from spurting out every time she rubbed it. But she always stopped immediately because she was still making a vague distinction between rubbing and a handjob.

When she bathed him, she questioned him thoroughly as she reached around him and rubbed his cock strokingly. He had grown to love masturbating and squirting and did it frequently, several times a day, but she already knew that. Carefully she approached the subject of acrobatics. Not wanting to embarrass him, she mentioned that she happened to see it a few days ago. He told her that he did it practically every day since Sam was gone. She remembered Samuel, the chubby-cheeked boy from his class. Jon told her that Sam always wanted it in his mouth. Amazed, she listened to him talk about mouth fucking and squirting in his mouth, describing how nice it was to squirt in a warm mouth. No, she thought, she would never, ever do that!

She motioned him to kneel down opposite her in the bathwater. She looked directly at his erection in front of her face, then carefully reached out with two fingers and slowly slipped the foreskin back and forth. She made sure that the foreskin stroked over the glans, back and forth. Mostly he pushed his pelvis forward until his glans touched her lips. He seemed to like it a lot, but she pushed him back after a while. He wanted to cum in her mouth, of course, as he had

done with Sam. She definitely did not want that, ever! He mostly rested his hands on her breasts and caressed her breasts and nipples, because that felt good to her, she had said. His cock aimed at her face, as if he wanted to cum right on her. He pushed forward with his pelvis until his glans touched her lips, while she kept rubbing incessantly. He pushed his glans between her lips, up to her tongue. She reluctantly allowed that, but only as far as her tongue. She rubbed the foreskin back and forth over the glans very quickly and firmly, for several minutes. She pressed her tongue against the glans to keep it from entering her mouth completely.

Actually, she didn't mind having his glans in her mouth, right down to her tongue as she rubbed it. He suspected it, she knew it. She formed a ring with her fingers and rubbed his glans with all her might, as fast as she could, until suddenly he stiffened quite firmly. She turned her head briefly, releasing the glans from her lips. The way he obviously wanted it, she didn't want it, he shouldn't squirt into her mouth again! She had already misjudged the time so often and the little rogue, who had pressed his glans between her lips up to her tongue, had squirted quite surprisingly, onto her tongue and even further. Her mouth involuntarily opened a bit and more of his semen splashed into her mouth. The semen tasted a little salty as she immediately pushed it away, as she always did.

She held his cock pointed straight down, into the bathwater. He groaned and she continued until he had squirted it all into the bath water. Mostly, though, he squirted on her breasts because he found that much more exciting. She let him do it and smiled. But he shouldn't get into the habit of squirting in her mouth, she thought. At the same time, she knew he would try again next time. Everytime.

She wanted to know what gave little Samuel a kick, so she gave in to curiosity once–twice and let him cum to the end of rubbing in her mouth and rubbing him until he finished squirting, but it gave her no kick at all. Yes, she pulled her tongue back completely a few times and let him squirt his seed into her mouth completely unhindered, but it didn't bring her any closer to Sam at all. She kept swallowing the semen and other than a slightly salty taste, she felt nothing. To Jon, of course, she pretended that she had made a mistake in timing.

In the end, all she achieved was that he tried all the more eagerly to penetrate between her lips.

In the break before the second time he caressed her breasts, she loved that. She lathered her sex with a soft terry cloth and washed herself with lascivious movements, tantalizingly slow. He looked greedily at her cunt and erected very slowly. On the first round, she rubbed his cock in front of her face with the risk of it penetrating between her lips. On the second round, she rubbed his cock only facing the water, but much harder. After a while she grabbed his cock, demonstratively held it vertically down between his thighs and started rubbing slowly. In the second round, she had to form a ring with her index finger and thumb very early on and pull it along the entire length of the shaft. She also had to rub much faster and harder, because it took quite a long time before she could let him squirt into the bath water or onto her breasts.

They had to talk about it. Yes, he was supposed to stand for the first round so she wouldn't have to bend down to him. He was allowed to put his cock between her lips. If she wanted it, she would let him cum in her mouth, but the glans was only allowed to penetrate to her lips, no mouth fucking, ever, no way! Otherwise he was allowed to squirt on her breasts. Nothing changed about the break and the second round. That was the deal.

Jon found that she only let him squirt on her breasts when he fidgeted impatiently or tried mouth-fucking. When he stood still, she puckered her lips into a soft kissing mouth and pressed his glans into it as she rubbed him. When squirting, she opened her kissing mouth a bit and let him squirt into her mouth. This pleased Jon because she always knew exactly when he was going to squirt. She puckered her kissing mouth and her lips enclosed his glans, tightly. She started sucking and didn't stop sucking until he was done. Then her lips and tongue played around the glans until his cock went limp. Jon felt with all his senses how much she loved him. She let him cum in her mouth and on her breasts, respectively, during the bathing days of the next year, because it was just innocent rubbing, not a handjob!

No, she would never do that! But time was working against her. He wiggled his butt restlessly against her pubic. No, that — never! He didn't want to kneel down anymore and whispered hoarsely that she should please do it right, properly. She laid him across her lap like a Pietà figure and grasped his cock with a sigh. Silently, she rubbed his cock like she used to give Frank handjobs. It was no longer a childish rubbing, it was a real handjob. She knew she was throwing away her good intentions with this handjob and starting a whole new chapter. She paid attention to his reactions and made it very intimate and sensitive until he jerked violently and cum.

After a while he turned to her, encircled her with his arms and put his face on her big breasts. Stammering uncertainly, he searched for words. She reassured him smiling and explained everything, it was the first clarification she gave him. She explained to him the handjob and that it was quite normal and right for a boy his age to do the handjob to himself. Jon didn't say anything because they both knew that he had been doing it all along. Still, she wanted to reassure him that it was perfectly fine for him to give himself a handjob and that it was perfectly normal, healthy and natural. After that, she explained to him about fucking and that this was how babies were made when the woman got pregnant in the process. She sat down on the edge of the tub and spread her legs so he could look at and feel everything closely. When he stood up with a flushed face and a hard erection, she smilingly gave him another hand job standing up and let him squirt the semen on her breasts. They continued to bathe happily.

The next time they bathed, while the bath water was still running in, she spontaneously hugged him, for a very long time. She felt his erection growing until his cock pressed quite stiffly against her pubic hair. No, she would never allow him to do that, never! He pressed his cock between her tightly closed legs, right under her labia, and hugged her even tighter. He knew in theory how to fuck, made some hasty fucking movements and squirted between her tightly closed legs. She felt his squirting, right under her labia. No, never would she let that happen! When his cock went limp, she turned to the bathtub and they bathed happily, him leaning back against her breasts. Not a word did she address this thigh-fucking. Later, when he tentatively whispered sitting in the bath water, please do it now, she gave him a

hand job, lifted his butt and cock out of the water and made him cum high into the air. She hugged him tightly and they laughed with pleasure.

He was so thrilled that before the next bath he again pressed his erect cock between her legs and thrust until he squirted. So that's how the fucking went! Each of his attempts to penetrate higher and thrust between her labia, she fought off with a smile and quickly pulled his cock out of her vaginal cleft to wedge it deeper between her thighs. No, she would never, never allow that!

The squirting between her closed thighs stopped because she showed him something new. He sat on the edge of the bathtub and had to keep his erection facing forward very still. She gently sat on his thighs, reached down and embraced the penis shaft with her labia. She was now churning back and forth on his cock, faster and faster, until he squirted. This was much more arousing for her too. The difficult thing about this game was that in her overzealousness she often impaled his cock with her vagina. It often happened that he was already squirting when she impaled him excitedly and then quickly pulled out the squirting fellow. Nevertheless, she immediately decided to prevent conception. Despite these little mishaps, they both loved it very much, all year long.

During the whole next year, the labia riding on his cock increased, the handjobs became quite rare. She liked this riding on the cock very much, because she could savor her excitement for a very long time, although she did not orgasm at the beginning. More and more often, the little rogue managed to get herself impaled just before she squirted, while she thrust and thrust wildly with arousal. And then to cum quickly, because she usually did not notice. Again and again he took advantage of the situation when she got aroused and darted really fast to deliberately stick his cock in and cum in her vagina. The little rogue, whom she had repeatedly forbidden to penetrate, pulled his cock out again after the first shot to hypocritically squirt the rest outside. She didn't scold him for it, she was preventing.

At the very beginning, she figured out how to ride to rub her clit against his cock and orgasm. During her first orgasm, she pressed

him close, and when he asked, she kept quiet and gasped. Later she explained to him that was the way girls squirted, although girls of course didn't squirt. Her ears perked up when he said he would have guessed if she had been waving a hand underwater so far. She had always been scrupulously careful not to let him notice her underwater masturbation and underwater orgasms when she sat behind him. She had been sure all along that she had succeeded in keeping her masturbation secret.

Her ears burned as he happily recounted how skillfully he managed to watch her anyway, even though he couldn't make out any details in the foam-dimmed water. Her orgasm didn't surprise him, because that's how girls squirted, even if girls couldn't squirt. They both laughed heartily and she took it upon herself not to make a big secret of it anymore.

She had loved masturbating in the bathwater as a child. If her mother came in too early to dry off, she would smile blushingly and leave immediately. Her beloved father was much more curious and withdrew only when she had come to the end, he too smiled at her sweetly and kindly. At first he remained in the bathroom as if undecided, watching her until the finale. Again and again her mother pulled him by his shirt sleeves and tried in vain to get him out. He liked to watch her so much and resisted so that the mother had to watch her daughter masturbating and orgasming while blushing heavily. The mother blushed because the daughter so shamelessly and willingly revealed one of the best kept secrets of womanhood. A secret she had always kept from her nosy husband.

When the little daughter masturbated alone and felt that he was watching her secretly, a childish feeling of naive wanting to exhibit came over her. Before she finished, she lifted her bottom up so that her abdomen and rapidly vibrating fingers were sticking out of the water. She rubbed like this until she orgasmed and her abdomen bobbed up and down rhythmically and involuntarily. Was there really someone standing behind the ajar door in the darkness or was there no one, was the shadowy really her father watching her and smiling at her quite sweetly?

At 13 her girlish body changed, she got embarrassingly large breasts and a dark fuzz on her pubic. Her arms and legs were too long and awkward. She closed the bathroom door and also locked out her beloved father, although she had been happy to let him watch until then. She felt a new kind of shame about her ugly body. Masturbating in the bathtub had become part of her bathing days years later, and she wouldn't let take that away from her.

Now that Jon knew, she leaned very close to his back and Jon could feel her hand behind her, chafing, rubbing and grinding. He found it very arousing when her nipples got all stiff and tickled his back. Sometimes she would clasp his cock with her free hand or tickle his testicles. When her body began to twitch, she would lean her face against his head or rest it on his neck, finally not having to suppress the gasps. She was glad they had found a viable way.

She kept coming to an orgasm while riding her labia, and he took advantage of her arousal to squirt. She bobbed on his thighs and fucked on his cock with increasing horniness, ignoring the impaling more and more often. Only rarely did she deny him anymore. When she orgasmed, she hugged him tightly and let him share in her convulsions. Jon always shuddered a little bit when she hugged him during her orgasm and pressed her breasts against him.

Lena didn't admit to herself that this was real fucking yet, no, this was just innocent cock-riding with her labia!

The next year Jon drained the bath water and asked her to lie with her legs spread. Then he stood or knelt facing her and masturbated. She had asked him not to squirt in her face, she didn't like that. He kept looking at her open pussy, her vaginal opening and usually had to squirt quickly as a result. His semen landed on her breasts, then on her belly, on her pussy. In the course of time, he only knelt in front of her, spreading her labia with his fingers and squirting purposefully into her vaginal opening. She admonished him to keep at least a finger's width away, and he was still overjoyed to squirt directly into her vaginal opening. Sometimes the excitement made him sink forward so that the glans was stuck between her labia when he squirted, but she usually said nothing so as not to spoil his fun. He,

at least, loved it very much, and she sometimes pulled his cock out when he started to squirt, so that at least most of his semen would not squirt into her vagina. She had to change something to make it go in a different direction. No, she would never let it happen!

They had discussed it, that she could watch him during his acrobatic masturbation, he seemed to be very pleased about it. So sometimes during the week she would go into his room, he would interrupt his studying and strip naked, but she would sit on a chair right behind him so he couldn't look at her. While he fucked his mouth and masturbated, she played furtively with herself under her bathrobe, orgasming only when he was still violently engaged. This went quite well throughout the year and was a horny secret for them both. He usually wanted a second time and asked her to lie on his bed. He opened her robe and spread her legs, then looked at her pubic and vagina with rising horniness and quickly got an erection. He spread her labia with his fingers until her vaginal entrance opened wide, then he masturbated and stared at her cunt and into her vagina as if hypnotized. As he squirted, his glans thrust forward and she had to be careful as hell that he didn't squirt all his seed into her vagina. But if she had interrupted her masturbation because he finished faster than her, she was so mentally absent that she noticed the squirting much too late. He thrust his glans in between his fingers and squirted into her vagina. She hissed at him, though he grinned broadly as she pooled his seed out of her vagina with a handkerchief. Anyway, he had to listen to the thunder, no penetration, no fucking and after masturbating only squirt on, not in the vagina!

Every two or three weeks she met with her friends, usually privately at one of them, for girls' night out. There were usually eight of them, sometimes less. There was wine and beer, then booze. And of course there were only two topics: Men and sex. When, after beer and wine, the booze went round, all the dams were broken. There was probably nothing they didn't reveal. As far as their husbands, affairs and sex were concerned, they all did their best, only Lena kept quiet because she was a young widow and didn't want to reveal that she sometimes prostituted herself in the bar. Another time it was the turn of masturbation, and it was amazing what techniques, devices and frequencies came out. Here Lena was able to participate and told

everything openly and honestly, of course without mentioning Jon. Very often lesbianism came up. Lena was most astonished because almost all the others had had things with each other, briefly or recurrently, some masturbating together, some masturbating or licking each other. All but her had had relations with women outside their circle of friends at least once, but most frequently. For Lena, a no–go.

At some point, their children's sexuality came up. All reported that they had caught their children masturbating more or less often. Gabi's daughter, despite being 9, often spent entire afternoons masturbating, but everyone agreed that was fine. After a few more drinks, Claudia and Julia admitted to giving their 15 and 16–year old sons handjobs in the bathroom, respectively. This was widely reported with all the juicy details, and everyone took great pleasure in it. It was just okay and perfectly fine to tap the son's semen, because they would have girlfriends someday anyway.

The thing with the sons came up again and again, but Julia and Claudia were the only ones who told it openly. Claudia told that she only did it in the bathroom. She described in great detail how she gave him the handjob, usually every day and that she did it by the wash basin so she could rinse his semen away. He had to strip naked and stand by the wash basin. She kept her panties on when she stood next to him, but usually she was still naked from the shower. He was allowed to stroke and touch her all over while she masturbated his cock. After he cum, he would put his fingers in her vagina, but she didn't like that. She kindly tolerated it and didn't move when he played with her big clit. She tolerated it kindly and didn't move either while he sensitively masturbated her with his fingers until after what felt like an eternity she orgasmed twitching and gasping, because before that he never stopped. No, she always masturbated only alone or with friends, this woman thing she kept secret from her husband and her son, although he obviously knew about it. It happened again and again in the last time that he wanted to squirt on her breasts and body, that was fine and excited her a bit, she then took off her panties.

When he stood upside down to the washstand and masturbated himself, she knew he wanted to squirt on her breasts and belly, but more recently on her pubic cleft. So she faced him and spread her labia with her fingers. She felt a little ashamed because she thought she had a clit too big, half the size of her little finger. This, she assured herself, could only come from frequent masturbation, which she had started at the age of 7. Everyone objected, but she believed it, she would not be dissuaded. Lena thought it was wrong, because she also masturbated since childhood, at least twice a day and more often on bath days, but her tiny clit stiffened when she masturbated, but it had remained as small as ever.

Claudia's clit was normally between her labia, but because the boy rubbed his dancing glans against her clit when she masturbated, it turned dark red and straightened up a bit. She was ashamed of her arousal as well as the visible signs of her clit. She found nothing wrong with it when he came closer and closer and squirted directly onto her pussy or into her vaginal opening. She didn't really mind either if he pressed his glans firmly against her vaginal opening while squirting. She didn't care that he squirted into her vagina, that could logically happen. It was logical that his semen squirted into her vagina when he pressed the glans directly into her small vaginal opening, but that was not fucking. No, he was not allowed to penetrate, and Lena added in her mind, not yet. Claudia assured them that she would never, never, never let him fuck her, his cock would be much too big for her small tight vagina. Some in the group nodded in agreement, they had explored Claudia's vagina themselves. Nobody knew if Claudia used contraception. The round listened to her with open mouth.

Julia initially told the same story, perhaps with the variation that she mostly stood behind him and snuggled up to him while she reached around and masturbated him. Unlike Claudia, they were both always naked. Most of the time he turned to her after squirting, stroking and caressing her from top to bottom, and Julia let him, even if he touched her cunt. Sometimes he half-heartedly tried to masturbate her, but he never succeeded and she didn't help him either. Most of the time he wanted it a second time, so she knelt in front of him and let his semen splash on her breasts. More and more

often he masturbated in her mouth and squirted in, but his sperm she spit out with contempt. Lena couldn't understand this contempt at all, because she swallowed Jon's sperm quite easily, and she loved him more than anything. Julia had to describe it in great detail, she was asked about everything possible and one evening it slipped out that he was fucking her as well.

In the round it became dead quiet, now Julia had to tell everything. That she fucked with her husband only once in a century – here everyone shrieked with pleasure, because it happened to them all – and did not have to use contraception during their affairs, because she was infertile after the heavy birth. Yes, her only son Hans was no longer satisfied with the handjobs she gave him every other day while they showered together. He explored her more and more thoroughly and one day he quickly lifted her onto the washstand, penetrated her vagina and fucked her squirting inside. For Julia it was natural and she didn't make a problem out of it, maybe she just wanted to sound as cool as Claudia. However, she demanded that he could only take her from behind, and Lena immediately thought so they wouldn't look each other in the face. Now Julia was standing in front of the washstand and the 16–year old was invading her from behind. No, she answered reluctantly to the girls, not in the butt! In this position she could secretly masturbate without him seeing it and without her peeing herself to him. No, she didn't want to masturbate openly in front of him, she didn't want him to watch her. Maybe he got something, because she always masturbated while getting fucked until he squirted. For her, none of this was a problem as long as they did it secretly. That was now the topic of conversation for this and the next meetings.

On one of the following girls' nights, Evi dropped a bombshell. Evi, the slim, flat-chested bookseller, who was known to have been asexual with her husband for ten years. They had tried everything, but he just couldn't. Only when he watched her masturbate would he sometimes get an erection, then she would quickly give him a hand job and take his cock in her mouth as he squirted. For he was a loving father to their 15–year old son and a loving husband. They had agreed that she was free, but neither the rare quickies in cars with fogged windows nor the passionless lesbian shenanigans satisfied

her. She eventually stuck to masturbating from the time she went to bed until she fell asleep under the cozy–warm covers, unless her husband wanted to watch. While she read, she played with her cunt, and depending on the erotic level of her evening reading, she orgasmed half a dozen times while reading before turning out the light. If it wasn't erotic reading, she would put the book aside as often as she felt the typical tingling sensation, flip back the covers and masturbate with concentration. Sometimes her husband would get an erection when she orgasmed, holding her legs wide apart high in the air and thrusting her pelvis up as if to receive the seed of All-Father Zeus.

From an early age, she showered with her son every other day, they stood close together in the tiny shower tray. From a young age, she watched his erections and hoped he would have it better than his father. Six months ago, she had noticed the stains in his sheet, whereupon she put paper handkerchiefs on his bedside table and said it was quite right and perfectly normal to squirt, but please clean yourself off with the handkerchief, which he understood.

Since she raised no objections and encouraged him with a benevolent smile, he masturbated while showering. More and more often he squirted his semen on her body, then concentrated on her clean-shaven pubic area. Later, he pressed his squirting glans on her pubic cleft and she decided to make up for what she had missed. She unfolded the plastic recliner and lay down in it. She beckoned him to come and then she enlightened him in detail about sex and the female genitalia. She explained every detail to him, including the clit, and that it was for girls to masturbate. She let him touch everything, but he did not dare to reach into the vagina. With increasing horniness, she saw that his cock was rapidly stiffening. He examined the clit for a very long time and tried to rub it instinctively. She took his finger and showed him how girls masturbate. She told him to keep it up, leaned back relaxed and let him masturbate her. She closed her eyes because it felt so good.

How did it feel to fuck, he asked softly, and stopped masturbating her, although she would have liked it so much if he had continued until her orgasm, because she was already close to it. Without hesita-

tion, she picked him up and let him lay on top of her. With one hand she grabbed his cock and slowly inserted it into her vagina. Then she put her hands on his buttocks and guided him, first carefully, then faster. He didn't last long and squirted with his features distorted with pleasure. The groping, fucking, squirting and especially the masturbating had excited her very much, she pushed him away and masturbated. Watching her made him very horny, and before she started to orgasm and gasp for air, he mounted her again. She had to orgasm instantly and her slim body, her flat breasts twitched convulsively. He too, his cock in her vagina, was shaken violently. Passive and exhausted, she allowed herself to be fucked for a long time and sighed contentedly as he squirted.

There was a great silence, then Julia asked how it went on? Evi reported that she was giving him handjobs for now, but he demanded more and was sometimes allowed to fuck her. No, not always, just sometimes. Yes, in the shower, standing up, mostly from behind. Yes, when he fucked her, she masturbated at the same time and usually took much longer than he did. She had neither guilt– nor shame about it and had raised him that way. After all, she had encouraged him to masturbate while showering, why shouldn't she do it too? Yes, they usually masturbated at the same time, body to body because of the confinement in the shower, shoulders and heads nestled together. Leaning close together, they both felt each other's masturbation.

A hot debate rose, because hardly one wanted to imagine to masturbate in front of her son, even to let him watch this most private doing. Evi had of course obliged him to silence, because sons are not allowed to fuck with their mothers, no one, really no one should know! And she would have to come up with something for contraception, a babble of voices broke out, each had suggestions and tips.

A few weeks later there was news from Claudia, her son had broken the barrier. Claudia, small, corpulent and always proud of her enormous bosom, had a quite dear husband, but being almost 40 years older, he had urged her to get the physical outside. She had very few lesbian encounters because few wanted a fat woman to make love to. She rather had quickies and told her husband about

them frankly while trying to bring his half-dead sparrow to life. They both loved their passionate blowjobs. And of course he knew nothing about what was happening in the bathroom. Her handsome son was amazingly at least a head taller than her and had a big, thick cock. When she gave him a handjob, she shuddered at the thought of being fucked by that huge thing. After all, her vagina was much too tight and small, just right for her husband's small cock. And that the small-dicked one could not be the father of the big-dicked one, she had always known. She had already cheated on her indulgent husband during their honeymoon and again afterwards. If he wanted to know, she told him everything truthfully, because that increased the probability of an erection. He liked to fuck her as long as they were newlyweds, although he was never good at it.

Lena had already guessed and suspected a bit that Claudia didn't want to be behind Julia and Evi in terms of coolness and had forced the events herself. Her son was not satisfied with Claudia willingly spreading her labia and letting him squirt in her vaginal entrance. Almost without transition, he penetrated deep into her vagina to cum. She had almost cried out in her pain, his brutal penetration into her much too small vagina hurt a lot.

It was only a tiny little step the other day, then he fucked her standing up, after she helped him to push his thick giant thing with lube into her vagina. All her resolutions were gone, she took it almost indifferently and distantly, because he couldn't last long. His fucking did not excite her at all, the pain of penetration reverberated too much. It got much better when she propped herself up on the washstand with both arms and received him from behind. With her back to him, she worked her clitoris and vaginal entrance beforehand in all secrecy, so that he wouldn't notice. With this she wanted to prepare herself for his penetration and also apply the lubricant. He guided his thick glans along her ass crease down to the perineum, then between her labia. She strained forward to grab the cock as early as possible, helping with her fingers to let it enter her vagina. It irritated her that he was spreading her big ass cheeks apart with all his might and teasing her butt hole with his fingers as he fucked her. He overrode her objections and stuck his finger deep into her butt hole.

While squirting, his cock kept bumping firmly against her cervix and he thrust his finger deep into her butt hole at the same pace, which she found irritatingly arousing. After squirting, he left his soft piston in her vagina and masturbated her much too large clit until she orgasmed shuddering and trembling. She often told him that he had to last much, much longer and delay squirting as long as possible to satisfy a woman. He didn't listen to her, rammed quickly and squirted as fast as he could.

What she concealed from the girls was that she waited quite longingly for the moments when he embraced her from behind with one arm and stroked and caressed her low-hanging breasts. Then she knew right away what would follow and shudderingly stretched her abdomen and vagina forward like an open shell. With one hand on a breast, with the other hand he briefly caressed her pubis and labia, then masturbated her clit. Even if it took a long time, he gave her a violent, shattering orgasm. He never gave up. And he could do it better than anyone before.

Moreover, she thought, fucking standing up was uncomfortable, but they only had the option of fucking in the bathroom. And lying down on the bathroom floor was not possible? Lena silently wondered, while everyone else bombarded Claudia with questions. Lena was too stupid with the questions, when, how many times, why couldn't he do it a second time? Why didn't Claudia know that many men also finger fucked women in the butt hole while fucking them?

At the next girls' night, the topic was again whether and who caught his child masturbating or watched secretly. Some reported with the most accurate descriptions, of which Lena thought only a few were true. Lena had mainly listened, because she did not want in any case to reveal her secrecy with Jon. Only in a pause of silence did she mention that she had watched her son perform his acrobatic autofellatio a few times. After she explained the foreign word, everyone looked wide-eyed, but probably no one believed her.

After everyone left, Renate took Lena aside and said she wanted to see it. Really, she wanted to watch Jon do it. Renate spoke forcefully to Lena, who gradually gave up her skepticism and thought she un-

derstood Renate. She said she would talk to him and let him know. Renate surprisingly gave her a very intimate kiss, she kissed Lena with a passion she knew only from men, but she returned the French kiss just as passionately. It was one of the most beautiful and longest French kisses she could remember, the first French kiss with a woman. Somehow it did very well and was completely okay. Claudia came out of the bathroom and cleared her throat, protesting loudly, ending the wonderful kiss. Lena said goodbye, she will try, honestly!

One of the following days she got a chance to talk to Jon about it. She had another dropout and was thinking about the beautiful French kiss with Renate, Jon had pushed his glans between her labia and already squirted. Jon was surprised that she had not intervened as usual and that there was no thunder either. Instead, Lena reached for a paper handkerchief and thoughtfully cleaned her vagina. I need to talk to you about something, she said, and Jon sat down next to her while she explained what Renate wanted.

Of course he refused at first, also he suspected she had told his secret to all her friends, but she lied, it was only Aunt Renate who knew. After a long time he finally said he would agree if he got something in return. She said they still had to discuss exactly how it should go, but then cautiously asked what it was. He hugged her and gave her a kiss on the cheek, then whispered hoarsely, fuck in the mouth and squirt.

Lena knew immediately that this was okay with her, because she had gotten a taste years ago when he had cum in her mouth hundreds of times while rubbing her. But deep thrusting or mouth fucking, no, she had never allowed him to do that. She pestered him a bit about what he wanted and how exactly, and if he still knew she didn't want to be sprayed in the face? Jon assured her he knew and wouldn't let her down. But it was so nice to fuck a warm mouth and cum in it, he said. Lena let him keep talking while she had long since started playing with his cock.

So, come on, she said. Jon broke off his speech and quickly knelt down to her left and right. Lena masturbated him slowly, then faster and faster, taking his cock in her mouth. She shuddered, for it was

again the first time for her to take his cock all the way into her mouth. She probed his cock with her tongue as she masturbated him with her hand. Now, Jon gasped, and she let go of his cock, but pressed her lips around his cock very tightly. He made rapid fucking motions in her mouth, and after a few minutes he squirted in assault. Lena felt the individual jets of semen with the roof of her mouth and in her throat and swallowed involuntarily. The semen tasted a little salty, and she was amazed because fucking into–her–mouth was so easy, her concerns completely gone. She sucked his glans and caressed it with her tongue until his cock went limp.

After that, they lay side by side for a very long time. Jon said how nice it was for him, and Lena said it was surprising to her and different from anything she knew, but very nice. She would prefer in the future that he squirt in her mouth, because she did not want him to squirt in her vaginal entrance anymore, she did not want to get pregnant and it was not proper for the son to fuck his mother. She didn't mention that she used contraception. Jon was silent for a long time before nodding. Okay.

Lena phoned Renate and she could come tomorrow afternoon. The other day she came, rushing in the door in a colorful, breezy summer dress. They sat down to a glass of white wine on the kitchen bench, but after a short while Renate leaned in and French-kissed her again. They kissed for what seemed like an eternity and Lena felt Renate's hand under her bathrobe stroking its way up her thigh, touching her labia and clit with the feminine knowledge of how it does good. Lena flinched and stammered that she had never been touched intimately by a woman before. Renate stroked back a strand of her hair and apologized, saying she was more tense and horny than she had been in a long time.

Lena knocked on the landing and called to Jon that they were coming up now. At the top they entered, Jon wanted to shake Renate's hand, but she hugged him passionately, I am the aunt Renate, maybe you remember? So the small talk went on for a while, Jon sitting on the edge of the bed, Renate on a chair next to the bed and Lena behind, almost next to her. Into the silence Lena said, Jon, if you like?

Jon nodded and took off his clothes. He sat on the edge of the bed again and stroked his cock. At the same time he tried to look under Renate's skirt, because she was a feast for the eyes. Red-blond shoulder-length hair, slim and busty, her cleavage revealed more than it hid. She had noticed his gaze, of course, and puckered her skirt up to her knees and very slowly let her knees slide apart. The reaction was instantaneous on Jon's cock as he could see her bare thighs and panties. He lay down in front of the wall, butt and legs all the way up and arched his back and head until his cock touched his mouth. He masturbated a little and took half the cock in his mouth.

Renate gasped and Lena thought to herself, girl, what are you doing? when she noticed Renate's hand creeping up under her dress. Jon was in the middle of his demonstration and squinted backwards, his eyes fixed firmly on Renate's panties. Out of the corner of her eye, Lena watched Renate, who had her dress up to her belly button and was vigorously pushing her panties aside with her hand. She kept her eyes on Jon and masturbated very quickly. She paused briefly as she orgasmed twitching moments later and looked unblinkingly at Jon who was now literally fucking his mouth. He was already near the end, Lena noticed. Renate still saw that Jon just squirted into his open mouth, then she closed her eyes and masturbated very quickly with two fingers on the clit. Jon was done, but remained in his position and looked excitedly over at Renate, who continued masturbating for minutes. He was fascinated and sat up, he bent all the way over and looked up close at her naked pussy and the raging fingers on her clit. She had narrowed her eyes quite violently and was now quite engrossed in the final spurt. Her body trembled, now it was just one finger racing on her clit. With a soft wail, she thrust the finger deep into her vagina, then sank down and remained that way, twitching and gasping, the finger pressed firmly on the clit. Her legs were still trembling for a long time.

When she stopped shaking, she opened her eyes. She suddenly realized everything, because Jon and Lena were staring at her with their mouths open.

Jon had leaned far forward and was staring at her vaginal opening, her labia, and her still slightly throbbing clit. Standing up, her

skirt fell back into place, she quickly picked up her purse and walked to the door, but turned around as if to say something else, but she couldn't make a sound. Lena gave her her best smile, Renate smiled back with a little uncertainly and disappeared, the two of them heard the door close quietly.

Jon sat up and asked what the deal was with Aunt Renate? Lena now had to reveal the second half of the enlightenment. She only felt a negative impulse for a moment, then she explained everything to him, honestly and in detail. He asked that Renate's sex looked a little different and if the big pink thing on Renate was the clit, he wanted to know and she knew exactly what he meant. Her own clit was tiny in comparison and hidden under a bonnet, so Jon had probably never seen it. She explained to him that all people have different sizes. Breasts, cocks, clits, labia. He understood about women masturbating, but he still had one question. Yes, she answered, usually in the evening before going to sleep, once– or twice. Be honest, she chided herself, and added, usually also when I come up to watch you. And on bath day, but you know that.

Naturally, another question burned on his tongue, and she listened within. Renate's passionate kiss, a woman's hand on her sex, Jon's demonstration, Renate's unrestrained masturbation ... all this had made her horny. Yes, she could do it to herself now and he could watch her, right now, Lena said. She dropped the bathrobe and stood still, enjoying his greedy, feverish look at her nakedness, even though he had seen her naked a thousand times while bathing. She was, after all, a pretty young woman in her mid-30s, her beautiful, Egyptian-looking face framed by shoulder-length black hair. A few streaks of loopy white hair had been running through her black hair since Frank had died. She was not entirely satisfied with her small, full breasts; they used to be much larger. She was of slender build, with narrow hips and shapely legs. Above her vaginal entrance just a small, black bush of hair which she trimmed from time to time. The pubic cleft itself was completely hairless like a little girl's, her labia formed narrow bulges and her clit was not visible from the outside.

Then she lay down on the bed, dropped her knees to the side and he crouched down in front of her, wanting to see everything in detail.

You are only the second person to see this, the first was your father Frank, she said, completely forgetting her father. That memory had faded long ago. Jon nodded. She started very slowly and masturbated faster and faster. Jon had bent all the way over her sex and could see Lena's clit. It was much smaller than Renate's, he thought, it was like a tiny spike and her fingers danced wildly on it. She fantasized all the time that Renate was masturbating her. It took long minutes for her to reach her orgasm. At the moment of orgasm, she stuck a finger deep into her vagina to further excite the G–spot.

Jon had masturbated at the same time as her and greedily displaced that finger, immediately thrusting his glans into her still pulsating vaginal opening at her orgasm, further he dared not penetrate – he knew he was not allowed to. He masturbated during the squirting and continued afterwards until his cock went limp. She felt his seed shoot into her vagina, pulsing and warm, but she was too exhausted and weary from her orgasm to do anything about it. On the contrary, it felt good to feel his glans pulsing and spitting in her fading orgasm, bouncing in her vaginal entrance as he continued to masturbate for a long time. She stroked his mop of hair as she got up and headed for the shower.

Another day, she took a little detour to stop by Renate's house and talk about yesterday's events. Renate opened the door and was very surprised. Lena saw that she was wearing only a gauzy, translucent nothing, under which she was visibly naked. They sat down in the kitchen and talked it out. No, Renate was just strongly exhibitionistic and did not downplay the fact that she had been so revealing. She was just amazed and bewildered afterwards at the surprise in Lena's and Jon's facial expressions. She laughed uproariously when Lena reported that she had unplanned to educate Jon about female masturbation and the female orgasm. She embezzled the practical demonstration. Renate laughed and, still laughing, got up, dragging the astonished Lena behind her, into the bedroom.

With a slight movement, she released the nothing from her shoulder. Lena could only absorb the even beauty of the naked woman for a moment, then Renate's hands embraced her face and a long, lightening French kiss followed. During the kissing Renate undressed her

and then onto the bed without interrupting the kiss. They rolled slowly, once on top, once on the bottom, kissing and cuddling. Renate's hands turned Lena on more and more, she willingly opened her thighs as Renate's fingers teased her labia and demanded entrance. She had never been touched by a woman intimately before. Trembling with lust and greed, she let herself masturbate and her lips only released when she orgasmed.

