

Jack X. Faber



Jack's erotic Tales

Volume 2

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Contact the Author per e-Mail here: [mailto: JackFaber@gmx.net](mailto:JackFaber@gmx.net)

The Ride Northbound

by Jack Faber © 2010

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She was naked, totally-naked!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fingers-in-circle.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Amsterdam, here I come!

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The Silent Child

by Jack Faber © 2020

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Woodstock

by Jack Faber © 2006

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Woodstock later got up quietly and prepared breakfast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

but on the third day she undressed and sat naked on the edge of a boat. She remained seated, took a bottle of suntan oil from her beach bag and rubbed it on slowly and very, very conscientiously. Robert almost passed out, his stiff cock throbbing and he tugged and rubbed to master his horniness. Then, almost at the peak of his masturbation, their eyes met.

Robert froze in shock. Then, in an instinctive reaction, he wanted to dive off in a flash, to disappear, to run away. But she raised her hand, gestured for him to stay, and her dark, warm voice told him to stay, that she didn't mind. Indecisively he remained, only his head sticking out of the water. No, she said again, she didn't mind, on the contrary, he should just go on and then she made a clear obscene movement with her hand, so that Robert's blush rose to his face. He remained motionless in the water, stiff with shock, looking at her.

She twisted and turned as she sat, her silver-blond hair falling to her shoulders and covering the base of her already ripe, heavy breasts. Her figure seemed heavenly even to him, although she was rather plump and chubby, but her legs were slender and flawless. When she moved her legs, he saw her pubis, which to his astonishment was clean-shaven, leaving the slit visible as a fine pink line. He stared open-mouthed and she turned, lifting one leg and placing her foot on the coaming of the boat. Minutes passed without Robert being able to take his eyes off her, then she stood up and put on her bathing suit. On her way out, she said lightly that she would come tomorrow at the same time and hoped he would be back. It seemed to him that she had floated silently out the door, for it was minutes later that he awoke from his torpor. She would come, she wanted to see him again!

So nervous and restless he was, he had never had a day as long as this one. His heart was pounding like crazy thinking that she wanted to see him again! He hardly slept and ran to the beach already after breakfast, looked expectantly at the sun, whether it would soon, whether it would finally reach the noon point! Then it finally became noon. Impatiently he dived under, took another deep breath and dived into the boathouse.

His imagination was going crazy. Although she wasn't there yet, he could see her when he closed his eyes. His erection became unbearable and he rubbed himself slowly to keep the anticipation going for quite a long time. Then, after ages, she came quietly and quickly into the boathouse. She stopped indecisively and waited until her eyes adjusted to the semi-darkness, then she caught sight of him. Lightly she went to her boat, laid down the elegant beach bag, and slowly, looking at him again and again, undressed; she laid down each article of clothing as slowly and carefully as if it were the most precious thing in the world. Sunlight fell glaringly on the boat through the empty window cavities.

She sat down right here in the bright light where her immaculate nakedness stood out brightly from the dim darkness of the boathouse. She closed her eyes and seemed to shiver as, with a soft sigh, she spread her thighs slightly in infinite slowness, offering her open paradise to his eager gaze. Robert, heart pounding, stayed where he was. For minutes they just looked at each other. Then she nodded at him and made a hand gesture for him to come closer, and when he still didn't move, she quietly told him to come a little closer. Carefully he came closer until he reached the edge of the board floor about two or three meters in front of her and held on to it. She sighed and relaxed, her thighs slowly folding quite wide apart. Robert's breath caught as he strained to look up her thighs in the dim light, recognizing every detail in her cleavage. He had to swallow hard, because now she stroked one hand along her body down to her hip, then lifted one leg and boldly propped up her foot.

"Exciting, isn't it?" she asked, looking up into his face. He nodded involuntarily and looked away, for he was ashamed.

"You don't have to be afraid," she smiled softly, "I like it when you look at me!"

Robert looked to her, and sure enough, she was smiling at him. She had seen him in the water for a few days, she said, and it excited her a lot when she saw him masturbating in the water. That was fine for her, she always liked to see a boy masturbating, it was really fine for her. She liked boys masturbation very much, she had horny feel-

ings then. His gaze slid over her body again, lingering on her breasts for just a brief moment, and went lower. He glanced at her cleft and thought of Tess. He was embarrassed by his erection, though he tried to cover it with one hand under the water. The minutes ran through the hourglass while they remained motionless like this. This repeated itself over the next few days.

Once again he was at the very front by the plank, like a seal just poking his head out of the water, looking at her. She glanced to the side and Robert tried to cover his erection as usual. But the heart-racing horniness grew stronger and stronger, more and more often his hand clasped the shaft and first bent it downward, pulling it back up. He hoped that she could not see what was going on underwater and stroked himself carefully, then more and more violently. When she looked at him, he froze in mid-motion.

“No, don’t, keep going!” she said, making the obscene jerking motion with her hand, but Robert didn’t move, barely daring to breathe. But she turned her open thighs to him and smiled encouragingly, then she looked up at the ceiling rafters and, leaning on her elbows, leaned far back so that her light hair fell back. Her loins, the tender girl’s cunt between her wide-open thighs had such an electrifying effect that Robert, overtaken by his horniness, jerked off like crazy underwater and, letting out a loud sigh, cum. She had watched him, for sure. Time passed slowly as he recovered, panting. Slowly she raised her face and looked at him kindly. Somehow it seemed to him that she was triumphant. She waited a few more moments before standing up and slowly slipping on her bathing suit. Before walking out, she suddenly squatted down and gently stroked his dark mop of hair.

“It was nice, I enjoyed watching you masturbate very much, really!” she said softly smiling and stood up again, “see you tomorrow!” and floated quietly out the door. Robert was exhausted and somehow sad, but also happy and calm. She had watched him, she had touched him, she had praised him! No, she seemed to have meant it sincerely, she liked it that way. He was still confused at the thought that she wanted to arouse him with her body and that she wanted to see him jerk off. He dismissed this thought at first, but then he thought of Tess again and recalled past events. Reviewed today’s situation again

and trembled with excitement when he realized that she really meant it as she said it.

Another day he waited in vain, she did not come. He already thought that she had forgotten him or that she had changed her mind and hung around the boathouse all afternoon like a wet misery. When the sun was already very low, he trotted home and went to his room without eating, much to the amazement of the pianist and his mother. He shook his head and said, no–no, it was all right, but then he quickly went upstairs and sobbed his pain into his pillow.

She was back. He saw from a distance that she was going into the boathouse and he plunged into the water, bliss gave him wings and he swam and dived into the boathouse as if drunk. Her dismayed expression brightened as his head popped up.

She laughed and said, “I thought you weren’t coming!” and smiled as she quickly brushed off her clothes. Robert beamed inwardly and looked at her – I wonder how old she could be? She could be as 18 as 28 – he didn’t know. As she slowly slipped off her bra, she looked at him in such a strange way that it made him feel strange. Then she slipped the panties over her bottom, lifted her legs and pulled the panties over her feet. She smiled when she saw his expectant look. Then she stretched and stretched, gently stroking her breasts and hips. She sat down like a pin-up-girl from the 50s and looked at him. He held onto the floorboard with one hand and regarded her with bated breath. His eyes kept sliding to her narrow cleft and his erection came violently. He groped with one hand to his cock and held it tight. Just tight – he could have looked at her like that for a lifetime. Her eyes scanned him curiously and one eyebrow rose, lowered and rose again.

