

Jack X. Faber



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Volume 1

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Summer of Awakening

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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 step-mother 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. Poppycok, 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 “Uu-uuchs!” 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 exhibitionistically 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 emphasized 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.

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. Babsi's hand felt its way forward, touched Evi's stiff, pumping clit and there I exploded with horniness, squirted in bursts into Evi's 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!

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.

Patrick 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 important 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 carefully 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 heart-beat up to his neck. Then a wooden staircase creaked, he heard foot-steps 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 rain-drops 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, mewling 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-blond 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 tightly whites 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 fire. 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 god-damn 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 reprovably, saying that it was already alright! 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!

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 wonderful 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 re-filled 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 home-made. 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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