When Renate lay down next to her and wiggled her hips, Lena knew a rematch was expected. She had never touched another woman's sex before, but she knew exactly what to do. Renate orgasmed very soon and whispered hoarsely for her to continue. Only the second time Renate got a very violent orgasm, lay there with twitching, trembling legs for a long time. She put her arms around Lena and quietly told about the many girls and women she had seduced. Lena listened with her eyes closed and felt her horniness rise again as Renate described the details of rapture and pure pleasure in such detail that she could imagine everything vividly.

Renate began to cover her whole body with small kisses. The neck, breasts, belly and belly button. Her caressing fingers prompted Lena's thighs to part as her lips continued to advance downward. Lena drew in her breath sharply as the lips and tongue excited her cunt. She opened wide as what Renate was doing excited her immensely. She squirmed as her orgasm broke loose, but Renate didn't stop, rushing her from orgasm to orgasm. Only after more than half a dozen orgasms did she grab Renate's head and pull her to her. She thanked her with a wild French kiss and tasted the spicy flavor of her own sex on Renate's tongue.

She had nothing to say, so she set about covering Renate with little kisses, slowly working her way over her breasts and belly and belly button. Renate needed no prompting, but had her thighs open wide and willingly. Lena kissed the inner thighs and looked closely at Renate's cunt. At the top, between the swollen labia, the small, light pink clit stood out prominently. She could even see directly into Renate's vagina. Now she enclosed the labia with her whole mouth and let her tongue dance on Renate's clit, just as she had just experienced it herself. Renate orgasmed most violently when Lena enclosed the

clit with her lips and the tip of her tongue danced rapidly back and forth on the clit. Unlike Renate, she had to stop licking again and again because she could not continue during the violent orgasms.

Renate put on a coffee and while they drank and smoked, Renate told that her husband was coming home next week, but only for a few weeks, after that he had to go back to Asia to his dam–project. Lena coughed, being a non-smoker, and cleverly questioned Renate. She told in colorful, detailed pictures about her husband and their love life. She found it especially interesting that Renate's husband often masturbated before penetration, with the glans sticking in her vaginal entrance, and only penetrated deeply to squirt. And that she masturbated immediately after his squirting to come to an orgasm. Both of these things seemed very familiar to Lena.

On the way home, she wondered if she and Renate were lesbians. No, she found quite soberly, at most bisexual, they both found fucking beautiful. She visited Renate three more times before her husband came home.

Immediately, as the cock-riding threatened to continue, Lena had had a hormone injection for contraception. Jon not only liked to squirt into her mouth, more and more often he took advantage of her exhaustion and fatigue after masturbating, lowered his glans between her labia, which he spread with his fingers, and squirted. He was very satisfied that she no longer denied him. That he was not allowed to penetrate deeply to squirt and of course fuck her properly, he knew perfectly well. No, never, she would never allow that!

He had turned 15, was now as big as she was and his cock had also grown a little bigger. Lena got wet eyes more and more often, because he looked more and more like Frank and would soon also have such a big cock like his father. They had enjoyed the pleasurable bathing and sex games together over the years. Lena, when she came home from work at noon, would quite often go up to Jon's room to watch him and join in the masturbation while lying on his bed. He almost always joined her, spread her labia with his fingers, pushed his glans between her labia and squirted. A few millimeters further his glans was in her vaginal entrance and she allowed it, because she was

using contraception. Millimeter by millimeter he advanced over the next few weeks, she allowed it to enter her vagina a little bit as he squirted.

Six months later, Jon began staying out in the afternoons. He reassured Lena that he was with this or that schoolmate, studying. She could tell he was lying, but she said nothing. He must have a girlfriend, she thought, and that was a good sign. It became like before, she only masturbated twice before going to sleep and all was right with the world for her. Although he stopped coming to masturbate together in the afternoon, he was always there on time on bath day. They enjoyed themselves in the bathtub and bellowed naked on his bed, of course they masturbated together and he was allowed to squirt in her vaginal vestibule. Mostly she let him penetrate a few millimeters into her vagina to squirt.

A few months later, he was back in the afternoon. He was bitter and closed off, his spine had stiffened and he could no longer do his acrobatics. She visited him in his room, assuring him that he could tell her anything, she would listen and help if he wanted. He stripped naked and sat down next to her. He hummed kindly and fondled her beautiful breasts under her robe until his erection was stiff and firm. He eased back and Lena gave him a handjob with squirt in her mouth. And a second time.

It went on for two weeks, nothing changed. He knelt between her thighs and whispered that she should masturbate, like before. And like before, he waited until she was exhausted and tired before he pressed his cock into her vaginal entrance and cum. Again they did it twice, he thrust further than usual into her vagina and squirted with contorted features, as always. After a few days, he had advanced the remaining millimeters, his cock deep inside her vagina when he squirted. No, she would never give in, she thought languidly, when he made short thrusts before squirting. No, never, she thought languidly, and Jon thrust and thrust as hard as he could before squirting.

At last he told. She was shocked, because it was Renate, who had intercepted him on the way home. He learned from her everything

there was to know about fucking. Every afternoon he was allowed to fuck her as often as he could. He was irritated when she casually said she was pregnant. Was he still allowed? Sure, my love, you can only get pregnant once! He was allowed to continue loving her even when she already had a big belly. He loved it very much to make love to her like a grown man and to squirt very deeply. And then, one day, the end. My husband, the child's father, comes back from Vietnam and of course wants to be present at the birth!

Jon was stunned. The child's father. The husband. Of course, she said, it's his child, or did you think...? Her fake laugh was so fake that he normally could have recognized it. No, they had to end the affair, besides motherhood and the new family it wouldn't work, he would understand that, wouldn't he? Jon nodded bravely, swallowed his tears and wept bitterly only on the way home. Lena comforted him as best she could. But she couldn't enjoy their sex games for days.

Renate, of course, had a lot of fun with her trainee. Jon was a quick learner and a natural in bed. After just a few days, he brought her to orgasm and many times after that, which her husband had never accomplished in their 7 years of marriage, nor had anyone else. Before he left for Vietnam again, they spent many hours in bed. He fucked quite briefly and squirted like a world champion, then watched her masturbate for hours until he could again.

She had never used contraception, she always wanted a child. She was always faithful to her husband when he was home, Jon was her first and only affair. When her husband was abroad, she would randomly take any opportunity for a quickie. It didn't matter if it was a handyman, a delivery man or a salesman. She seduced almost everyone, hoping to get pregnant. But no matter how many times she let all these men squirt into her, she didn't get pregnant. No, she took them all and never thought for a moment that she was cheating on her husband. Everyone in the circle of girlfriends had children, except her.

After her husband left, she got her period. Another disappointment, but she got over it and grabbed Jon. The first time, her period stayed away. After a few days, she reported to her husband and said

she would go to the doctor in the next few days. He waited anxiously for the results and was filled with joy when she told him. She was the only one who knew that Jon was the father. Only he could be.

Then she managed a masterpiece. Although her husband was a brilliant technician with skills in numbers, he let her pull the wool over his eyes when it came to pregnancy. He should still quietly hang on for 4 or 6 weeks, but take at least two months off afterwards, she would need him oh! so much during the birth and afterwards. He understood, although it was nonsense, and arranged everything as she had said. They spent the last weeks until the birth in bed. His heavily pregnant wife was on fire and he had to mount her whenever he could. Renate masturbated for hours while he caressed her fat belly. The girl she gave birth three weeks too early was fair-skinned and red-haired like herself. The birth was very easy, it lasted less than half an hour. Never did her husband have any doubts, never did she confess to Jon that he was the father.

Jon and Lena continued bathing together and their sexual games. They could both forget Renate, even if he told something horny now and then, because Lena was very excited by his stories. The episode that made her hottest was when Renate had invited a very young friend and he was allowed to fuck them both to exhaustion. Taking Renate from behind while she was licking the girlfriend. Renate's fingers jealously rubbing the girl's clit while he fucked the girl because she wanted to be fucked immediately despite her big belly.

Renate only brought very young girls and Jon was fine with that because he was curious about their different bodies, their breasts, clits and vaginas. One of the girls was certainly not yet 14 and wriggled pleasurably under Renate's fingers while he made every effort to penetrate her hymen. Only when Renate let the little girl orgasm violently did he manage to tear her hymen. She laughed through tears, orgasm after orgasm, while he fucked her hard. That afternoon he squirted as many times as he could into the girl's vagina, as Renate had meant that she was too young to get pregnant, he should just squirt in hard! Jon could unleash the wild dragons in Lena's abdomen with these stories.

Lena always had stories told to her by Anna, the hermaphrodite. Renate sometimes brought Anna, who was about her age. Jon was completely confused, she was a woman, with breasts and all, but she had a real man's dick! Renate explained it to him, Anna had a cock, but no scrotum, the testicles were hidden in her abdomen. Underneath she had a small, real vagina, as small as that of a 13–year old girl. Anna told him not to go too deep, it would hurt. First of all, Renate always let Anna fuck her, but she did not get an orgasm and masturbated after fucking. Jon categorically refused to fuck Anna in the butt, which she would have preferred. He liked fucking her, her vagina was small, very tight and not very deep. He was very careful not to penetrate too deeply, only when he came his glans dabbed a little on the soft resistance at the end of her vagina. He asked anxiously if it hurt, but she denied it and said he was welcome to push as far as he wanted. She didn't tell him that she had already been fucked by bigger cocks and, out of tact, didn't say that his cock wasn't as big as she had first suspected. He fucked her passionately and squirted into her small blind vagina. It was always very strange to look at her soft cock as he fucked, wiggling back and forth and very gradually becoming erect. It was also strange that Anna always got very sad while fucking and sometimes had tears in her eyes when he cum in her vagina. Afterwards she said it was nothing, but Jon guessed she was so sad because she couldn't have children.

Sometimes they also made a sandwich, that is, Anna fucked Renate, he fucked Anna at the same time. When she orgasmed and squirted deep into Renate's vagina, her vagina contracted rhythmically, further exciting him. Anna lowered her head like a very sad child each time he fucked her, while Jon cummed in her vagina. In truth, these afternoons with Anna were exciting. When Renate wanted to be fucked again, she told Jon to make Anna's cock stiff again. For the first time, he gave a handjob to a man or a woman, respectively. He couldn't stop until Anna, her face contorted in pain, squeezed a few small drops of semen out of her glans.

One afternoon Renate didn't feel like screwing after a long phone call, just sat grumpily by and watched the two of them silently. Anna had Jon all to herself. They both paid no attention at all to the annoyed brooding Renate. He asked Anna to lie down and examined

her private parts again. I can't find your clit, he mewed, and she replied that she didn't have one. She didn't have foreskin either, they would have circumcised her right after birth, but she never found out why. When he wanted to know how she masturbated, she said like a man, because her vagina could not be sufficiently stimulated. And she was into anal sex since she moved in certain circles. With good anal sex she got an orgasm and squirted without touching herself.

What he liked best, Anna asked, and Jon immediately replied, mouth fucking! Anna said, okay, with me you can do a deepthroat and explained it to him. After putting a pad under her head, he put his cock in her mouth. She pushed him further on his butt cheek until the glans was very deep in her throat. She gave him a little slap on the butt, he fucked as fast as he could. It felt like he was fucking in an extremely tight vagina and squirted deep into her throat. When she sat up, she laughed at his questions and said that she had already had to deal with completely different calibers. Subsequently, she let him squirt deep down her throat on afternoons they spent together. Jon was in seventh heaven.

They fucked all afternoon. On the first pass, he held Anna's erection in his hand and rubbed lightly while he fucked her. After the squirting, he finished the handjob and let Anna's semen splash over her beautiful breasts and onto her belly, such pressure she had on it. During the breaks they cuddled, the tongue kisses were intense as Jon couldn't take his fingers off her beautiful breasts. Anna stroked his cock without masturbating him, bringing about one erection after another. As many times as he could get erect, they fucked again and he held her erect cock tightly, although she stopped squirting after the first pass. When Jon went limp, Anna masturbated alone and was able to squirt a little more, then they were both done. It was one of the best afternoons for them both.

Anna told nothing of her childhood, only that her parents liked to put her away to live their own lives. Anna was one disappointment, they would never have grandchildren. At 13 she entered a boarding school for girls and was an attraction from the first day. At first they only wanted to look, touch carefully, rub anxiously and let her squirt full of disgust. Anna had grown a thick skin and didn't mind them

standing in circles around her when a girl wanted to be fucked. They needn't be afraid, she assured them, her semen contained too little sperm, which was only half true. No, she didn't remember how many she had fucked, but there were a lot, also a lot of virgins she had deflowered. It was almost like an epidemic of dares and proofs of coolness. She got kicked out in her third year because someone had anonymously told the principal about her dick and fucking every night.

She dropped out of school and worked in a night bar as a waitress. The barman rented her out to his well-heeled clientele within a short time, almost always involving anal sex or deepthroating. The bartender didn't take all the money from her, she soon had a good reputation and was able to buy a fancy convertible car at 18. After ten years she could no longer suppress her preference for girls, but most lesbians wanted nothing to do with her cock. However, she could always find couples who were bisexual, or at least one of them. She also satisfied some single, bisexual or lesbian girls. Her reputation spread in the relevant circles, soon she left the bar behind and lived off the bisexuals and lesbians. It also happened that the lesbian partner also let her fuck her, just to experience what it was like to be fucked by her cock. These relationships often lasted for years.

Anna snorted her powder with a tiny spoon. Jon didn't want drugs and just listened patiently, because that's when Anna became talkative. She was with Renate in this boarding school, and the small, shy girl Renate watched all the orgies, but did not dare to join. Anna was in love with the little beauty and when everyone had gone to bed to sleep or to masturbate a little, she would sit by Renate's bed and caress her, kiss her and whisper words of love in her ear. Night after night she whispered that she just wanted to lie with her and do nothing. It took weeks before she was allowed to lie down next to Renate. Gradually the kissing turned into cuddling, the cuddling turned into French kissing. Renate sighed deeply and did not know what terrible desires were awakened in her when Anna's hands crept under her thin nightgown and caressed her. Anna didn't scare her away, holding back ironically and not masturbating her.

At last Renate was ready. After much stroking and long caressing, she lay there expectantly listening to her excited heartbeat, allowing Anna to spread her legs as she had done so many times before. Renate was highly aroused, a few drops flowed from her vagina. She expected Anna to caress her labia and vaginal entrance, as she had done many times before when she was so wet and only unchaste desires rotated in her head. But this time it was different, Anna had also pushed her nightgown up to her neck. Anna let her erect cock slowly crawl up Renate's thighs and placed it between the small, wet labia. With an intimate French kiss she sealed her mouth and penetrated very slowly. She felt Renate's astonished wince as the hymen tore and the relieved sigh as the cock slid fully into her vagina. They continued to kiss intimately and so Renate learned about fucking. Renate did not like the fact that everyone stood in a circle and watched when Anna fucked her in front of everyone. Still she tried to lure Anna to her bed, when all around in the silence only the rubbing and panting of some girls could be heard.

Such stories worked like a love spell on Lena, who during his tales very gently stroked her sex and gently excited the clit.

After he had once again disregarded the boundaries after such a story and squirted into her vagina, she told him that she was using contraception and no longer had to be afraid when his semen squirted into her vagina. Okay, he thought, thinking to himself, maybe it was a prompt. From then on, after masturbating, Jon would stick his cock deep into Lena's vagina to squirt. Mostly twice, sometimes three times in the afternoon. For a long time he was not satisfied with that and fucked a little. She thought how similar he was to his father and sentimentally let him. But Lena still thought, no, never, it can only be as a conclusion after his masturbation!

She spoke to him that he wanted too much. Even if he had fucked Renate and her girls and was allowed to squirt at will with them, sons are not allowed to fuck their mothers and squirt into the vagina that had given birth to him. She was right, in theory. Theoretically. Still, she let him fuck before squirting, for as long as it took. One minute or ten, it didn't really matter. Sometimes she would get a nice orgasm when he fucked her longer. She kept up the pretense that he had to

masturbate first. He fucked really well, she sighed, when she orgasmed from fucking him. The more they fucked, the more often she orgasmed. She secretly called it her sandwich. First she masturbated until she was exhausted, then he got to fuck and she orgasmed again, sometimes at the same time as him.

Jon masturbated only to make the erection stiff and firm while Lena started to masturbate. Even after he penetrated, she continued to masturbate, gradually stopping as her orgasm approached. He almost always managed to squirt at the same time as her orgasm, Renate had taught him that. Most of the time he left his cock in her vagina and rested on her breast. Since she got the hormone injection, her breasts had become fuller, firmer and more beautiful, also her libido and arousal were at an all-time high. Jon became erect again after only a few minutes and she passively surrendered to his fucking, as she sometimes still got an orgasm in the second round, even though she was exhausted and fatigued. There was nothing more she wanted to deny him, they were now fucking like all couples when they felt like each other.

It became the standard because they both wanted it that way. They gradually stopped having sex in the afternoon when he turned 18 and had steady girlfriends. On bath day, however, they both held on ironclad, and that's when the girlfriend was signed off. Jon told her about sex with the girlfriends, detailed and exciting. Lena's dragons were burning and she couldn't rush up to his room fast enough, masturbate and get fucked. Twice, if he had or invented another story.

After many, many girls, Jon finally found his wife shortly after he finished studying. They matched in almost everything, she was the only one he could really tell anything to. She was smart, well-read and clever, understanding, gentle and a splendid woman in bed. She knew herself very well, she knew her physical desires and had had many lesbian experiences. Likewise, she had slept with many men and tried everything before she met Jon and they fell in love. It was the right thing for both of them. He told her everything, about the bath day and the experiences with Lena. Everything.

Before he could ask, she said she wouldn't mind if he continued with the bath days. She would visit her lesbian lovers on bath day, because she really missed the physical ecstasy with girls, which was so different from the ecstasy with a man. Their arrangement lasted for years despite all the ups and downs. When she wanted him to, Jon accompanied his wife to her ecstasies, experienced firsthand the lesbian pleasures with the various girls, and sometimes got to mount the girl if she liked him. He especially loved it when his wife licked the girl from orgasm to orgasm and he could fuck the girl for a long time despite her exhaustion, while his wife licked or fingered the girl to orgasm. Their married life benefited greatly from this diversity and became very intimate and loving.

His wife was sexually insatiable during her pregnancy. Day after day, she pushed Jon and the girls to the limits of their strength and did not stop her insane ecstasies until their first child was born. Jon usually celebrated bath day and fucking with Lena once a month. She had masturbated less and less over time and really didn't need it anymore. Only Jon could still get her a little aroused on the monthly bath day. They kept at it until she turned 65 and her libido had disappeared altogether. She felt it was time to pass the tradition of bath days on to the next generation.

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# Revenge of The Crippled Dwarf

by Jack Faber © 2021

Gert was just unlucky. The curmudgeonly judge had given him 8 months, even though he'd only damaged a couple of cars and hadn't drunk as much as the medical examiner claimed. Eight months, maybe only four with good behavior. The guards grinned as the watch commander barked, to Big Leo!

When the heavy steel door opened, his surprise was great. Gert Something, they introduced him and the two guards laughed at the top of their lungs after locking him in. Big Leo was no more than 5 feet 40, hunched over and barely went to Gert's belly button. He was nevertheless stocky and muscular, his short little legs strongly bent like those of the proverbial Hun rider. Gert grumbled as he heaved his eighty-one onto the top bunk, but Leo seemed in no mood to argue. They got along quite well after it was clear that Leo was the boss.

During the day they read the newspaper and listened to the radio, in the evening after lights-out! Leo masturbated uninhibitedly and slept snoring loudly. Once every two weeks Leo fucked him in the ass. Gert had resisted the first time, even though he had taken it many times before, but the midget boxed him in his balls and playfully wrestled him to the ground. Leo assured him that he was not gay, but he had to fuck someone from time to time.

When Gert told what he was in for, Leo laughed long and slapped his thighs. He was serving 7 years for manslaughter and unproven sexual assault, two of which he had already served. After two years of silence, he was glad to have a listener. He nevertheless made Gert swear an oath that he would never tell anything else. In the next months he told his life story.

Leo stopped growing at 12 and got a hump. His parents gave him to foster families, where he was better off throughout his school

years than at home, where the silence and reproachful looks at his hump made him very sad. He very rarely went home, what for?

Naturally he was interested in girls, at the same time he was aware that they could not openly confess to the little cripple, only in secrecy. Although he was a very good student and could have sat in the first row, he sat in the last with good reason. Girls always sat next to him, never boys. Because the girls giggled and whispered about him during recess, they took turns sitting with him. All of them, without exception, allowed his hand to slip under their skirts and feel and caress their inner thighs. Most tolerated his groping their panties and thoroughly exploring what was underneath.

One was the bravest and showed him her treasures behind the gym. She showed him the hymen and said that you could only touch it very carefully, but it had a small hole through which you could push a finger into the vagina. After the labia, she showed him the clitoris, which was very important for masturbation. After he had examined the clitoris in detail, he wanted to know how to masturbate. She hesitated for a long time, but gave in and showed him. As she began to orgasm, she simultaneously peed into the grass with hard, choppy thrusts. She said that was the climax and you stop there.

Of course the seatmates were looking, but at the first opportunity, when one of them grumbled cheekily, he brought him down with a boxing blow to the soft parts and beat him up violently. Leo breathed a sigh of relief, for now it was clear to all that he was a dangerous and ruthless thug. From then on they just looked very carefully and kept their mouths shut. Only a few girls tolerated his fingers slipping under the hem of their panties and groping, caressing and caressing their cunt. At first, only one tolerated his finger on her clit and with a beating heart allowed him to play with her clit. It took a few days before she orgasmed in the middle of class with a petrified face and trembling thighs. She did not remain the only one – Leo smiled at these memories – and so, day after day, he learned to masturbate the girls. Some put their hand on his thigh and felt his cock under his pants. Later, they dared to slide their hand into his pants and feel his erection in the flesh. Only a very few mastered the art of unobtrusive and slow rubbing and smiled with pride when he squirted into their

hand. During breaks, they whispered and shared their experiences or gave each other tips. He loved school because you learned something and could rub each other.

In his senior year, it became very clear to him that he was still an outsider. He watched, well hidden under bushes, as they came in pairs to fuck behind the gym. He never got that chance, rubbing yes, screwing no. It wasn't until many years later that he surmised that the girls didn't happen to want to conceive a possibly crippled child from a cripple. He persisted in continuing to masturbate the girls, always the same three or four who shared him sisterly. All the other girls were out of the loop and had no idea of anything. He no longer went behind the gym.

He passed the baccalaureate as the third best. His parents looked only briefly at the certificate, then his mother conscientiously stowed it away in his document folder. No praise, no reprimand. The mother stared out the window again, as if waiting for Lützow's hunt to thunder by. The father devoted himself to his newspaper and his tobacco pipe, Leo went to his romm upstairs. Thus they lived side by side for the next year. Leo did not know how to go on.

Day after day he watched from his window the people going to the supermarket at the other end of the field. Day after day he watched the pretty young woman who came every day at the same time. He stood naked at the window and held back the cum until she came out. One day the desire had become too much. He pocketed his pocket knife and awaited her in the doorway, blade in hand. He approached her with a threatening gesture and forced her to step forward into the basement, then pocketed the knife. In the eerie silence she had to lie down on the cold concrete floor, hastily he took off her panties and flipped up her skirt. She stared at him with horny horror. How it went, he knew from spying behind the gym and his mother. He quickly penetrated her vagina and fucked quickly and with concentration. Her face was completely frozen in terror, she gasped and looked at him in fright. It took him a very long time, for all his naughtiness he was confused by the whole process. She gasped and panted until he spurted and breathed "No, No" as he thrust and squirted into her vagina. He immediately stood up and looked at her

cunt, from which his white semen was viscously oozing. He threw the panties over her face and muttered, See you then! and disappeared as fast as he could.

He shivered with fear that she might go to the police and stared out the window. They didn't come. They didn't arrest him. She went shopping as usual. No police, no avenger on her heels. On the third day he was waiting for her again behind the front door. Without him having to say anything, she went ahead, head bowed, to the basement. She went a little further than last time, to a corner where a few old horsehair blankets were spread out. Silently she put down the shopping bag, lay down and flipped her skirt up to her chest. She wore no panties and offered him her pubic, which she had freshly shaved, and waited until he had lowered his pants. Silently they fucked and he watched her breathing quite carefully. At first she moaned very softly, gasped and panted faster and faster until she made very small, plaintive sounds and trembled in climax. He thrust a few more times and squirted for a very long time. When he got up, she smiled brightly at him before he disappeared. From then on, he waited for her every few days, she smiled and went ahead, to the basement. They never spoke, didn't know their names, and once he stripped her completely naked, he could see why she didn't have a boyfriend. Her left breast was missing, it had been amputated and an ugly scar had remained. He shook his head in denial when she suggested going up to her apartment for fucking.

The scar didn't bother him at all. He found it touching that she only wore clothes that were easy to undo, that she hugged him to her bare chest after he squirted, and that she let him masturbate her in willing familiarity when he paused before the next round. No, he was beginning to get bored with the whole thing. The basement. The dirty blankets. The pretty woman his mother's age who loved orgasming more than anything. The thrill from the first raid was missing. After months, he came to her less and less often, and one day stayed away altogether.

Months passed, then his desire was rekindled. He drove halfway around town every day, watching the parking lot in front of a shopping center. After days, finally, a middle-aged woman who was

putting her groceries in a big car. It was a bad, hazy rainy weather where people paid little attention to their surroundings. With quick steps, he pulled open the passenger door, sat down, pocket knife in hand, and stared at her. Here, take the money, but he shook his head. No, he said pressed, I want to fuck! The woman did not move, was frozen with fright, and far and wide no one she could have called to help. Leo realized that it didn't work like that, steering wheel, gear stick, handbrake. He took the handbag from her hand and ordered her to get into the back seat! He had to repeat it, then she got out and it was clear to her that she could not run away without the handbag. When she got in the back, he ordered her to take off her panties and held out his hand waiting. Because of his beard growth, she no longer thought he was a child. She gave a jerk and awkwardly took off her panties. He took it, the skirt too! and held out his hand. She gave him the skirt with her head flushed and he saw her reddened vaginal cleft under her thick pubic hair. He got out and pocketed the pocket knife. She was told to lie down and he unzipped his pants. She groaned and gasped as she lay down. He spread her legs and looked closely at her aged cunt. It was obviously inflamed from masturbating very much, could see it. He penetrated without foreplay or a sound. She drew in her breath sharply and clung to his back. She remained perfectly still and lamented protestingly as he squirted in her vagina. When he stood up, spread her labia with his fingers and began to masturbate her clit, she shook her head in vigorous denial, saying she didn't want that. Just this resistance irritated him, with force he held her down and masturbated her forcibly until she fell silent and after long minutes orgasmed under violent movements of the pelvis. Immediately he penetrated her throbbing vagina again and fucked her hard. He rapturously heard her breath quicken and turn into pressed gasps. She was masturbating hard and fulminently while he fucked her vigorously. He spurted with eyes gleaming in victory at the moment she was shaken and buffeted by the last violent orgasm under loud shouts of yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes!–Yes! He left her half naked and disappeared while she continued masturbating, eyes closed.

For days he watched the parking lot, no police showed up, nothing indicated that anyone had been raped here. The lust grew, he raped a dozen women over the next few months. One day, wanted posters ap-

peared in and around the mall. There was a warning that a rapist was in the area. Described was a man, around forty and about five feet eighty, muscular and with a large mustache, probably a Turk. He was armed with a large hunting knife and usually came in the evening hours. No word of short stature, no word about the hump, no word that he was only 20.

Although the police wanted poster was a joke, he was intimidated and took to chastity and renunciation. Of course, it didn't last long. He moved his hunting ground back to the end of town; there was a small copse near a girls' school. There he lay in wait and watched. Day after day he watched the girls and noted in his head which of them separated themselves from the groups and went for a walk in the copse. Many also went behind a hut outside the property wall to smoke or drink in secret. He waited for days until a girl sat down again on a stone next to the big rock.

As if out of nowhere, he appeared next to her and threatened her with the pocket knife. He led her behind the rock and raped her. The girl cried silently, she was still a virgin and didn't understand much of the fucking. He was blown away, she dabbed the little blood from the labia and went back to the boarding school, keeping this dark secret to herself. Leo raped another girl behind the rock, but she was no longer a virgin and let him masturbate her willingly afterwards, but then none came to the grove for weeks. Change of tactics was necessary.

He bought a bottle of liquor and joined the smokers behind the hut. It wasn't long before everyone was intoxicated, laughing and giggling and cuddling wildly. When the girls left, Leo held back Anita, with whom he had been cuddling purposefully. Although she claimed to be already 16, he did not believe it, she was at most 14 in his opinion. They would follow shortly, Leo said lightly and devoured Anita with a French kiss. After a short while he stroked her pubic area under her panties, which he soon took off. Though it lacked the thrill of the assault as he deflowered the drunken child and fucked her quite delicately. She giggled as he squirted inside her and she laughed contentedly because it was all just what she knew about it in theory. They met several times during the week and gradually she learned to

orgasm, the best invention since the discovery of fire! Quite openly, her two girlfriends spied and watched them fucking every time. Leo lost his interest in Anita as time went by, he came less and less often and kissed her goodbye. He was no match for her silent tears and left.

Totally by chance he discovered a very young woman in the evening in the deserted park, pushing a baby carriage rocking in front of her and stopping in between to smoke a cigarette. He waited a few days and watched her. She always came at the same time. At the end of a smoke break, he stood next to her and threatened her. He pushed her behind a bush along with the baby carriage, the little one was still asleep. Here, you can have my money, but he shook his head and whispered, No money, I want to fuck! Without resistance she let herself be pushed to the floor, when he nibbled at her panties, she took them off herself. But don't squirt, she whispered, I just gave birth! He sensed her fear behind the feigned coolness, and the thrill was back. He raped her silently, but she was a special woman. Before long she was gasping and orgasming, and as he continued to thrust, she remained at her high level of arousal, bouncing from one small orgasm to the next until she was rocked by a big one. Instantly he began to squirt, but she immediately pushed him away. No, don't squirt inside! He was annoyed because his semen splashed into the grass. He stood up and turned to leave, then waited until she had dressed and helped push the stroller back onto the path. Only then did he walk in the other direction and disappeared into the darkness. He raped her for a while longer, because she obviously wanted it too and had mastered this amazing technique of prolonged orgasm. For a while he was still impressed by the fact that she had recently given birth. Before squirting, he pulled out his cock and she rubbed his cock so that his semen squirted only from the outside on her vaginal entrance. It was too little for him after some time, he pushed his cock into her vagina like a gigantic syringe, although she still embraced him. Yes, the thrill of using force was back, now he would not be humiliated and held her with his bearish hands until he had finished squirting. She whined that she didn't want to get pregnant, but he didn't care. It became her last time as she whined about not getting her period and accused him of getting her pregnant. He kept fucking

even though it annoyed him and he wantonly squirted into her vagina, not caring about the whining.

Over the next few years, he interrupted his law studies only when the lust became too great. Then he went back to raping in the parking lots outside shopping malls or in parks, after which he was once again the diligent student. Until the day he made a momentous mistake.

Gert noticed how difficult it was for Leo to talk about it. He was a patient listener and could wait. Even if he had to wait for days.

Leo studied at home and was very diligent, because he wanted to pass the exam with honors. This was a reward he earned, because his parents never rewarded him. Now one afternoon the pretty Karin was visiting his mother, the same Karin who made beautiful eyes at him and flirted with her eyes for the devil–s sake. Since the downstairs toilet was broken, she had to go to his upstairs bathroom. She stopped at his room door and said with a flirtatious twinkle in her eye that she was going, tirili–türülü, to pee now. She left the bathroom door open, of course, and his eagerness grew as he heard her long, long splash. She pulled on the paper roll and dabbed her pubic dry with the paper, he could see that because he was already under the door. He was with her in two steps and pulled her onto the floor carpet. What? she said redundantly and slipped her panties and skirt over her ankles herself before willingly lying down and dutifully spreading her legs. Instantly Leo penetrated Karin's vagina and fucked wildly. He involuntarily stated that Karin was a woman who did not orgasm while fucking. But he sensed that she was enjoying the fucking anyway, actively humping along with deft pelvic movements. She widened her eyes as he squirted, and he noticed that she was looking with unplayed horror at someone behind him. It was his mother.

The mother had witnessed the whole thing and was clamoring about what he had done now and what a pig he was and with all the shrieking Karin had no chance to defend Leo and that it had been consensual. A black wave of fiery anger washed over him, he grabbed his mother's hand blind with rage and pulled her to the ground. The

half-naked Karin rescued herself in the shower tray, crouched down and put her arms around her knees. Leo tore his mother's skirt in half and ripped her panties in two as well.

After all the labia, vaginas and clits he had seen so far, this was the first time he had seen his mother's cunt naked from near. Actually, she had a nice little cunt, he thought. Like a maniac, he lunged forward and chased his erect cock into his mother's tight vagina. Like out of his mind he rammed, fucking for a long time, because he had never cum so quickly in a row. His mother's clamor turned into a high-pitched howl, then she held her breath and stared at him with cold eyes. He could no longer tell if he was taking a long time to inject. With a loud profane curse, he squirted, squirted with a wildly distorted face, and kept thrusting and squirting endlessly. He could remember that the whole time he was staring at Karin's vagina and labia, which were only a few inches from his face, and that Karin was rubbing her clit with her fingers in the same rhythm as he was thrusting. He saw the light streak that his semen had left as it oozed out of Karin's vagina. He stopped thrusting only when Karin orgasmed with a silent cry and his cock softened. He flung his mother's body aside, cursing, went to his room, packed his seven things into the big backpack and left. He never saw his parents again.

He wandered around, sleeping behind a gas station and by the train station. Finally he pulled himself together and went to the university, told the faculty chairman a robbery story and asked to be allowed to interrupt his studies. The man wagged his head because Leo was about to take his final exam, then looked at the unwashed boy in his ragged clothes and granted it. Leo was again loitering in the parking lots outside shopping malls, mugging women of all ages, fucking all of them. He also took a few bills from them, he had to finance his meager life somehow. He also took a little money from the cash register when the gas station attendant was in the back storage room. He was very careful and no one suspected anything.

Only after months did he venture to Karin's house, sleeping on the floor of the garden shed and watching for days. When her husband had left for work, as he did every day, he ventured out. Karin's fright triggered him, they ended up on the living room carpet. Karin en-

joyed being fucked, as her husband squirted rather quickly and was otherwise unimaginative in bed. Gradually she told that his mother was still shy and depressed for a long time. She had not had sex since his birth, not even with his father, and lived completely asexually. And now, 25 years later, the rape by her own son! Until then she was only loosely friends with the mother, but the trauma was severe and the mother talked non-stop about the rape. Karin had to describe her in great detail how Leo had fucked her. What images she still had in her mind of the rape, what exactly she had seen of her cunt or his cock. Karin laughed and said, there you have triggered something big! And the mother had started masturbating again after 30 years of abstinence, very very intensely. Karin laughed maliciously, a woman who did not fuck for 30 years and did not masturbate!

Leo wondered how simple-minded Karin took these tales. After all, he himself had loosened a floorboard in his room and carefully removed layer after layer until he had arrived at the plaster of his parents' bedroom. It took hours of silent drilling before he drilled a tiny hole next to the ceiling light fixture and removed enough of the insulation to fit his face in and bring an eye to the tiny hole to spy. A feat of technical precision for a nine-year-old! In the years that followed, he lay in wait whenever someone went into the bedroom. He watched his mother masturbate on the big double bed every afternoon. In the dim darkness of the bedroom, he could only dimly see her hand rotating on the dark triangle. Sometimes she needed it a second time, sometimes she stretched her legs to the sky in the shape of a big V when she orgasmed. She always did it very secretly and never in the presence of her father.