Robert still wasn’t sure if what she had said the day before yesterday still applied today. But her look told him what she expected of him. Slowly, she lifted one leg and propped it against the edge of the boat; the thigh slid gently to the side, revealing her slightly open cleft. Her gaze was firm and demanding as she slid her hand over her belly and very briefly over her labia in a definite manner. Her fingers delicately parted the labia, then she raised her hand and made that

inviting obscene hand motion again. Robert stroked himself slowly, then more and more violently, and rested his lowered head with his forehead on the hand that held him to the floorboard. He jerked and quivered as it came to him, but when he looked up he saw her gaze shine.

She beckoned him toward her, “yes, come, come even closer!” and then said, “come, sit here!” and pointed with her finger to the board floor, one–two meters in front of her. He gave a jerk, got out of the water naked as he was, and she gestured for him to sit down. Then, as he sat directly in front of her, she opened her thighs wide and said he was welcome to look at her, she leaned back. He looked at eye level into her slit, which she played her fingers around and also widened her labia. She watched in fascination as his cock slowly awoke from its resting position, became semi-stiff, and then quite passably stiff. “Do it again,” she said, “do it again, I like watching you masturbate!”

He groped for his cock and looked questioningly at her, she nodded eagerly “yes, please, do it for me!” and he began to masturbate very slowly. Unfazed she looked at his cock and his masturbating, unfazed he looked at her pussy, labia and fingers playing erratically and erratically with her clit. The longer he masturbated, the more purposefully her finger tongued the clit, which, up close, was about twice the size of Tess’. He masturbated thoughtfully, watching her keenly as her clit play became more vigorous the longer he lasted. After relatively long clit stimulation, she suddenly threw her head back, a quick trill on her clit and she orgasmed, restrained and very controlled, looking him straight in the eye. Robert saw the gleam in her eyes.

He masturbated very quickly and squirted in her direction, his semen slapping the boards and she tightened her feet so as not to get anything off. She smiled at him with bright eyes and asked if it was okay for him, and he nodded vigorously, having a thick lump in his throat. She put on her swimsuit, nodded to him very sweetly and said on her way out, well, see you tomorrow! He swam back, went to his room elated and he could have even hugged Mr. Pianist for happiness.

The next day he was already in the water when she arrived. She quickly undressed, sat down in her sunlit spot and beckoned for him to come out. She gave him an encouraging nod, opened her thighs wide so he could get a good look, and they masturbated together again. Again he delayed until she orgasmed and came second to squirt. Since it was his first orgasm of the day, he squirted all the way and his semen hit her pubic with pinpoint accuracy, as did the second jet, the rest went on the floor. She quickly got up and washed herself, but she smiled mischievously at him.

Then she sat down close, directly opposite him, and let him look, up close, watching his cock stiffen again. After a few minutes she looked at him questioningly and stroked her clit. He nodded delightedly and immediately masturbated again. She moved very close until her feet were behind him and at arm's length from him she masturbated, her gaze fixed on his cock, orgasming again in complete control and without violent kicking. Then she watched his masturbation until she realized that he was about to squirt. She pulled her labia apart with both hands and smiled promptly, letting him squirt directly onto her open vagina. She then jumped into the water and washed herself. When she had put on the bathing suit, she gave the seated Robert a kiss on the crown of his head and murmured, see you tomorrow, my dear! and went to the beach. Those were the only words spoken. Robert almost drowned with bliss, he almost forgot to swim.

At lunchtime, he was already in the boathouse when she arrived. Like yesterday, she undressed without a word and they sat down again very close to each other, smiling at each other expectantly and quite sweetly. She started to masturbate and he waited a long time until she almost came and moved a little closer, his hard-on touched her labia and she immediately stopped. He moved even closer and his cock slid into her vaginal opening. She sighed and looked into his eyes in wonder, but she embraced him at the hips and Robert could feel her pulling him to her. She wanted him, he could feel that clearly and heard her whisper softly that he could fuck her and cum all over it, it was completely safe. She kissed him several times in the middle of the mouth and whispered hoarsely, come let's fuck!

His cock was already practically in her vagina, but still he hesitated. She nibbled on his earlobe and whispered that she wanted it and that he should be allowed to squirt very deep inside her vagina, that's what she wanted, yes, really! Her whispered desire amazed him, she kept whispering and encouraging him, because she was convinced that he had never done it before. That was the special charm that made her, after two weeks of abstinence, seduce this boy, whispering horny words of love in his ear. He grabbed her by her buttocks and lifted her onto his lap, his cock sliding ever so slightly into her warm, wet vagina. She hugged him tightly and rested her head on his shoulder. He began to fuck her and she sighed and moaned in pleasure as he fucked her gently but forcefully. She looked into his eyes in wonder as she quivered a tiny bit and her vagina betrayed that she was orgasming by a slight, persistent twitch. Still gazing at him with star-sparkling eyes, he spurted instantly and she felt his hot seed shoot into her. They sat motionless embraced for a few minutes and she kissed the cheeks, neck and shoulder of the little boy she towered over by more than head length.

Robert sensed that his cock was still quite stiff in her vagina and let his hands again move from her back to her buttocks, then he pushed her very lightly and slowly to give the cock time to stiffen. She was completely astonished when their eyes met, she nodded in affirmation and willingly let him fuck her. The second time it took a long time and she noticed that he was getting a little tired. Her hand stole down, her fingers teasing her clit and she brought herself to climax very quickly. She looked into his eyes again and he felt the slight tremor and quiver of her orgasm. When it subsided, her fingers reached for his cock and she held it so that it no longer plunged all the way in, but was only partially inside her vagina. With seasoned professionalism she masturbated his cock as he was already very tired and watched his face. She could soon sense that he was ready now and took her hand away. He made two–three deep thrusts and squirted and squirted until nothing more came. They remained seated, weary and tight, embracing, and she felt his cock shrinking in her vagina.

With a grip that suggested great experience, she pulled his cock out of her cunt and jumped into the water to wash. When she came

out, she crouched down next to him and kissed him on the mouth. Robert said that he couldn't French kiss yet and she smiled and showed him. I'm Rikki, she said, I'm studying history in Munich and I'm 26. He said that he was Robert, 16 and a student, here on vacation with mom and her.... uh, lover, XY, the famous pianist. He was a little ashamed because he had made himself older. He went on to lie that he hadn't had much experience and had only seen his cousin naked and masturbating a couple of times, but masturbating he could do since he was 9, and that he sometimes did it several times a day.

But she also lied when she said she had also learned to masturbate when she was about 9 and did it every day, usually before she got up, rarely more than once. She had her first time at 17 and had only slept with 4 men so far, she did not have a steady boyfriend, she was writing her doctoral thesis and had no time for a boyfriend. But sometimes a non-committal handjob resulted, back in school, she had already done a lot of handjobs, certainly more than 150, the first time when she was 12 or 13. Almost all of this was true, except for the 4 lovers. After all, she had been financing her studies as an expensive escort-girl for about 3 years now, she was beautiful, young and educated and had probably let herself be fucked by more than 200 men. But she didn't want to tell him that.

He was happy all around, and in the hours afterward he imagined how everything would be, how everything would be different if he were just a few years older. But all this fantasizing didn't help, the next day the suitcases were packed and they went home. So gladly he would have waited until noon and gone to the boathouse to say goodbye, awkwardly kissed her goodbye and swore eternal fidelity to her; but the suitcases were packed, the cab driver seemed impatient and nervous, and his mother sent him up twice to see if anything else had been forgotten.