Every Sunday, at the crack of dawn, she would put on her seductive babydoll and give her father a handjob while he caressed her body. Leo felt very uncomfortable because the father's cock was very small, even he had a bigger one. When she was impatient, she let her father's semen run over her fingers. Mostly, though, she took the cock in her mouth and masturbated it. Leo found it disgusting at first that she swallowed the semen. But she always laughed and kissed her husband with her semen-wet mouth. In all those years, he never saw the two of them fucking.

Once every two months, Uncle Harry came to her secretly. He was his father's brother-in-law, to be exact, and only came secretly to fuck her. They would sneak into the bedroom almost silently, hurriedly undress and cuddle, their naked bodies close together. They didn't fuck for very long, and Uncle Harry bent way over backwards when he squirted. In the pale glow of the bedside lamp, Leo could see more detail. The big, thick cock stuck in her vagina as he pumped and squirted endlessly. They rarely fucked a second time, often the mother stretching her legs skyward and his cock plowing in and out long and steadily until the uncle stiffened and motionlessly let his seed squirt in. She never orgasmed while fucking and never masturbated when Uncle Harry was around. Leo was sad on the one hand because his mother so sneakily betrayed his father and smiled at his uncle when he cum deep in her vagina, but he was totally horny watching them on the other. In later years, he sometimes thought that he might be Harry's child. Probably. Probably.

As often as Karin was with his mother, she told everything in detail about her obsessive masturbation and the images and sensations at the bad event, of course. The mother closed her eyes at this fantasizing and relived it as she told, of Karin's cunt that her son squirted into, of the frantic exposure of her cunt and getting fucked that had changed her so much.

Leo visited Karin throughout the summer and into late fall. The garden cottage was a safe place, he could shower and eat every day. Karin loved to be fucked by him, although she only orgasmed when she masturbated. She was a bit of an exhibitionist and liked to let him watch her masturbate. When the neighbors began to whisper, they took their leave, Leo walked away and did not turn around. Karin cleaned up the garden shed.

He retreated to the Steigerwald when it rained incessantly and built himself a hut out of twigs and leaves. The cutting wind and the first snow drove him away, he hid in a hovel of the old forester's house, where the widow Theresa lived all alone. At first she assumed it was a raccoon or a fox. One night, as a fierce snowstorm swept around the old forester's house, she was awakened by the ruckus caused by the collapsed hovel. She jumped up, wrapped a shawl

around her shoulders and went out with the oil lantern. She found a completely feral child with struwwel hair, neglected beard, and shivering in the cold. Her sodden shawl lay tight against her body, and Leo looked tremulously at her nakedness under the wet shawl in the light of the lamp. She reached for his hand and led him into the house. He shook his head vigorously as she pointed with her chin to warm bedrooms, the only heated room in the house. He couldn't sleep in the same bed as the centenarian. She shrugged, brought out a thin blanket. He slept on the wooden bench next to the front door in the freezing cold front room. When the widow got up in the morning, he was already gone. He had folded the blanket neatly.

Leo paused for a long, thoughtful moment before continuing. The widow was not 100, but only 64, and had lived alone since the forester's death. She had met him when she was barely 15 and went with the respectable man to the high stand. Of course she was freezing up there, in her thin weekday dirndl, of course he took off his jacket, the gentleman and put it over her shoulder and coincidentally left his hand there too. He held her tightly, it was bitterly cold after all. Explained everything, how the deer got the fawns when the roebuck mounted the doe. You understand, don't you? Yes, she nodded, she had seen it many times with dogs and cows, the mounting. The gentleman asked if she wanted to kiss him and she nodded, why not, she had already kissed many boys in the village school. After she had kissed him, he laughed and explained to her that in proper kissing one must also kiss with the tongue. She had learned it quickly and liked it very much. The forester was in his mid-forties and slipped one hand into her cleavage while kissing. She always got palpitations when they kissed with their tongues and his hand gently and delicately caressed one breast, then the other. A pleasant shiver flowed from bottom to top through her body when he caressed the nipples and they became quite hard. She shuddered as he continued and tiny droplets came out of her vagina.

She went along to the high stand from then on with jubilant anticipation. She loved the kissing and the breast stroking. Pearly tingles ran up her spine when his hand crept along her thigh and stroked her panties ever so gently. That was so fine, that did so good, that she pulled the panties off with a quick grasp when he whispered in her

ear. She cheered inwardly exultantly as he now caressed her labia and vaginal vestibule very delicately and gently while kissing her. When he got up to pee over the parapet, she looked at his cock unabashedly. It didn't look very appetizing the first time, but she didn't find it so repulsive after a few days. When she had to pee, she would squat down and let her little stream rain down into the forest. It didn't bother her that he was watching, after all, she watched him pee and shake the last drops off his cock.

He didn't seem satisfied and kept shaking, for quite a while, then a few more drops squirted out. He allowed her to hold his cock while he shook the next day. She laughed innocently because she could feel the throbbing of his cock with her fingertips as he squirted down to the forest. This was very exciting and she had never seen this before.

They continued the kissing and labia stroking. For days he whispered in her ear how beautiful she was, what a sweet cunt she had, he had never seen one more beautiful. As he kissed and nibbled her earlobes, he began whispering again from mounting her. She sat up bolt upright and said she was a virgin and had to stay that way until her wedding night, she couldn't let him mount her, no way! She simply parroted the words her mother forcefully instilled in her as she recounted the kissing and labia fondling with Mr. Forester. She took seriously what her mother said about mounting, even if she did not know what being a virgin meant and why men had to wait until the wedding night to mount. When the mother said that she had not waited to mount and that her boyfriend, the father of the beautiful Hannes, had shied away from the wedding, they hugged and cried. Therefore, she took it seriously, she assured the forester, therefore. No mounting!

He was very sad about it and she could only make him happy by kissing him delicately and properly. She took his hand and put it on her pubic cleft, then he became happy and remained so until winter. They did not see each other again until late spring, when it was warm enough to sit on the high stand without panties. The fool, of course, had forgotten all about it over the winter, kept bringing up mounting, and she wouldn't give in, standing firm and telling him not until the wedding night. He would have to marry her before then, period,

done. It continued with kisses and labia stroking. When he paused for a moment while shaking, she adventurously grabbed his cock and shook it. Patiently he instructed that instead of shaking she should rub, and she quickly learned. She kissed, had her cunt caressed and rubbed him so that it just squirted in jets into the dark forest.

It was getting to be winter, she was now almost 17, and she visited him regularly at the forester's house. They lay on the bed, kissed endlessly and he was allowed to caress her labia. When he came back from the bathroom with his dick dangling out, she would rub it and make him squirt really fast. When she wanted to tease him, she pulled up her skirt, spread her legs and innocently touched her hairless pubic area with her hand. If you marry me, she teased, then you get to mount me! She grinned inwardly, because mostly he pounced on her, which excited her very much. But she protected her cunt with one hand while he rammed as the dogs do when mounting. She always took pity and rubbed his cock until it squirted on her pubic cleft. First marry, then mount!

She drove him completely crazy. He went to her mother and arranged the wedding date. After he left, her mother hugged her and sobbed that he must have already fucked her. Thea, as she was called, did not understand and looked into her mother's eyes. Uncertainly she asked back, mount? The mother answered in the affirmative with an unhappy smile. No, said Thea, first marry, then mount! and the mother smiled with relief, you're a clever child!

The wedding was beautiful, everyone cried. The almost fifty-year-old forester in his most beautiful traditional suit, the seventeen-year-old Thea in a richly embroidered festive dirndl dress. There was eating, laughing and drinking as if there was no tomorrow. All the young boys gripped tightly when they danced with Thea, some hands grabbed her buttocks, but no matter, they were all drunk with joy. There was a lot of talking, shouting and cheering. Some father, some mother whispered with relief that the old groper and virgin abuser would now be in firm hands, it was about time! It was no secret that no young girl was safe from the forester, he had often had to pay for an abortion.

But, away with the gloomy thoughts, there was dancing, laughing and drinking, yes, especially drinking. Thea needed a break and looked for her husband. She found him, drunk as a skunk, opposite the toilets, in the checkroom. He was in the middle of mounting and girl and she was outraged and deeply hurt. He looked up with an uncertain expression and slurred something, but the innkeeper's fat, ugly daughter reached out to him, telling him to go on. Thea moved closer, she saw above all the young girl's big fat ass, her wet cunt and in the middle of it the cock that actually belonged to her until death do us part! She watched with sad rage as her husband fucked and at one point cramped up in the laborious, drunken squirting. The fat girl let out a loud fart, then Thea went back into the hall.

She was offended and hurt. Of course, she had also drunk more alcohol than ever, but she was hell-bent on repaying her husband's infidelity on their wedding day. Her husband had squandered the right to first mount on a fat, unchaste 13–year old. She would give her first time to someone else, too. Of course it would be Hannes, the same age, that was no question for her. The dearest playmate, whom she also liked precisely because she knew that they had the same father. And because she could share with him all the secrets of what the forester was doing with her. After she had learned rubbing and squirting from the forester, she had also often rubbed him to squirting, because Hannes' cock was more beautiful than all the dozens of cocks she had ever seen, curiously felt or rubbed to squirting. In this respect she was popular with all the boys in the village, because it was completely uncomplicated, she liked to do it to everyone.

Wild at heart, she challenged handsome Hannes to a drinking duel, tipping one liquor after another, then whispering in his ear. She went ahead, looked for an empty guest room and left the door open. Hannes, Fritz and little Joschi came in and grinned, shifting sheepishly from one foot to the other. She took off her panties and white stockings and lay down on the bed. Hannes, if you like? she asked redundantly and held out her hand. She felt only a tiny sting when her hymen tore, but she let all three of them mount her and was not satisfied until no one could squirt anymore. She didn't know later how many times she was mounted before she straightened her clothes and went back down the hall.

The marriage was unspectacular. Every night she lay expectantly in bed waiting for her husband. They never talked about the fact that he had fucked the fat girl on their wedding night, he probably didn't remember either. And of course she didn't tell about the wedding fucking either, what was the point? Her sex life was fine at first, for years she waited for the child she was never to have. Every evening the forester got drunk and more and more often forgot to fuck Thea. He beat her more and more often and retreated to the high seat with his liquor, brought a deer or two rabbits in the evening and sat down at the kitchen table to drink while she cooked. Sometimes old or new friends came over during the day, she conscientiously checked the kitchen clock beforehand to make sure her husband hadn't come home before she gave her cunt away for a quickie. The wet shiny cunt of the fat innkeeper's daughter, in which her cheating husband fucked, could never be erased from her memory. The older she got, the rarer the quickies became. Her husband's boozing was worrisome, his beating terrifying. The first time he beat her with his leather belt, she had had enough of him.

Another day he did not come home in the evening. She alerted the rural police by phone, who found him in the morning hours. He had shot his head off, which of course she already knew. Everyone from the village came to express their condolences. Some saw the old and new marks and the welts on her face and shook their heads. A pity, a pity, they said, but the beating had now ended. The rural policemen questioned her empathetically, it was enough for them that he drank intemperately and beat her because he was failing in his sexuality. He had often talked about breaking up, the widow said in a breaking voice.

Of course, she couldn't confuse the poor policemen with the fact that she had mixed crushed sleeping pills into the thermos flask with the coffee that morning and hours later sneaked up to the high seat to hold the rifle under the sleeping man's chin and pull the trigger. She exchanged the thermos flask for another and washed it thoroughly at home, as well as her stained clothes. No, she did not want to cause any confusion and, as was expected, wept heartbreakingly at her husband's grave.

She received a good widow's pension and was allowed to stay in the old forester's house, since a new one had been built two communities away. After the funeral, old friends came for a refreshing quickie, and some stayed overnight. She listened to the radio a lot and read books from the library all day, marveling at the diversity of life and distant worlds. Two or three times a week she went to the Steigerwald, often sitting for hours on the high seat in the sun and dreaming of the good times when kissing, labia stroking and rubbing squirting were still new. She remembered fondly the man he was then. The other had left this world with a loud bang, that was fine with her.

After a beautiful night, when good Hannes had hurried home, she played devotedly with her cunt. She had discovered masturbation! She had discovered the orgasm! Hour after hour she masturbated, stayed in bed all day and only stopped exhausted the next night. She slept it off and masturbated again, orgasm after orgasm, until she could take no more. She felt an unknown tugging in her stomach. Hunger! She laughed for minutes, how could she forget to eat!

The years passed, the quickies and fucking became less frequent, but she understood and didn't blame anyone. She could give herself an orgasm whenever she wanted. Even in front of the TV that Hannes had installed for her. She had asked him to install the soft porn subscription as well. She liked watching other people fuck and masturbate. At 60, she didn't feel like it anymore. It was confusing to have no desire to masturbate, to have the orgasms. Quite abruptly and stuttering, the desire stopped. She didn't need it anymore. The years passed, she left the broken TV and read book after book. For a long time she no longer managed to climb up to the high stand. She was 64, tired and exhausted, waiting for winter. And then, in the middle of a snowstorm, this disheveled and neglected child fell into her lap.

The next morning she got up very early and made breakfast. Then she rattled the dishes and the boy woke up. He hastily tried to pick up his seven things and was about to leave, but she called out from the kitchen, Breakfast! and he stopped. Come, there is breakfast, she repeated and he turned around. He hesitated for a long time, then

came to the table and sat on the edge of the chair. Gradually he began to eat, apparently he had not had anything to eat for days– or weeks. She got up and said I'll fix another egg dish and prepared it. While he was eating, she said, I am Thea, the Widow Theresa, and then she asked what his name was. He did not answer, put his plate in the sink and went out. Then he turned and said thank you for breakfast, walked two steps and said, Leo, before disappearing into the snow flurry.

In the evening Leo came back, she cooked dinner. He could take a shower, she had already laid out everything for him. He obeyed silently, aware that he stank like a polecat. He put on the clean shirt, which was much too big, the underwear was also too big, but it had to fit. He had to roll up the forester's pants all the way, laughing grimly as he looked at himself in the mirror. She just nodded and after dinner she said she had spread the blanket in the bedroom, it was warmer there than in the front room. She was so determined that he resigned himself to his fate.

They drank the local sour white wine in silence. He told her his full name, his parents' address, and told the same robbery story he had told at the university. He was not a bearded child but already 28 and was at the end of law school, he could take the final exam in spring. She listened attentively and fetched a pair of scissors, she could cut his hair and beard. He preferred to do it himself and went to the bathroom. When he was done, the kitchen was already dark and Thea was already lying in her double bed reading a book.

She was naked, totally naked! Usually, of course, she covered her nakedness with a blanket, but she felt incredibly exhilarated tonight, having emptied the second bottle all by herself. And the poor boy must have been half-starved after so many days in the woods! Somehow she could see the long abstinence on his face, already playing with this thought while drinking wine. Not that she needed it, but he did, goddamn, for sure!

Her white hair was braided into a pigtail as usual, her slender, lean body covered with old, wrinkled skin. Her breasts were small, wrinkled sacs, the nipples were large and pointed in contrast. Leo

had seen such nipples only on aroused women before. Her arms and legs were thin and covered with wrinkled skin. The hip bones protruded conspicuously from under the wrinkled skin. He stared mesmerized at her sparse light pubic hair, which revealed a view of her pubic area. She had strikingly large labia, the jagged inner labia peeking out, and he could not hide his erection.

She had noticed his stares and put the book aside. She turned the bedside lamp switch and the lamp continued to shine with dim light. When you are done looking, take off your clothes, she said, I always sleep naked. He obeyed mechanically and she looked at his stiff cock. He stared at her hand, which very lightly caressed her loins and labia, and held his cock, naturally rubbing a bit. With glittering eyes she saw that he was horny to explode. She watched his slow rubbing, the bouncing of his glans, and how suddenly his semen squirted in thick jets into his hand and then dripped onto the floor. She thought at first that he was relieved of the initial, urgent pressure and that his cock would go limp, as she had seen many men do. But on the contrary, she found that he was still tense to the breaking point, holding and lightly rubbing his erect cock as if in a trance. Well, come on, she said, tapping her hand demandingly on the mattress, his gaze wandering indecisively back and forth between the thin blanket on the floor and the bed. He desperately held his cock in his hand and his desire grew. In the dim light he could no longer see the wrinkled skin, only a desirous woman lying ready on the bed, reaching out for him. There was nothing holding him anymore.

Thea's vagina was completely dry, he applied plenty of spit before penetrating. Although Thea didn't have an orgasm, she was actively fucking him, hugging him with both arms and stroking him. Her vagina was terribly tight and she thought about the fact that she hadn't fucked in ages. But it felt so good. After squirting, he laid his head on her chest and recovered. Thank you so much for taking me in, he whispered. I hope it's okay for you to fuck me, he added. She just nodded, words were not necessary. Her hand groped for his cock, making it stiff again with gentle rubbing. She moistened her vagina with saliva and his seed before they fucked again.

He studied in his thick books during the day and she read French classics. After a while, she taught him how to shoot and he carefully crept into the Steigerwald. Initially he came back empty-handed, but soon there were roasted hares and legs of venison. Hannes, who had taken over the tiny grocery store from his parents, delivered her groceries twice a week. He had a cup of coffee and they chatted, then she told him that she had picked up an orphan boy in the snowstorm and he was now living with her. Leo returned with the much too large rifle over his shoulder, dragging a deer behind him. That's how he met Hannes, who took the deer and subsequently traded many more deer and rabbits for food. Leo felt accepted by both of them and really loved by Thea. They noted his small stature and hump, but never lost even a word about it.

On his rambles, the little hunter explored the trails where female joggers were often on the move. But he didn't need it, regular fucking with Thea was enough to keep his desires in check. When his desires and violent fantasies became too violent, he forced Thea to masturbate with her legs spread wide. The first time she cried with shame to let him watch this very private action and her orgasm. But when he had that crazy look, she had to do it four or five times until he fucked her wildly and immediately slept away. Thea was bitter because she had to wrestle the orgasms from her body without feeling the earlier pleasure. Leo was afterwards again the sensitive, lovable boy who did her so well.

Thea really liked being fucked so often. She no longer cried when she had to masturbate during his break. Her orgasm didn't shake her as violently as it used to, she just tensed up briefly and pressed a finger to her clit. Already after a short time the shamefulness lost itself and she masturbated now gladly after fucking, the orgasms prepared her again a little desire.

Leo experienced more affection and love than ever before in his life. Thea kept hugging him, stroking his face or his mop of hair, showing her love and affection for her child as if he were her own. She never wanted to kiss, she did not want to subject her boy to her toothless mouth. Sometimes there was a kiss on her cheek or his cheek when they wanted to express great feelings.

In the spring he took the final exam and returned to the forester's house as quickly as he could. He took off his beautiful suit and hung it next to the other two that Thea had had made for him for a new start. Thea hugged him tightly and read the certificate over and over. They drank their best wine and Leo was glad that she didn't mention his parents with a word. She ignored the fact that he still had to do some internships and raved about the fact that he could pursue a respected profession as a lawyer. Fiddle-dee-dee, internships, he could leave the nest and fly away. By bedtime, they were pretty drunk and partying in bed until they fell asleep smiling happily.

Hannes had gotten him a moped, which he paid off in installments. He took on several jobs as a legal clerk and worked his way up to the biggest law firm. His jealous competitors treated him disparagingly as a clerical assistant, but more and more often the boss found a loose leaf in his file in which Leo contributed his evaluation, his hints and tactical considerations to the case. It didn't take long for the boss to realize the talent that brought the coffee and files from the archives and entrusted Leo with more important cases than his envious colleagues. Things were looking up, Leo would apply for his license in a year and a half. But it didn't get that far.

When he had done everything, he would rattle through town on his moped. Karin lived alone, her husband had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a business partner and had moved with her to South Africa. That he had fallen in love did not surprise Karin, the beautiful black girl was educated and of lovely nature. Karin watched her with X-ray eyes during their short visits, looking at the beautiful breasts that were clearly visible under the thin blouse. The beautifully shaped body, the graceful thighs as well as her elegant movements proved her husband right. The beauty sat down in her miniskirt opposite her, revealing her bulging mini-panties. Contrary to our custom, she let her knees slide apart slightly and Karin clearly saw her labia and vaginal cleft as the panties slid aside following physics. The beauty bent hypocritically to the side to rummage in her purse, but more importantly, for the panties to shift entirely to the side. Amid the black skin, her vagina and clit glowed bright pink, and she took her time showing off her jewels to her predecessor for minutes before straightening up again. They looked into each other's

eyes and Karin smiled as she saw the triumph in the 19–year old's eyes. She had realized why her husband had completely lost his mind. This was not just a pretty young girl, this was a volcano! With a heavy heart he left her the house and a nice monthly alimony, for life. It was with a heavy heart that she let him move to South Africa, hoping his good business sense and passion for making money would make up for his disappointing sexuality.

Leo listened, but what mattered most to him was fucking. With Karin it was very different than with Thea and so he came very often to her before he rattled home. He had told Thea about Karin at some point and she breathed a sigh of relief that he had taken an age-appropriate mistress. She listened breathlessly when he told in detail about Karin, for it excited her greatly. Of course, Karin reported everything about Leo's successful start in life to his mother, but he didn't want to hear about his mother. Karin was unfortunately quite stupid and so it slipped out that she and his mother were more than just friends.

He stopped in the middle of fucking and looked at her inquiringly. She didn't remember how it started with his mother, at some point the air around them crackled and they masturbated at the same time watching each other. They cuddled and kissed and rolled naked on the bed. His mother was very clumsy and could not make Karin orgasm, she always had to get it herself. The first time Karin licked her she whooped with horniness, it was the discovery of the century! After all, she could bring Karin to the edge of orgasm in this way, so that she only needed a few magic finger movements to orgasm. His mother, on the other hand, let Karin give it to her four or five times in a row. Leo's imagination kicked in and he fucked Karin so wildly that she only had to touch her clit to orgasm. From now on, she got him horny every time she fucked him by telling him about her lesbian shenanigans.

For a while this went well, he was concentrated at work. Karin, whose breathing turned into gasps and who triggered the orgasm with her magic finger before he had to squirt. Thea, who satisfied herself after fucking and gave him a shy and shameful look like a 13–year old after her orgasm. Thea, whom he sometimes licked very in-

tensely to orgasm and who initially hid her face in her hands, so ashamed was she of the pleasure she felt. She could only guess what an overcoming it must have cost him to caress her wrinkled, old flesh with his mouth and tongue. She didn't know, of course, how much Karin's lesbian shenanigans fired him up. Thea would never take a cock in her mouth, although that was often shown on TV. It was disgusting, even though she enjoyed it so insanely beyond all disgust when he kissed the long way down her wrinkled belly, grinning mischievously, and finally arrived at her clit. She could have screamed with joyful excitement when he bit her clit more or less gently. With those little bites, he made her clit big and all stiff before licking it.

Something was missing, the thrill, the assault, the violence.

He kept rattling the surrounding area, watching intently the females, runners and runners jogging here at the edge of the Steigerwald forest. The first one he dragged into the bushes had hit the ground unhappily. He checked the fainter's pulse, tugged her leggings down to her ankles and raped her. He smoked a cigarette and raped her again. Then he put her back on and ran away because she regained consciousness. Several more girls followed, whom he threatened if they would spill the beans. Some escaped because he could not catch up with them as they fled. He was careful and watched the scene for days before he struck again.

Then came the last one, Kati.

At the first assault, Kati immediately overcame her fright and whispered, okay, I'm not resisting. She pulled her pants down to her ankles and lay down. I haven't fucked since high school, she muttered as he penetrated. He thought it couldn't have been that long ago, she wasn't even twenty. She fucked really well and orgasmed at the same moment he squirted. They sat in silence on the forest floor smoking until he got erect again. Even the second time she was able to hold back the orgasm until he squirted. He was ablaze, this was very different than with Karin or Thea. When he left, she called after him, the day after tomorrow at the same time!

Two days passed, he felt as if a switch had been flipped in his head. He waited impatiently behind the bushes, Kati came, as the only jogger with a short skirt. She walked ahead and took off her panties as she walked. The sweatpants were too tight last time, she whispered as he penetrated. Again she held back the orgasm until he squirted. He looked at her wet shiny cunt with great interest while she told him that she had been masturbating very frequently since childhood. It was only in the last year of school that the twins, called only Castor and Pollux by everyone, had conquered her and she always liked to let them fuck her. But they both complained she orgasmed too soon, so she trained for months not to let the orgasm wash over her immediately, but to sustain it for a long time just before. Very detailed and flowery embellished her report on how she tamed the orgasm. Unfortunately, school was out and she had not fucked for half a year. Leo played with her clit with his eyes closed while she narrated. His erection was firm and he fucked her again. Despite all the excitement he was watching her, she had been quietly orgasming for quite a while and only allowed it the moment he squirted. They arranged themselves again and went back to the walkway.

Although he was not yet finished with his work, he went to the meeting place as arranged. No, this time he wanted to surprise her and went back two hundred meters. Kati let out a scream when a hand suddenly grabbed her in surprise. She smiled when she recognized him, but her scream was real and sparked his desire. But no sooner had he begun to fuck with concentration as strong male hands grabbed him from behind and yanked him back. He kicked, bit and boxed wildly, kicked shins, and was still brought down after much screaming kicking, spitting and wild flailing.

Two men held him down, the third went to the fourth. He did not move.

He spent thousands of lonely hours in prison, not admitting his guilt to himself. He had done nothing to the man, and Kati would confirm that it was consensual sex. His boss had hung up on him when he asked for defense by the public defender’s office. The public

defender was a simple-minded old drunk who thought only of his retirement.

A thousand times he closed his eyes and recalled his memories. The same images over and over again. They swept him up. His body panicked, spurting his seed over Kati's abdomen. He kicked around. One, his kick mercilessly hit hard in the testicles, the man fell unconscious on the forest path, his face slapped on a stone. The second, whom his kick hit, let go of him and went to his knees. Kati darted past, tripped over the man on the ground and scrambled to her feet, running away. He now had one hand free and punched the man, who was holding him ironclad, square in the face. Although he was thrashing and kicking at the top of his lungs, two held him by the upper arms while the third pummeled him until he slumped to his knees, close to fainting.

Hundreds, even thousands of times he saw Kati run, trip over the man and chase away. Hundreds of times Kati tripped and fell on the man with all her body weight. He didn't want to admit it, but that was the only way the man's neck could break. Again and again he cried because he felt he was completely innocent of the man's death. But he also cried because at the same time he could not blame Kati. Stumbling, falling and breaking the man's neck?

The court believed the three witnesses, who all swore under penalty of perjury that Leo had stepped on their friend's neck, with full force. After all, they said, it did not happen on purpose, but during the scuffle. The woman he was supposed to have dragged into the bushes and raped could not be found, so they waived that charge. The grizzled judge didn't let Leo get a word in edgewise and listened to his defense attorney's mumbling with only half an ear, scribbling on his writing pad. The crippled dwarf who defiled our innocent daughters, who had kicked one of her rescuers to death!

His defense counsel laboriously wove his way through the tangled maze of his argument. He paused to continue, then the judge stood up and so did everyone present, the court retired to deliberate! Leo was perplexed, he didn't get a chance to make his well thought out

defense speech. After a brief deliberation, Leo was sentenced to seven years for manslaughter.

Gert was released after four and a half months, visited Leo a few more times and brought him two cartons of cigarettes, which were considered hard currency in prison. Their correspondence fell asleep after a few months.

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# On the Altar of Unchastity

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by Jack Faber © 2021

Liane Dasseur was bartered away to Count Armand de Montlhéry right after she graduated from boarding school.

She never referred to it as anything other than *bartered away* because her parents had tried to halt their slow but steady financial and social decline with this liaison. The father, Pierre Dasseur, had inherited a small brewery in the south of the city and lost it in the course of the general recession — a Dutch brewing concern had driven him first almost to ruin and then to sale. For the Dasseur, who had been brought up as a well-situated patrician, it was a disaster to be confined to only a city apartment and a small country house on the coast, although the disaster of having to work for the Dutch concern was perhaps even greater. His wife Mélanie, who was fullheartedly devoted to him, would also have followed him into a poor man's hovel, although her thoroughly conservative upbringing desperately resisted her decline under these circumstances.

It was she who brought Liane to the annual New Year's ball held in the castle, and it was she who carefully and deliberately directed the Count's interest to young Liane. After all, the count was the secret string-puller who proposed Pierre and her for the ceremonial award as Heroes of the Résistance by President de Gaulle. She knew it, of course, and was very proud of her Résistance Medal. She had known the Count since childhood and had helped him in important matters of administration in the chateau, for that she was a good manager she had proved in the brewery. His housekeeper, as well as the other employees, performed their duties faithfully and honestly, but did not possess that certain something of aesthetics, refinement, and lascivious eroticism that the Count appreciated so much in Mélanie. Of course, she was also much prettier than all the others, giving everyone a deep glimpse of her beautiful, plump breasts, which did not look fifty and did not yet need a bra. She carefully tended to her pubic hair, trimming it weekly and cutting out the middle completely

radically so that the pubic fold and labia were clearly visible. She also wore no underwear under the airy dresses and skirts since the war, of course, and frivolously offered the Count and many another shameless glimpses of her thighs and, if she wished, her cunt. Her body was flawless and showed curves in the right places without looking chubby, and all could see that.

While flirting, she goaded the count by smiling and letting her thighs slide slightly apart until he could guess her intimates, and she calculatingly let it be known that she was quite open and willing to the count's sexual advances. Quite casually, she dropped the lie that she hadn't fucked Pierre for a long time – she would have deserved an Oscar for the way her eyes looked. Even the deliberate utterance of vulgar words like *fuck* made the count shiver pleasantly. The count considered it necessary to employ Mélanie formally as an assistant; thus everything had its order and Mélanie was close to the crush of her youth, older by a good 5 years, to whom she had never been allowed to open her heart until now. From the beginning she was stingy with her love services, because she did not want to distract the count from his real goal with a steady affair. She only counteracted his depression and melancholy when she visited him in his bed. So one thing led to another, the count, lonely after the death of his wife, became interested in young Liane, invited her several times to teas and social events.

Not to be left unmentioned is the fact that Mélanie's little hints did more than raise the count's hopes. Whenever they rested after the count's intercourse, Mélanie had one thing or another to tell about Liane. She gently stroked the count's privates while doing so, without entertaining hopes that a second intercourse would occur. When the count took part in the conversation with interest, she rewarded him with his very favorite dessert. She would sit on the nobleman's chest and let him watch her masturbate and orgasm at close range. Sometimes it visibly aroused him so that she slid lower and encircled his count's cock with her labia. With gentle, quiet movements, she rubbed his glans with her labia and only when his breathing revealed that he was about to squirt, she increased her speed, letting him penetrate and squirt in her vagina. With more gentle movements she milked his seed until nothing more came.

Yes, and then the Count asked Mélanie, who was going over the guest list with him for the next banquet, if he could get his hopes up, in his age and his grief-stricken loneliness. Mélanie's heart leapt for joy, knowing full well that this meant herself. She did not even have to think about it, since her heart and her life belonged to Pierre only. Stretched, she replied that Liane would most certainly say yes, for the girl spoke of nothing else but her count, but she asked nobly reservedly that the count discuss this with Liane's father.

That she would not experience romance with the much older gentleman was clear to Liane from the outset. But it was not only daughter love that moved her to consent. No, there was the thought already strong, as married woman countess highest social acknowledgment and portion of the large fortune of the count to get.

And the count showed her understanding when she opened up to him that she had not remained untouched because of a previous engagement. After all, there was no need to mention the many other loves. Even if her husband was twice her age, he was a loving husband and a good lover. They both knew how important a progenitor was to him and fucked as often as he could. Liane was absolutely faithful to him until the birth of their son, and willingly let him share in her frequent masturbation, as Mélanie had advised her before marriage with accurate hints about his sexuality and preferences.

She didn't mind at all that her mother had fucked the Count and probably continued to do so, because she knew how much Mélanie loved her Pierre and that Mélanie was only concerned with sexual debauchery and power over the Count. She knew that Pierre could take no more and had watched Mélanie masturbate often enough to know that she really needed it badly. As her pregnancy progressed, Liane no longer liked to fuck the count and secretly eavesdropped when her mother fucked her husband or masturbated in front of his face and orgasmed loudly. The voices and lustful sounds from Armand's adjacent bedroom fueled her masturbation fantasies all the more. In later years, it was the count who generously overlooked her taking pleasure from younger lovers.

Liane had studied agriculture and when her son started school, she took over the Count's ailing vineyard and turned it into a lucrative model business, with the proceeds of which she not only supported her parents, but also treated herself to the odd luxury.

## Robert

There was cousin Robert, who cleverly used the families' joint vacation to make a pass at Liane. At 14, Liane was mentally far ahead of her peers, but her body was only gradually beginning to become more womanly and rounded. She was rather small and slender, her hips were only now becoming a little rounder and her small breasts were also delicately budding. The shoulder-length black hair harmonized well with her oval, light face, in which the slanted brown almond eyes testified to oriental ancestry. She did not yet know anything about her sexuality, yet she looked at herself more and more often in the mirror and shivered when she stroked the downy pubic hair that had only begun to sprout in the last few months. She had been waiting for her first period for a year, and remembered her mother saying casually that she would then be a real woman and would no longer be allowed to play with the boys. But the period did not come.

Robert was already 16 or 17, exactly she didn't know it anymore, was powerfully built and towered over her by more than a head, his long curls and the soft, fleshy lips betrayed the pleasure man that he was. He had fallen for the 14-year-old girl and was pondering how to get her, for he had recognized her womanly awakening with good instinct – however, decades later, this instinct brought him to trial as a underage girls molester. More and more often they went out for long walks on the beach, because she liked the way the big boy was trying to get her. It was completely new and unfamiliar, the many small attentions and nice gestures confused her only at first. She suddenly felt noticed, interesting and desired, although she could not have expressed the latter so clearly. Step by step Robert came closer to her, first they held hands, then he wrapped an arm around her shoulder. Liane got used to his touch, to his smell, to the initially extremely unfamiliar physical closeness. The seducer proceeded very gently and carefully, drawing his hand to her lips while holding her hand or brushing her cheek with his. She did not even come to develop suspicion, because he made everything seem so naturally flowing that she was patiently accustomed to his hand like a calf.

Robert sat patiently with her among the dunes, they gazed silently out to sea and spoke but little. But he did not remain idle, his hand wandered carefully to hers, lightly pulling Liane to him and letting her lean against him. After only a few days, her confusion turned into quiet ardor, flaring up here and there in surprise and causing a tugging, pleasant discomfort in her loins. The first time he kissed her softly and gently on the mouth, she blushed violently. The burning sensation made her turn away, she withdrew her hand from him and looked out to sea. The sea was soothing, eternal, and did not upset her. Robert gave her time, lots of time, before kissing her again on the mouth, longer this time. She felt his carefully probing tongue against her lips.

As sailboats appeared outside, Robert explained to her everything he knew about them. He knew quite a bit about boat shapes, masts, and the different rigs, as well as the large merchant ships that appeared now and then over the horizon. Then, with a glowing face, he began to tell of foreign lands, seas, and cities, as if he himself had been to sea. Liane gazed into the distance and listened to him intently. She had grown up sheltered, but her interest in foreign countries, other people and everything connected with them was very strong. Skillfully Robert wove into his stories that the sailors probably went to the women in every port who did it with them — what did? — Liane thought uncertainly. He noticed Liane's increased attention, of course, although she was looking out to sea with a deadpan face. He did not leave the subject without going into too much detail about the loose customs in the ports, about brothels and prostitutes.

Liane interrupted him. What would the men *do* if they were on the ships for so long and did not reach the ports with the — she hesitated a moment — women for many weeks?

Robert's instincts told him they were headed in the right direction. And — he played dumb. Stretched, he thought women didn't they have them with them on board, the sailors. Liane swallowed. Some feeling told her that now something important had to come. The pause became almost unbearably long.

Robert was good-natured, he didn't say anything about the kitchen boys, the Benjamins, and what they were all called – maybe he didn't really know himself. In any case, after a while he grinned and made a definite gesture with his hand, and when Liane looked at him uncomprehendingly, he murmured that they would just *do it themselves*. Liane again looked strained out to sea, then she said she didn't understand. Her heart was beating excitedly, because she felt very clearly that they were already very close to the important thing.

Robert said nothing, he abruptly dropped the subject and kissed her on the cheek, on the ear and the eyes, then his lips brushed her mouth. She held still and listened inward, feeling that tug in her loins again, plus his tongue playing lightly around her lips. He tongued and jerked forward, seeming to want to open her lips. Then the tongue tongued further and penetrated between her lips, touching her teeth and seeking her tongue. She felt the first touch of their tongues most clearly *below*, there in her still nameless cleft, *inside*. She noticed how her face, neck and all over blushed, how the heat rose from her loins and almost took her breath away. Robert's tongue tasted sweetish, she groped for his with her tongue and suddenly remembered that it was called French kissing. She remained outwardly calm, although she could have jumped for joy and delight because a small detail of her ignorance was now clarified. She could have screamed with joy, but she was in love with her first French kiss, in love with Robert's tongue and his lips that she could feel sweet and soft. Robert, oh my Robert, I love you so much! she thought.

Despite this, when their lips parted, she looked to the floor in despair, for she did not know how to continue with Robert. They sat in silence next to each other for a while longer at their place in the dunes; it was a good place to be able to kiss and embrace there in seclusion. Endless minutes passed before they broke away again, only to find each other. Liane enjoyed Robert's gentle hands caressing her back, her shoulders, she enjoyed the tall boy stammering words of love into her ear. When his hands finally moved slowly to her hips, again and again, she reached in and pulled his hand away as if it made her uncomfortable. In reality, she was a little disturbed because his hands were creating a storm in her body, she kept blushing

and feeling heat and strange tingling in *body parts* that she had never known before.

Ah, his hands! How she would have loved to just abandon herself to them, to let Robert caress her all over, and yet she shied away from it. From some hidden, dark corner of her soul, the memory of prohibitions rose up, became pressing and annoying. She shooed away these thoughts, however often they came back. She loved Robert, after all, and that lovers embrace and kiss each other was simply known! So it seemed right to her, so she shooed away the dark thoughts.

They lay with their backs leaning against a place where a stubborn bush braced itself against wind and weather and in whose roots hard-pressed sand offered them a good backrest. Robert, who already knew this place from the past, only had to look around now and then to see if a lonely walker or a couple in search of a cozy spot had passed by unawares. They were alone, they kissed for minutes and slowly Robert's hand wandered from her shoulder to her small bosom. Liane stiffened in shock at first, but then relaxed, that was part of love, he said, and gently stroked the tiny little mound. His hand wandered further, seeking a way under her t–shirt and boldly embracing her bosom, since she was not yet wearing a bra.

Liane suddenly felt more grown up, being a child suddenly seemed so distant and foreign to her. She was now like those movie actresses she had seen on the posters and secretly admired – the hero kissed the heroine and held her tightly in his big, strong arms. Yes, there were also posters where the hero's hand unintentionally — unintentionally? — approached the breast or the hip of the beauty. Liane continued to dream about the posters and now did not prevent Robert from touching her breast. His kisses stunned her, her fantasies about the movie posters as well, and Robert fondled gently her breasts. At some point in this situation he pushed up her bodice, pulling her t–shirt over her head despite her initial protest. Her resistance subsided, she closed her eyes and let him have his way, abandoning herself to his gentle hands. He stroked her for a long time, until she was completely comfortable, then he stroked her hips, her thighs and her hips again. He kissed her very gently and for a

long time, before he half sat up and tampered with her short summer pants – fierce, then only very slight protest on her part, slowly and carefully he pulled them down over her thighs, over her legs. Liane's heart almost stopped, but Robert kissed and caressed her again so sweetly and so tenderly that her cramping subsided. He still has his bathing suit on, Liane thought, and closed her eyes as he pulled her to him. Only a blink of an eye later she realized that he had also taken off his swimming trunks and was just as naked as she was.

The touch of the bare skin of their bodies electrified her at first, but then she began to love it. Yes, she totally relaxed and leaned way back after that, let his hands and lips caress, kiss, touch her all over! She breathed that she wanted to be caressed and Robert touched her tenderly on the breast, stroked her belly with a finger and kissed her belly button. His hand remained steady on one of her thighs. She feared he would touch her *there*, but he did nothing of the sort; indeed, he seemed to leave the spot out deliberately.

Liane sat up abruptly. She held a hand in front of her small breasts, but Robert embraced her and whispered in her ear that she need not be embarrassed in front of him. Then the loving bodies separated, Robert lit a cigarette and smoked hastily. Liane's thoughts raced, for she felt all at once far too young again to be already in love, and yet she already was. When she looked at Robert from the side, he seemed like a hero from her posters. He was just swell, a great hero, a really handsome man. And he was so grown up, could find an answer to everything, and was no longer the little, cheeky boy who tore at her braids just years ago. And suddenly she remembered the sailors again.

Robert needed a few seconds to classify her question, what the sailors themselves were doing. Oh that, he said throwing away and not looking at her. Liane asked again, but Robert put his arm around her shoulders and remained silent. They leaned back again, into the soft sand beneath the stubborn bush and embraced, kissing. Liane risked a first glance at Robert's nakedness.

Of course, she and her friends had already looked at the shameless pictures in their parents' art print volumes, the Rembrandts and

Tizians, the Giottos and Vermeers. The fat naked women and the men, most of whom coyly wore a fig leaf *down there*. But some – and Michelangelo's David was not the only one – had a little cock depicted, so that the girls looked and giggled and looked again. They discussed much and cleverly about these cocks, knew after all already almost everything, but they had all seen none yet.

Liane's first thought when she saw Robert's cock was that it was ugly. But the longer she looked, the more the heat slowly crept from *below* into her belly, her heart beat loud and hammering, and her thoughts turned to Robert, whom she loved so much after all. But Robert's cock was not such a tiny thing as pictured in the art print books. His cock was long and thick, and in front, through an opening in his skin, the red inside peeked out like a mushroom bulb. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his scrotum resting limply on one thigh. But then her gaze slid back to his cock. How big it was! And it seemed stiff and hard, standing forward like a lance. Liane suddenly thought of the loose talk that went on in her girls' club: just let him stick it in, in – out and be done with it. And it was so great, said one of the girls, who had to know, her father was a teacher and had enlightened her scientifically and otherwise.

No, she would never let this thing stick into her, it was much too big! She had already looked at herself curiously in the mirror and was sure that this would never fit into her. Her panic increased when Robert put his hand over his cock and grinned at her because he had obviously noticed her looks. She sat up and quickly looked away. Her thoughts flew through her head like little confused birds – she felt unsafe and lonely.

She did not answer when Robert asked if she had already seen a man naked. Robert waited a few moments and told her to look, he didn't mind. She shook her head vigorously and then did look. Robert pointed with one finger, that was the shaft, that the foreskin and that – he casually pulled back the foreskin – that was the glans through which the semen came out of that hole. Liane quickly grasped the harmony of theory and practice. Robert did not mention his testicles, she noted in wonder, but then she suspected that he did

not care. She turned back to the sea; the sea was soothing, eternal, and did not upset her.

After a while she risked a sideways glance and was surprised to find that Robert's cock had gone limp in the meantime, perhaps a little smaller than before, and the glans had disappeared completely under the foreskin again, which now looked like the frayed end of a paper bag. As they looked into each other's eyes, Robert embraced her gently and tenderly. His kisses were long and persistent, the heat in her womb flaring hotly. Their bodies touched, she closed her eyes and tried to feel his cock with her skin. He touched her thigh, and that thigh noted in wonder that the longer they kissed, the stronger, firmer, harder his cock became again. For minutes she felt the pressure with her thigh, felt abundantly clear that there was life there, pulsating life.

The cock was plump and stiff again, perky and red, the glans sticking out in front. Like a peach, she thought, never, never will this one go in with me. But she scolded herself at this thought, because again vague prohibitions emerged from the darkness of her soul. Only the adults who are married do that, then they also have children – for a moment she held her breath, for the children had to come out of there then, too – she looked out to sea again to put a stop to the thoughts. It was all far too confusing.

Robert embraced her and pulled her next to him, his kisses becoming fierce and demanding, confusing her completely.

His strong cock stung firmly against her abdomen again. Every time she felt that cock against her skin, an oppressive feeling crept over her, and she pushed it aside all too quickly. She loved him, this Robert with the dark curls, she loved him with all her heart and she loved his cock too. At this thought she had to smile, because only a short time ago it seemed ugly to her and now she loved it. She smiled and kissed Robert just as hard and demanding as he had kissed her earlier. Robert's breath quickened, gradually his hand slid down, to his cock. Liane held her breath as Robert rubbed his cock, slowly at first, then faster and faster, she felt his violent movements against

her belly. She took a bruised breath, for he stopped kissing and buried his face against her shoulder, in her hair.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his arm moving quickly, felt his rapid movements in irritation. Robert's fist shook firmly up and down, making the red swollen glans between his thumb and fingers pop out again and again. He pressed his hard against her pubic, she listened curiously inside herself and felt it tingling and then also somehow fine as he tapped his glans violently against her pubic. She was suddenly in an inexplicable panic mood, backing away and looking down. Liane watched excitedly and the sailors suddenly came to her mind as she looked into Robert's tense face. His hand was racing up and down, the glans sticking stiffly and steeply out of his fist. He turned fully toward her and wrenched his eyes open, desperately trying to push his cock through her tightly closed legs to touch her there, and finally managed it. So this is how love goes, she thought, feeling a deep sense of relief because this was somehow pleasurable, this throbbing glans on her labia. She still pressed her legs tightly together, but cautiously and still somewhat anxiously, her pelvis felt its way forward to feel his rhythm with her *sensitive spot*. Robert sighed deeply, pressed himself firmly against her abdomen and made a few quick fucking movements between her thighs with his cock. Instantly his thick, whitish juice squirted out, warm and slippery it splashed over her labia and — as she jerked back startled — over her inner thighs. Robert stared mesmerized at her cleft, rubbing his hand slowly further, squirting it all onto the sparse fuzz of hair that inadequately hid her pubic area. He squeezed the last of the juice out of the glans with two fingers, then sighed deeply and fell backwards, closing his eyes and lying there breathing heavily.

Liane sat up and looked at her thigh, over which the whitish juice trailed down to her pubic hair. The wetness on her labia felt strange as she reached down with a finger. She looked up at Robert, whose breathing was slowly calming down again. Their eyes met, they both looked sideways almost simultaneously, for they both felt embarrassed by the situation for different reasons. Out of an inner impulse, Liane murmured that it was probably the sailor thing to do when they did it themselves. Robert nodded imperceptibly, then it was silent again for a long time.

Robert asked persistently what she was thinking about. She answered him only after a long time. It was all new to her and she had to get used to it all first, she said vaguely and remained silent. It was a long time before he sat up and embraced her. Soon his tender kisses turned into wild, loving wrestling and courtship. She felt comfortable in his arms, his hands caressing her breasts, finding their way over her belly and touching the light fuzz of hair on her pubis for the first time. She winced inwardly, for no one had ever touched her pubic area before. Robert, however, was absorbed in himself and groped, stroked the cleft and she felt an extremely irritating tingling in her belly. She let him and enjoyed this tingling until his fingers wanted to enter the cleft. Now she defensively grabbed his hand and pulled it away. Robert's kisses and the play of his tongue in her mouth became quite wild and intense, Robert's hand ventured forward again and stroked, caressed and palpated her *down there*.

For a long time she was still tense inside, but the tingling did its job, she relaxed and let him this time for a long time, because it did good and the tingling too. Even when he sat up and opened her thighs a little with his hand, she let him. Robert looked at her *down,* touched her gently and felt the labia. That feels so good, she whispered in her strange state, it tingles so fine! And Robert's fingers moved rhythmically on her labia, the little pink bulges that grew fuller and fuller with the irritation. Robert had no concept of female masturbation at all, but as he gently rubbed her labia up and down like his cock, it excited Liane greatly. He continued to rub her gently and she almost lost her footing, but she let him continue, for what seemed like an eternity. The tingling sensation became so strong all at once that her heart began to pound like mad.

She sat up abruptly and hugged him. She was so happy with the love she had for him and now he had touched her as delicately as no one before him. Soon they merged again in a heartfelt kiss, then lay next to each other, tightly embraced. At some point Liane sat up and looked out to sea. So much had happened today that it completely confused her. She felt both as a little ignorant girl and at the same time as a young woman who was beginning to discover sexuality. Robert was sensitive enough to sit up now as well, to put an arm around her shoulders and to be silent together with her. For this si-

lence she was infinitely grateful to him. When it was time, almost without words, they got up, got dressed, and went home in silence.

Liane lay awake late at night, still feeling Robert's caressing hands on her skin. She touched her breasts and gently stroked her belly, feeling for the fuzz on her pubic area and thinking of Robert with a pounding heart as she touched her labia with her fingertips. She had always liked to stroke herself *there*, but she hardly knew this region of her body and didn't know much more about it than that the light stroking quickly made it pleasantly moist and that the gentle, rhythmic squeezing was wonderful, but also caused such strong palpitations that one had to stop. She stroked and squeezed her pubic area until she slept away.

The next day she was in a bad mood and had a headache, Robert left without telling her and she cried into her pillow. Her confusion was great and the ups and downs of her emotions almost suffocated her. She stayed in bed all day, caressing her breasts and belly, gently stroking *down there* and crying again, for this attempt to feel his hands, his wonderful hands, or the lightly prodding squeeze of his glans down there, melting away completely, failed utterly. It was quite different, it was quite different deep inside her when he stroked her. She stroked the cleft again and again with her fingertips until her heart was beating like mad, then she cried and waited for the heart to calm down. She thought of Robert and his movements, letting the fingertips dance rapidly back and forth on the labia, but the racing heart she got from it made her stop abruptly each time. She put her fingers around her labia and moved them the way Robert had done, trying to imitate his masturbation until she had to stop from the pounding of her heart and the feeling of exploding in her abdomen. She dreamed of Robert and tried masturbating over and over again, but she had to keep stopping. When it got dark outside, Liane was terribly lonely and disappointed because even after a hundred attempts she had not succeeded in getting that beautiful feeling like with Robert. She cried for a long time until she eventually dozed off to sleep.

She could hardly wait for Robert to come back to pick her up the other day. Her parents were sitting on the porch reading as usual,

her father the newspaper and her mother a romance novel, but she had dozed off in the sweltering morning heat and the book was threatening to slip from her fingers. Liane paid no attention to it, impatient and fidgeting with excitement, she walked around completely aimlessly and in her heart a little bird chirped and fidgeted when Robert appeared. She quickly ran to him and felt light and tipsy as they walked together to their place in the dunes. Her heart overflowed with love and she chattered and chattered so that Robert looked at her in wonder from the side. She heard herself telling how she had lain awake at night thinking of him and his hands, how she had tried to imagine his making himself and getting that wonderful feeling back in the process, and that she had not succeeded. She bit her lips hard afterwards, for she was embarrassed to be babbling so carelessly about these intimate feelings and thoughts. But Robert beamed all over his face and smiled kindly, holding her hand tightly in his and squeezing it approvingly. Liane took a breath, for he seemed to understand her stammering. She leaned against him and hugged him gratefully. The rest of the way they walked side by side in silence, looking at each other here and there, smiling and knowing and — as far as Liane was concerned — full of anticipation.

On arriving at their place, they kissed long and intimately before undressing each other. It was hard for Liane to look as she pulled Robert's pants down over his knees and legs, then laid them beside him. The cock magically attracted her eyes, whether she wanted it to or not. Robert took her in his arms, lay down beside her and kissed her for a long time. Long enough that she felt again how the cock gradually hardened. The touch of bare skin seemed electrifying to her again today, she had almost gotten used to it and felt again that incredibly beautiful sense of well-being that Robert's embrace, his kisses and his caressing hands evoked. She craved something and pressed her pelvis against his, against his hard cock.

It was getting to noon, a tourist ship slowly lurched across the bay and disappeared behind a headland. Liane sat up, folded her hands over her knees and rested her head on her hands. It was so beautiful, the sea glowed a rich blue and Robert lay smiling next to her on the blanket. He would give a fortune to know what she was thinking now, Robert said. Liane remained persistently silent. Robert grumbled

and said he felt lonely and abandoned. Hesitantly she murmured how it was the day before yesterday, whether it was *that*, the one with the sailors. Robert blinked at first until he could place the sailors and nodded, yes, that was the male masturbation. That was the semen that pushed out impetuously. All the boys and also the sailors did that, until later one had a woman with whom one slept, then one injected the semen into the vagina. Slowly and haltingly they got to talking. Robert knew a few things, so he tried to answer her questions. Yes, one would do that whenever one felt the urge – alone, of course, except the day before yesterday. Liane nodded. And so she learned that he did it very often, every day at least two or three times. Yes, he said, the other boys did it too, it was quite normal. He was silent longer when she asked how it was with the girls; no, he had read about it, but he didn't know how they did it. His answer was very terse and choppy, because Robert knew almost everything and didn't like to admit that he didn't know something. Maybe girls didn't need to, he guessed, they didn't have semen pushing out so vehemently.

Long silence again, they looked out to sea and watched the seagulls fighting over a carrion with loud cries. Liane felt very close to him, leaned her head on his shoulder and whispered that whenever he needed it, he could do it, it was all right with her and — she faltered and thought about how she could say it — and she felt it was somehow beautiful, even if she had been a bit frightened and winced a bit the first time. Now she knew roughly how it went and it was totally fine with her. She got very nice feelings from it, she added after a pause so quietly that he almost couldn't hear it. Robert said nothing, but his heart was beating wildly. He embraced her and kissed her on the mouth as he gently slid her back and lay down beside her. Liane's head rested on his arm, half and half he lay on top of her and touched her breasts, his hand slid further and reached her hip and stomach. She felt the hard thrusting of his cock against her abdomen. It took a while for Robert to embrace his cock and masturbate. Liane watched it with alert eyes, following his every move. He was panting loudly and rubbing rapidly. Liane could tell exactly that it was time, because he turned all the way to her and pressed his cock against her pussy. Full of the love she felt for him, she no longer pressed her legs together, but opened her thighs a little so that he could more easily

reach the fuzz of her pubic hair. Robert made very fast, rhythmic fucking movements and squirted, pressing the glans firmly between her labia as he squirted. She felt a warm, caring love for Robert as she felt his warm seed. After all, he needed it so badly, it relieved him, and after all, she felt very deeply about it, she thought. Robert straightened up and looked down at her pubic as he squirted the last of it on her.

Liane wiped herself clean with a corner of her blanket and looked at Robert lying on his back with his eyes closed, his chest pumping up and down violently. She kissed him gently and stroked the locks of hair from his forehead. That's how much I love him, she thought, I would do anything for him. She lay down next to him and snuggled against him, so they stayed and dozed. At some point she asked him in a whisper if it was good now and he just nodded silently. Then they fell asleep. When she woke up, she looked down at him and noticed that the previously flaccid cock was beginning to change shape again. It grew and grew, soon standing up sideways. She realized how it was pulsing inside him. She kissed Robert softly on the mouth and pulled him half on top of her. Her kisses didn't miss their mark, Robert's cock tightened and stabbed into her belly. She gently stroked his curls and whispered at his ear that he should do it again, that she could see that his cock had become firm again, that his semen was pushing out again. Robert fondled her small round breasts for a while, soon panting hard and reaching down to masturbate. Liane watched his face and his fist with the red glans, instinctively pulling him against her so that he was half on top of her. She relaxed her thighs and felt his glans touching her labia with his fist rubbing wildly. Robert gasped and rubbed doggedly, she embraced him even more lovingly and felt her labia part slightly and embrace his wildly bouncing glans. Robert hugged her, made some quick movements with his hips and immediately had to squirt. She felt the warmth somehow inside her and almost went over with love for him, little tears filling the corners of her eyes. She clearly felt the twitching and wild squirting *down there*. Oh Robert, my Robert!

He lay beside her completely exhausted, the afternoon sun shone mercilessly on their naked bodies. Tomorrow she would have a bad sunburn, Liane thought, but then she smiled, because love filled her

soul comfortably. When Robert awoke from his doze after perhaps half an hour, he propped himself up with one arm and caressed her. She fervently hoped he would again arouse her with his fingers and lay so that her pubic area was invitingly open and ready for his caresses. Robert touched her, stroked her, and also again made his masturbatory movements with his fingers on her pubic ridges. But he seemed to be elsewhere with his thoughts, she could tell by his unfocused hand movements. Make me happy, she whispered, feeling ashamed of it for a brief moment, for she had read that phrase somewhere in one of her mother's romance novels. She closed her eyes as Robert paid more attention to her now and she could feel the tingling strongly and intensely in her abdomen.

She gave a soft yelp as Robert's fingers grew faster and faster and she felt the arousal in her abdomen stronger than ever. It rose hot inside her, she felt the blush at the base of her neck and on her face. Her heart was pounding furiously, faster than Robert could stroke her. It was strong, too strong this time. Abruptly she stopped his hand and gasped with exertion. Robert was aroused too, she could see that from the corner of her eye, for he had sat up on his knees and heels and was masturbating. Wildly his eyes rolled as he looked at her nakedness. Her confusion lasted only a split second, then she realized that he was looking right *there* at her. Oh Robert, my Robert! Lovingly she smiled at him, leaned back lasciviously and opened her thighs a little wider. Obediently, her hand wandered *down* as he gasped choppily, hesitantly, and with a desperate fluttering bird in her heart, her fingers parted the labia, circled her fingers in the cleft. She felt it obscene in her shy, girlish nakedness to be exposed to his horny gaze, felt somehow wretched and unworthy, for there was something immensely degrading about this opening up and playing with herself at his command so that it would get him horny. Robert, however, masturbated even more obsessively, bending forward, his face in front of her cleft. With a loud gasp, he straightened up and squirted at her, the semen slapping her hips and the cunt.

Exhausted, they lay side by side, hugging and smiling at each other breathlessly. Robert whispered that he just couldn't take it anymore now, and she replied how much she loved him. They continued

to hug and kiss until late afternoon, repeating their sex games as often as they felt like it. As they walked slowly home, Liane asked — she had been tossing it back and forth all along, but hadn't found the courage — if she could touch him *there* tomorrow. Robert, the little bastard, smiled smugly and pulled a snout: well, one wanted to see if it could perhaps be done.... They both laughed heartily, because Robert's comical talent immediately relaxed the situation for Liane, too.

That evening, too, Liane helped her mother prepare dinner, fibbed happily about what she had done with Robert during the day, and thus made her parents happy, for they wanted – you have to hand it to them – a cheerful child and allowed her everything, so that she would also remain so cheerful. When the mother sat down on the veranda with her book after the kitchen work, she took it upon herself to look in on Liane again later.

Liane just couldn't and wouldn't fall asleep right away. She felt herself up and found that she was *down there* a little wider, a little more open than before. She smiled, for surely that came from Robert's glans. Impatient with longing and desire, she palpated herself, immediately went to work with her fingers, but no matter how many times she restarted, she always got frantic palpitations and stopped. In one of these pauses she discovered the real thing.

Dreamily she played with a finger at the vaginal entrance, avoiding touching the little uvula, which was so sensitive, and just stroking lightly up from underneath – oh, how that felt good! She was now stroking more and more the lovely spot just below the uvula and the tingling was now fierce, different and so blissfully good. Her heart was pounding, but not frantically. Liane went on and on and all at once she exploded from the inside, convulsing again the next moment and gasping loudly. Gasping and blissfully horrified, she lay there.

What was that just now?

When she had recovered, she smiled and tears rolled down her cheeks — silly me, she said to herself, that's it! So that's it, that's ex-

actly it! Liane's tears dried up and gave way to blissful smiles as she groped again for the new spot and soon lust and horniness and slippery wetness emerged from her reverie. She tried to repeat her new discovery and was so busy with herself that she didn't notice that her mother wanted to check on her — the mother remained rooted to the spot in the next room when she caught sight of her completely naked daughter through the open door, violently masturbating with her legs spread wide.

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# Finally

Liane couldn't have told later how many times she did it that night – in any case, morning was already dawning outside when she fell asleep thinking about telling Robert right away.

But the next day Robert received her with the reminder that she wanted to try it once with him. Liane silently corrected him, saying she had only wanted to touch him, but she said nothing, nor did she tell him about what a secret she had discovered. Robert was so cheerful and enterprising that she almost didn't get a word in edgewise. He explained all the details of what she was to do and how, and of course what she was not to do under any circumstances. Even before they arrived at their place, Liane knew everything and then, in her confusion, forgot most of it. Above all, she didn't know then that a man who sees his next orgasm within reach in front of him can't think of anything else, certainly not the needs of his partner.

In short, Robert almost flew with Liane to their regular place, seconds later they were lying undressed next to each other and Liane felt overwhelmed from the first moment. Robert's impatience spoiled everything. Liane tried to lift her spirits with patient caresses, letting her hands glide gently over his body and caressing his lips with her tongue. But Robert was already far, far ahead with his fantasy, taking her hand and placing it firmly on his cock. Liane was surprised by the softness of his skin, but now the given mechanics took all her concentration. Carefully and gently she rubbed it and felt the life in it awakening, becoming stiffer and harder. Robert gave whispered instructions and Liane followed as best she could. She half sat up and supported herself with one hand, because that way she had a better grip on everything. She looked at his cock in her hand and rubbed it proficiently. When he spurted out *Now, now!* she rubbed quite firmly and was still surprised by the spurting, although she was prepared for it. She held him gently in her hand and let his semen squirt out, also obediently made some milking movements to squeeze everything out of the glans. Then she let go of the cock and looked into Robert's loosened, satisfied face. She wiped her hand clean with the blanket and lay down next to him. The whole procedure had taken

only a few minutes and was actually unspectacular, she thought with slight resignation. Then she closed her eyes and listened for Robert's heartbeat, for his slowing breaths. Robert whispered after a few moments that she had done a great job and was a real natural. She was pleased with the praise and snuggled even closer to him, she loved him so much after all.

Now would be a good time to tell him about her new discovery, but something prevented her from doing so. Although they lay together for a long time, Robert made no move to caress her as well. Only when she nudged him a little with her body, reminding him that there was someone else besides him, did he embrace her and caress her breasts. But it was not the same Robert as usual. His hands touched her mechanically, the playful, curious, demanding was missing. His fingers slid over her pubis, teasing the labia majora with his fingers, but she didn't feel the same as she had yesterday. Liane was completely tense and felt something like anger rising inside her. She sat up abruptly and murmured, *Oh, leave it*, then her eyes slid over the sea and she wept silently without Robert noticing.

As always, they busied themselves with sex throughout the day. Robert wanted it from her with his hand every time, and she obeyed – she loved this guy, after all! But her own needs came far too short. She didn't dare demand anything from him, but she snuggled up to him tightly and urgently, reminding him that she wanted something too. Robert's moods went up and down that day, sometimes showering her with tenderness and kisses, sometimes seeming almost absent. In the tender phase he immediately understood when she offered him her slightly opened thighs, slid over and played with her labia, imitating his onanism with them. But he couldn't arouse her anymore, or maybe he didn't want to?

Never the less, as Liane lay in bed that evening, touching herself, she found the spot again, the mother down in the rocking chair looked up briefly from her book and smiled; she thought she knew the reason for the mirth. She smiled again before delving back into her book, for the girl's glee in her lustful solitude could well be heard, but her father lay on the swing with his eyes closed, listening to his

favorite music through headphones, and Liane masturbated halfway through the night.

The other day, when the same games, the same feeling of not being there repeated itself, Liane became very sad – her love for Robert was so painful, sacrificial and selfless. She made it so sweet and so fine with Robert's hand that he actually blinked one eye and clicked his tongue when he said she had become a champion – the fool never thought for a moment how much she longed for a little more love. And as soon as Robert wanted again, she dutifully took his cock in her hand and made it so nice and so tender that Robert thought he was in seventh heaven. She watched very closely when she pulled his foreskin back completely before squirting and his glans danced plumply filled. Then a drop appeared in the hole on the tip of the glans and the rhythmic, joyful squirting began. She looked at Robert lovingly, almost lovingly, and at certain moments also felt a certain power that her hand had over him and his cock. She varied her hand play to explore his reactions, hugging him by the nape of the neck while letting her other hand dance on his peach. She gazed into his face and eyes as the warm seed ran over her fingers and cooled. That afternoon she learned almost everything that makes a good handjob, but in her heart she was not happy, for she lacked warmth and security. Saddened, Liane hung her head as they trotted home and Robert delivered a grand monologue on some subject. Her mother noticed with a critical eye that something was troubling Liane, but when, after dinner and bedtime, soft noises and suppressed gasps again betrayed Liane's secret desire, she smiled and shooed away the troubled thoughts. Liane felt immensely beautiful pleasure when masturbating; how stupid she had been all these years, experimenting and trying without getting to that brilliant point – she wondered why not? But late at night, before she exhaustedly rocked her sex to sleep, she took it upon herself to finally tell Robert everything.

He was taken aback and wanted to see it right away. Liane regretted her communicativeness almost immediately, for she initially felt as inhibited as if she were supposed to audition for the violin on the school stage. It seemed so shameless to her that she was lying across from Robert with her thighs open, exposing her cunt to his horny gaze like an open fruit. She closed her eyes and took plenty of time to

gently tease the genial spot with her fingers, but soon the tingling rose to blissful hot pleasure in her abdomen. After that she was filled with a kind of absence and indifference – she didn't care that Robert sat closer to see everything even more closely. She increased her pace until she climaxed, then tensed up, pressed her fingers firmly on her pubis, and let the pleasure roll out of her pelvis from below, panting and gasping for breath. When she opened her eyes, happy and relaxed, she saw Robert still kneeling in front of her in amazement, both eyes fixed on her reddened pussy. They looked into each other's eyes and embraced, holding each other tightly for minutes.

Robert still had a huge boner from watching. He thought about masturbating, but Liane immediately pulled him to her by the hips so he could press his glans against her pubic. She loved the recently discovered game when he pressed his glans pumping and thrusting between her labia, and Robert immediately understood what she wanted. Soft and tender, she lay in front of him, her legs pulled up to her sides, awaiting him. He lay on top of her and embraced her tenderly, then thrust his glans forward, into her pubic fold, still wet and slippery from masturbation. How hard he thrust, how impatient he was already! She felt the thrusting and pumping and urging of the fat journeyman, made herself soft and wide and embraced Robert tenderly. He thrust and thrust rhythmically, suddenly a jerk, and he was inside her.

All the way inside her.

Liane had no time to wonder, had clung to his back in fright, and never for a moment thought of pushing him off her. On the contrary, Robert kept thrusting and thrusting and she opened herself to him completely, feeling the hammering of his cock rhythmically widen her tight vagina and labia, then his seed shot twitching and hot into Liane's womb. She felt it, felt his squirt deep in her hot abdomen, and cheered inwardly without knowing why. Robert sank down on top of her, burying his face against her neck and sobbing softly, slowly his cock slid limply out of her. Like a felled tree, he sank onto the blanket beside her, burying his tear-stained face in her hair, against her neck.

Liane later recalled her astonishment that it had not hurt at all, although that was exactly what she had feared – earlier, in the raunchy speeches in the girls' circle, there had been talk of the pain the first time, of the blood that flowed, and so on. Now she had felt no pain at all. She felt down and then checked her fingers: no, there was no blood, only this light–transparent, almost milky-white juice. Robert's semen. She palpated her hole, which she had felt so tight earlier – had it only now become wide enough to receive his thick glans, his firm cock?

They lay side by side in silence for quite a long time. Robert then broke the silence first and asked if she had bled, to which she replied in the negative. Robert was irritated and asked again if that had really been her first time. She nodded, but could not explain to him why she had not bled. The son of a bitch doesn't even ask if it hurt me, she thought, angry with him for a moment. In the silence that followed, she could clearly sense his irritation, his distrust. Fear assailed her like a predator striking unexpectedly from ambush, fear of his disappointment in her failure. She whispered that it had been very nice, she had not imagined it that way, but had always felt fear when she thought about it. Robert said nothing, and his silence seemed icy.

Where they usually spent almost the entire day cuddling and having sex, they now bathed on the beach and ran around playing in the ankle-deep water, frolicking, probably their play masking the seriousness that this event had brought upon them. Nevertheless, they soon warmed themselves again in the midday sun and began to cuddle, one giving the other, and Robert lay on top of her again, the tall lanky boy on top of the delicate little girl. Slowly and carefully he inserted his cock into her tight vagina, then fucked her. Liane was blissful as his cock stimulated just the spot that mattered, but unfortunately he didn't last long enough to trigger her explosion. She kept quiet and hugged him when he had squirted. They cuddled and fucked again that afternoon, and Liane suddenly became so horny before going home that she was almost ashamed. She stroked him tenderly and promptly for a long time, then lay down enticingly on her back and mewed like a kitten, writhing lasciviously and obscenely on the blanket and whispering almost inaudibly that she

wanted to be fucked again. Robert's cock had of course become stiff again, greedily he inserted his cock and pushed her hastily. As willingly as she let herself be fucked, Robert couldn't squirt anymore.

Liane's father noticed nothing at all that evening with his headphones, but her mother smiled quietly and contentedly on the porch when she heard Liane's lustful gasps and her blissful moans. Let the child have her pleasure, she thought contentedly, for she thus lulled herself secure in the estimation that her friendship with Robert was not going too far. Well-fucked girls don't need to masturbate anymore, she had heard this stupid saying somewhere. But Liane needed it, very urgently even.

The vacations were coming to an end, yet Liane and Robert spent every free minute together, as they had only a few days left. Only briefly the new was in the foreground, they fucked until exhaustion and slept in the breaks so that Robert regained his strength. Liane was saddened by the fact that he quite soon lost all tenderness and gentleness and mounted her full of vehemence and aggression. Where she expected gentleness and tenderness, she got his firm cock stuck in, he rammed wildly and decisively and squirted far too soon, the dear silly fellow. When Robert dozed off, Liane did not dare to masturbate; her shyness was too great. All the more intimately she gave herself over to her lonely lust at night. Robert had pressed his lips together and kept silent when she told him about it. This rejection inhibited her from talking to him about it again. In other ways, too, a barrier seemed to rise between them; their conversations became rarer and shallower, their cuddling likewise. And to her utter disappointment, Robert loved masturbating more than fucking, especially when she masturbated him by hand.

He kept demanding it, and she kept doing it to him with her hand. She loved him, she loved him so hotly and sacrificially that she would have fulfilled his every desire, and if he liked it so much, she would just do it to him with her hand, even though that hardly held any appeal for her anymore. But she loved him, and she loved to give him pleasure and arousal and a certain sense of power when she made him moan and he cheered the squirting. At one point he suggested they both do it at the same time. She loved him and of course wanted

to do everything for him, including that, but she couldn't get going while he was kneeling and masturbating. She tried, but when he squirted on her, she stopped. He just grinned and wiped himself off while she lay there ashamed and unsatisfied.