Robert pondered for weeks after his first time with Woodstock how he could get to Tess. And in the process, one day it just happened on its own. As he did every day on his way home from school, he walked past the house where Tess and her mother lived, but no one seemed to be there. He looked upstairs and there was Tess lying

on the bed, completely naked and out of breath. He stopped indecisively in the doorway, thinking sheepishly about what he was going to say now, because he knew immediately what he had just disturbed her with. Tess didn't feel disturbed, tapped the mattress next to her and told him to sit down. Then he sat next to her, she impatiently swallowed one of her pills and waited to see if he finally said what he wanted. Robert looked at her seriously and then he blurted out that he wanted to copulate with her. Tess nearly choked. She was almost 17 by now, pregnant and a drug addict. He was little Robert, well, they had played kid games, but that was about it.

What do you want, to copulate me!

Robert swallowed and nodded. Tess, who had earned her drug money mostly from handjob-service and casual prostitution, respectively, and who also didn't know exactly who the father of her unborn child was, marveled at the little guy's direct impudence, yet she now had great respect for his courage. She ran her hand over her belly and asked how he would have imagined it? Robert explained it to her in detail and she smiled, because that's not what she had meant, fucking she could already do quite well herself. Robert remained silent. That he was so young? And, when did you have your first time? Tess thought. She was not even 14 at that time. Robert grinned. Oh, and I'm supposed to be too young? He caressed her belly, stroked her thighs. "I don't mean any harm," he said, groping her pubic area. "I'm old enough already, and I just want it. And I don't want to do it with anyone but you. We already know each other, after all, and you are the dearest and most beautiful to me." He felt her labia very gently and stroked them.

Tess was flattered, but didn't let on and asked if it was really his first time. Robert lied: yes. Tess thought for a long time. Robert had burst in earlier in the middle of her afternoon masturbation, and actually she had wanted to continue. In pregnancy, after all, she always had lust, immense lust, and she had plenty of time to indulge that lust. Well, if she could not continue alone, then just with Robert. Yes, damn it, why not, it wasn't incest, they were only step-cousins. She looked up at Robert and nodded. Yeah, come on then!

Robert undressed in a flash and lay down next to Tess. She stroked his face and hair, she kissed him on the mouth and said that the first time was very important, that's when you should get comfortable so it would be a nice experience. Slowly she felt along his body and briefly held his semi-hard-on in her hand. Then she slid down and took Robert's cock in her mouth, her lips and tongue playing with it until it was completely stiff. She paused for a moment, then said he couldn't lie on her stomach because of the baby, but she would think of something. Quickly she took two head pillows and put them on top of each other, then she lay backwards on them. Robert stood next to the bed because he understood: so her vagina was at about the right height.

Tess lay down on the cushions and whispered, "Now come on!" then pulled her knees up and spread her thighs wide apart. Robert stood in front of the bed admiring her beautiful body. She was a very beautiful girl, but the drugs had already begun to draw her features. But her chest was flawless, her small, pregnant belly stood up well to her pubic area, which she had fashionably shaved except for a tiny strip of hair. Her labia were a soft pink and a fold of pink skin covered her small, pink stiff clit, though she spread herself quite wide. Woodstock and Rikki came into his mind and for a moment a guilty conscience seized him toward her, but he shooed away all thoughts. "You're a beautiful girl," he said to Tess, and she could tell he meant it. "Come on," she said impatiently and a little harshly, because she couldn't very well say that she had been working that poor clit for hours today, that she was still hopelessly horny and now eagerly awaiting the next orgasm.

Slowly Robert approached and had to bend down just a little bit, then his cock was in the right position. Tess closed her eyes as Robert slowly penetrated. How different Tess' cunt was! Much softer and wider than Woodstock's tight hole, although Tess was much slimmer. Rikki's vagina was also tighter and firmer than Tess's. Tess made some movements and encouraged him to finally do it. Robert obeyed and held onto Tess' knees while he fucked her. Tess relaxed, Robert stared at her face, which still twitched a bit when he thrust into it. Tess whispered for him to go ahead, Robert sped up. She grabbed his shaft with both hands and teased Robert with her fingers. He could

safely squirt, she added, she was pregnant after all, and laughed out loud. “Come on, sweetheart! Squirt, squirt me full, I need it so badly, darling!” and so on rang out her false bursts of emotion and then she held her belly with both hands as she saw him get round googly eyes. “Squirt already, damn it!” she cursed, pulling her labia apart with her fingers. Immediately he squirted, penetrating deep into her vagina and jerking as he continued to squirt, thrusting and spurting until it was over. Then he lay down beside Tess, panting heavily.

Tess asked him if his first time had been nice and Robert answered truthfully, nicer than ever. Tess asked if he had enjoyed her masturbating then and Robert said yes, it had been very appealing to him and very pleasurable. Did he like it when girls masturbate? He replied that he didn’t know, she was the only one he had ever seen masturbate. Tess continued to ask, whispering, if he knew that women can have orgasms much more often than men, and Robert nodded. Tess nodded and felt that she was in safe waters. She said she could also very often when she was filled with pleasure and then she almost couldn’t stop. Robert sleepily said he wanted to sleep for a few minutes and Tess gently stroked his hair, just sleep my little lover, just sleep, she said.

Tess was not uncomfortable with the memory of letting Robert watch her earlier, but in general she felt masturbating was very intimate and at the moment did not want him to watch her. She breathed a kiss on his forehead and waited until he was asleep with long breaths, then playfully and silently groped herself. She fantasized to herself, becoming aroused by her fantasies, and slowly and pleurably played with herself, masturbating gently and stopping immediately to continue quietly teasing herself. Robert, who had woken up, watched her secretly and got hard again. Now he turned to her and continued dozing.

Tess saw his erection and immediately stopped. She wanted to feel him inside her again, carefully she touched him. Robert awoke and looked at her questioningly. They didn’t speak a word, then Tess turned around on all fours and stretched her ass invitingly towards him. Robert understood and knelt behind her, then inserted his cock into her vagina with one hand under the crease of her ass. It didn’t go

easily, because Tess was very aroused and her vagina was swollen. He fucked Tess, who moaned softly to herself, in the same manner as Woodstock. He pulled his cock out almost all the way and pushed it in deep very quickly. He fucked her very slowly, enjoying each thrust and caressing her beautiful ass, and she caressed her clit. She was getting very close to climax when Robert felt her raging finger. Now he couldn't hold back any longer and squirted, squirting all the way deep into Tess's vagina and feeling the vagina accept the semen and milk it until nothing more came, then he sank back on his heels. Tess was nowhere near ready and kept going obsessively, suddenly throwing her head back and groaning in orgasm as her vagina worked and squeezed his seed back out and the juice ran down her thigh. She was quite disappointed, for it had ended too quickly and was unsatisfying for her, but he would probably learn that.

Robert slept a few minutes while Tess was downstairs in the kitchen squeezing a fruit juice and called his mother that she was alone and it would be very pleasant if Robert could stay with her until tomorrow, he was handy and she could use a helping hand. No sooner had she said it than she smirked at the double meaning of her words, but Robert's mother was glad as hell that her good-for-nothing son was needed elsewhere and she had a free Saturday night with her pianist. Then Tess went back upstairs to continue fucking Robert.