After this failed attempt nothing went right, they stayed only a few hours in the dunes and slept together. It followed the last day, where Liane remained alone, because Robert simply did not come around. He didn't even say goodbye, the bastard.

When Robert and his family had left, Liane was crying in her room. Her mother brought her breakfast in bed, thinking Liane would exhaust herself too much at night. But she was far too inhibited to say it outright, and only stroked her hair gently as she murmured that Liane should not stay in bed all day. That Liane might be lovesick did not occur to her – Robert was, after all, only a cousin. Surely he's not going to screw a fourteen-year-old!

## Women's Talk

It took a few days for Liane to stop crying and tell her mother everything. Everything. The sailors, Robert's masturbation and that she had learned it. That she had fucked him and that it had not bled at all. Mélanie was horrified, because she had been a virgin until her wedding at 22, and Liane had had her virginity stolen by this good-for-nothing at barely 14. Liane continued that they had fucked eight or ten times in the dunes the last few days and Robert liked it much better when she did it to him by hand. And that he was not at all impressed when she told him that she had discovered the secret herself and all by herself.

Mélanie took a second to understand and then casually said, would she show her the secret? Liane didn't even think for a moment and flipped back the covers. Mélanie cringed inwardly at having so casually instigated the indecent, but Liane felt no shame in exposing herself in front of her mother and began to masturbate slowly, then more and more eagerly. Mélanie felt her own arousal rising from her pubic as Liane orgasmed. Liane waited a bit for her breathing to calm down and looked questioningly into her mother's eyes. Mélanie nodded and said that it was fine this way, but it could be done differently. She sat down very close to Liane and first indicated in the air what she meant. When Liane then opened her legs wide again and stretched her pubis willingly and invitingly towards her fingers, Mélanie very gently touched her labia and let her finger circle around the clit. Very gently and lovingly she circled the clit and involved it more and more. She could tell by the gasps and moans how far along Liane was and when the time came, her fingers trilled on Liane's clit until Liane convulsed in a violent orgasm. Liane hugged and kissed her warmly as this technique was much more intense.

Liane often asked her later to do it to her, confessing that it was more beautiful that way and different from doing it alone. Usually, when Liane masturbated, Mélanie was overcome with such irresistible excitement that it caught Liane's eye. She asked Mélanie if she could look at her *down there* more closely? Mélanie had palpita-

tions and a lump in her throat from lust and could only nod. The 14 year old pulled her mother's negligee over her head – Mélanie, of course, had no panties on as usual – and Mélanie let herself sink back, offering her nakedness, though she almost passed out from embarrassment.

Liane bent over her and curiously palpated her sex, labia, clit, and vaginal entrance, then stretched the labia apart and peered inside her vagina. Carefully, her finger slid into the vagina, feeling it curiously. Then she said they looked very similar *down there*, because she had looked at her sex with the hand mirror many times before. Only her clit was much smaller than Mélanie's and she felt the clit anew. And it felt much firmer. Mélanie breathed that this was because she was already very sexually aroused. Liane palpated the clit with slowly circling fingers and after a while asked if she could do it to her? Mélanie closed her eyes and did not answer.

The circling fingers excited her even more and Liane wanted to know if she were in her room now, would she do it to herself? It was a long time before Mélanie breathed a yes. The way you do it to me? Liane asked and continued to gyrate. Mélanie kept her eyes closed and left herself to Liane. She circled further and further and included the clit. It took a long time because Mélanie was used to firmer rubbing and Liane, at 14, was doing it for the first time. But she was patient and paid attention to Mélanie's signals. Only when she moaned did she focus on Mélanie's clit and now rubbed very fast and swirling. The orgasm was building from below and Mélanie's body twitched and trembled. Then it was over, Mélanie calmed down and put her negligee back on without looking Liane in the eye. They embraced for a long time and Mélanie whispered that it was very beautiful, although she felt terribly ashamed. They had crossed a threshold and gave each other many orgasms in the following years, until Liane married her count. Although her sense of shame came forward again at first, they sometimes masturbated themselves in front of each other, sitting across from each other. In later times, Mélanie often included these episodes in her masturbatory fantasies because they had been so beautiful.

As August drew to a close, Liane arrived at Sacré Coeur boarding school near Paris, just a few hours' train ride from her childhood home. Here she was to spend the next year and graduate.

A few years later, Pierre waited with his fingers drumming on the living room table for Mélanie to come down. He grabbed his astonished wife by the arm and dragged her into the bedroom, which was already very unusual. He hardly left time to undress and took her immediately, hastily and wildly, as in her youth. His cock had become smaller over time and he was able to put it entirely into her vagina. She felt his glans hammering against her cervix and he poured hotly inside her. They lay next to each other exhausted and Pierre asked her if it was right? He had heard her and Liane when he was upstairs. He never eavesdrops in general, but when he heard them both, he did.

Mélanie laughed and cuddled his mop of hair, she didn't think there was anything wrong with it, except that he had been eavesdropping, the voyeur! Pierre was the only person to whom she had always been completely honest and to whom she had never lied, now she told him everything. The good-for-nothing who had seduced and deflowered Liane before her 14th birthday. Pierre growled angrily. Liane's curiosity and how one thing led to another. She concealed nothing, embellished nothing. That they did it to each other more often, now barely once a month. That Liane, after returning from boarding school, licked her to orgasm, to a mad orgasm, and licked her again and again because it did her so much good. She herself did it to Liane as often as she wanted, although she generally found it disgusting to touch private parts with her mouth. And no, she couldn't find anything wrong with it as she climbed on top of Pierre and inserted his cock.

Their lovemaking got much better as Pierre, the rascal, regularly eavesdropped on the two of them and then greedily and hornily fucked her. For her part, Mélanie contributed by whispering in his ear, telling everything in detail and voluptuously, while at the same time giving him a handjob or fucking. She kept mentioning in amazement how girlish Liane's pubic looked, even though she was already an adult, since she had neither armpits– nor pubic hair, just a deli-

cate light blond fuzz like very young girls. Pierre, who had pleasant shivers running down his spine because of the incest taboo, always got very horny at the thought of Liane's naked body and pubis, for his eavesdropping had long since turned into secret watching.

Mélanie talked more and more about how she wanted to get out of the poverty trap. The Count, the childless widower, was a man of honor through and through and would make a good husband for Liane, who had passionate lovers all the time, but none of them were any good. When the opportunity arose to enter the service of the count, she spoke openly about it with Pierre. She was still sorry that she had cheated on him once, with the Abbé, and that he didn't deserve it. But now it was about Liane's happiness and future, and incidentally also about her own and Pierre's.

You want to seduce him and fuck him, he stated matter-of-factly, and she said she had already started it and wanted his consent before continuing. With cooing laughter in her voice she told what she had done so far. Pierre listened with flashing eyes, thinking in a flash of the many men during the Résistance – "I won't be able to stop you from your voluptuous plan. Then, almost formally, my blessing you have!" After a moment he added that she might keep everything to herself, he did not want to hear about it. She kissed him gratefully and after that she seduced Pierre again and again, as she breathed lustfully into his voyeuristic ears everything the count did with her and her beautiful body.

# Mélanie

Liane had not noticed that her mother wanted to check on her – the latter remained rooted to the spot in the next room when, through the open door, she caught sight of her completely naked daughter masturbating violently with her legs spread wide. Since Liane could not see her because she was lying with her head in the opposite direction, Mélanie stopped despite her feeling of absolute indecency, thinking only for a brief moment that this was her daughter. The blush flared up on her neck and made her shiver, for she herself did it only secretly and, of course, kept it a secret from all the world; even Pierre knew nothing about it for a long time, since they had sometimes slept apart. For the first time she saw her little daughter masturbating – fascinated and curious she looked. Except for the spread thighs, the upstretched legs, the buttocks and the hand that wildly worked the slippery–wet cunt, nothing was seen, so that this picture somehow had something abstractly sexual. The young girl's innocent greed and fierce desire were so contagious that she soon felt a slight tugging in her own loins, a tugging she knew very well. Mélanie almost passed out with horniness when she recognized Liane's climax from the wild twitching of her bottom. The latter allowed herself only a few moments of pause before continuing to masturbate. The swirling of the fingers in the wet vagina, the dancing and twitching of the upstretched legs and the twitching, quivering work of the buttocks excited Mélanie to such an extent that she soon had only the thought of satisfying her own hot horniness. She quickly and quietly went out again to retire to her bedroom with her heart pounding.

She had, after all, been made aware since childhood that this was a grave sin, which she had indulged in obsessively from her youth, and which she had wisely kept secret at the time. She could never say later when she discovered it, because she did it before she entered school. It was not until she was engaged to Pierre that she haltingly confessed it to her confessor, who persistently questioned her about all the details and, after stern admonition, made her promise to give up this vice after the wedding, because she would then fuck with her husband. But there were simply days when her young abdomen went

crazy and drove her to sin – when the urge insidiously attacked her, she usually slipped guiltily into the windowless anteroom behind the kitchen, where she did it in a crouch or standing position, hurriedly and driven to haste by the fear of discovery, or when she had to wait a very long time for Pierre in the evening, reading at the kitchen table, with her hand hidden under the tabletop. Usually she read spicy parts she already knew and the hand crept thoughtfully along the inner thigh, pushed the skirt energetically to the side and slowly and delicately rubbed the clit. She procrastinated as long as she could, savoring every minute of arousal as she read and slowly masturbated. Usually the sinful urge overtook her at a particularly erotic spot, then she lowered her head to the forearm resting on the book and gazed at the hand between her legs as she quickly became aroused. Whirling fast, she made it come, but sometimes took her time to trigger the explosive climax at some point after several near climaxes.

When Pierre woke her up in the morning and she wordlessly got up on her hands and knees to let him penetrate and squirt briefly in doggie style, when Pierre puffed angrily afterwards and went down to his workshop and talked to himself, she took her time to slowly incite the arousal he had hardly been able to increase more and more and to masturbate quickly at the end; defiantly she thought that only he was to blame for this sin, because he never bothered to satisfy her. Pierre and his doggy position! He never wanted to look her in the eyes, cowardly avoided any approach except that of wordlessly turning her onto her stomach and penetrating her from behind.

In her time, after all, one still went into marriage as a virgin and so Pierre's loveless sex only revealed itself on the wedding night. Often she felt only more defiance, because Pierre mounted her from behind whenever he wanted, at any time of day– or night, but never participated in her sex life. Then, when Pierre was showering in the bathroom and humming a ditty, she would get her portion of pleasure by watching herself secretly masturbating in the large dressing mirror. When they were young, she was immensely proud of him because he was so bursting with virility and took her several times a day – how happy she felt next to her girlfriends who complained about their husbands! Once the round of ladies bet which of their husbands had the longest one, and they all brought woolen threads

the next time, as agreed, according to the lengths of their cocks. Mélanie had used an excuse to sneak past that, but she wisely kept silent, because she immediately saw that Pierre towered over everyone. His cock only went halfway in with her, but she had always attributed it to the fact that she was short and chubby and he towered over her by two head lengths, lean and muscularly built. Darkly she remembered that he had once told her that it had always bothered him when the other recruits stared at him in the shower, at him and his cock hanging down almost halfway to his thigh – maybe that was part of the reason why he only took her from behind?

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Mélanie had done hundreds of handjobs in her youth and liked doing it, even though it didn't make her horny at all. The guys loved her quiet, obscene way as she took the cocks to the hand. She had secretly watched her parents in the past and knew from that what she had to do. She was not at all surprised that there were very different cocks and she examined them all very carefully before masturbating them. Sometimes she dabbed at the cum and gently licked her finger to find out the taste. Usually she and the boy disappeared into a bush where she made him squirt. Sometimes, however, at the alcohol-fueled parties, it happened that she gave one a public hand job to the amusement of all. When she met Pierre, she gave him handjobs naturally and as a matter of course. During the whole engagement period, of course, too, because they traditionally wanted to wait with the other until the wedding night. Pierre had one of the biggest cocks she had seen so far, was insatiable and needed at least two handjobs a day. She herself needed many more masturbations, but she kept that from Pierre for years to come.

Pierre's potency began to decline surprisingly quickly. Her best friend at the time advised her to do it to him with her hand for a while, that would be fine, she should not hang her head. Promptly, Mélanie turned around in the middle of the next time and grabbed Pierre's cock. He was confused and protested half aloud, but she did not give in. He closed his eyes tightly and groaned anxiously for her not to look at him. Mélanie whispered that she was not looking at him at all and rubbed him with her hand, looking at the swell of his

glans and estimating that it was almost equal to her forearm in length and girth. She loved his big behemoth, which she saw mostly only when he visited her with his cock erect and excited – and, of course, when she masturbated him. She stroked his entire length with satisfaction and gave him a really good handjob. Pierre reared back as she made him squirt with her fist; high shot his seed and fell on her hand. She continued to rub the squirting glans slowly with her thumb and forefinger, watching curiously as it gushed out a few more times. Pierre jumped up, ran out distraught and didn't show his face again all day. Then in the evening embarrassed looks and silence, then he asked her hurt and sick with grief to never do that again, that was only right before the wedding in the engagement period. He didn't want it that way, only straight right, she knew. Mélanie sighed and nodded, he was such a dear fellow after all, and then she hugged him comfortingly, stroked his bristly hair and whispered that he was her dearest, very–very dearest husband and of course she would only do it the way he liked.

It was one of the few occasions that Pierre leaned against her shoulder and howled liberated — strange, but it reminded her of the day of liberation, they were both 24, the Germans had lost France to the Allies and they laughed and cried as they did now. She cried with joy because Pierre was traveling as an inconspicuous courier for the Resistance and now she could finally keep him without fearing for his life, love him, finally fuck him again undisturbed. Never afterwards did they mention what had happened during the war, they had agreed to forget and forgive each other once and for all for their sexual escapades during the war.

# Résistance

She had to close her eyes in shame when she remembered how often during the Résistance they had lived in musty basements or other hideouts with a dozen others, fucking quickly and hastily. They had only been married a short time, after all, and Pierre needed it every day. They usually disappeared into a secluded room, but if there was no room of their own, they waited in the evening until everything settled down before he fucked her in the dark. Mélanie wanted a child so much!

Even later, her heart pounded with shame when she remembered what it was like in those last months. A simple basement room, lit by the glow of a kerosene lamp during the day, gloomy and dark at night. She and Valerie were the only women, although it was rumored about the aloof Valerie that she was an iron lesbian and would not let any man get close to her. Pierre was heartbroken and contrite over the impropriety of the situation, but he couldn't even stand a day without it. They whispered quietly and she agreed that she didn't mind at all; after all, they loved each other, the long skirt hid everything and in the dark they couldn't see anything anyway. The circumstances allowed her until then only extremely rarely to get her usual portion of pleasure by masturbating, so her urges had piled up more than usual and since they were married only recently, she was just craving to be fucked by Pierre to be able to discharge herself. Pierre sat on the floor and leaned against the wall, she had to squat with her back to him over his cock; she had taken off her skirt right away because it was her only one. In the dark she rode his cock doggedly and felt the pleasure rising hotly in her loins, came moaning and complaining lustfully and then fucked him further, panting and exhausted, so that Pierre could cum too.

After Pierre had fallen asleep and his breathing betrayed it, a broad, male hand groped her body, slipped under the covers and caressed her bare skin, breasts, belly and pubic area. Mélanie, who had only been touched by Pierre so far, overcame her initial shyness and groped for the man's cock. She began to give him a handjob, but he silently moved closer and closer. Infinitely cautious, the man laid on

top of her and penetrated. Her heart almost stopped with shame, because Pierre was the only one she ever fucked so far. Never had another man touched her intimately, not even in her youth when she gave handjobs to the boys. She had never felt anyone other than Pierre in her vagina. This cock was smaller than Pierre's and she listened deep inside to feel being fucked by another man. Over on the other side of Pierre, soft masturbation noises could clearly be heard. That was Valerie, Mélanie heard her masturbating quietly every night as she rested on Pierre's chest. She held her breath as the man fucked very fast and squirted inside her. Contrary to her expectation, he stayed on top of her, his cock recovered after a few minutes and he fucked her again. He excited her much more this time and when she couldn't take it anymore, she masturbated with restrained breath to a silent orgasm. The man had left his cock very deep in her vagina and waited silently while she masturbated and then started again. Only after a long fucking did the man pour out and silently withdraw. She rested her head back on Pierre's chest and listened to Valerie orgasm quietly several times. Almost every night the man or someone else was there to fuck her under the cover of darkness, while she in turn listened to Valerie's easily audible masturbation and her plaintive, almost inaudible sounds as she orgasmed. She never mentioned it to Pierre, it was war and the old norms no longer applied.

Pierre was on the road some days with his backpack and came back in the evening exhausted. He never talked about how many men he had to kill with his knife. He had to work that out with his conscience alone. Mélanie cleaned his jacket or trousers from the blood stains and did not ask.

The eternal waiting and being afraid — their waiting was ordered and lasted over six weeks — made Pierre furious, often taking her several times in a row under cover of darkness. Of course they were anxious to be quiet, but probably everyone in the room got it. Mélanie was riding Pierre's cock again and was well on her way when she suddenly felt a hand on her thigh, but it wasn't Pierre, because he was holding her waist with both hands, raising and lowering her up and down and controlling her ride. She was startled only briefly because she was already insanely horny. Suddenly she knew it was Valerie. Valerie's hand gently stroked the inside of her thigh and slid

higher and higher. Torn between fearful indignation and spurred horniness, she tried at first to avoid the hand that had felt its way up to her cunt. But the conflicting feelings produced an even more intense arousal and inflamed her so suddenly that she held still and pushed her pelvis forward to find Valerie's hand with her clit. While Pierre held her and fucked her from below, the strange finger excited her clit. She opened wide and thrust her abdomen forward. Exploding, she reached down herself and put her fingers on Valeries, pressed both on her clit and orgasmed moaning. But she felt immensely ashamed afterwards. Pierre, to whom she later quietly whispered a partial truth — that someone was stroking her thigh — in his ear, lovingly scolded her a love-struck fool who was imagining it all. After all, she could not tell him the full truth at the time, he had no idea what a strong onanist his wife was.

The next night she almost passed away with shame, as she almost couldn't wait to feel Valerie's naughty hand again, eagerly awaiting her with conflicting feelings. For only a woman knew so well what was at stake. The thought gave her a powerful thrill, moaning as she squirmed with shame and unbridled lust, surrendering to Valerie's fingers, who understood that she had to squeeze Mélanie's clit and her whole sex tightly as she orgasmed. When Valerie's fingers slowed and vibrated at a standstill, Mélanie felt — or was she imagining? — that the invisible Valerie was now masturbating hard herself. But the fingers quickly revived, stimulating her tenderly and ever more urgently, Mélanie moaned and squirmed. Pierre held her with both hands and rhythmically raised them to satisfy himself, but she spread her knees wide apart as in a pagan ritual, opening her sex to the invisible priestess who, rotating rapidly, performed the sacrifice. Exhausted, she sometimes had to hold Valerie's hand and push it away from her; she simply could not go on. Still, she waited for the nightly caresses of the secret third with great longing.

She never mentioned it to Pierre again, because she was annoyed that he never mentioned the masturbating fingers that inevitably had to touch his cock as well. She, at least, always noticed it when Valerie unabashedly palpated his cock with her fingers while fucking or squirting. When Mélanie recovered after an orgasm and Pierre continued to fuck her, Valerie would simply stop his cock while fucking

and pull it out vigorously. She literally gave him a hand job. Before squirting, she pulled his foreskin back really tight and thrust his glans into Mélanie's vagina and kept masturbating him, and when he had to cum like crazy in Mélanie's vagina, she pushed the whole cock in. But the bastard never mentioned it. He didn't say a word about waiting in her vagina after he had cum until Valerie, after feeling him to see if his cock was still stiff, vigorously pulled him out again and gave him another handjob like before. He apparently assumed that Mélanie, who was witnessing it firsthand, was tacitly accepting it.

Mélanie was annoyed with him, because his fucking had also changed. He fucked slowly and cautiously at first, waiting until Valerie had made Mélanie orgasm. He fucked a little to increase Mélanie's orgasm. Then he paused, waiting, until Valerie vigorously pulled his cock out and gave him the handjob to steer his glans back into Mélanie's vagina before squirting and letting him squirt there. Most of the time his cock went limp only after Valerie gave him a second handjob. Only when his cock became flaccid, Valerie withdrew to masturbate quietly, but well audible for Mélanie, until deep into the night. Pierre needed Valerie's hand constantly from now on to let her very strong fingers and fist masturbate him. Sometimes, when he got impatient, he grabbed Valerie's hand and put it vigorously on his cock — Mélanie, who was still squatting on his cock before the handjob, got to feel it first hand. Valerie quickly pulled his cock out of her vagina and gave him the handjob. She was kind of grateful to Valerie for not wasting his semen and letting him squirt in her vagina after the handjob.

Mélanie was not long annoyed when she contrasted these outrageous handjobs with the fact that as soon as Pierre fell asleep snoring loudly, her faceless admirers crept up silently, usually two or three of them screwing her silently one after the other. But maybe Pierre had figured this out and that was why he was so cavalier about letting Valerie masturbate him.

Valerie didn't let on during the day, was the tough resistance fighter with the steel blue eyes and was an excellent sharpshooter. Mélanie had accompanied her to an assassination several times, because while one woman carrying a long package stood out, no one

looked closely when two women were hauling a package. She served only as a lookout so that Valerie could prepare the rifle, telescope, and magazine without being disturbed. In the seconds when Valerie fired, she hold her breath and immediately retreat as discussed. Once, on the way home, the taciturn Valerie said, 85. This one was her 85th kill.

Mélanie had to fire her antique LeMat Revolver only once. Valerie had just shot two German officers in the opposite café from a basement window and they were about to hastily retreat when four German soldiers — apparently looking for the wine cellar — met them in the basement corridor. Valerie had only one round left in the magazine and fired immediately. In all the noise and shouting, Mélanie didn't even notice that she had already emptied her nine-shooter and it just clicked empty. Valerie put her hand on the heavy revolver and said it was over. As she collected the Germans' guns and magazines, she murmured appreciatively, you got all three. Mélanie suddenly felt an indomitable sexual desire rising and greedily reached under her skirt. Valerie grabbed her hand and said, not here, we have to go!

Mélanie followed her stumbling, barely able to run from sexual arousal. When they thought they were safe, they sat down on a ledge of the wall. Mélanie immediately began to masturbate under her skirt. Valerie pushed up Mélanie's skirt and took over masturbating Mélanie. The latter kneaded her breasts through the coarse fabric and very quickly came to orgasm with a squeezed, suppressed cry. Valerie continued to gently stroke her labia and squatted down. She flipped up her own skirt and masturbated, her eyes fixed on Mélanie's labia, which she stroked with erratic gestures. Mélanie had recovered and was watching another woman masturbate for the first time in her life. Valerie was doing it very hard and fast, as she orgasmed she pulled back the skin around the big clit tightly with her fingers and Mélanie could see the clit nodding, nodding and nodding. "May I?" asked Mélanie later, and Valerie nodded. They traded places and Mélanie examined Valerie's pubic and vagina very closely, then masturbated Valerie exactly as she had just seen. When Valerie came to orgasm, she pulled the skin of the clit back very tightly and watched the nodding carefully. Mélanie loved it and said so.

Neither of them mentioned the night's doings with Pierre. Not a word about Mélanie's secret fucking with the faceless men, which Valerie listened to while masturbating. Not a word about Valerie's masturbating, which Mélanie listened to while secretly fucking or afterwards. They pissed side by side on the floor laughing companionably and broke up. Valerie said it was exactly the same for her first kills, but after her orgasm, her companion fucked her every time. She grinned, fucking was not so hers by now, but the fellow could do it excellently, always twice in a row and she orgasmed every time.

They had been on their escape route for over an hour, Mélanie's thoughts again revolving around the high after the kill, reigniting a high-pitched sexual arousal in her abdomen. She could barely walk and pressed her hand on her skirt, on her pubic, and sighed. Valerie recognized it and headed for a protective ruin. Mélanie laid her head on Valerie's lap and masturbated with pleasure. Valerie stroked her head, then slipped her hand under her blouse and fondled Mélanie's breasts as she continued. She had a lesbian love affair towards the end of her school years and only then learned to masturbate, which she soon needed several times a day. After her first shot, she had a fit of tremendous horniness when they took a break and immediately had to masturbate without paying attention to Bruno. In the middle of her orgasm, while she was still orgasming with a loud cry, Bruno deflowered her and fucked her twice in a row.

There were only four of them on the base and Bruno, who had to sweep out his alpha, stripped her completely naked and fucked the reluctant one completely unabashedly in front of the other two. She had orgasms with Bruno every time and looked plaintively at the other two before screaming loudly in orgasm. She was embarrassed to be fucked in public only the first few times, although she always had a plaintive expression in her eyes as she was fucked. Her cries soon became triumphant and she pressed her fingers around her clit so they could get a good look at the proud nod. When Bruno fell asleep, Valerie fucked the other two, because she really liked being fucked then and had great doubts about whether she was really a lesbian. The two beta–males did not fuck as well as Bruno, so she always masturbated while fucking. In retrospect, she suspected that Bruno knew about all this.

Valerie felt that Mélanie had orgasmed often enough now and urged departure. After returning to the base, Valerie reported that two officers and four other soldiers had been taken out and how heroically Mélanie had fought. The latter was hugged and kissed by all. Valerie hugged her last and kissed her deeply, it was a beautiful French kiss that Mélanie returned just as deeply and never forgot. Of course, no word about masturbating, but Mélanie later told Pierre, whispered everything in detail in his ear while fucking, he allowed to fuck with him face to face. She whispered of the wonderful joint masturbation with Valerie after her fit of horniness, left nothing out and also described Valerie's cunt in detail down to the last pubic hair. Told about Valerie's defloration and that she really liked fucking with her mates afterwards. Sometimes he wanted to hear it again, because it excited not only him but also Mélanie very much.

Once, as they whispered softly to each other, she asked Pierre if he would like to fuck Valerie if she would let him, and he immediately answered in the affirmative. They both knew that Valerie would never allow it, yet Mélanie felt a twinge in her heart. The other morning, Pierre's eyes narrowed as he watched Valerie tantalizingly wash her girlish breasts and pubic area. Pierre didn't hesitate that night and pushed Mélanie aside after a few minutes of fucking. He groped for Valerie with both hands and lifted her vigorously onto his lap, her face turned toward him. Mélanie knelt in front of him, clutching his cock, sensing that Valerie was hesitating for a very long time. She made Pierre wait and masturbated sitting on him. Mélanie was completely perplexed as the iron lesbian tremblingly orgasmed and slowly slipped her twitching vagina over Pierre's cock and inserted it to its full length. She must have a much longer vagina than she had, Mélanie thought, because he didn't go all the way in with her. Mélanie left her hand on the root of his cock and later on Valerie's labia while Valerie fucked Pierre fast and hard. The bastard held back cum as long as he could and Valerie orgasmed silently trembling one after another. She remained motionless as he cum violently in her vagina. He remained stiff after squirting and Valerie continued. Mélanie put her hand on the front of Valerie's cunt so that Valerie's clit rubbed against her palm and fingers. Valerie orgasmed over and over, trembling and soundless, until Pierre squirted again and his cock softened. They lay down to sleep and Mélanie felt a dark

emptiness and indifference inside her as she was later fucked by three guys in a row.

It was indifferent to her in the meantime whether Pierre noticed anything of it. Pierre, the wretched one who was screwing Valerie and not her, that hurt. Mélanie pressed her lips together hard as Valerie reluctantly gave in to Pierre's urgings over the next three nights. As she had done the day before, she masturbated first, and only when she began to orgasm tremulously did Mélanie release Pierre's cock and direct his glans into Valerie's vagina, vigorously clasping his cock and only very hesitantly allowing it to penetrate Valerie's vagina, who then fucked him like a fury. I'm sure Valerie only did it because it satisfied her as much as masturbating. Valerie paused as he cum deep in her vagina and Mélanie felt with her fingertips exactly how his semen was spurting through his urethra. She knelt in front of Pierre and palpated his cock and Valerie's sex when she orgasmed tremulously. A naughty hand pushed down on her ass and lifted her ass. The naughty hand expertly palpated her ass and cunt, then a naughty cock slid very slowly into her vagina, mounting her from behind like a dog. She remained completely motionless and supported herself with her hand on Valerie's sex, so that Pierre would not notice anything of her wiggling while being fucked, and was glad when the naughty one squirted shortly after the penetration and disappeared silently. Mélanie was quite sure that others noticed it too, because Valerie fucked quite loudly. Mélanie pulled back from Pierre and stretched her ass cheeks up as the next guy groped her. She heard the guys who were behind the guy who was fucking her and who were impatiently waiting to fuck her afterwards, also masturbating unabashedly. This monstrosity was repeated during three more nights.

Pierre left shortly after midnight to get to the meeting place in time. Mélanie was now lying next to Valerie, feeling every movement of her body as the invisible men approached and fucked her. One after the other. One man dared and groped the masturbating Valerie and since she didn't put up much of a fight, he penetrated her vagina and fucked her. So Mélanie and Valerie lay sisterly next to each other and were fucked by the men until late at night. Sometimes one of Mélanie's men would roll right over onto Valerie to fuck her. The

next morning the two women washed at the washstand and Valerie, grinning wryly, said that was a heavy night. Mélanie, who had slept too little, growled that because Pierre was out, they all wanted to fuck them. Sullenly she washed the traces of the night from her pubis and inner thighs, where the semen had left dozens of traces.

Pierre arrived after sunset, appearing out of nowhere with bad news. Their group was split in two, Pierre and she were ordered to a base, and they had to leave immediately. Mélanie, like Pierre, said goodbye to everyone individually. Valerie was the last to arrive and dodged an attempted hug from Pierre. She just squeezed his hand tightly and murmured, thank you Pierre, then embraced Mélanie and gave her a long, intimate French kiss, which she returned. Valerie left without turning around. They never learned of Valerie's pregnancy. Pierre led the way, Mélanie silently following him into the darkness.

The fear of dying any day dictated to live out all sexuality immediately, free of all morality, and to enjoy pleasure today because there might not be a tomorrow.

# Everyday

In later years, Pierre came to bed with her only on Sunday mornings. Wordlessly and mechanically, like a bad puppet show, they made the preparations that had gradually emerged as he failed more and more often and she sought advice from her best friend. She turned her back to him, lowered herself onto her hands and knees, and willingly held out her bottom to him. One hand she placed on her buttock to silently insert it into the proper portal. Pierre knelt behind her and, if his erection was not yet strong enough, jerked off. Then she reached her hand down between her legs to excite Pierre on his testicles, who thrust only two– or three times and then held still. Then she rubbed his tired old cock until she felt its strengthening and quickly rocked her pelvis back and forth, thrusting backward to fuck and satisfy herself with his cock as with a dildo. She continued tirelessly until she felt his coming. She put her strong fingers around the part of his cock that was no longer going in with her, rubbed it hard and fast, Pierre liked that so much, and made him squirt. Pierre's cock reared up and twitched rhythmically in her vagina, and she continued to rub gently as long as his orgasm lasted. After that, Sunday morning belonged entirely to her and her secret lust.

This went on for several years, quietly and always consistent. One day, however, she had been awakened by Pierre from immensely horny dreams and lustful fantasies — Armand, the Count, had taken her to the Orchid House and fucked, licked, masturbated her — suddenly Pierre was there, his cock highly aroused and fully erect as he was every Sunday morning. Stirred, she took Pierre's cock inside her and fucked him harder than usual. Her lust defeated her previous sense of shame toward Pierre; she brought herself to climax greedily and without regard for him, additionally stimulating her clit with the heel of her hand while thinking of Armand in the orchid house and jerking Pierre's cock. She had to pause as it came to her, and her twitching womb made poor Pierre groan and moan. With difficulty his cock choked out the semen, for he had become so accustomed to her help that it was almost impossible without her stimulation. At this, she almost passed away with shame, for only very rarely had Pierre witnessed her masturbation. He was amazed and surprised,

but she completely ignored his feelings from now on. Masturbating satisfied her and also Pierre, who was carried away by her orgasm and cummed with difficulty, slowly and full of agony.

Usually, however, when he had not been able to squirt, she resumed fucking for his sake right away, even though her climax had not yet subsided. It happened that she experienced small aftershocks again, then she fucked him like a fast ticking clockwork and stubbornly got her pleasure. In order to get it over with quickly afterwards, she finally did it to him very firmly with her hand. Lowering her head to her forearm, she stretched her butt as high as it could go to make her ass cheeks widen. Pierre pulled his cock back a little so that only his glans was inside her. This was his secret sign that she should masturbate him now. She looked down between her legs and jerked him to full length, very quickly and vigorously, since that was the way he liked it best. She watched her hand jerking his cock and slowly rocked her abdomen back and forth, slowly fucking his glans with her labia. Knowing when he needed to squirt, she pulled her buttock to the side with one hand so that her vagina opened wide and rubbed with the other so fast and swirling that Pierre exploded inside her, gasping. She paused patiently, her buttocks thrust up and her buttocks widening sharply with both hands, while Pierre jerked his seed in with helpless fucking motions. He stroked her buttocks gratefully and very affectionately, kissed her quickly on the neck and disappeared ashamedly before she turned around. Less and less often she thought of the engagement–confessor and when she did, it was with a mute *idiot!* and gave herself over to her urges, the sinful urges she had apparently inherited from Liane.

Pierre's sexual flaccidity began to show around the time of her pregnancy. Mélanie knew instinctively that it had to do with the Villiers-le-Bel station and that his sexuality was failing him because of it. Before, he would come into her bedroom with his penis erect to fuck her. Now, however, he would often go limp while she was still turning on all fours. Pierre was inconsolable and, feeling unobserved by her when he knelt behind her, he rubbed his cock until it stood again. Of course, she watched him surreptitiously, resting her head on her forearms, under her belly. Pierre jerked off as fast as he could, letting his glans dance on her butt crease as he did so; Mélanie felt it

and danced her butt back and forth to tease him. And then Pierre just couldn't stop, Mélanie driving him on and on with her ass wiggling obscenely and her labia glistening wetly, snapping at his cock with her labia to *catch* it. If she succeeded, he penetrated her briefly, to cum immediately with violent twitches of his cock. Mostly, however, he squirted his semen on the outside of her labia, or placed it on her butt hole to cum. Anyway, it was not unpleasant for Mélanie, she was quite turned on by the sight of his masturbation.

During her pregnancy, Pierre was magically attracted to her ass and whispered that he wanted to try it. Mélanie whispered that she agreed and that he should not hurt her. He masturbated for a very long time and made her hole wet with his glans and index finger. Then he slowly and carefully put the glans in her asshole, slowly slid deeper and fucked her for a very long time before he exploded. It hurt a bit the first time, but Mélanie enjoyed the unusual sensations he caused her and could even enjoy the little bit of pain. Mélanie, who was small and roundish, enjoyed the ass fucking, because he came from above and his cock pressed so pleasantly through the ass channel on the sensitive part of her vagina, almost like normal fucking. Pierre fucked her for a very long time when he fucked her ass, and she enjoyed it, letting him know with lustful moans how much arousal it brought her. Just before he squirted, she secretly grabbed her clit and after seconds had an orgasm that Pierre rarely noticed because he didn't notice anything because of the ferocity and twitching of the squirting.

As her belly became rounder and rounder and it could only be weeks away, they should only masturbate out of consideration, he said haltingly as he came into her bedroom fully erect. That time was also the only time they did it openly in front of each other. She was already far too sluggish to lean on all fours and remained on her back when Pierre joined her. He stroked her face and gently closed her eyelids, then knelt at the foot of the bed and masturbated. Mélanie watched him from under her half-closed eyelids and spread her legs wide apart, lasciviously and enticingly offering him her wide-open vulva beneath her rounded belly. She took a long time for her exhibitionistic contortions, which excited herself. She was constantly very horny in these last weeks of pregnancy, which gave her a certain in-

difference to Pierre's taboos, so she didn't hold back at all. Her hand slid around her belly to her pubic, very slowly she masturbated and looked at him with big wet eyes begging him to fuck her properly! Pierre's eyes almost fell out of his head, because she pulled her knees further and further and let her fingers dance wilder and wilder on her clit. Just before climax, she lifted her pelvis and heavy belly, stuck two stretched fingers into her vagina and fucked herself with fast, wild movements. She pushed her butt up, thrusting her abdomen wildly against her hand and humping herself harder and harder until the orgasm exploded inside her. She jerked her head back briefly with exertion and with a last effort of will spread her labia with both hands, stretching out the orgasmic twitches of her cunt to him as an offering. Pierre came now at the latest, yanking hard and panting on his cock, spraying his seed in long streaks and big round drops over Mélanie's abdomen. She smiled and continued masturbating after a brief pause, her devotion to her vice making Pierre all twitchy. He erected again and played with his cock while she continued to masturbate until she stopped, exhausted.

Pierre had taken to putting his glans in her mouth during those months of pregnancy when he masturbated. Although disgusted at first, she played around the glans with her tongue and lips, because he liked that a lot. He held her head tightly as he squirted deep in her throat and only withdrew his cock when she had swallowed all the semen. He was always extra sweet after that and grateful that she joined in on his escapades. She got used to it and always made it as nice for him as she could. But this love craze lasted only a short time, because after the birth Pierre resumed his former habits.

# Villiers-le-Bel

Even later, Mélanie's heart pounded with shame when she remembered what it was like in the last few weeks in another hiding place. A simple basement room, lit day and night by the glow of a kerosene lamp, and she was the only woman, both of them townspeople among simple country folk. Pierre was heartbroken and contrite at the impropriety of the situation, but he couldn't even stand a day without it. They whispered quietly and she agreed, she didn't mind at all; after all, they loved each other, the long skirt hid everything and in the dim light they couldn't see anything anyway. Pierre sat on the floor and she had to squat on his cock with her back to him. So he took her, took her in front of all the comrades who looked at her face and cunt, because she had to take off her skirt while she was being fucked. Most of the men secretly masturbated in their pockets, some went to the toilet bucket and relieved themselves standing up. Mélanie's eyes began to glisten with horniness as she watched the men masturbate, but Pierre was already squirting, way too fast.

Toward the end of the war, Pierre and she, along with several others from the Résistance, locked themselves in a warehouse at the Villiers-le-Bel train station. The Germans were too far away to spot them and turned all their attention in the other direction because the Résistance was attacking them sporadically from there. Their orders were to hold out and defend this depot, it was filled to the top. They had enough water, rations and weapons and the windowless room was lit by the glow of a kerosene lamp. The eternal waiting and being afraid — their waiting was ordered and should last for a couple weeks — made Pierre furious, already on the first day he took her several times in a row under the horny looks of the others. Mélanie was already quite jaded in this respect, because he had already fucked her many times in public, i.e. in front of strangers, and it even seemed to spur him on.

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Of course they were all horny, for by now she didn't care that she was completely naked without a skirt; on the contrary, she even felt a certain pleasure in her exposed nakedness. She didn't think for a moment that she was protecting herself with indifference against her sense of shame and with exhibitionism against Pierre's cowardice, who was hiding behind her and using her as a living shield. She satisfied her exhibitionist urges by being deliberately lascivious and showing the comrades everything, really everything. Pierre fucked her sitting down and everyone stared at her cunt where his monster raged. In this squatting position, where Pierre's cock rhythmically pressed her clit from below, her horniness rose quickly, she literally exploded, twitching wildly and uncontrollably — after all, she had no possibility to masturbate somewhere secretly, so the horniness gradually built up inside her and sometimes suddenly discharged during the fucking.

Mélanie felt a strange inner satisfaction that during her lascivious and obscene performance, half a dozen men were standing and masturbating in that corner of the room where the toilet bucket was. She had already fucked Pierre riding him upside down and was now sitting quietly on his lap, his still stiff cock deep in her vagina, waiting for the next round. But it was not enough for the good people of the country in the basement to squirt into the toilet bucket. The bravest came masturbating to her and she could still mentally pull apart her blouse before he splashed his seed on her breasts. The blouse had to go, she now sat completely naked on Pierre and the men in the semicircle stepped very close to her to squirt their semen on her naked body. At first Pierre growled, but eventually he didn't care. To one who persisted in wanting to fuck her, she – naked as she was – did a handjob, her breasts and whole body jiggling along, she seemed to float on Pierre's cock. Pierre watched, laughing. She laughed cooing as she made the fellow squirt and let his seed splash on her breasts. This triggered something in the group.

Two of the strongest sat down on Pierre's shoulders and arms, then she was fucked by some, one by one. Pierre cursed profanely and waved his revolver threateningly, but he looked into eight revolver courses and conceded defeat. Mélanie was pretty jaded by now, since Pierre was always fucking her in public, so she didn't

think it was so bad to be quasi-publicly fucked by everyone in turn. They were all good patriots and despite the enormity, they were all peaceful. Mostly they fucked in the missionary position, a few times in the doggy position. Two wanted to take her in pairs, one in her vagina, the other in her ass at the same time. She had to press her mouth on the neck of the one lying down to keep from crying out loud in those insane orgasms.

She always knew when one wanted her, he only had to expose himself and she took off her skirt and blouse, back in the war she had neither bra nor underpants. When she felt the excitement rising and the boy was already about to squirt, she pointed with her hand or waved her fingers that the next one should come. If the boys managed a flying change — and they usually did — then her arousal rose inexorably and by the second, at the latest the third, she reached her orgasm. The men were fair and gave her some time to catch her breath. She soon lost count, but she was fucked at least fifteen times every day, usually more. They had to wait idly and if they saw nothing else than a quite pretty young woman being fucked by the comrades, they got horny again and again. What Pierre alone rarely managed, they always achieved together. She had many orgasms every day and enjoyed every single one.

For two boys, no more than 16 or 17, it was obviously the first time. The first day they just watched the goings-on and didn't dare. Mélanie reached out her hand to one of them and pulled him on top of her. She whispered in his ear that she would help him and that he should trust her. He nodded imperceptibly and hid his face in her hair. She reached for his erection and gently inserted it into her vagina. With one hand she hugged him gently and with the other she gave signals with light pressure on his buttocks how fast he was allowed to thrust. She whispered hoarse words of love in his ear and the boy moaned as he squirted. She kept his cock in her vagina and whispered that next time he would surely last longer. Right after him, she beckoned the other boy over, who was experiencing about the same beautiful first time. Again and again, in a hoarse whisper, she instructed them both to hold out longer and to pay attention to her breathing, they would then notice in time when she herself was ready. It was the most beautiful thing to make a woman gasp and

moan and climax. The docile boys were thus educated to be reliable orgasm givers.

Pierre fucked her only very early in the morning, when she had gotten up and had washed her body. After he had cum, he retreated to the farthest corner, black sadness in his heart and full of wounded masculinity, but he could not take his eyes off his wife. Unlike the others, he fucked her only once– or twice in the morning and spent the rest of the day full of sadness and self-pity. Ten days later, they were dispersed to different bases and lost sight of each other.

Pierre loved her so much that he blocked all this out and even in later years, when they spoke of the war, he would proudly say how great they had done then and no one had noticed.

# The Conception

No, she cheated on Pierre only once, once before she gave herself to the Count. That was just a few years after their marriage, right after the war ended. She had lost all self-esteem and felt soiled after being screwed by her comrades from the Resistance for a good some weeks in front of everyone. It was a time when she was so full of despair because Pierre and she could not have a child. Desperate, she lured Pierre to bed again and again, almost ruining him, letting him copulate her several times in a row, she was soon to be 25! But it didn't help, no matter how soft she made her vagina and how wide she spread it with her fingers, no matter how deep she put herself over his cock when he squirted, nothing helped, not even the warm sitting baths, with or without vinegar and bath salts. The new priest, Abbé Fabien, understood her very well, listened patiently to her confessions and asked her right at the beginning not to always let all the details pulled out of her nose – order must be, that was part of a proper confession, and especially the 6th commandment had to be confessed completely and in all details. Mélanie obeyed the tall, handsome young man and described everything, really everything, to him in the fullest detail. Since Monsieur l'Abbé was still waiting for his housekeeper, the parish determined that Mélanie should perform the most important household affairs for him for an appropriate fee. This is how she came to the rectory, this is how she got to know Fabien better, and this is how she became his mistress, his ardent, fierce lover.

Fabien — he did not want to be called Monsieur l'Abbé — Fabien, then, was a tall, slender man with reddish hair and broad, large hands; the angular face with ascetic features betrayed nothing about his ardent sensuality. When he first embraced her — she had just bent over to wipe the bottom shelf of a rack, paying close attention to the fact that the work dress shifted way up and her naked, plump ass and pubic cleft were clearly visible. She stretched her buttocks provocatively high, Fabien suddenly stood behind her and grabbed her by the hips, pushing and rubbing his abdomen firmly and unmistakably against her buttocks – so when he embraced her, she was not

surprised, for she had had to confess her crush on him so many times before, he had become the hero in her masturbation fantasies, which she was initially very embarrassed to confess. Then in bed (it was the bed in which His Excellency the Bishop of Nimes used to spend the night) in bed everything was quite different from what she was used to. He looked at her, with his big sad Breton eyes, and made love to her from the front, tender and gentle and wild. She would have run away from him had she not experienced such a beautiful orgasm that her knees trembled for an hour afterwards. She had been overtaken by orgasm and as he continued, she moaned and howled with pleasure, coming again and again in little orgasmic spasms. And Fabien could wait with the squirting until she was in the middle of the orgasm — how wonderful to feel it inside her at that very moment, looking into his eyes! Not for a second did she think about Pierre when she was in bed with Fabien, because he took her completely, she got into such a great ride with him that there was no room for anyone else.

Not that Fabien's cock was in any way better than Pierre's, on the contrary; but Fabien could simply do better with his. Even when it came far too soon for him at first, he stayed inside her and still brought her to climax with his semi-stiffy. Mélanie sometimes cried with physical happiness, because Fabien didn't need or want to be rubbed at all and always gave her an orgasm while fucking without her having to help. She felt like a wicked vamp when she slept with both men on the same day, but lied to herself that it made Pierre, whom she still loved hotly, much happier when she had Fabien in front of her in her fantasies and then made it all the more intimate and heartfelt for him. She confessed in the confessional that when she made love to Pierre she became so aroused that now she had to masturbate as often as never before. Fabien, who loved crude jokes in addition to women, smirked when she described her incredible masturbation fantasies to him:

The Abbé gave her absolution with the stipulation that she do it right now — yes, here in the confessional! — to do it. Her confession hurt him and made him quarrel with God, but Mélanie had to do it now, in spite of all the sanctity of the place, in spite of other possible

confessors who — if they were there at all — looked at each other distraught and probably quickly made the sign of the cross, just in case.

*I can't, they might hear us!* whispered Mélanie.

The Abbé pushed the curtain aside a little and looked around.

*There is no one here but the two of us,* he said, closing the curtain again.

Mélanie needed a few moments to be sure that the Abbé was indeed serious. Now, above all, she had to do it quickly and silently, no rustling of clothes, then, rolling up her skirt quickly, she sat back on her heels, feeling comfortably naked in that dim darkness. She started slowly, then let the penitent finger dance on the sinful clit that he just regretted it! When she could barely suppress her gasps, the Abbé quietly opened the lattice window and watched her orgasm. Before dismissing her, he said that the next confession had better take place in the sacristy, and then he laughed that this was a special suspense of Holy Mother Church, the sacristy confession sin. She later wondered doubtfully to whom she could have confessed these sinful confessions, for the Abbé must have made her do this worst of bad confessional sins a dozen times, so offended was he.

This first confession she still took seriously, but the following ones she felt as a pure love game. In any case, she confessed henceforth in his sacristy, after he had locked the door as a precaution. Following his instructions, she squatted with her skirt pulled up — she never wore underwear since the war — up on the Altar of his Excellency, the Bishop of Nimes, lay on her back with her legs spread, and waited until the Abbé took a chair opposite her and said softly introimus ad altarem dei. He watched her intently as she slowly (Agnus dei, murmured the lost man of God) aroused herself with gentle, circular movements (Kyrie eleison), then worked her clit more purposefully (laudate dominem), and in a rapid staccato (sursum corda) brought herself to climax (Deo gratias). Ego te absolvo, the Abbé then said hoarsely and went out so that she could get dressed. Here and there she fooled him a little and held him back, in honor of the Bishop of

Nimes was still to offer a lustful sacrifice, and then she gave the Abbé the joy of her Second Time.

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Fabien laughed brightly and then coughed sheepishly, for they were really in the confessional, then whispered that she should leave Pierre, that he was leaving the parish together with her and would go with her to the ends of the earth to be happy with her. That would be her only and true absolution. Mélanie kept silent to this, because she loved Pierre more and with all her heart than the lost and forlorn man of God, she would never have left Pierre.

Unfortunately, this romance lasted only a few months; then the new housekeeper came to the rectory and the Abbé would now fuck the new horny bitch which the Bishop had sent. She fucked him in the afternoon and before dinner, the rotten bitch fucked the poor Holy Man the whole night until sunrise.

Mélanie stayed at home, somehow sad, but yet not unhappy, because she was finally pregnant. Mélanie instinctively knew in the first second who Liane's father was, even though she had made love to both of them every day during the time in question; some times she had even sneaked back to Fabien the same evening.

She even thought she knew exactly which day it was — a day on which she felt the sanctity of this place as never before. The only time that Fabien double locked the main church door. The only time that, lying naked on the high altar of the Bishop of Nimes, she had opened herself as never before. She looked around her and looked up at all the saints and angels. She was so moved by all the holiness that she opened her thighs wide like angels' wings and prayed with emotion that the saints and angels would give her the child she longed for, while the holy madman dropped his clothes and mounted her on the high altar. They clasped each other, the mad saint and the holy fool, who felt quite intensely that with each thrust of the blessed pole all her sins of Villiers-le-Bel station fell away like dried hard mud. She just had to open herself more softly, more intimately, and receive the seed of the mad, holy man very deep inside her. The holy fool woman

screamed in orgasm at the top of her lungs so that it echoed through the empty nave and the statues of the saints winced. Sinful Fabien also twitched and jerked, jetting thrust after thrust of his seed into Mélanie's vagina. This was the sacred moment of Liane's conception.

But she pushed all musings aside – Pierre was Liane's father! She drove from the gynecologist directly to Pierre's workshop and hugged him happily, kissed the initially embarrassed on the mouth in front of all his colleagues and stammered excitedly that it had worked, they were having a child! Pierre, her husband, her dearest husband was now a daddy! Pierre had tears of joy in his eyes and hugged her tightly and lovingly and all the colleagues stood up and applauded. The two were in a real frenzy of joy and called all relatives and friends, then there was a big celebration at their parents and grand-parents.

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# Loving and Dying on the Gaelic Coast

by Jack Faber © 2021

# The Shepherd

Jim had been watching the shepherd for well over an hour. The sheep were gazing grass, sometimes looking up and then jumping a– two steps before turning back to the grass. The shepherd was short and stocky, always stopping only briefly to look around, leaning on his long stick. There must have been 50 to 60 animals, but a shepherd dog was nowhere to be seen. All of a sudden, Jim noticed that the shepherd did not have a dog. Jim searched his memory for a long time to see if he had ever seen a shepherd without a dog before, but he could only think of shepherds with a shepherd dog. He could remember quite clearly how he had wondered at that time about the peculiar whistling of the shepherds. The dogs seemed to be trained for these whistles, because they immediately changed their running direction when the shepherd whistled. Depending on the nature of the whistle, the dog would drive the sheep around to the left or right, or run to the rear to drive stragglers.

This shepherd was unlike any Jim had seen before. Not only was he older, but there was something rough, forbidding about him. He drove the sheep with shouts, which they followed amazingly. He stopped again and again until the sheep gathered around him again in loose grouping, stopped for a while, and then went on a little further again. The sheep followed him, some hesitantly. Sometimes the shepherd would reach into his pocket and awkwardly roll a cigarette, which he thoughtfully lit with a match. As the herd approached, Jim cautiously withdrew from his lookout, picked up his bike and pedaled to The Point. The sky filled with gray clouds, it was getting a little chilly.

Maria was still standing under the canopy of the basement, washing shells. Jim would have liked to help her, but she had said earlier in the morning that she wanted to be alone and then hadn't bothered with him any further. So she stood under the canopy, took a handful of shells out of the wire basket, and laid them on the wooden board. Then she lifted the battered bucket and poured water over the shells before reaching with her gloved hand for the brushwood brush and began rubbing the shells down, one by one. The thick rubber apron

and rubber boots made her look fat and shapeless, yet Jim, as always, curiously tried to catch a glimpse of her chest bulging under the rubber apron. Mary was about 16 or 17 and had lived alone in the old fisherman's house since her parents died. She was the only one who was immediately willing to hide him and let him sleep on an old sheepskin on the floor. He came two days ago. In the evenings, when they went to sleep, he would tear open his eyes to see her naked as she lay down in bed.

"A flock of sheep is coming," Jim said, and since Mary still didn't look up, he continued, "The shepherd is driving his flock here!"

Maria nodded imperceptibly. She finished cleaning the shells that lay before her on the wooden board. Then she raised her eyes and stretched through, apparently only now feeling how much her back ached from slouching at this work. She put the wire basket in the corner, lifted the water bucket and rinsed the wooden board, wiping it clean with a rag. Jim went into the house while she hung the rubber apron on the hook and took off her rubber boots. She advanced a few steps to the small wall ledge and looked down at the shepherd and his sheep.

Prepare snack, said Mary, as she entered the living room and made herself at the stove. Apparently she was expecting the shepherd to visit, because she never usually made coffee in the afternoon. Jim wordlessly took the saucers and cups out of the cupboard, put coffee spoons on the saucers, and looked for the old porcelain bowl that held the sugar. Without bothering about him, Maria stripped naked and put on the simple housedress, washed her hands thoroughly, and then ran her fingers through her hair tidily, in between looking out the small window every now and then. Jim was surprised because she had not put on any underwear. The dress was much too small and much too tight for her, stretching across her buttocks and over her breasts. It stretched in the front by the buttons and you could see quite clearly under the stretched fabric that was pulled apart between the buttons that she was completely naked under the house dress. It was so short that it just covered her pubis.

The first sheep came bleating into the front yard and only a moment later the shepherd pushed open the door. The first raindrops glistened in his thick gray hair, now he shook off his shoes on the threshold and, muttering an indefinable greeting aloud, came rumbling in.

Maria also murmured a greeting and, coffee pot in hand, came to the table. The shepherd looked at Mary's body and Jim supposed to see a smile when he could see her nakedness under the dress. The shepherd sat down and put his bag down awkwardly, then, sitting up, he opened his jacket and peeled it out. Carelessly dropping it to the floor, he turned to the table, reached for the coffee spoon and took sugar and cream, then stirred for a long time. Mary had poured herself coffee as well. Jim got only a little milk. They sat in silence, each sipping and avoiding the other's gaze.

Jim did not listen very attentively when the shepherd broke the silence and reported about this and that. He watched Mary intently, for she played with her fingers and did not look up from her cup. Sometimes she hummed in agreement when the shepherd expected a response, but she remained silent as he told about the farmers and their cattle, the soldiers and the fighting, the people in the village, and all sorts of things. He nodded when she lifted the coffee pot and had his cup filled again. He talked and talked as he took sugar and cream, talking incessantly.

The coffee was drunk, the news and stories all told. Jim looked silently at Mary, who seemed to be waiting for the shepherd to finally leave. He noticed that she seemed restless and nervous inside, but he couldn't explain it, so her restlessness and nervousness gradually took possession of him, too. Then, as McGillian stood up, they all three stood up and the shepherd murmured a few words of thanks. He reached out his hand to Mary and unexpectedly pulled her close.

Well, always so alone? he asked, holding her with one hand. Maria wanted to escape him, but the old man was quite strong, Jim realized immediately. Well, how about it? the shepherd asked, reaching unashamedly for Maria's breast. She looked first at Jim, then nervously up at the shepherd. She shook her head vigorously as Jim

tried to jump forward, looked directly at him again, and shook her head decisively. The shepherd laughed and took a step sideways, then threw Mary backwards onto the bed. With a swiftness Jim would not have believed him capable of, he knelt beside Maria and held her down with one hand, with the other he fiddled with her skirt, palpated her thigh and courageously grasped under her skirt. Maria resolutely resisted and struggled free, but he grabbed her again and pulled her dress over her shoulder, exposing one breast. Grinning, he held her down and reached under her skirt again. With his other hand, he reached to his fly and unzipped it, reaching in and pulling out his cock.

Jim had backed up to the stove and was holding her breath, perplexed. Though distressed, Mary looked at him again from the side and shook her head. Her eyes widened, pleading for him to go out, but he simply could not. Her gaze begged him to look away, but he stood transfixed, unable to take his eyes off her. The shepherd held his cock with his hand and made moves to throw himself at Mary. But she pulled back, he crawled after her on his knees and greedily reached under her skirt again. It was soon clear that she would keep dodging him as he ventured closer. After three attempts, he gave up and remained kneeling on the edge of the bed. His hand, which he had slipped under her skirt, palpated her greedily and hastily. He gasped as the cock he was holding swelled more and more. Jim looked startled at this monstrosity, which was not particularly long, but very thick, with veins swelling thickly on the sides.

Unmoved, Mary looked at the shepherd who was greedily fingering her under her skirt, clutching his cock even tighter and beginning to rub. Jim could not see under her skirt from his position, for he was standing to the side of them on the other side of the room, but he knew she was naked underneath. Jim no longer understood anything, for Maria leaned back and smiled cynically as the old man now masturbated even more excitedly and wildly, his gaze fixed greedily under her skirt. Maria turned her face to Jim and looked at him calmly; he didn’t know where to look and felt uncomfortable, felt a deep, dull ache in his chest. What the old man was doing was certainly not right and certainly not what Maria would have wanted. But

she seemed resigned to it for the moment. Jim went down to the basement, stood on a box and looked through the peephole.

McGillian was sliding his thick cock in and out of Maria's hole, much slower than the dogs Jim had watched fucking. Surprisingly, Maria seemed to enjoy it, at least she kept her eyes closed and rubbed the top of her hole with one finger. When she interrupted it, her face contorted into a grimace and she panted violently like the old shepherd, clawing at him. The Shepherd continued in the same beat and she smiled before rubbing her hole again. Jim stared at the bulges around her hole that clutched the thick cock. When she rubbed really fast, she contorted her face and then held onto him again, panting and twitching. This captivated Jim very much, the old man's thrusting seemed to please her better each time. This went on for a very long time, until Maria pushed him out of her hole quite unexpectedly and he squatted on his heels in front of her.

The old man squatted in front of her, his stare fixed between her spread thighs. Suddenly he spurted a bright jet between Maria's thighs, one–two more jets shot from his cock and slapped under her skirt. McGillian pulled in his shoulders as his viscous, thick slime dripped wearily onto the bed sheet. Maria scolded loudly that he was a pig and should leave immediately! He lowered his head and puffed heavily, then stowed his monstrosity in his pants and stood up. Wordlessly, he picked up his jacket and bag and left the house before Jim could have even counted to three.

Jim broke free of his torpor and walked up, around the bed toward Maria. McGillian is a pig, always has been, she muttered, putting a hand over her eyes so Jim wouldn't see her rising tears. She paid no attention to him, though he was standing right in front of the bed, staring curiously between her thighs. He was transfixed at the sight of the young girl hiding her face and her tears under her arm, lying there in the same position McGillian had left her: sprawled backward on the bed, her slender legs spread carelessly, her cunt exposed to his gaze.

Jim had sometimes seen her naked from a distance when she washed her body, and now he could not avert his gaze. White wet

streaks of McGillian's semen trailed across her thighs and pubic hair. She sat up with a jerk and diligently wiped herself without regard for Jim's presence. As she reached between her thighs, he stared in fascination at her dark-haired pubic and fleshy cleft, which she parted with two fingers and wiped clean with the sheet. "McGillian is a pig!" she repeated, "he comes over every few weeks. She sat patiently for a few more seconds, feeling his childish–curious gaze resting on her. After a few moments, she rose quickly and smoothed out her skirt. She made her way to the table.

Jim mused, wondering if McGillian had been there before and if Maria hadn't known exactly what to expect. Jim was almost bowled over by the thought; the thought that she might have expected something very different if he hadn't been there. As if reading his mind, Mary shook her head in denial and looked him firmly in the eye. Jim pulled his head in between his shoulders, for he did not believe her and feared that she might see it in him.

He would do God–knows what to me if he could, she muttered, but if he just wants to relieve himself, then so be it, for my sake! Mary turned away, hiding the tears that were welling up in her anger.

Jim ran out, paying no attention to the rain that was whipping in his face, ran up the hill and from there back down a bit, to one of his favorite places. He sat there for a very long time, fighting his tears and trying to hold them back. He looked out to sea through the cheerless, gray rain and followed his thoughts. McGillian was a pig, but Jim had seen the thick, enormous cock and was disappointed because he instinctively compared his own to it. The deep conviction that he would never have such a huge cock took the fourteen-year-old's breath away for a moment.

And then Maria. The ache in his chest turned to corrosive venom as his thoughts carried him away rapidly and he realized that McGillian probably handled Maria differently when he, Jim, was not around. Vaguely, he imagined McGillian thrusting his thick cock into Maria's fleshy cleft, but he dismissed the thought immediately, for Maria was not that kind! Still, he couldn't shake the idea that McGillian was sticking his cock in Maria's crack and had certainly

done it before his time. All too clearly he saw Maria willingly spreading her cleft with two fingers, saw the monster cock plunge in and squirt again and again. Jim was suddenly quite sure that Maria had delayed putting his cock in this time only because he was there, because he was there as a witness. Quite sure, because the old man was allowed to stick it in as soon as he disappeared into the cellar.

He felt envy, anger and jealousy rising inside him. Had not Maria, from a certain moment, virtually challenged the old man? Was it coincidence or calculation that she wore nothing under her dress? Had she not willingly given him a glimpse of her most intimate, was she not careless, indecent and provocative in her nakedness? Wasn't she quite satisfied as the old man slid his cock in and out of her hole, as she rubbed her hole, all the way?

Jim's mind ran through the connection between the rubbing and the squirting, suddenly realizing that the childish groping of his own cock was related to this rubbing. Until now, when he had secretly played with himself, there always came a moment when he was struck by a violent pulling and a strong need to pee; that was then always the end of the game. Now he was convinced that one had to give in to the need to pee, as McGillian had done, and that one was allowed to squirt Maria up one's skirt, even though it made one a pig. Sort of.

Jim was crying, feeling raindrops and tears trickling down his cheeks. He had seen Mary naked for the first time with his heart pounding violently, seen her naked up close, seen her cunt and the dark cleft, and he had seen it at a shameful moment, a moment that felt disgusting and dirty to him. He could have killed McGillian in his rage, but Mary's behavior puzzled him, for he could not understand how she had invited him to this mess with tiny gestures, yet herself. Jim's gaze wandered over the gray desert into which the rain was turning the sea, and he wept until darkness fell.

# The Commissioner

Jim was afraid to look Maria in the eye afterwards. She was puzzled for a moment, then turned to her work in disappointment, ignoring his presence. In the evening Jim crept like a whipped dog into his corner, the corner he had claimed for himself from the beginning, and arranged the old sheepskin and the remains of the old winter coat as a place to sleep, as he did every night, then he crawled into it and held his breath.

Hitherto he had rarely dared to look at Maria undressing in the evening. Now he blinked timidly from under the old winter coat while Maria washed her face and hands in the wash bowl. She turned down the wick of the kerosene lamp a little, then undressed completely. Jim, who could only dimly see her, breathed excitedly and heard the roaring in his ears, the pounding in his chest as she was seen naked for a few tiny moments before slipping into bed. Wordlessly, she turned the wick until the light went out.

Jim lay still, listening into the darkness. He felt under his pants for his cock. He saw Mary's nakedness in front of him and rubbed gently, but when the strong pissing sensation came, he stopped; he was too afraid to continue. The blood continued to rush in his ears until he fell asleep.

The next day, Maria was already down in the mudflats when he awoke. He looked for her in vain and ran to the rocky outcrop overlooking the sea. When he spotted her, he ran down the rocky path and walked through the wet, black mud to her. She looked up only briefly and then proceeded to comb the mud for shells with the rake. Jim stood there undecided for a moment, then spotted the second rake, quickly picked it up, and now in turn began to comb the mud for shells and other creatures. They worked wordlessly side by side, filling first one, then the second wire basket. Jim, who was working a little slower than Maria anyway, watched the scrambling and crawling in the wire basket for a while before continuing. When the second basket was filled, Maria straightened up and braced one hand on her hip, stretching and moving to shake off the back pain.

Wordlessly they walked home, Maria carrying both baskets, Jim the rakes and the stick she used to better distribute the animals in the baskets. The strong rising wind had brought clouds with it, it was getting cutting cold. The first raindrops fell as they took the last steps up the trail. Mary put the baskets down under the canopy and went into the house. Jim glanced up at the stump of the decaying lighthouse before tending to the rakes and cane under the porch roof. When he entered, he saw that Mary had put water on the stove and had washing utensils such as soap, towel, and comb ready. He turned without a word and went out again, because if she was washing, he had no business being there. He walked slowly around the lighthouse and sat down under a boulder that offered him shelter from the rain.

Under the gray rain clouds, a black, ominous-looking cloud bank crept in, the wind seeming to push it along at breakneck speed. The rain pelted down harder and harder and it was getting dark, even though it was only noon. A storm was brewing, bringing the surf deep below him to a boil and lashing it several feet high. The rain pelted the rocks uncomfortably hard and the bursting drops sprayed him wet. The door opened and Mary poured the water from the wash bowl onto the lawn. Jim stood up shivering and walked to the house.

Maria didn't look up when he entered. She was preparing dinner, so Jim took off his wet shoes and jacket, hung them neatly on the hook, and prepared two plates and cutlery on the table. You don't have to go out when I'm washing, Maria said, you're old enough to see me naked. After a pause, you already have, then Maria fell silent. Silently they avoided each other, as they had done before, but now the silence was overshadowed by disgust at McGillian's messes. As Jim poured water from the pitcher into the cups and their bodies touched, his hand trembled. Mary noticed, but kept silent and attended to the porridge of flour grits and oatmeal she was warming on the stove. They ate silently, and when they had finished, Jim got up quickly and took the plates to the sink. Without words he took the kitchen rag and carefully wiped the plates and silverware, dried them with a dry kitchen towel and took care of them. Maria remained seated, sometimes looking out the window. The mussels will have to stay put, she thought, because the weather was increasingly deterio-

rating and becoming a storm. Unexpectedly, she got up and lay down on the bed, turned her face to the wall and soon fell asleep.

Jim watched the storm through the window, but kept glancing over at the sleeping Mary, looking at the curves of her body that showed under the old, worn house dress. He got red ears and felt his heart beating up to his throat, because he only had to close his eyes to see her naked in front of him. I'm old enough to see her naked, Jim thought. Time passed, the rain pelted heavily against the windows, and Jim daydreamed about Maria's nakedness, McGillian's mess, and his conflicted feelings. He didn't know how much time had passed when the loud pounding against the door jolted him out of his reverie. He hastily jumped up and hid behind the door. There was another thump, Maria woke up and while she was rising, the door was opened. The uniformed, cowardly inspector stood dripping wet under the door and grinned.

Such a mess! he cursed, then took off his dripping cap and nodded to Maria: So then, a good day!

Good day, Maria replied, stroking her dress, come on in! She stood by the stove to put on coffee. The commissar hung his wet rubber jacket and cap on the hook, then sat down wide-legged at the table. He didn't notice Jim, who was ducking behind the box. Maria took the plate of dry old cookies from the kitchen shelf and set it on the table in front of the commissioner, then sat down opposite him and waited. They were silent until the coffee water boiled, then she got up and prepared the coffee, two spoons of instant powder, two pills of sweetener and a little milk. For herself, she took only instant powder, no sweetener and no milk. She sat down again, stirred in her cup and waited.

I know the boy is with you, said the commissioner, and in his voice there was a subliminal insidious threat. His little eyes, which did not match his fat and chubby face at all, looked unsteady. He could only look into her clear eyes for a fraction of a second, then he looked away again. Of course, he had noticed immediately that she was naked under the short house dress.

Maria shook her head and said nothing. She put the cup to her lips and took a tiny sip. She had to buy time, for she had such an inkling of what he was up to. She looked at him closely again and the fleeting thought that flashed through her brain disgusted her. She set the cup down hard.

I saw him, I saw the two of you, in the mudflats, this morning. His way of spitting out the words, choppy and chaotically strung together, made him seem uncertain and stupid. Maria still said nothing, but when he looked at her briefly, she shook her head. There was a long silence, no one said anything.

Why are you hiding him? asked the commissioner, blinking for a moment before continuing: “I don’t understand what you get out of it. You’re hiding him, and you can’t do that! I could lock you up for that, you know!?” He straightened his shoulders to look a little more official.

“I’m going to take him with me, I’m not going to be stupid and walk all the way through the rain to come home empty handed!?” he said loudly, suddenly and unexpectedly reaching behind the closet with his hand. He caught Jim by the sleeve and dragged him out without taking his eyes off Maria. “There he is, our runaway!” he grinned and held the fidgeting boy.

Maria sat frozen and silent for a few seconds, then put her hand on Jim’s shoulder and said softly: “He wants to be with me,” else she said nothing. The commissioner glared at her insidiously. His iron-hard grip loosened for a moment, and Jim used that moment to slip away from his grasp. Nimble as a weasel, he ran to the door and out into the rain. After a few steps he stopped as if thunderstruck. Mary had spoken for him and now he abandoned her, leaving him alone with the brutal guy. He turned and walked towards the cellar. He groped carefully down the wet steps and stopped where he had already watched McGillian and her, where one could see through a hole in the masonry into the living room. Half a stone had broken out next to the stove, so Jim could see over part of the room, namely the table and the bed, but the box and the door could not be seen.

The commissioner was still laughing and slapping his thighs. “Like a rat!” he exclaimed, laughing again. Maria sat mute and stiff in her chair. The commissioner calmed down and looked at her slyly. “I’ll take him away!” he said threateningly and Jim could see Maria wince.

Her whisper was so low that Jim almost couldn’t hear it: “Please, leave him to me!” The commissar leaned back and looked at her, confident of victory: “What are you offering?” he asked, and the sudden silence lay like lead in the room. The two stared at each other hostilely.

Maria was silent at first, then she sighed and shrugged helplessly. “Everything!” She whispered, looking sheepishly at the tabletop. Her fingers were intertwined and she moved them involuntarily, grinding with them, and the desperation that spoke from her posture made her seem hard and aloof. The commissioner grinned wryly and nodded, slapping his thigh and nodding approvingly, as if they had just struck an important bargain.