Robert didn't like the missionary position with pillows and the dog position very much. He asked Tess to lie on her side and penetrated from behind in the side position. She liked it because this way she had both hands free and could masturbate while being fucked or hold the baby belly with both hands when Robert was in the final and rammed quite wildly. This became their favorite position because it was good for both of them. Robert really enjoyed being able to penetrate deep into her vagina, which was especially important to him when he was squirting. Tess masturbated all the time and kept having her little orgasms. When Robert was only thrusting with difficulty the third or fourth time, she reached deep down and masturbated his cock until he could squirt.

Robert had learned quite a bit about masturbating girls from Rikki and had tried it out. He surprised Tess when he pushed her fingers

aside and masturbated her. At first he was gentle and tender and told her to sit back and relax completely. She followed, as it was very fine the way he did it. He soon started harder and Tess gasped and moaned with pleasure, but he kept increasing and she protested that it was enough, but he didn't give in and held her ironclad even though she wanted to stop. Then he brought about the finale, she gasped, whimpered and shrieked and cried out, because she had since long time not experienced such a violent orgasm. Instead of stopping abruptly, as she always did, he continued to stroke her very gently until her involuntary twitches subsided. She lay there exhausted, saying only "wow! That was great!" From now on she let him masturbate her more often, because after that she was thoroughly satisfied for a while. Fucking in the side position she liked very much and when he could stay stiff or became stiff after a rest, they fucked several times in a row.

The only time they met was when Tess was home alone. She sometimes did him with her hand when she didn't want to fuck. Her belly quickly thickened, soon she rarely dared to fuck and sucked his cock instead. Robert was not surprised, it did very good and was a good substitute. That Tess swallowed his semen confused him at first, later he got used to it, but she also sucked the cocks of her patrons. Mostly, however, when the squirting came, he was allowed to stick the glans into her vagina after the sucking and fuck her very carefully with the glans and squirt inside. Tess only allowed herself to be fucked very carefully and in slow motion, because she was hell-bent on making sure he didn't start fucking wildly and hurt her baby when he squirted.

The baby came way too soon, precipitously. After the terrible birth and the operations that followed, Tess had become infertile, skinny and sad. He visited his cousin in the hospital, but they did not meet for many months after that. She had health and financial problems, plus her stepfather was urging her to finally marry her longtime beau, but whom she thought was an idiot. Finally she broke up after 3 months, she doesn't want to marry the idiot. So after 3 months Tess called Robert's house and asked if he could come babysit.

Of course he could.

Cold Hearts

by Jack Faber © 2006

Fred worked as a corpse washer and occasional night watchman in the morgue during his medical studies, it paid very well and during the night watch he could study undisturbed. He soon found out when the professor came to check on him. Then he sat down outside the back door and smoked thoughtfully until he heard the professor coming. They then made the rounds together, checking off the dead on the list. As usual, no body was missing, all were well-behaved in the coolers. Fred knew they were all there, but the service paid good money. He couldn't even imagine how his predecessor, a poor boozier, could lose a body, and who could use a corpse for decoration or anything else.

The next time he sat and smoked for a long time before the professor came, his mind running like an old silent movie. It was always about power, about dominance over someone.

He lived alone with his mother in a small, poor apartment, they always had very little money, and since he was studying and earning some money, he forced her to go cleaning to earn some extra money too.

Since he was little, he asked where his father was, but she remained ironically silent. When he was little, he was allowed to sleep with her naked and he watched as the peck played excitedly with his little cock. Then she energetically turned off the light, shhh, now it's time to sleep! When he came to school, he first had to sleep in his side bed and again got no answer where the father was.

At 12, he learned to masturbate with his friends, but his mother scolded and ordered him to do it in the bathtub and wash it away instead of soaking the sheet! He ducked her power and obeyed, even though she ordered him to leave the bathroom door open. She seemed to enjoy her power over him and while he masturbated standing facing the wall in the bathtub, she never took her eyes off

him for a moment. Of course, he soon discovered that she was making out herself while hidden under the sheet. Her shoulder and upper arm betrayed her movements, even if he didn't know what exactly was going on.

At about this time he found out what was going on with his father. His mother came home quite drunk from one of her rare lady rounds and he was able to elicit from her that she didn't know herself. She was 16, a virgin at the time, at a tent party where they got her drunk. Afterwards the boys lured her behind the tent, where they fucked her one after the other in the grass. There must have been 12 or 15 in the pack fucking over the course of the night. Astonished, she said that she didn't feel her hymen tearing at all, but instead she orgasmed wonderfully every now and then, which pleased her very much. Fred was saddened for a while, because he knew as little as before, but he never brought it up again.

Later he changed his position while masturbating and sat on the edge of the bathtub, facing her. It was comfortable and he could rest during the breaks before continuing. He could also keep an eye on her as well as her on him and hear her sighing and soft moans during her wiggling. Most of the time she would get up afterwards and go to the bathroom, he would see her nakedness briefly as she scurried by and then have to squirt hard.

He was already almost 16, hair sprouted in the armpits and around his cock. The cock had also become larger through the many masturbations and he could masturbate very often in a row.

In the summer, cousin Inga moved in with them and stayed for a few weeks because her parents had gone to Greece. She was already in her mid-twenties, but hyperactive and unfortunately mentally completely retarded. She was blonde and short in stature, much shorter than Fred, had a crooked humpback and was spindly. Her bony body was sinewy and you could count the ribs she was so thin, her breasts were small and pointed. She had almost no pubic hair and a strongly bulging naked pubis with large brown labia, as Fred soon found out, but that was perhaps from frequent masturbation. That her mother sometimes woke up in the morning from Inga's

masturbation and stroked the little girl's head while she orgasmed was one of the few nice features of the bitter, lonely woman.

After her mother had incomprehensibly entrusted her with the secret that he always jerked off in the bathroom as soon as she arrived, Inga joined him in the bathroom every day and took every opportunity to tease him by making a horny fuss. Tense and curious, Inga watched him become erect as she stripped off her dress and stood naked in front of him, awkwardly playing childishly with her cleft as he masturbated. The mother watched unmoved from the bed, for she had already revealed to Fred on the first day that Inga was infertile, which after some thought he took as an invitation. First, Fred began to touch Inga's small breasts and rub his cock against her naked body. Inga played with his cock for a long time before finishing with a perfect handjob with a crooked mouth grinning. She was obviously very good at that and Fred liked it a lot, he wanted to squirt as often as never before.

For the first few days he was satisfied with the handjob, but then he wanted more. Moreover, her horniness took over when she had just made him squirt great. She drained the bath water and lay naked in the tub to masturbate. Fred, of course, had been watching his mother's wiggling day in and day out and sometimes dimly saw movement in the dark under the sheet, yet his eyes nearly fell out of his head the first time Inga began to work her rose between her wide spread thighs with a stupid grin. The skin around her clit was already quite dark red from all the rubbing and she was so addicted to orgasm that she kept rubbing her clit, wildly bringing herself to orgasm again and again. Soon he realized that she was also masturbating as often as she could. So she lay curled up in the bathtub, quickly rubbing her clit and grinning at him. Greedily, Fred knelt down and tried to penetrate her, but she resisted and shook her head. He was at a loss and tried several times without success, but it wasn't until she finally started orgasming violently that he was able to take advantage of her stupor and penetrate her. Her little vagina was very, very tight. She was very frightened and grabbed his cock so that it got half stuck inside and couldn't move. As her orgasm ebbed, her grip also loosened and the outpouring came as if by itself. Exhausted and will-less,

she allowed him to go in deep and squirt it all in. Fred laughed hysterically. His first time, with a moronic girl!