“Well, come here then!” grinned the commissioner. Maria hesitated, but stood up, took a step around the table and stopped next to the commissioner. His right hand went in a flash along her thigh up under her skirt and lifted it a little bit, greedily groping for her exposed pubic. She reached defensively for his hand and pulled free of him. She stood quietly for a moment, holding his paw, then released him and walked over to the bed, shoulders drooping. Jim held his breath as she lowered herself onto the bed with her eyes closed. The commissioner had already jumped up and walked over to her, in one fluid motion he slipped his suspenders over his shoulders and lowered his pants to his ankles.

Jim almost cried out as he understood everything. Or at least understood what was going on now; because how the whole thing had come about over the last few months between Maria and the horny commissioner or the horny shepherd, he had no way of knowing, he had only been with her for a few days. He felt a thick lump in his throat as he looked over at the bed through his peephole again. Maria said loudly that he shouldn’t lie on top of her, he was too heavy. He

couldn't see Maria's face right away because the headboard was at the other end, but he saw her thighs and her hips and the hand with which she was slowly unbuttoning the house dress. His heart raced when he could see her naked cleft in her hairy pubic. Then the broad back of the massive commissioner obscured his view for a moment, groaning as he knelt on the bed. His massive butt tensed as he grabbed Maria's legs left and right and wrapped her thighs around his hips. Jim could see between his thighs Maria's dark pubic hair and wet glistening cleft. He had to pull himself together not to go crazy, because one thing he knew: now the unspeakable would happen again, now the cock would bore into Maria's cleft.

It took a very long time. The commissioner pushed and pushed Maria, who was lying on her back with her eyes closed. He changed her position more and more, lifting her legs higher and higher. Jim's heart was hammering with anger and fear for Maria, but still he stood frozen and watched, just had to watch. He felt ashamed because his fear and indignation were covered by an indomitable curiosity. He saw Maria's face every few moments. She kept her eyes closed and looked transfixed. Between the commissioner's broad thighs he saw his balls dangling back and forth, but as he lifted Maria higher he also saw his cock burrowing into Maria's cleft. It was certainly a little smaller than McGillian's, about the size of his own. Jim didn't want to look too closely at first, but curiosity got the better of him. Maria's crack was wet, she was rubbing her hole really fast and the commissioner was fucking her really hard. His ass cheeks suddenly tightened, he stopped thrusting and held Maria's legs very tightly. Maria made a quick movement with her abdomen that made the cock, which was just starting to throb and pump, slide out of her hole. His whitish sauce squirted and ran down her thighs as the commissioner cursed profanely.

"That doesn't count, that was only half!" the commissioner grumbled and cursed again. He was beside himself and insulted Maria with mean words. Jim's heart clenched in fear because he didn't know what exactly had been going on and why the commissioner was so angry with Maria. The commissioner was still kneeling in front of her and holding her down, whispering incessantly in Maria's ear. Jim could not understand anything, but he could see that she kept shak-

ing her head in denial. The commissar continued to whisper and Maria listened with her eyes closed. Then quite a while passed in complete silence.

Again the commissar whispered. After a while Maria moved, her hand groped along the corrupt commissioner's massive body and touched his half-stiff cock. Thoughtfully she stroked and rubbed it until it stiffened again surprisingly quickly. The commissioner gasped with satisfaction and knelt up again, penetrating Maria's hole brutally with a jerk. Maria gasped in fright, the cop thrusting and thrusting mercilessly as he fucked, and Maria pleaded in a low voice for him to please–please not cum inside! Jim could not take his eyes off the sight of her naked hole, which she was rubbing hard as before, with the wet cock driving wildly inside. This time it took quite a long time, and Jim suddenly heard Maria. She had only gasped loudly at first, now she was making sounds he had never heard before.

Jim suspected more than he knew that the cop was now going to spew his white juice into her, that he was going to squirt his disgusting slime in despite her pleading. The commissioner tensed up, and Jim saw that he only pulled his cock halfway out until his glans was stuck in her hole, jerking and spurting into Maria's hole. The commissar continued to fuck her after that; she reared up and let out small, sharp cries, pounding his back and tugging on him like a drowning woman as her abdomen writhed twitchingly. Again he fucked for a very long time while Maria rubbed her hole and did not stop making those sounds. The big, heavy man held Maria ironclad, pushed his cock very deep into her hole and mercilessly squirted his seed into the defenseless one, even though she made plaintive wailing sounds as he squirted. Jim watched Maria, a smile unexpectedly appearing on her contorted face. He looked at her wet, quivering hole and watched her abdomen twitch violently a few more times, suddenly seeing the wild lust and pleasure she obviously felt as she fucked. The commissioner's shrunken cock slipped out and he rolled wearily to the side. Maria sobbed restrainedly, though her abdomen still quivered a very tiny bit with pleasure, then lay still as well. Jim was puzzled because, contrary to his expectations, she was fondling the commissioner's hairy chest.

“You squirted in anyway,” she said reproachfully, “what if I get pregnant?” The commissioner shrugged and said snappishly, then it was old Mac! They were silent for a long time, then he said that he knew exactly when the horny old man visited her to drink coffee. Drinking coffee! he murmured insinuatingly.

After he had dressed again and turned to go, he said back over his shoulder that if he came back in a week, the boy would be gone, or else…. He did not finish the sentence and left.

# Jim becomes a man

Before they had gone to bed at night, Jim had looked at her nakedness with a pounding heart as she washed. He felt entitled to do so; she had allowed it, after all! Washing her vagina and labia, she made sure that he could look at everything closely. She washed her cunt very long because of the cop's squirting. She got into bed and turned out the light.

After a while Maria said into the silence, "I can hear you rubbing yourself!" Jim's heart almost stopped, then he whispered plaintively, "Yes, but it does not work!" There was a pause, then she struck a match and lit the wick. She threw back the blanket and said, come on! She looked at his hard-on as he lay with her. Jim quivered as their naked bodies touched. Maria pushed the blanket to the floor so they were both naked next to each other and reached for his cock. Very gently she gave him a handjob and after a short while he was squirting, just like with the widow! The silly peeing sensation didn't come, just a violent, pleasurable thrusting as he squirted.

Maria caressed his cock and stroked his face. They whispered how nice the first time was for him — that the widow made him squirt regularly, he concealed. Maria did not have a particularly pretty face, on the contrary, but a slim, beautiful body and firm, round breasts. She took his hand and guided him all over her body. You must know how a girl feels and showed him how to caress her breasts. Later she guided his hand to her pubic and explained everything to him. Labia majora, labia minora and the vagina, which he should feel very carefully. Then she guided his finger further, this is the clit, we girls rub it for our pleasure, but we don't squirt like you guys. She guided his finger and showed him how girls rub their clit. Then she let go of his finger and told him to keep doing it. She does it every night, if he never heard her before? but he shook his head in denial. Maybe because I rub myself and don't hear anything because I fall asleep right away, he added.

Jim had gotten hard rubbing her clit and whispered that he wanted to be a pig too. Don't get it, she said, and he whispered, a pig

like McGillian and the commissioner, they got to do her, after all, and be pigs. “I’m so grateful to you that you didn’t give me up to the stinking commissioner and let him inside you in return. Squirt in the vagina, he added, and she hugged him warmly.

It didn’t matter to her at all that he wasn’t even fifteen yet. He was big, strong and smarter than some 16–year olds in her village. She was, after all, not quite 16 yet either, and had only been able to hold her own in her small crowd of admirers by giving the hormone-addled boys a hand job when they were unstoppable in their lechery. Only a few – there were two – were allowed to fuck her after McGillian had brutally deflowered her before her 13th birthday. She had been crying because her parents had died in an accident just a few months earlier. It was also McGillian who took her violently two or three times a month and she gradually got used to it, even though she deeply detested him.

Maria was already slightly aroused from the stroking and clit rubbing and knew exactly what he wanted, but she said she wanted to hear it from him herself. After a short pause he whispered, “into your vagina, with my cock in your vagina.” She nodded and motioned for him to lie on top of her. With one hand she directed his cock and Jim was so overwhelmed that he immediately squirted. Maria laughed brightly and told him to take a little more time, but leave it in her vagina. “It squirted in,” he whispered in panic, but she reassured him, at your age you can’t get a girl pregnant yet. She stroked his buttocks and whispered, we’ll wait until it goes again. Whispering she told him everything, the masturbating since childhood, the rapes by McGillian and the many handjobs, and of the two boys she had fucked. The whispered stories and the caressing of her butt cheeks excited him and after a few minutes he stiffened again. Now he could fuck again and Maria rubbed her clit. Go ahead and pleasure yourself, he commented completely redundantly and she nodded with a smile. Despite his concentration on fucking, he watched her very closely as she orgasmed and after a short while continued to masturbate. The scales fell from his eyes: Maria’s masturbation was exactly like the widow’s chafing! How stupid he must have been not to realize it!

Maria used the pauses wisely and enlightened him very comprehensively about sexuality, for he had to admit that he had never been enlightened before and had only picked up a bit of knowledge in passing. Including all the misinformation, Maria growled. I'll explain everything to you in detail and if you don't understand something right away, just ask, she added mildly. Child-making and child-bearing, genitals and their functions, venereal diseases and contraception, female and male masturbation. She was a true Gael and the stupidities of the Victorian way of life did not find their way into her culture. Sex was not just for making babies, but for experiencing physical pleasure. Masturbation was not a sin, but a normal, acceptable and healthy function. Here she criticized Janet for the first time, but relented for his sake, saying that bigotry and babbling about sins were outmoded and not conducive to bringing pleasure to people. Jim swallowed and nodded, for that Janet was a little mad he knew, of course. But she was his benefactor and virtually his mother. Mary hugged him and comforted him. Not only did she have exceptional social skills, but she was at the top of her class, even though she could only go to school three days a week because of work. Jim knew it and was grateful to her for her precise enlightenment.

They screwed until dawn.

When McGillian came by again, he experienced his painful miracle. Jim took the shepherd's crook out of his hand under the door and smashed it across the skull of the completely surprised man. He held him on the ground with the staff on his chest and yelled at him that he had better never come back or else — he threatened with the staff. The old man was bleeding from a slight head wound. Get out of here and never come back! Jim yelled and kicked him in the balls three or four times.

Maria had turned to a wise woman about getting pregnant and was now drinking her tea and smearing the ointment into her vagina when the commissioner came. He came completely in vain, because the boy was gone. He remained as if he had disappeared from the face of the earth. Probably McGillian had drunk too much again when he claimed that Jim had almost killed him. Still, the superintendent fucked Maria every week; she couldn't get him away from

that. Jim watched through the peephole and suppressed his anger, though he was glad Maria was protected with tea and ointment. She knew he was hiding in a chest in the basement, of course, but he had also figured out that she had no idea about the peephole; he would have to confess it to her later.

She didn't care that the inspector took more time and did it twice. She concentrated on masturbating while he thrust and enjoyed each orgasm that made her smile. When he came to squirt in her vagina, she clutched him tightly and smiled because she enjoyed fucking and masturbating thinking of Jim doing it much better. Despite everything, she didn't resist the commissioner anymore and enjoyed being fucked, she liked it a lot. She kept her eyes lowered when he called her ugly toad or disgusting whore after fucking her. She knew who was the toad here.

Despite this, he came back every week because the young girl, who lived all alone on the coast, was easy prey and didn't fight back. Jim was incensed every time the commissioner fucked Maria and contemplated revenge. Then, a flash of inspiration! Maria, who now always knew when the commissioner was coming, coated her vagina with pepper powder, paprika and poisonous yellow rosehip, even though it burned like hell. After fucking, the cock swelled painfully, after hours it got itchy pustules. The commissioner's cock continued to burn for weeks, he cursed like a cab driver and was sure that she had infected him with something.

He never came back.

## The widow’s delight

After weeks came good news. The old baron had gone through all the eyewitnesses of the boxing match and had come to a different conclusion. Guilty was his son, who had yanked a girl — it was Maria — by the hair and pushed her to the ground because she refused to give him a hand job. Jim had only intervened in chivalrous fashion, one word following another, and in the ensuing scuffle Jim had knocked the baron’s son to the ground with a broken, bleeding nose. The baron — who was not fond of his son anyway, because his dying wife confessed to him on her deathbed that her son was the fruit of her decades-long affair with her confessor — so the baron resolutely went to court and withdrew his complaint. The Baron wrote a long letter to Jim and enclosed a copy of the court order, gave it to a friend of Jim’s who, of course, knew exactly where Maria lived and that Jim was probably with her. Jim did a happy dance with Maria when they read it. There were still a few weeks of school vacation, but he biked to the nearest small village to the pay phone. The widow Plunkett was very pleased that he was well and of course she had kept his room free for him to just come. He told her the approximate date when he could return.

Jim was happy to help Maria with the work and she was able to sell more mussels and crabs than ever before. With the extra income they beautified the old fishing hut, which had only one living room, bought a nice, bigger bed, chairs and renewed many utensils. The time to say goodbye was approaching and Jim promised to cycle the 12km to her every weekend. So, after heavy fucking, kisses and hugs, he swung himself onto his bike and set off.

The widow received him like the prodigal son, because the young widow for a good ten years lived in a bigoted, biblical world, probably not an hour passed without at least a silent push prayer. *She almost never went to church. She was only 36 years old and would probably like to have a new husband, but her bigotry and the haggard, sad face made all suitors turn cock. And — that could be safely assumed — since the death of her husband she had quite a roof dam-*

*age — bigotry, the incessant praying and her totally twisted sexual ideas included! At the death of her husband she was barely 25 and her sexuality had only just awakened, she had hardly touched her clitoris before and now she masturbated as often as sinful desire forced her to, daily. She stayed alone for the first few months, but then she allowed herself to be invited to dinner three or four times a week. As was the custom in those days, the cavaliers expected sex afterwards as a reward. For the Widow Janet this was no problem, she willingly gave handjobs or let him squirt in her mouth. Fucking she did not want in any case, but if he wanted to caress her pubic, then he was allowed, gladly. They all groped her cunt, rubbed her clit haphazardly or explored her little hole while she masturbated and let his cock squirt in her mouth. She didn't let any of them fuck, she made that clear to all of them from the start.*

*Once only, she was tempted. The suitor was a thoroughly nice and pleasant person, in the car he palpated her cunt even before she touched his cock. What he was doing was masterful and gasping with effort she listened that his wife much preferred masturbating and never wanted to be fucked. He seemed a little puzzled himself, but he had never fucked his wife, even on their wedding night she only wanted to be fucked in the mouth as she had from the beginning of their acquaintance. In her vagina he had never fucked, because she did not want to give up her virginity and was terrified of pregnancy or childbirth. She had never really fucked a man before. He almost always fucked and squirted in her mouth, she really liked the violence involved. He had no idea why she loved his violence in rough mouth fucking so much, but she was crystal clear in her desires. She gagged and gasped with pleasure when he held her head roughly by her hair and fucked her mouth very hard like a steam engine. She pressed her lips together very tightly with a distorted grin to give him a nice fucking experience. She had learned very early to suppress gagging as his big cock poked quite deep in her throat. But she wanted it, she wanted it badly with a bit of force, she literally forced him to do it. She did everything she could not to hurt his cock, but mostly she bit his cock very gently as he squirted, he seemed to like that. A blissful glow slid over her face when she swallowed his cum. Only very rarely did she give him a handjob. She*

*herself masturbated insanely often and had taught him over time everything how to masturbate a woman properly. Since he was a wealthy merchant and she did not have to work, she always had time for masturbating.*

*He rubbed Janet while he told all this, and she had already orgasmed twice, gasping and moaning with pleasure. Now he was silent, concentrating on her clit and gradually rubbing her to the best orgasm in a long time. She cringed as she screamed in orgasm like she was out of her mind! He grinned in satisfaction as she calmed down. Letting a man cum in her mouth to finish the handjob and swallow the cum was fine with her, but getting fucked in the mouth seemed too violent to her from his description. She flatly refused, even though he was offended. Nevertheless, she was highly aroused and wanted to be fucked. She had gone years without, now she felt a burning, pulling desire in her sinful abdomen. She wrestled with her bigoted conscience as to whether this was adultery. She finally said he could fuck her, really fuck her! He looked up in amazement and she affirmed, you may fuck in my vagina! Quickly she took off her panties, lay on her back and willingly opened her thighs. He turned out to be a terrible klutz, he just didn't find her hole, his cock poked and prodded between her labia, didn't find the vaginal entrance of course and after a few moments of senseless thrusting pressed his glans on her hole. Without penetrating further, he thrust his thick glans at the vaginal entrance, thrusting and thrusting, finally bringing the tip of the glans into the vagina. Almost instantly he spurted at it, squirting his seed grunting into her little hole. She felt the squirting in her vagina for the first time in her widow's life, felt each jet of semen as it squirted in and bit her lips in delight — maybe she had just conceived? He thrust and squirted for a very long time, much longer than her deceased. She had few comparisons, of course; Phil or her husband were the only ones whose squirting she knew. But she felt that he had squirted a great deal of semen into her vagina, certainly enough to impregnate her! He immediately went limp and mumbled with satisfaction that he hadn't fucked that great in a long time! Janet didn't have to ask long, he had never fucked a woman properly before, only in the mouth. Janet hugged him tightly, seriously believing that she had to finally get pregnant from so much semen, and praised his fucking*

*effusively. She straightened her clothes and wordlessly let him take her home.*

*She hung her head when later stuttering menstruation, which came only every few months, dashed her hopes. Over the next year she met him three or four more times, helping him with her hand to insert his thick club into the little hole and asking him to squirt as much as he could. She liked him to fuck her for quite a long time and thrust as brutally as a steam hammer. He grabbed her buttocks to squirt and lifted them so that her constricted vagina opened like a flower and squirted his seed in endlessly. She gave him a break, then he had to fuck her again. But the second time he had very little semen, although he fucked her again for a very long time, just like the first time. She ended this experiment, he just couldn't get her pregnant. Never again she wanted to let a cavalier get so close to her, but she discarded her resolution on the first day. She let herself be fucked by everyone and enjoyed it very much when the suitor fucked her for a very long time like a fucking machine and her vagina overflowed with semen. When the market was sucked dry of squirts and she still didn't have a child, she decided to take in a child, later maybe to adopt.*

At dinner with Jim, she drank two or three glasses of wine, white or red, as she did every night. A friend had told her that the white wine strengthened the pectoral muscles, the red the loins. In any case, she experienced the wine as exciting and it stimulated her sexually in the most pleasant way, which was just fine with her. After dinner they sat at the table for a long time and Jim had to report everything. He did, in great detail, but revealed nothing about Maria's identity. The widow listened to him with a flushed face, he told about the rapes by the shepherd and the policeman, and of course how he had gradually learned to fuck. He did it on purpose, because now he knew that she was getting her pleasure every night with the chafing.

At the end he thought he could fuck pretty well and touched her blouse, her breasts. She pushed his hand away, blushing. She blushed even more when he said that if she needed it, he would be

happy to do it to her, very happy. Of course, only if she wanted it. As if to prove it, he took out his semi-stiff cock so the widow could see that it was now as big as a grown man's.

*Of course she knew his cock. After all, before he ran away, she had bathed him every night for the past two years. He quickly gave up his attempts to masturbate, the violent palpitations and threatening need to pee deterring him. She remembered the first night she brought Jim home. Sitting on the stool in the bathroom, she had only an old, tattered housedress on, nothing else. She was sometimes careful not to spread her thighs too wide; she owed it to her shamefulness. After each effort at bathing her new child, she admonished herself to close her thighs again demurely. He allowed himself to be lathered and washed all over while bathing, his eyes wandering greedily and surreptitiously over her half-exposed body. She made him stand up and washed his bottom and scrotum conscientiously. She carefully pulled the foreskin all the way back and removed the bit of smegma. She wanted to know from him if he wanted to do it now that he was so stiff and erect? If he didn't want to rub himself and cum where his cock was almost bursting with semen pressure? But he had not really understood the question and said he had never done it himself. Only once, when his home mate Eva had shown him her sex and explained about fucking, he had to try rubbing, but he had stopped right away, because of the palpitations. Eva had then done it to him with her hand, because he was too cowardly to fuck Eva properly. That was his first and only squirt, he said with a trusting look in his eyes.*

*He shook his head when Janet asked if he didn't sometimes do this sin in secret? Only after much questioning did he stammer that it squirted on its own in his dreams at night when he dreamed of Eva's sex and her masturbating. He had to admit during Janet's interrogation that he had not seen Eva's masturbating directly because she always did it under the covers. She usually willingly let him look at her sex and fondle him as often as he wanted. But when he peeked curiously under the covers, she stopped immediately. He*

*was, of course, smart enough to sit at Eva's feet and lift the blanket with his toes. He had a good view of her legs, her thighs and her cunt of course. In the long run, of course, it was too boring for him, her finger rotated in circles,.... so what? Sometimes fast, sometimes slow her finger rotated on the hole, but nothing else happened. Actually, he would have expected that she would have to somehow reach into her hole with her fingers to perform the miracle there. No, the stupid finger just rotated in circles. There was no miracle at all!* He didn't understand the principle of masturbation at all then, Janet noted in amazement.

Almost every night it splashed all by itself, he complained, in the middle of the dream, when he dreamed of Eva straining madly and the ceiling shaking very quickly. Janet now questioned him quite vigorously, he had to tell her about Eva in great detail. She made him repeat all the details three times, trying to see Eva's cunt and masturbation with her eyes closed. Janet thoughtfully stroked his erection and said that if he rubbed himself, it was a sin, a great sin! But if she did it to him, then he was not sinning and she could continue to love him as an innocent child. He squinted into her cleavage from above, for he could not get enough of her breasts and teats. What luck he had! A pretty, very pretty woman took him in, bathed him gently and he could see her teats, her breasts on the very first day! And because she kept spreading her thighs indecently, he could see her pubic hair and cleft quite clearly under her thin house dress .... He would much rather she did him, he said timidly, squinting at her large, heavy breasts. No palpitations, no need to pee and very fine squirting!, he said, squinting at her tiny, pointy teats. She stroked his cock ever so lightly and repeated that his innocence was all important to her, so she would do it for him, that way he didn't have to sin! She had become aroused while arguing and her thighs opened unseemly wide. He must not make this sin of rubbing himself, he had to promise firmly. He squinted at her pubic cleft and promised softly. And he had to promise to come to her in the bedroom immediately in the night, if it splashed again in the dream by itself. Then the pressure of the semen would be much too great and he would run the risk of sinning! He would have to let her release him from the semen pressure and not Do the sin. He nodded silently and swallowed several times,

now she closed her thighs. She looked into his eyes questioningly for a very long time and held his erect cock very still in her hand. He didn't know what she was going to ask and looked at her hand holding his cock. She started rubbing him slowly, getting faster and faster. She masturbated him repeatedly and let him squirt one after another time until he went limp after more than an hour. He stared unblinkingly at her pubic cleft, as she strained properly and her thighs opened. This first bath day was incredibly surprising and horny! Now he was sneaking up on her every other night with his cock dripping, often even when it hadn't spurted at all. She was glad that he couldn't see her nakedness in the pitch dark bedroom, because that was considered unchaste in her twisted mind. He shyly felt his way through her pubic hair and placed his fingers on her pubic cleft while she rubbed his cock. She determinedly released him from the sexual pressure until the suffering of the erection was over. She slid his fingers from her pubic cleft and sent him to his room to sleep.

*Of course she knew his cock. She had always cleaned it conscientiously when she bathed him, rubbing his cock with the soft, lathery bath sponge for as long as it was really firm. He squirted into the bath sponge rather quickly, but afterward she continued to rub him determinedly to clean him properly and empty his seed. She had to keep his pure, untainted soul from sinful masturbation as long as she could, and relieved him every other day. She had made up this nonsense herself, but by now she firmly believed it and emphatically passed it on to Jim. On the days between baths, he would wait until the rubbing sounds from her bedroom became quite rapid, then sneak into her bedroom. Before she had even breathed her Amen!, he clutched her twitching abdomen and waited until her twitching subsided and she attended to him. He succeeded more and more often, to slip under her covers and clasp her abdomen so early that he caught the beginning of her twitching. Then only came the Amen! She warned him hoarsely that he must not touch her cunt now, not now at the Amen!, but mostly he did it anyway, but it was nothing special, she just pressed her hand protectively on her violently grinding pussy. Now he crept to her even earlier and discovered*

*that the sounds were coming from her rapidly chafing hand, just like Eve's, only her hand was rotating up and down instead of in a circle. She did not stop chafing until her abdomen jerked. He was too innocent and naive to unravel the wonder, to correctly classify the chafing, he knew nothing about masturbating. Was it wantonness or horniness when she sometimes pressed his glans between her labia while squirting and let it squirt into her vaginal vestibule, as Phyllis did then? It was clearly her unchaste desire when she spread wide and pressed the tip of his glans into her little hole, the glans itself was much too thick and did not fit in her little hole. She rubbed it really hard and his semen squirted into the little hole. Anyway, he never noticed, he only thought about squirting. She was quite sure that he never noticed that she let him squirt into her little hole, at least she hoped so. This jockey-position was finally the one they both liked, she masturbated like a man and sometimes let him squirt in her vaginal vestibule or in her little hole. But it only worked in the completely darkened bedroom where they couldn't see each other and there was nothing unchaste about him clutching her naked abdomen or rubbing his little sack against her convulsions. Where she did not have to hide her body whipped by sinful desire, her unchaste desire. They both couldn't see any of their mutual nakedness, so it wasn't bad unchastity either. Basta!*

*She sometimes questioned him gently about what he thought about her chafing, but the innocent boy really didn't think it was masturbation, it was just as boring as Eva's grinding, he said disparagingly. It sounded unbelievable, but it was just like that. In time he came to her very early and sat on her like a jockey even before she began to masturbate. Her finger rubbed the clit very slowly and at the same time his little sack, which he pressed firmly on her pussy. Her finger always rubbed up and down, never sideways or in circles. She always started slowly, up and down, and slowly increased. Only at the end did she wipe as fast as she could. Then only one finger remained firmly on the clit, the others she spread off and rubbed very quickly from the wrist. Not infrequently he had to squirt during this fast fanning. That usually triggered her orgasm*

*as well and she happily clutched his wet cock for as long as she orgasmed.*

*She had explained to him the first time that it was nothing sexual, it was something natural when she made him squirt. All godly women like her did it, she boldly claimed, so that their boys would remain innocent and did not sin. Jim nodded briskly, for even if he didn't understand her thinking, it was good and fine what godly women did for the salvation of their boys. She did not sin and murmur the Purge Me Domine, she did a good and godly work because he did not have to do the sinful masturbation himself. She knew it from her blessed husband how much the sexual pressure drove men to sinful masturbation. She explained all this to him again and again, because that was what she wanted to believe herself. Of course, she was not as free in the brightly lit bathroom as she was in the dark bedroom where unchastity could not be seen. The darkness hid everything, no one could see when their naked bodies and private parts touched indecently, or when his erect cock inadvertently poked her labia when the jockey mounted her; she sometimes suspected that it was not accidental. The darkness hid everything when she chafed or made him squirt. The darkness covered the horniness and her sinful desire that was written all over her face. The darkness also hid the fact that she was rubbing his cock right in front of her cunt, pressing his glans inside her as she squirted. He would probably feel her warm flesh as she squirted, but certainly not see it!* Jim really didn't think he was squirting inside her vagina. Eva had explained exactly how to fuck her, even though he only wanted to do it with his index finger. The cock had to plunge very deep into the vagina, fuck violently and squirt inside. But he never penetrated Janet's vagina, she just kind of pressed his cock onto her pussy where it was so nice and warm and soft. She pressed him really hard against her pussy, rubbed him hard and he squirted, it was that easy! He was quite sure that he did not penetrate her vagina! At least, that was all she could get out of him in careful interrogation. Janet pinched her lips together resolutely and rubbed him squirting and squirting again until his erection went limp.

He almost always had to squirt twice in the bath sponge until he went limp. But she didn't count how many times he squirted in the bath sponge, instead she vigorously rubbed his cock as long as the erection lasted. Sometimes it lasted longer than half an hour to one hour, and on those days she wondered why he could squirt so many times in a row. After each squirt, she dipped the sponge into the water and soaped it with bath foam, because with the bath foam he felt the irritation much more intense and squirted faster. A sideways glance at his cock was enough to gauge the erection. He carefully hid under his almost closed eyelids that that was why it went so long on those days, because her cleavage was showing more than usual and he was enjoying the sight of her breasts and the sweet little teats. He stared at her naked, spread thighs, which she had bared up to the top so that her dress remained dry, and fantasized hornily what her cunt might look like, whether it looked something like Eva's. Several times she lost herself in fantasies or sweet memories, forgetting the time and not caring that her dress slipped all the way up and her cunt became visible. It excited him that her cunt looked just like Eva's, but was much larger and sometimes opened slightly when Janet worked hard. Her sullen face lit up and she rubbed him further and further and further with her eyes closed until she awoke after a long time. Phil, Charlene and all the many cavaliers were lost in the mist. She passed over his half-hearted attempts when he said she wouldn't get her clothes wet if she undressed while bathing. Fiddle-dee-dee, she thought, he was never allowed to see her naked! Because that was very sinful! she said with feigned disgust, only unchaste women showed themselves naked, and she was not unchaste!

But already a few days later she took off her thin house dress shamefacedly and with a shy look and got naked into the tub with him. One leg in the water, the other on the edge of the bathtub. She did not know what power compelled her to present her cunt so freely. He gaped and peered, but she looked at him sternly as he curiously palmed her pubic and labia with his hand. She sighed as the curious fingers probed the vaginal vestibule and the little hole. She wanted to withdraw from him immediately, but a higher power forced her to patiently hold out her naked cunt to him. Nevertheless, she snorted indignantly when he stuck his index finger into her hole with pinpoint accuracy. "Your hole is much smaller than Eva's," he whispered

in amazement. To her astonishment, he squirted almost at the same instant as his finger penetrated deep into her vagina. He reluctantly let her go as she sat down in the water. When she masturbated him sitting in the bathwater, he had to face her, his cock just inches from her face. She held a hand out in front when he squirted in the bath sponge. She never let him squirt on her face, she didn't like that at all. Later she held his cock so that it squirted into the water or onto her breasts. Still, he kept squirting on her face, even though she scolded him a lot afterwards. On the breast, on the breast! he suggested. She picked up a lathered breast with one hand and lifted the heavy thing. She left off the bath sponge and rubbed it gently. His glans she let dance on her breast, rubbed it quickly and let it splash on the teat. He hummed with pleasure, they had found a good solution. For herself, rubbing his glans on her breast was not sexually arousing, although the touches on her teat sent pleasant shivers down her spine. It was clearly a better choice than getting squirted in the face.

Many more times his fingers searched for her little hole when she put one leg on the edge of the tub and left her pubic to him. It was good for his erection, she knew, because it took only seconds until he was stiff and squirting, and somehow it did her good too. She just wasn't used to dealing with her horniness and sinful desire. She always made protesting sounds when he jabbed a finger into her tight little hole and made quick humping motions. That's how Eva explained fucking to me, he whispered. Janet nodded that this was correct, and instantly his cock squirted without her touching it. But this sinless squirting soon ceased and she only let him finger fuck her hole briefly, which he silently accepted. His erection unfolded magnificently in anticipation as soon as she lathered up the bath sponge. No sooner had she started rubbing his cock with the lathering bath sponge than he spurted with a moan and reached greedily and hornily for her breasts. She sighed, for surely this was only a small sin, but she let him. This made her feel much less remorseful than having his finger penetrate her vagina, only to squirt sinlessly. From time to time she whistled at the remorse because her horniness was stronger than the bigotry and presented her pubis demandingly. She spread the labia with her fingers and inserted his finger herself her vagina. She enjoyed the finger fucking for a few minutes, then

touched his glans and immediately his semen splashed over her hand. As the heavy drops slapped her fingers, she soothed the remorse by saying that she was only doing it to make him squirt quickly and effortlessly, not because of the finger fucking. Nevertheless, she was very depressed because she felt quite violently the sinful desire to be fucked and let herself finger fuck more often. He seemed to want it too and got into the sinful act as the automatic squirting went again. She seriously considered teaching him to finger fuck during her sinful chafing under the cover of darkness, but she didn't. She pushed the sinful thoughts aside and conscientiously and vigorously stripped the last droplets of semen from his cock. Mostly, however, he also took pleasure in feeling and caressing the well-rounded breasts. His fingers innocently played with her breast nipples and she always allowed it, because it did her so good! From now on, the rubbing and squirting took a long time, because he kept getting erect again and again while feeling her breasts and teats, and she had to keep rubbing him and making him squirt.

Naturally, the division into two different scenarios — bathroom and bedroom — did not last long. He came to her bedroom more and more often, and eventually every night. He wanted to squirt quite often, rubbing his cock gently to erection after the official bedtime routine. The many glasses of wine at dinner had their effect on the beautiful widow, and when he heard her horny sighing through the intermediate door that was ajar, he would sneak up to her in the dark. She always checked to see if he had an erection when he mounted her like a jockey. As a matter of course, he inserted his glans into the soft, warm flesh between her labia and waited patiently for her to finish her mindless grinding. He could feel every movement of her finger with his cock, his heart pounding as soon as she began to fan rapidly. Mostly he had to squirt when her abdomen rolled and she gripped his cock. She sighed a few times in sweet suffering, then thrust his glans deep into her flesh. To his sensation, she stuck his glans just a little way into her cleft. He could not imagine her pressing the glans halfway into her hole. He concentrated fully on her rubbing and squirting as often as he could. She gasped with pleasure when his seed spurted into her vagina in strong jets and continued to rub him. She stopped only when his cock went limp after the last spurt. She sent him to sleep and depending on whether she still felt the intoxi-

cating, sexually stimulating effects of the wine, she masturbated once more before falling asleep.

So many times she thought about it, it was all in all a good solution. She could masturbate her fill every night and fantasize so nicely about getting fucked, even if it was a bit sinful. He remained her innocent boy and did not sin as she did the cock rubbing. They both felt it was bathing and being bathed, neither thought of sex! Especially as the pious widow kept rattling off her Purge Me Domine, Amen!

He praised his newly learned fucking on the evening when he returned from Maria's. Now he stood in front of her, showing off his erect cock.

He took her hand and placed it on his cock, but she withdrew it a few moments later. The blushing widow gasped at first, as if genuinely indignant when he rubbed himself, but then she was silent for a long time, thoughtfully watching him under her thick lashes. This was very different from squirting in the bath sponge, he was masturbating for the first time in her presence. Not until I want it, she said softly, and Jim nodded briskly as he masturbated right in front of her face and lips. She didn't want to get squirted in the face, though, so with her head flushed, she grabbed his glans with two fingers and bent his cock a little to the side so he wouldn't squirt on her. She squinted at the glans and the little hole from which the semen was about to squirt out. She didn't have to think very hard that she would soon give in to his sexual impetuosity and let him fuck her. If I want it, she thought, what a load of garbage, of course I want it, but not yet! She watched the glans fill with more blood with each forward stroke and shrink again as she stroked back. She gripped a little tighter to better feel this swelling and shrinking. Jim reached the finale and rubbed really, really fast. She could feel that the glans was no longer swelling down. She was so excited that her mouth was half open. She gripped the glans even more determinedly and looked with widened eyes at the little hole, from which a thick, bright jet soon shot out, directly into her mouth! She spit the semen with disgust out, immediately! She continued to hold the glans with two fingers as his seed slapped to the floor in heavy drops, only letting go when the

spurting stopped. Her sullen, wrinkled face expressed all her despair during the squirting, for her dear, innocent boy was committing a great sin right now! She swallowed convulsively several times and said blushing shamefully, not until I want it! But when he took a tentative step towards her and greedily groped her breasts, she abruptly turned away and they went upstairs, to bed.