Fred soon found out that she was quite happy to be fucked if he masturbated her vigorously beforehand. Yes, she loved it when he held her down and masturbated her brutally, she whimpered and groaned with excitement and then truly exploded. Afterwards she was so dull that he could mount her right away. Her face took on a slightly frightened expression, although she was not afraid of being fucked. He fucked her as hard and as deep as he could push into her. She loved that fear and he loved the power; he enjoyed his power very much when she gasped and jerked at this vigorous fucking. She whimpered, but it sounded satisfied. Only when he rose up to squirt did she tear her eyes open childishly-expectantly. She couldn't stand that tension for long, though, and clutched him tightly. She gasped expectantly as he now slid his hand under her buttocks and pressed her abdomen firmly against his cock, but now she couldn't help it, her vagina opened soft and wide. He slid in even deeper and felt a soft resistance. He held her buttocks with both hands and kept fucking, spurting jet after jet into her. He felt triumphant satisfaction at the sight of her facial expression, which somehow reminded him of a frightened bunny. The mother didn't seem to care what the two of them were doing in the bathroom, she kept her eyes closed and her hand danced under the thin sheet. The sheet hid her actions, she thought, and she didn't care if you could tell her movements by the dancing of the sheet. Sometimes the sheet shifted with each movement and Fred could dimly watch her masturbation. He left it at that, letting her think that her secret was in good hands.

But when she was already done with her secret doings and could tell by the look on his face that he was about to squirt, she would sometimes jump up and burst into the bathroom, naked as she was. She acted very hypocritical, scolding and scolding jokingly, but letting her nakedness be proudly admired by them. She was, after all, a young woman in her 30s, her shoulder-length dark hair framing her face, which was rarely cheerful. She loved to caress her large breasts, which hung down full and heavy and had pointed teats. Her body and legs were slender and her hips were narrow, making her butt appear larger than it was. Her pubic area was barely hairy, as she al-

ways carefully trimmed the hair so that the beautiful pubic fold was completely exposed. When she had just played her sinful game, as she had just done, her labia, hanging out of her cleft, were also clearly visible. And she liked to be looked at and admired, often her fingers tonguing her labia as if unintentionally. That she was sexually highly active and masturbated at least twice a day, she could – so she thought at least – hide from him for a long time. Then she calmed down again, went back to the bedroom with a popo shake and muttered that nothing could happen anyway, because Inga was infertile. Usually, after masturbation, she sat naked on the bed, legs folded carelessly to the side, watching them with glittering eyes. Fred always got horny and lusty when looking at her naked cunt.

Inga had instantly pushed him back, for she was still a little afraid to be fucked so openly in front of his mother's gaze, and the rest splashed onto her thighs. She wavered between fear and horniness for a few moments, then began to masturbate unsteadily. The mother sat naked in bed, watching Inga masturbate with feverish eyes, while Fred had to take a break. The mother and he looked into each other's eyes steadfastly and aggressively; breathing heavily for a moment, she put one arm around her heavy breasts and with the other hand pulled the covers up to her knees, trying to resist his insolent gaze at her nakedness.

They were in a power struggle.

He had thought it unfair for years that she could watch him masturbate and fuck, but she tried to keep her masturbation as top secret from him. Month after month he watched her secretly masturbate under the sheet while he masturbated openly in the bathroom. Month after month he desired her more and more and cowardly put off deciding when he would take her, violently if necessary.

He felt defiant and aggressive against his mother and made her feel that he wanted to do to her all that he was doing to Inga. Soon Inga was completely withdrawn into herself and could not stop, she continued masturbating with an absent expression on her face. Instantly he made himself over her, because now she did not think of defense. He held her brutally and forced his cock into her tight and

cramped vagina despite the violent wiggling that preceded her orgasm. He gaped and stared at his mother's naked breasts and exposed pubic as he held Inga ironclad and fucked her thoughtfully, slowly. He looked at her with a look that revealed he must fuck her today. Inga clung to him, awkwardly wriggling her abdomen to make him cum quickly. Her already not pretty face gradually contorted into a stupid grimace, then she triggered her orgasm. The feeling of faintness prevented him from orgasming, and he looked proudly and haughtily into his mother's eyes as he continued to fuck Inga thoughtfully. His eyes revealed that he must fuck her today. His mother saw it in his eyes and instinctively knew very well that he was about to fuck her. She shuddered at the thought and got up unsteadily to close the bathroom door.

He had to take over somehow! He jumped out of the tub after a while and yanked the door wide open, because he wanted her to have to watch the roughhousing and fucking. Then he approached the mother with his stiff hanger, angrily tore the blanket from her body and carelessly flung it on the floor, so that she sat there completely naked and unprotected. The mother blushed violently as he grabbed her in mid-air and stared at her cunt completely unabashedly and provocatively clearly. I want to fuck you, his look betrayed, and the mother ducked down, putting her hand protectively on her cunt. He picked up Inga in the bathroom and threw her on the big bed next to his naked mother. Inga fled to her mother, who hugged her protectively, but he humped Inga from behind, spreading her buttocks with both hands and penetrating Inga's vagina. He held onto his mother, her breasts and her thighs.

He slipped off, slid out of Inga and when he penetrated again, he immediately realized it wasn't Inga's vagina and fucked away as fast as he could. The mother instantly gave a half strangled scream. He knew immediately that the power struggle had to be decided now and thrust his erect cock wildly into her vagina. Inga, lying across her breasts, obstructed her. She scowled at him and pushed the girl on top of him so that his cock slid out. He struggled, clasping her large, full breast with one hand and grabbing her hip with the other, then rammed his cock wildly into her vagina again. She was torn by her different feelings and desires, her upper half protesting shriekily and

pushing the girl against him, her lower half exulting and her thighs opening as wide as she could. She pushed him back screeching loudly, he thrust wildly into her vagina with a scream. This wild, screeching-screaming fucking evolved into an increasingly silent ballet, she pushed his cock out of her vagina and he thrust into her again. Soon they both fell silent, she thrusting back, he thrusting in. They both gasped with exertion, the struggle had been going on for a long time. He felt the typical stiffening before he squirted, after a few moments he squirted every time he entered her vagina. Although she had stopped pushing him back, each time he pulled his cock out and rammed it into her vagina again, squirting with each thrust. She howled and paused in the struggle, tearing her eyes open and whimpering like a little child all the while she was now being fucked to completion. He felt very clearly how Inga pressed her vagina from above on his cock to join in as well. He felt like fucking both of them and fucked like crazy until he felt the hot approach of his orgasm and squirted very hard. The mother seemed to want to stop the squirting and growled viciously, clenching her vaginal muscles tightly. He kept squirting anyway until he had thrust enough. He was glad that his erection still held after squirting and pushed his cock deep inside her. Inga was lying on her mother's breasts, legs spread, rubbing her vagina excitedly against her hip.

Fred paused and looked at his mother. He was not clear what she wanted, but one thing he knew was that he wanted it. Determined, he pushed Inga aside, but the mother clutched Inga like a teddy bear and pressed her protectively to her chest. Fred now had a clear view of the mother's cunt, pushed her legs apart again with his knees, and quickly penetrated her, though she protested weakly. He looked triumphantly into her eyes and began to fuck vigorously. Her gaze became unsteady and she tried again to use Inga as a buffer, but he wouldn't allow it anymore and pushed Inga aside, placing her small hand on her mother's clit. Inga immediately began to masturbate the mother's clit. The mother closed her eyes and hid her face against Inga's shoulder to avoid looking him in the eye, but she no longer resisted his shameful actions.

He continued fucking with persistence, meeting her plaintive gaze with triumph and pride. She shook all over as Inga brought her to or-

gasm, gasping and panting as it took him a very long time to squirt. “No! Don’t!” she breathed in unison as he spurted a thick jet, spurted and spurted in jets, spurted and spurted in jets. She tried to hide her lust and looked at him sternly and painfully, as if to make him feel that he was committing a monstrous sacrilege. He paid no attention to her mild–punishing looks, nor to her whispered protests. She apparently liked it, that alone counted. And that he had prevailed. Inga excited her mother’s clit with her fingers, he heard her moan pleasantly. Her protest was only very quiet when he penetrated her again. She was fucked wonderfully by both of them. She gasped and moaned in restrained complaint as her body began to shake again. Her eyes went wide from her sockets as Inga made her orgasming again. Afterwards, she lay there exhausted, letting it all passively and uninvolvedly wash over her. He just kept fucking her after her orgasm, for a long time, until he felt that he was about to squirt. She looked at him abruptly, startled, when she felt his sudden stiffening. “No! Don’t!”

Feeling her wonderfully soft, wet vagina with every fiber, he looked triumphantly into her eyes as he exploded, his thick, hot jet shooting into her vagina. He squirted jet after jet into it, not listening to her half-hearted whispered “No! Don’t!” She lowered her eyes in shame and bit her lips as he squirted, as he continued to pump for minutes, even when he was quite finished. Inga had been watching the whole thing with fearfully widened eyes, so he gave her a little pat on the butt and smiled at her until she smiled liberatedly too, because that’s how he always did it when she did something well. He stood up and strutted out with his cock bobbing, not looking at his mother. Finally, finally he had fucked her properly!

The following day she avoided all eye contact.

Then came the days when the mother came into the bathroom after his fucking with Inga, totally naked of course, and washed Inga clean. Presumably, Inga was not supposed to mess up the sheet on which the two women slept with Fred’s semen. As she leaned forward to wash Inga, Fred could clearly see her bulging labia under her thrust-out butt. He leaned against her butt from behind and watched over her shoulder as she washed Inga’s pussy and vagina with gentle

motions. He was eager to try anal sex. He grabbed her butt cheeks, pulled them apart and very slowly and carefully penetrated her asshole as deep as he could and fucked her very slowly. Apparently she liked it, he could tell by her breathing. It was nowhere near as arousing as vaginal fucking. He felt his hot rising horniness before squirting and pressed his cock very deep between her buttocks, which she moved rhythmically while washing. He stood completely motionless, leaving her to rub his cock with her buttocks and soon he was pouring comfortably into her ass, his cock sliding off and plunging deep between her bulges into her vagina. She squeezed her butt cheeks rhythmically as long as he squirted and then pretended to be annoyed and cleaned herself off.

The next day, at the same time. Fred stood behind her stretched ass again, carefully steering his hard-on between her ass cheeks with one hand until the glans was stuck between her labia. But she seemed to ignore it, because when he looked over her shoulder, he saw her teasing Inga's vagina with her fingers and masturbating the little girl. He put his hands on her butt and widened her butt cheeks, she slowly thrust backwards until his cock was all the way inside her vagina. He stood stock-still without fucking, clawing at her buttocks and moving them back and forth, virtually masturbating with her vagina. His thumb strayed into her butt hole, but he didn't notice. She, however, immediately pressed her ass against his thumb and pushed vehemently back and forth until he squirted very deep inside her. When she was done with Inga, she looked at him as if she were angry and wordlessly wiped his semen away.

This became the latest game, which they all seemed to enjoy and repeated more or less consistently every day. Inga masturbated engrossed in herself, the mother had deliberately stuck her butt out wide, thick labia bulging under her butt hole, he placed his glans between her labia. The mother let go of Inga and supported herself with both arms on the edge of the bathtub, Fred pushed himself further into her, the glans sliding gently into the vagina. He grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread them as far as they would go, widening her vaginal entrance as well. With both thumbs he pushed the thickly swollen labia apart and pushed his cock deep inside. Again he moved her buttocks with both hands and fucked with few,

careful movements. He squirted the last of the juice he had left into her vagina as she wiggled her butt cheeks rhythmically. Fred didn't mind her overly bitter look, she washed herself without a word and then they went to sleep. She scowled, for he had not lasted long enough.

At about this time he also woke up every morning and watched, quite openly and not hiding, how the mother masturbated Inga, the little one orgasmed one after the other. In the evening, at the new game, she was already standing wide-legged, deliberately presenting labia and vagina. He grabbed her buttocks with both hands and spread them as far as they would go and widened her vaginal entrance with his thumbs, then he stuck his cock even deeper into her vagina and fucked her very slowly and gently, squirting a bit of semen at the end. She let it pass silently, she was fully occupied with Inga and did not interrupt him. Fred thought he noticed that she orgasmed a tiny bit while being fucked, but he wasn't sure. She looked at him in an exaggeratedly angry and reproachful way while she was cleaning herself, because again he had cum way too early.

Fred pulled one of her mother's feet to the side the other day as she washed Inga, wider and wider, and her ass and labia widened as he pulled them apart with his thumbs. He bent down and saw her wide open vagina and beautiful dark red clit. Carefully he slid his cock into her vagina and held onto her hips as he fucked. Now it was clear, she was orgasming and while orgasming she remained motionless and neglected poor Inga. He paused in fucking and felt her orgasm with his cock, her legs shaking violently. After she orgasmed, he kept fucking vigorously, watching her ass and the hole in her butt contracting as he fucked her to his rhythm. He was able to fuck for quite a long time this time, keeping his eyes on the movements of her round butt and butt hole. He couldn't resist and stroked her round buttocks and teased her butt hole with one finger. She seemed to like this very much and he teased the hole continuously. He heard her gasp and moan until she paused in the wash and orgasmed trembling, he squirted the last drops of semen into her orgasming vagina. When she was finally done with Inga, the mother didn't look at him nastily, but blushed from her cheeks to her breasts before she

cleaned herself and looked over at him unexpectedly shy and full of shame. This time he had held out well and let her orgasm.

With this game their last week passed. He saved masturbating and Inga–s fucking during the day so that he would still have enough semen to fuck twice in the evening. When he penetrated her from behind, she let go of Inga and supported herself with her arms in the tub. He could always tell by the trembling of her legs when she was about to orgasm. He explored her butthole carefully because it was very sensitive. When he put a finger in it during fucking and humped there a little, she got such violent orgasms that her restrained gasps turned into loud, plaintive moans and the trembling of her legs shook her whole body. He needed a few minutes break, she washed Inga again. Then he put his hands on her hips, she instantly bent forward and stuck out her ass. He fucked her this time so that he didn't make her orgasm before he felt his own climax coming. He thrust a finger into her butt hole, fucking her very hard with that finger and feeling her tremble, she gasped and moaned, her legs shaking. Now he thrust firmly into her vagina, allowing him to squirt in the middle of her orgasm. When he pulled out his flaccid cock, she straightened up, dried Inga and pretended that nothing had happened, but did not look at him. She was satisfied, for she had had prim orgasms after he had discovered the miraculous enhancement of finger-fucking her asshole.