As she did every night before his escape, she came into his room for a goodnight kiss and to turn out the light. He pulled the covers up very slowly so that she had to see his erection. She was also no longer wearing the long, cotton nightgown, but a much shorter, silk Negligé that only barely covered her panties. He looked at her and thought she had quite a good figure despite the bra and the panties. She was tall and skinny, but her large breasts showed off her figure well, despite her bra. She sat down on the edge of the bed and let him tell her again about fucking, a clear contradiction to her massive, often disturbing bigotry. Jim observed that her hand played incessantly with the hem of her panties as he told his fuck stories. He sensed that her thoughts were racing as she listened to the obscene details and her fingers tugged restlessly at her labia under her panties. He was really a very good fucker, he said again, and if she needed it,.... But she stood up and kissed him for a long time on his forehead, on the crown of his head. Her large bosom covered his face and she propped her hand on his erection quite at random and held his cock for a long time. Then she left and closed the door. It seemed to him that she was masturbating much more violently than usual.

The next evening he was amazed when he pushed the blanket aside in a lascivious way to show her his erection. She was wearing the same negligee as before, but no bra nor panties. When she sat down at his bedside, she briefly leaned on his erection and he could catch a glimpse of her pubic cleft for a split second. First she told him about her youth in the convent boarding school and that she didn't understand anything then when her classmates whispered about that particular sin. Jim had slowly begun to masturbate while she was telling, and she put her fingers on the glans. She graduated at seventeen and was immediately married to the son of the large landowning Plunkett family, as her family expected this union to increase their empire. She could remember bleeding profusely on her wedding

night, which was generally highly praised. Her husband was a finely educated man and was more often in the library than in the fields. He was a sensitive lover and taught her all that was important to love. Jim stepped up, her face contorted at the thought of him committing that great sin again, her fingers clutched the glans frantically and he spurted high into the air.

She cried briefly, her hand again resting haphazardly on his aroused wet cock and she left it there. They did everything, she continued tearfully, to have a progenitor. But she didn't get pregnant, even though they did everything one does in lovemaking. Jim looked at her questioningly. We did it a lot, often several times a day, whenever ... when his cock could get hard. Her face ran crimson as she blurted out the word cock. "So, what else?" asked Jim, who had slowly begun to masturbate again. She turned blood red in the face again and stammered that he had once explained the boarding school sin to her and let her do it herself. How she had to masturbate in front of him, high red with shame, over and over again, because she always stopped too soon because she was afraid to continue. He made her start over so many times until she did continue and was surprised by the explosion. It was the first orgasm in her life and the only one during her marriage, she would swear to God. She never did it again as long as he lived, although her husband kept asking if she was doing it to herself. The widow paused briefly and clasped the glans with two fingers as Jim gasped and spurted. She gasped, for she did not want him to sin.

Her husband never masturbated either, although she knew that from before, and never let him give her a hand job either. Instead, he very carefully taught her to masturbate him in her mouth, only there she was allowed to touch his cock and rub it vigorously to make it squirt into her mouth and swallow the semen. That was very important for him, she said, when I had my period, because the poor guy had to squirt every day. Does he do that too, squirt in her mouth, she asked, absently and as if quite by accident touching his cock, with the other woman you were hiding with? No, Jim confessed, and again gave a long, rambling account of what he had learned about fucking, and she felt his erection slowly growing under her hand. We need to get closer, but only gradually, she thought. She lifted his erect cock,

her thumb and forefinger forming a ring around his glans. I want to make the sin for you, she said, and rubbed the glans, faster and faster, making him squirt between her two fingers. But when he started talking again about how much he wanted to do it to her when she needed it, she took her hand off his cock and stood up. The goodnight kiss lasted very long and he felt her breasts and nipples on his face. She didn't close the door completely and he could hear her committing the boarding school sin aloud for a very long time.

When she sat at the edge of the bed and told or listened to him, he saw her fingers under the Negligé playing with the labia, usually a finger cheekily twitched to the clit, but only very briefly. She seemed indifferent to the fact that he could look directly under the Negligé. Her hand was no longer randomly groping for his cock, but deliberately. Since he no longer covered himself when she came in, she pulled the blanket up only to his ankles. Thoughtfully, she touched the cock, then went back to telling in great detail how she had masturbated her husband's cock in her mouth. She pulled Jim's foreskin back and forth with gentle motions, but it wasn't a handjob. Jim's hand slid up her thigh, touched her labia, and rested motionless on her clit as she stroked his foreskin. He immediately rubbed her clit, but she instantly grabbed his hand and stopped him, "No, please don't!" He kept his hand very still on her pubic cleft and sometimes he stroked the clit a little because she allowed it and stopped holding his hand back while she masturbated him. It excited him very much that her other hand played with her labia and clit as if absently while she put her fingers around his glans in a ring while he masturbated. When he came to squirt, she would pull and tug on her clit as if absently. But soon after he had squirted, she rose and the prolonged goodnight kiss followed, during which she covered his face with her large breasts. Would you like to play a little with my teats, she asked in passing. Instinctively he reached under the Negligé and with both hands on her breasts. They were big and soft and the nipples were hard and small. She liked that he touched and caressed her breasts and her pubic was exposed. She let him, for this was very fine for her.

From now on he lay naked on his bed when she came in. She caressed him all over his body and grabbed finally his cock. Silently, she moved her lips and gave him a very strange hand job that was

quite different from Maria's when she had her period. Janet — he was too old to keep calling her Mom — Janet stroked his foreskin over the glans and back again, very slowly and deliberately, and murmured her bigoted prayers. This wasn't a hand job, this was just stroking, he could just feel his foreskin stretching over his glans and being pulled back again. Earlier, with the bath sponge, she had done it vigorously and quickly. Her hand, as light as the violinist's hand leading the bow at the sul tasto, pulled the foreskin over the glans again and again. He stroked her clit just as lightly and slowly, feeling it stiffen. The mutual stroking went on for a very long time until, unexpectedly, his semen slowly oozed from his glans. No thrusting, no squirting. It simply oozed out of his glans.

He was irritated and even more so when she leaned down and took his cock in her mouth. It was such a nice feeling, warm and loving her lips played around his cock and her tongue licked the glans. She licked his cock and swallowed his semen. He still had an erection, she took his hand and put it on his cock promptly. He masturbated and watched her as she nervously tugged at her labia and clit. When he began to cum, she put her mouth over the glans and swallowed his seed. She licked his glans until the cock softened. Unexpectedly, she stood up and the goodnight kiss came on his forehead. She didn't mind her cunt being exposed as he slid his semen wet hands under her Negligé and lifted it. You like to play a little breast, don't you? she asked purely rhetorically. He fondled her breasts and nipples for minutes, as he always did, before she left.

Evening after evening she rubbed his glans with patience and slowness, licking, slurping and swallowing his seed. As long as he remained restrained and she didn't try to masturbate, he was allowed to caress her skinny labia and clit. He enjoyed the play of her tongue and lips. When she stopped, he rubbed quickly and she sucked and lapped up the semen. A few times he was too lazy to masturbate himself and let her masturbate his glans three times in a row. She was proud that she could do it so well that he preferred to let her do it, even though it took so much longer. She made it as piggish as she could. As always when she masturbated him, she played with her labia with her other hand and the closer it got to squirting, the faster she tugged and tugged at her clit. She didn't seem to be rubbing the

clit consciously, it almost happened on its own. More than once he had the impression that she winced when she paused in the rubbing after rubbing her clit for a few seconds as if she were foolish. He wasn't sure how far she had gone, because she immediately continued with his cock. She was glad that her innocent boy never noticed her little secret orgasms, she would have been ashamed to death otherwise. And always she ruefully took it upon herself to stop rubbing her clit when she masturbated him. Yet she did it more and more often, more and more obviously. She didn't want to masturbate him the way he did himself, but the way she wanted him to. Her thumb and forefinger formed a ring, which she danced up and down quickly and firmly on his glans. We're getting closer, she thought each time she made him squirt and swallowed his seed. She crossed herself and whispered Amen! "Like to play with the breasts, don't you?" she said kindly and willingly left her breasts for him to play with for a few minutes before giving him the long goodnight kiss on the top of his head.

We are getting closer, she thought, because now I want it soon! The next evening she came again, dressed only in the Negligé and sat on the edge of the bed. She ignored the blanket and immediately bent over his naked cock. He should tell about fucking again, she said, licking his glans and taking it all in her mouth. While he was telling, her hand played with her labia under the Negligé and plucked the clit incessantly, she deliberately pushed the Negligé higher and higher and let him watch quite consciously. For minutes she pulled, tugged and rubbed her clit, at the same time sucking and sucking his glans. He stared transfixed at her finger relentlessly rubbing the clit and gently groped her breasts. She rubbed the clit and surrounding flesh with abandon, at the same time licking and sucking his glans with her tongue. The steady, stroking movements of her finger made the clit get all hard. He stared steadfastly at her clit, ignoring the fact that his cock was only half erect. She mewled gurgling deeply and contentedly as he rubbed her teats quite firmly. She put her mouth so deep over his cock that she almost choked. She didn't seem to care, the rapid rubbing took her completely. She wrenched her mouth open in desperation when, after a few minutes, her abdomen heaved and twitched violently, she moaned loudly, and her finger froze in midair over her clit. For seconds her abdomen rolled and her plain-

tive moans faded softly. Abruptly she stood up and walked to the door, no squirting, no goodnight kiss, no extinguishing of the light. She stopped and seemed to want to say something, then went and left the door wide open. Jim got up to close it, but she had left her door ajar and was pulling the Negligé straight over her head.

Jim understood immediately and went to her with a bobbing erection, hugging her from behind and kissing her neck. Then he pushed her onto the bed. I've never had anyone since my husband again....., she lied unabashedly, crossing herself as she willingly spread her thighs. Jim regarded her closely. She was, after all, very tall and slender, almost scrawny. Her breasts were much larger than Mary's, but not as firm and pendulous. The dark triangle of her pubic hair ended above her cleft, her labia were not as fleshy and soft as Maria's, her vaginal opening was very tight and firm, you couldn't see her little hole right away. Her clit was a bit larger than Maria's and obviously still aroused. He bent over her and leaned his face against hers, then asked what she had said. I pray, whispered the deeply devout Widow Plunkett, I always pray, so it won't be a sin! and went on praying almost silently. Jim, who was used to Mary inserting his cock into her vagina with her hand, waited in vain and then reached down himself. The widow's vagina was quite tight and firm, not as soft and inviting as Maria's. He searched for her tiny little hole for a long time and very carefully guided his cock closer, she had clenched her vaginal muscles very tightly and made plaintive sounds when he finally found the little hole. She abruptly stopped muttering prayers when his fingers found the clit. It was all hard and firm. She drew in her breath sharply as he palpated her clit. He searched the little hole again with his finger and tried to put a finger inside. When his thumb happened to touch the clit, the tension in her vaginal muscles briefly eased a bit and he was able to very slowly insert his finger into her vagina. He slid his glans along his finger to the vaginal entrance, then pulled his finger out and was now able to press the glans into her small vaginal opening. She took an excited deep breath and the vaginal muscles gripped the glans tightly. As hard as he pressed forward, she allowed his glans and cock to penetrate only millimeters at a time. Her bigoted murmur was mixed with plaintive gasps as he continued to penetrate, very slowly and very deeply, until he felt the cervix.

Since Jim had masturbated extensively the nights before, there was no danger of him squirting too soon. Her vagina was very tight and only a little wet, so that his cock was tightly embraced by her cramped vaginal muscles. Do you like to squirt already? she asked again and again. He fucked her very slowly and persistently, his glans pushing firmly against her cervix. Not yet, not yet? she asked in between and he grumbled, we still have a long way to go. Again and again she interrupted the murmured prayers and whispered if he was already squirting. He shook his head and she fell silent. She held him tightly, praying silently and making no move to rub her clit. So he reached down between their bodies and rubbed her clit. She clawed her fingernails into his back at the first moment and stopped praying in shock. What is he doing, what is he doing, she whispered. But then she murmured one prayer after another aloud the more aroused she became. Before orgasm, her loudly breathed yes, yes, yes! relieved the praying, and in orgasm she gasped small, pointed sounds into Jim's ear. He gave her and himself a little breather before continuing.

The second orgasm, on the other hand, was very violent and Jim had to take good care not to be shaken out by her convulsions. He couldn't hold back any longer and was now fucking wildly and rapidly while she gasped her prayers and had to swallow tiny climaxes over and over again. Just before he squirted, he kissed her on the mouth and his tongue sought hers. Then he discharged explosively, she could feel the squirting very clearly, with each thrust she felt a solid jet spurt into her vagina. He left his cock in her vagina until it slowly softened. Amen! she breathed in awe. Exhausted, he slid to her side, gasping for breath.

After that, it bubbled out of her, this would be very different than with her husband. She knew no orgasms, she claimed, and had only one in their years of marriage, when he showed her the boarding school sin. He never touched my clit while fucking, she said reproachfully, we could have had it so much nicer! She had believed then to lie there godly and hold out her vagina to him until he had cum, that was right. But he always fucked and squirted very quickly, so that the duty lasted barely a minute. She found it more and more interesting to take his cock in her mouth and then rub his cock. This

lasted much longer and always gave her a sense of power to make him squirt quickly or late. Her husband kept wanting to know if she was doing it to herself, if she was rubbing her clit? But she swore to him that she would never do it herself. No, not even a little bit! Jim found it very strange that she was so secretive about her masturbation. He had always noticed during the past weeks when she secretly played with her clit and orgasmed inconspicuously during handjobs or cock sucking. Now, too, just before they fucked, she had done it quite openly and without hiding it, out of sheer horniness. She was obviously very ambivalent about this matter. On the one hand she did it quite openly in his presence, on the other hand she kept claiming not to do it. He did not understand her ambivalent behavior with the best will in the world. Then they lay side by side in silence until he went back to his room.

*Janet did not think for a second about contraception. On the contrary, she was 36 now and could get pregnant for maybe another seven or eight years. She longed very much for a child, fucking Jim made her hope again. He was a tall, wiry Celt and certainly had good genes to pass on. She firmly resolved to let him fuck her every chance she got and maybe get pregnant by him.*

The other day he biked to Maria's and they wrestled, fucking, on the new, big bed. During a break in the fight, they drank liquor from the bottle, though Jim held back because he didn't like the liquor. Maria, who smoked only very rarely, blew the smoke cheekily in his face and grumbled that masturbating was bland without him. He said he had fucked the widow Plunkett, Janet. Mary, who had no idea of this, moved closer with flashing eyes and he had to tell her everything in great detail. That Janet had rubbed him and made him squirt during all those years, he never told Maria.

The first days, how she sat down at his bedside. That he showed her his erection. The panties and bra left off. The hand that rested on his hard-on, tentatively stroking the foreskin. The oozing semen that she licked off and took the cock in her mouth. That she swallowed his seed and sometimes masturbated clitorally with her clit while she did him. Last night. Their stories and fucking. Maria wanted to hear ev-

erything about his four-week joyride in detail, laughed uproariously at the word boarding school sin, and wanted to know what she did afterward. Jim said she claimed to have done it only once, when her husband showed her. Never again after that, the widow claimed. That this couldn't be true because she always secretly rubbed her clit during handjobs or cock licking and had an orgasm almost every time, although she tried to hide it coyly. Jim mentioned that he had heard her masturbate very noisily every night since she had taken him in. Only he had not known then that these sounds, as well as her sighing Amen! were masturbation. Maria was also very puzzled by Janet's secrecy and said that all the girls and women she knew did it, that it was natural! She even mentioned two ancient women they both knew, and they were still doing it, even though they were older than 60 and their husbands had been in the ground for ages. In response to his question, she said that women were less shy about talking about it among themselves when they knew each other a little better. Mary could get delightfully excited at his stories and he had to keep telling her about sex with the widow.

So the weeks passed, he told the widow Plunkett nothing in detail about the sex with Maria, only that he spent the weekends with the woman who had heroically hidden him away and taught him how to fuck. The good-night kissing ritual was no more, and when she stood naked in his doorway each night, he happily followed her. He never thought about whether it was right to take turns fucking two women, and they never brought it up. He was too innocent and naive, and the women guessed that they both could only lose. Janet was happy to have sex at all, and Maria probably had someone to fuck too, he guessed, but he never asked.

Still rubbing Janet's clit, she whispered in his ear that she had only done it once, back when her husband showed her how to do it herself, and that she had never done it in front of anyone else, she just couldn't. Jim was completely confused by their differing statements and wisely kept silent. It was actually a sin, Janet whispered, but if you needed it badly, she breathed, you had to sin. She repeated this over and over, pleading for him to rub her while they fucked. Jim whispered once after months, since your husband is in heaven, you do it every night, but she kept silent. It took several days before she

finally admitted it, that she did it every day, sometimes more often. And after several more days, when Jim had stopped masturbating her while fucking her, she timidly and uncertainly felt for her clit herself. Afterwards, she asked uncertainly if that had been okay, and he answered in the affirmative. From that first hesitant time on, she always masturbated herself while fucking, to Jim's satisfaction. He was allowed to sit between her thighs during his recovery breaks and watch her masturbate up close. The spell was finally broken. But she was always terribly ashamed that she masturbated and always looked sad and pained when she orgasmed. When she had her period, she gave him a good handjob and he was allowed to cum in her mouth.

# The Widow's Secrets

Twenty years later, as she lay dying from cancer and had transferred all her possessions to him in her will, Jim sat by her bedside almost daily. I've had a wild life, she once said. They both knew what she meant. After he moved in with Mary for good, she gave up bigotry altogether and screwed her way across the county. There was probably no one between 14 and 80 that she hadn't fucked. The men loved her tight vaginal entrance more than anything, she went along with everything and was soon considered an insider tip. Another time she looked at him seriously and said that when she was dead, he would own this large city apartment and her not inconsiderable fortune, so he could easily renovate the apartment. It would be better for the children to live here and attend good schools. School education was one of the most important things a father could give his children. He promised to discuss it with Maria. Her voice was quiet and weak a week later, but she still wanted to say something important while she could. She insisted and confided in Jim two secrets she had never told anyone and asked him to keep quiet about them until she was lying in the cemetery. Her virginity and her husband's death, she told Jim, she wanted to confess to him.

At the girls' boarding school, Janet shared a room with Phyllis. They were both outsiders, spoke no Gaelic and were not involved in any girls' clubs. And they were the only ones who already had real breasts, really nice breasts – an important attribute among 16 and 17–year olds. Janet's breasts were large, firm and full like a nursing woman's. Phil's breasts were much smaller, but with noticeably large, stiff nipples that were clearly visible through all the blouses. Phil had already slipped into bed with her the first night and they talked and fondled each other under their nightgowns, especially their breasts, until they fell asleep. The next night Phil joined Janet in bed again. Janet took off her nightgown, Phil hesitated for a moment, then she took off her clothes too. In the dim light Janet realized that Phil had a cock, a little boy's cock.

Janet could appreciate it, because when Uncle Jack needed her to masturbate and she had to show him her naked cleft under her skirt,

there she saw his adult cock, from which it squirted at the end of his masturbation. To her, Phil's was a little cock like she had seen many times before in young boys. Phil told her that she only had a blind vagina, but no uterus or ovaries, but she had a real, functioning cock, but unfortunately she could not father children. She said dick, not cock, Janet thought. Phil, she said, had let dozens of boys fuck her since she turned 13, but had never fucked a girl herself – however, Janet didn't believe everything. Now she showed Janet how she masturbated and squirted. Over the next few days, she taught Janet to give her a handjob. She also showed her how to French kiss, they cuddled and kissed until they fell asleep, Janet gave her quite a few handjobs. Phil had no idea about female masturbation, she stroked Janet's pubic and labia that her heart beat up to her throat. They both thought that was it.

Then, one night, Phil wanted to fuck. Janet shook her head vigorously and said, my hymen! That wouldn't do! Phil examined her closely and said there was a big hole in the hymen. Janet said because of her period, so the blood could leak out. But Phil didn't want to get only the handjobs. They could try it out. So it came to pass that she carefully put her little boy cock through the hole and assured her that she would take care of the hymen. She was careful, and it worked. Janet got a strong palpitation at the end of being fucked and Phil was blissful to squirt very gently in her vagina. Janet said after some time the fucking was too dangerous for her hymen, they would have to do it differently, the hole was already getting bigger.

Phil was only allowed to keep her little cock in Janet's vagina completely still, but not fuck her, then they French kissed deeply and stroked each other intensely until Phil's little cock started to throb and cum deep in her vagina. But that only worked for a very short time. Janet was very concerned that Phil might further damage her hymen, and out of this distress she devised the method they used to fuck until school ended. She formed a tunnel with one or both hands in front of her vaginal entrance where Phil's cock could fuck as hard and as fast as she wanted. This way she could make sure exactly that only the tip of the glans entered the vaginal vestibule, especially when Phil went wild and cum.

A second method Phil also quite liked. Janet held her glans with one hand and moved the glans back and forth, up and down and in circles in the vaginal vestibule with slow and faster movements. With the other hand, she rubbed the shaft of Phil's cock just as she did with the handjob. With either method, her hymen was no longer at risk.

From now on they fucked every night until the end of the school year, as often as Phil could, but only in the tunnel of hands in front of the vaginal entrance. Janet made sure Phil's cock only fucked in her hands and of course allowed the glans to rhythmically bump against her labia, this made her heart pound. When Phil squirted, Janet held the glans tightly and squeezed out the last droplets of semen at the end. She always looked forward to the fucking and the heart pounding, Phil could fuck quite wonderfully. Most of the time they had to take breaks because Janet almost couldn't stand the palpitations. Often, however, they would cuddle during the breaks and rub their bodies together. Janet dipped her fingers into Phil's vagina and fucked her until she squirted. She moved on to teasing Phil's vagina and reaching forward for his cock with long, erotic strokes. It worked best when she grasped the shaft and rubbed it like a handjob while simultaneously finger-fucking Phil's vagina. Phil loved to cum while doing this and wanted a second one right away. Janet was reassured because Phil was no longer actively fucking her and her hymen was not at risk.

Phil told in great detail how fucking with the guys was and that very few dared to attack her cock (Janet corrected with herself: little cock) and rub it until she squirted. Mostly she had to do it herself. At some point Phil admitted that he had already fucked three girls. One could already fuck guys and was curious to do it with a half-woman. They did it a few times, then the interest faded. The other two were very, very young and Phil deflowered them (which Janet didn't believe her). One came to her more often after the first time and they fucked for weeks.

Janet saw through the cunning girl's reasoning and shook her head vigorously, she had to keep her virginity, no matter what. Still, she enjoyed the narration during the lulls and when she closed her

eyes she saw it all in front of her, the boy thrusting into Phil's vagina to the hilt while Phil masturbated. Or how Phil was squirting hard into the vaginas of the young, blossoming girls. No, she kept saying, my hymen is very important to me! She kept her virginity, even though the hole in her hymen had grown larger and larger. So she went into marriage as a virgin, even though she had been fucked for a whole school year and was certainly not an inexperienced virgin as she was expected to be. She never told anyone.

The end of her marriage was terrible. Her husband hadn't wanted to fuck her for months and had moved back to his parents' house three months earlier. He said he had to think about everything, but came every week to check on her. His visits lasted barely 10 minutes and he wouldn't talk. He fucked her every time in his hurried way. She complained about her senseless loneliness and he said that if she missed it so much, she should do it herself, that's what all lonely women did. After his visits, she suffered greatly from the rejection. She played with her clit for hours, of course, at all hours of the day– and night, but she stopped at the pounding of her heart. She found it oppressive when she was surprised by the explosion. It meant loss of control, the body twitching and writhing of its own accord, and she could do nothing about it for seconds. She much preferred it when she rubbed slowly and it came without explosion — a quiet, pleasant wriggling and then the satisfied gasp and exhale. So the clit play gave her a lot of nice moments, because meanwhile she could forget about her unhappiness and fantasize horny and voluptuous all the time. She enjoyed it much more than his short fucking.

On his last day he came as usual, but after fucking her he said he wanted to go out with her and talk about everything. She immediately agreed and also admired his new American car, a DeSoto. He headed for the vantage point above the cliffs and after parking he wanted to fuck her again in the new car. She obediently climbed into the back seat and flipped up her skirt. He took a long time and took his time before he bent over her. He didn't seem to care at all that passers-by walked by, stopped and looked inside the car. Janet's heart went cold as she realized that he was about to publicly humiliate her. She pulled her skirt down over her face and lay there with her abdomen naked, but he kept touching her sex and making his

clitplay in public. It happened for the first time that he touched her clit and he was good at it!

She gasped and moaned under her skirt, orgasming once and again as it was almost as pleasurable as she made it herself. When he paused satisfied, she cried out from under the skirt that it had not gone! He got mad and masturbated her again that she lost sight and hearing, so violent orgasms she had. But she shouted again that it didn't work and he had to go on and on. With each orgasm he spread her knees so that everyone could see the undulation and rocking of her abdomen, so that everyone could see the grinding of her vaginal muscles and her labia very clearly. He rubbed her clit again, making her quiver and tremble. People pressed their noses against the window panes and some let their tongues dance obscenely. She hid her face under her skirt and spread her legs very wide, because being masturbated did her a damn good. And exposing herself naked in front of strangers made her insanely horny. She pressed her pubic and throbbing hole forward as hard as she could as her abdomen undulated. She rocked her abdomen back and forth, moaning almost silently and restrainedly as she orgasmed. She was churning inside, did the idiot really have to seek humiliating publicity to masturbate her so wonderfully? Or did he have to shatter her expectations and talk about divorce? Her wretched husband was sweating with exertion as she cried out loudly after each orgasm that it didn't work again, driving him relentlessly to continue rubbing. Later she would not remember that he masturbated her in public for at least an hour and she had orgasm after orgasm. She felt only contempt for him, not letting her arousal show as well as it could. She stayed down and endured him fucking her intermittently for a surprisingly long time, and at one point stood up groaning. There was no love in his features, only I-fuck-my-wife-when-I-want to and a contempt with which he exposed her nakedness and sexuality in public. She was seething inside with rage at the perverted coward.

They silently followed the narrow path that led along high above the cliffs and he cautiously began to talk about the divorce. He was now dating Charlene, he said, and she was pregnant. Of course Janet knew who it was, his cousin, with whom he had been screwing since they were children together. Charlene could fuck much better than

she could and always let him watch her masturbate, he said, to hurt her and put her on the defensive. He had always been faithful to her, Janet, until three months ago, he lied. And now he wanted a divorce, he said, because of the pregnancy. They had stopped because Janet had hit herself on a rock. He jumped over to support her, but she had taken a step sideways and he tumbled past her into the depths with a horrible scream.

Or, he leapt toward her to push her over the cliff? Or, he leapt toward her, but she dodged and pushed him into the depths? Or both?

She never wanted to find out, she had no real memories of it at all. Deep in her memory lay hidden how it really was, but she never thought of it again in her life, until today.

Janet coughed and took a sip of water, then continued her story without looking at Jim.

The humiliation in the car, when he played with her naked pubis, her labia, her clit, even though curious strangers were watching, even though she had pulled her skirt over her face in shame and looked on in horror at the gloating, horny gawking underneath. He played with her clit for at least half an hour while people stood around grinning and watching and taking photographs as she orgasmed, moaning and twitching. Her heart grew colder than the icicle her heart had become. She felt victorious as she shouted and screamed orgasms to him. She felt nothing, absolutely nothing, even though he was doing everything he could to arouse her, to wring an orgasm from her clit. During this humiliation, a hatred grew inside her like she had never felt before. This wretch of a man asked for a divorce to make his mistress from youth days an honorable woman!

As she screamed at him that she would never divorce him and bumped into the stone in her rage, he lunged at her with his face contorted in fury, pure murder in his eyes. She dodged him and he braked at the last second, stopping unsteadily at the edge of the precipice, wobbling and trying desperately to regain his balance. Stones came loose from under his feet and rumbled into the abyss. With an angry yell, screaming and with all her might, she pushed

him backwards with both hands. As he desperately searched in the air for a foothold, she pushed him again with both hands, with all her strength and full of hatred, so that he plunged into the abyss with a horrible scream. She had his long-drawn-out death scream in her ear for months to come.

For everyone it was suicide in a hopeless situation, everyone knew about Charlene. He had at least left a legally valid will, already anticipating divorce. Janet got the big city apartment and a decent monthly bequest for life, Charlene got the big rest and was content. One eyewitness swore on the Bible that he had seen it all. The husband, who first raped his wife in the back seat of the car, then ran toward the precipice and jumped into the depths with a ghastly scream. And no, the wife had certainly not seen anything, she was lying half naked on the back seat and had pulled her skirt over her face. Janet said nothing about it, the police noted this statement meticulously. The solemnly sworn testimony was court-proof and not to be doubted. Janet left it at that, she was terribly tired and saw no reason to contradict. Everyone around her believed this version, no one blamed her. She wept bitterly for allowing this lie and not insisting on the truth. She did not shed a single tear because of her husband.

The day he died, Charlene stayed with her to comfort her and they both wept for her husband. Janet all at once felt only pity and sympathy for this girl who had reached for the stars and succumbed to the sweet talk of her unfaithful husband. They cried together and Charlene told how she succumbed to her husband's charms at 13 and spent her life dreaming of the man to whom she had given her virginity. If she paused, Janet embraced her and they shared long, comforting French kisses. Janet had always kissed like a man with Phil and now she kissed Charlene as intimately as she could. Charlene blurted out that he had fucked her continually during his marriage, too. They didn't fuck often because he had usually already spent himself with Janet. But when he did fuck her, it usually took a long time for him to cum, but she loved it very much and greedily sucked up his seed in her vagina. His main fetish was not fucking, but watching Charlene masturbate. No, Janet could not be angry with her, she felt a sisterly bond and her contempt for her husband was indescribable. Charlene comforted her by tearfully recounting every little detail of

the lovemaking with him over the next few hours. She closed her eyes and visualized each orgasm, describing it in great detail. Janet held her hand and shuddered comfortably as Charlene so beautifully described her own feelings, the intensity of his squirting, or her masturbation. She was young, completely naive, and never considered for a moment that she was talking to the wife who had been cuckolded a hundred times.

When they went to bed, Janet stripped completely naked, she wasn't done for the day. Charlene took off her pajamas as well after a moment's hesitation and Janet curiously looked at the younger girl's beautiful naked body. They turned out the light and clasped each other, pressing their naked bodies together comfortingly. Janet caressed and kissed the weeping Charlene, thinking of Phil and burying her fingers in Charlene's wet cunt. She caressed her body for hours, leaving no spot untouched, even the most intimate. She didn't stop when Charlene almost jumped out of her skin with bliss and horniness at every sexual touch. Very intensely she teased Charlene's cunt, stroking her clit and labia, feeling the girl's large, fleshy vagina. Charlene's vaginal entrance and vagina were much larger, fleshier and softer than her own. In contrast, the clit was much smaller than hers and so small that she had to search at first. Again and again her fingers slid over the girl's clit without masturbating her. For many minutes she teased the tiny clit without masturbating her, bringing the girl to the brink of exploding time after time. Immediately she teased the clit again, making the girl moan and squirm with pleasure when she was about to orgasm. Only when Charlene pressed Janet's hand on her wet clit again and again demanding with horniness and desire during this ordeal, she let go of her, stirred up inside. She kissed the aroused girl with long French kisses and tenderly on the mouth before she fell asleep.

She was awakened again by Charlene's wiggling as she began to masturbate. Charlene stroked her body incessantly and sighed longingly. It took a very long time before Charlene, deep in herself, began to orgasm. In the dim light Janet couldn't make out many details, but she was wide awake and got to see firsthand how Charlene started all over again, getting closer and closer to orgasm each time. She seemed to notice very late that Janet's fingers were curiously touch-

ing her labia. Charlene went into greater and greater rapture, pressing Janet's fingers inside her with her hand before gasping loudly as she came to a great orgasm. Only then did she come to and pull Janet's finger out. Janet embraced her hot, steaming body and kissed her like a man with intimate French kisses. They embraced for a long time and Charlene gently groped Janet's cunt. Janet lay down on her back and slowly began to masturbate. She was immensely aroused by Charlene pressing a finger into her tight, cramped vagina and making slow, subtly soothing humping motions. Janet took a very long time and only stopped when she triumphantly orgasmed herself in the very highest ecstasy. They hugged and kissed for a long time before falling asleep exhausted.

Charlene often stayed overnight with her after that, they cuddled and kissed, caressed each other's bodies and aroused each other's cunt. But the main event each did for herself, they masturbated themselves and the other only helped with finger fucking. Charlene's belly became rounder and rounder and her sexual appetite became insatiable. She preferred to be penetrated with a huge rubber penis while masturbating. Janet soon found out when to fuck Charlene soft and when to fuck her hard. Most of the time Charlene wanted it hard and fast, and Janet fucked her so hard and wild that she got scared of hurting Charlene. But Charlene laughed and wanted it harder, harder, faster day after day. Janet would have been very embarrassed to use the rubber penis too and blushingly refused. One evening she taught Janet how to lick her. Janet almost passed out in sweet pain as Charlene pulled her clit out with her lips as never before and floated her tongue from climax to climax. Janet just couldn't find Charlene's clit between her fleshy labia, Charlene only had a tiny one after all. Still, she licked the labia and the spot where the clit had to be and Charlene always got a nice orgasm. They both put their hands on the roly-poly belly and felt the little one wriggling happily after Charlene's orgasm.

After the birth, Charlene never came again, though they remained good friends.

Janet had later also bought a large rubber penis, which she always used when she wanted to have the fast and powerful in–herself–

thrusting while masturbating. She had to masturbate for a long time beforehand until her vagina unclenched and she could insert the rubber penis. She let the rubber penis slide in and out slowly as she masturbated. Just before she orgasmed, she grabbed it with both hands and pushed it into her vagina with increasing speed, hard and wild, until she orgasmed. She had never been fucked so hard, so fast and so intensely as she was now, when she fucked herself in and out of her vagina with the thing at breakneck speed. No man could do that, she knew. Only she could do that, with her rubber man.

## … and how it should be

Jim immediately noticed at Maria's the little pot of the Wise Woman's contraceptive ointment. In response to Jim's question, she freely replied that during the week McGillian kept showing up and she didn't want to get pregnant. I get it, Jim replied, but that he would dare come here? You're not here during the week, Maria said, the shepherd quickly found out. It's okay, she said, when he started to flare up. He comes to fuck, not to kill me! After a pause she continued, he was my first and he fucks damn good, better than the fucking commissioner! It's all right with me, here in my loneliness, that someone comes over to fuck me. She bit her tongue in time before it slipped out that she was sometimes so horny that she would have fucked anyone who came along the way. She pulled herself together and continued. I've already made it clear to him that at 54 he's too old for me and I don't want a child with him! A little calmer, she continued, he came every week, sometimes more often. In the meantime, she no longer had any anger in her and enjoyed it. Since she started using the ointment again, she let him squirt in her vagina as often as he wanted. Yes, he was very good at fucking. But, she added mischievously, you are my favorite!

Jim tried to put himself in her place and understand her point of view. Her loneliness. McGillian, who didn't hurt her anymore. Who could fuck well. Who was not a rival. Who was there when Maria needed the fucking. And Maria much preferred him, Jim, to the old man. He was the most understanding and generous person Maria had ever met. She told him so, too, not without ulterior motives.

One beautiful Sunday morning they were lying side by side in the grass, when he said that when they came of age they would marry and have children. Maria smiled and said, but sure, but until then we have to practice a lot! She nudged him chummily with her elbow and jumped up, then ran laughing to her little house and tore off her clothes as she ran…

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