On Saturday, Inga's parents came to pick her up. The father, his mother's brother, immediately took care of the little girl, they cuddled and hugged and he had to keep talking about the vacation and Greece. The mother and her sister-in-law drank coffee and whispered softly so Fred wouldn't overhear. Just stupid that Fred had ears like a bat.

Yes, his mother reported, Inga often masturbated as expected, but it posed no problem at all. Fred was grateful that she didn't tell on him, that she didn't say a word about him fucking Inga. As the conversation continued, the sister-in-law reported that the Greek vacation had done them good, they were making love again. Fred further learned that his uncle, who was not Inga's biological father, had a cordial sexual relationship with Inga, after all, she masturbated at ev-

ery opportunity and he had also taught her the handjob. And of course they fucked to their hearts' content whenever they felt like it. And no, said the sister-in-law quietly, she was almost always present, she felt no jealousy and the two were very happy with fucking. And if he had overindulged with Inga and couldn't get it for her, well, a woman knew how to get satisfaction. Both women looked at each other and nodded knowingly. When the sister-in-law asked how Inga and Fred were getting on, the mother said only the best, then remarked with a meaningful smile that he was old enough and now knew how the girls did it.

When they were alone again, he said, he was going into the bathroom and slowly undressed. He left the door to their bedroom open and sat on the edge of the tub. He stroked his hard-on and waited patiently. His mother had undressed and quickly slipped into bed under the covers. They watched each other, for minutes. Her eyes were fixed on his cock and his stroking. He stroked his hard-on and watched as her eyes betrayed the rapidly rising horniness. She sighed deeply, and the contours of the blanket revealed that she was spreading her legs slightly, one hand slowly creeping to her center like the serpent in paradise. The gentle movements of her fingers did her so much good, she closed her eyes and stroked herself.

Fred still waited for her hand to quicken before he silently crept to the foot of her bed. Carefully, he pulled the covers away, letting them slide carelessly to the floor, and regarded her. She stroked and twirled her clit very quickly, endlessly, speeding up. She orgasmed softly and with restrained pumping, after a few seconds she continued, masturbating the still stiff dark red clit and teasing her vagina with the other hand, fucking herself with a finger. Just before orgasming, she noticed him. She sat up with her head flushed and ashamedly sought the protection of the blanket, covering her breasts with one hand and her pubic with the other. Fred had knelt on the bed and grasped the hand on her pubic. No, please, Fred, we can't do this!, she whispered, trying to shake off his hand. He looked into her eyes for a moment and murmured firmly, we'll do it, now! and moved closer to her, grabbing her shoulders and gently leaning her back. No, please don't, she repeated several times, but her body reacted completely the opposite way. He kissed her on the neck, on her

breasts, and let his fingers slide to her pubic area. He kissed her big, heavy breasts and licked the nipples, pulling on the teats very gently and tenderly.

Fred heard her quivering sigh and knew he had won. Her own groundwork had aroused her and she was still heated and horny from the previous masturbating. Licking her nipples opened the path of his fingers to her clit after she had opened her thighs unresistingly and willingly with many anxious sighs. Touching her labia and clit, he considered in a flash whether to proceed firmly as he had done with Inga or softly as he had just seen her do. He started slowly and delicately and noticed that after seconds the clit swelled and became hard. He kept going, minute after minute stroking her clit and letting his fingers wander around it as well. She began to gasp and thrust her clit against his fingers, orgasming almost instantly with a loud, plaintive moan. He let her go and watched her intently, her orgasms, her gasps and moans, the heaving breasts and pumping of her abdomen, the contractions of her vagina and clit. She had one hand pressed to her mouth and was looking at him with eyes that sparkled with stars.

“So beautiful,” she whispered, “no one has ever made it so beautiful for me!” and bit her lips for betraying herself. He knew it, she knew it. He kissed her neck, her breasts, and then her lips. Tell me about it later, he murmured.

Fred straightened up, bent over her, and his cock pointed at her womb. “No,” she whispered, “don’t! We mustn’t, son and mother, we mustn’t!” He kissed her breasts, her nipples and murmured, “when washing Inga we had already done it! And before that, with Inga, in your bed!” The mother became quieter and quieter and said, that was something else, with Inga’s washing she didn’t even notice it at first and later she was so busy masturbating Inga, under the spell of Inga’s arousal and so terribly horny herself, that she let it happen. He had shamelessly exploited her defenseless vulnerability, that had not been real fucking at all. And that was only once, but Fred corrected her, “no, twelve times!” He reminded her that on the last few days she had been hanging almost upside down over the edge of the tub, willingly offering her ass and vagina wide open for him to penetrate

deeply. This was real fucking, with lots of orgasms! She fell silent and her whispers died away as Fred began to stimulate her labia and clit again. She closed her eyes and sighed, he was right after all, she had already given herself to him, day after day, willingly, willingly and hornily. She had really enjoyed the fucking and loved the orgasms, she had purposely only let him take her from behind, she had always leaned forward towards Inga, because if she didn't see it, it wasn't happening! She had just not wanted to admit it and had convinced herself that it had only happened once, and that too completely surprisingly and quasi unintentionally. She knew that he was right and not her inner voice that whispered, "a mother does not do it to the son!" Fuck the inner voice, she gradually gave up her protest and resistance and let Fred do it.

Fred took his time and hers. Without haste, he pushed her erect legs apart, then spread her labia and vaginal entrance with his fingers. She put her arm over her eyes – when she wasn't looking, it wasn't happening – and drew in a deep breath as his cock entered her vagina. He hugged her and put his head between her breasts and fucked her, for a very long time. To his delight, her arousal rose quickly, and she orgasmed twice before he squirted. He was exhausted and left his cock inside her until he went completely limp. She stroked his head and when he looked at her, he sensed she was happy. They stayed in bed from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning, fucking as often as he could. During some breaks, he gently stroked her and masturbated her, which she enjoyed very much. He was thrilled at how easy she found vaginal and clitoral orgasms.

He came back to the fact that she had said that she had never been masturbated so beautifully before. Tell me about it, tell me everything! he said demandingly, in a tone that brooked no argument. He put his head on her breast and said, go on, tell me! She stroked his head, which she very rarely did, cleared her throat and began.

A man has never touched me like this After a pause, only women. Fred waited patiently and stroked his three-quarter stiffy, then she told how it sometimes came to that with her girlfriends (she avoided the word masturbate). Yes, some of the ladies' circle. Go on, he said, go on! Fred sometimes knew who she meant, others he

didn't know at all. Mostly, though, the stories were similar, the girls or women masturbating each other or doing it themselves in front of each other. But there were also frequent situations where mutual desire led to kissing and cuddling, but no further. Yes, there were at least 6 or 7, only in some exceptional cases there was a repetition. And none had done it to her as well as he had, none! and she kissed his hair, the top of his head, which she did very, very rarely.

Once, she told, she had met a girl, about twenty. An absolute klutz, who could not caress her with her hand and was very clumsy. It was not difficult for her to stimulate the girl to several orgasms. The girl then went to the closet with a red face and got a vibrator. After that, she must have satisfied herself a dozen times with the buzzing thing. And? he asked, but she had never used such a thing and the girl had also asked her, but it disgusted her, the vibrator was dirty with vaginal mucus all over. He asked and she had to describe everything to him in detail. The mother observed that Fred's cock stiffened more and more while she described this episode in detail.

Fortan they lived happily and in sexual harmony. She watched their cycle closely, and when it was ready-to-conceive days or their periods came, they had to explore new avenues. Handjobs, it soon became clear, she was not good at. She lacked strength in her wrists and fingers, finding the right rhythm was difficult. Fred bought lube and she was very afraid of it at first, but he had gotten a lot of good tips from his buddies and they did anal, considerately and carefully. In time she liked it a lot because she was on all fours, doggystyle and could masturbate her clit without him seeing it, but of course he noticed, always. She was still much too inhibited at that time to do it openly in front of him, to let him watch.

She also learned to do it to him with her mouth. "Go," he said, "go, you can do it, I remember!" She looked at him in amazement and said she didn't think he could remember that. She bit her lips, for she had betrayed herself once again. He knew it, she knew it. And now she had to confess everything to him in detail.

Fred was a quiet, happy infant, he never cried but formed "aaa" and "uuu" sounds when he needed something. After bath time, he

played squeaky-clean with his little cock and laughed sweetly when she stroked his little cock with a finger and it stiffened. One day, out of some indefinable impulse, she took the stiff little cock into her mouth, and Fred whooped when she pulled back the foreskin and gently licked the little glans with her lips and tongue. But as he grew older, she stopped doing that.

Fred laughed, brought his laptop, and she saw women licking cock for the first time. She tried it right away, she wanted to learn everything he liked. But he noticed that nothing came of it. He grabbed her head left and right and thrust into her mouth fucking. She looked up at him and realized he was going to have to squirt soon, she wanted to get free but he held her and fucked even faster. He squirted deep in her throat and didn't let go, kept fucking slowly while she gurgled and gagged swallowing the semen. Then he said that was the way to do it, and from then on they almost always did it before anal intercourse, which was, after all, the only alternative so far during her period and the days when she was ready to conceive. This had two great advantages.

First, this was the first orgasm of the day, because he loved to squirt his semen into her mouth in hot, full jets, the first time his ejaculation was very productive, and she swallowed and swallowed his semen more devotedly and devotedly from day to day. Soon she learned not to gag, but simply let the hot juice trickle down her throat, swallowing only when he had finished spurting. It became something she soon enjoyed doing.

Second, she became inconspicuously aroused while he fucked her mouth. Later it became real masturbation, she quite soon lost her natural shyness and masturbated and orgasmed while he fucked her in the mouth, squirted and she drank his juice. Now she also masturbated during his breaks and let him watch as often as he wanted, although she still blushed deeply with shame and looked at him shyly.

Often they lay quietly next to each other afterwards, and so good conversations ensued. Her father was completely disappointed in her and sent her away, not allowing her to return, she never saw her parents again. She confessed to Fred that during her pregnancy she

picked up guys almost every day and got laid as often as she could. She bashfully admitted that she took money then, since she was completely on her own with her pregnancy, but she never felt like a whore.

Well, the nuns ran a maternity ward for the poor. Because of overcrowding and because she agreed, she was billeted with a novice. Of course it was strange, but the whole convent seemed to be trapped in the deepest Middle Ages. She and the girl – perhaps two–three years younger than her – had only one bed and shared a pillow and blanket, lying close together in the dimly lit cell from outside. The girl slept completely naked, ecstatically caressing her baby bump, which was not very fat.

While caressing her, the girl took off her panties completely and caressed the baby bump and her pubic area. In short, the girl seduced and masturbated her immediately and she orgasmed in wonder without being fucked. The girl masturbated herself and murmured to touch her and she felt her fingers masturbating the wet pussy. She touched the girl quite curiously, because she had never touched a girl before and explored her labia, vagina and hymen. The girl took her finger and guided it to her clit, showed how it looked and she was allowed to leave her finger on the clit while the girl masturbated and orgasmed. The girl showed her how to make her clit stiff and how to make herself orgasm with a quick trill. Night after night she explored the girl's sex, and after a few days she was able to masturbate the novice halfway well.

This one masturbated in the evening often in a row and most of the time still in the morning, quickly before the levate. She did not do it herself at that time, but left herself to the expert fingers of the girl who loved it more than anything. They sinned a thousand times, every evening and sometimes in the morning, in all secrecy. After the birth she did not want it for a few days, she had lost a lot of strength and the nightly suckling of her beloved little Alfred robbed her of sleep and desire. However, the novice did not let it go and masturbated until madness. After the days-long break, she let the girl masturbate her willingly and inwardly exulting from climax to climax.

All at once, the girl let her tongue dance over her breasts and nipples, working its way down, to her belly, and then – oh my God! – she felt the tongue on her pubic, then in her cunt. Before she could react in any way she felt it rise hotly in her loins. The tongue danced in her inner sanctum, making her tremble in the storm of feelings and greed, she pushed her abdomen forward, pressed her clit against the tongue and orgasmed within seconds. The girl stayed with her tongue directly on her clit and made her orgasm one after another. She tried it out on the girl right away, although at first she was disgusted to stick her tongue in her vagina, but she quickly found the hymen and tickled it with the tip of her tongue, because the girl loved it. She quickly learned to find the clit with her tongue and let the girl orgasm just as she did, one after another, until she had enough. They spent a hot, exhausting time full of orgasms and suckling little Fred.

About four months later, the girl was suddenly no longer there, the nun only said dryly that she had had to leave. The house gossip knew that the novice had sneaked away from the lunch table and had been caught “doing it” in the room by two nuns of the Convent, the sinners–patrol (hihihi). One day she left the nuns and did not turn around. She went to clean for wealthier people during the day and was able to more or less feed them both. Of course she had to earn extra, the landlords secretly gave her five hundred, some even a thousand, and she gave them her youthful body and orgasms in return. She picked up the money and was able to quickly pay off her debts to the nanny and the landlord, and the rest she saved for later.

When Fred was about 9 or 10, she stopped cleaning and being “the cleaning girl who liked to fuck and was given money for it” to be there for him completely and to study with him.

Later, as Fred got older, so two–three times a year usually after the ladies circle, she roamed the bars to find someone for a quick, hasty fuck in the car or on a filthy toilet. But now, “now”, that was finally the end of it.

In these quiet hours and many more, he asked that she tell him again the wild night in which she had conceived him. She smiled mildly, for this seemed to concern him greatly.

She was 16, totally inexperienced and unenlightened. She knew nothing about masturbating or how to fuck, she was really still a young girl and what she knew were some guys who wanted to kiss and cuddle and proudly showed off their hard-ons. She didn't let them touch her nor did she touch their dicks. Most of the guys were masturbating and she watched curiously as they masturbated and squirted. Everyone did it similarly, but no two dicks looked the same, they masturbated the same with small differences and everyone squirted differently, some squirted three meters away, others just let the thick semen ooze out in bursts.

On said summer evening, she went with a girlfriend to a tent party, where they quickly lost sight of each other. A funny, buzzed round of guys, all so about twenty years old, piloted the pretty girl in dirndl to their table, there was drunk, danced, laughed, told sharp jokes and hefty piggish stories. She had to make friends with everyone, booze and beer made her as drunk as a beach howitzer in no time. Some boys escorted her out, behind the tent, to get some fresh air. Outside in the grass scattered couples who were just fucking unabashedly.

Suddenly she was also lying in the grass, one of the guys kissed her with his tongue deep in her throat and she laughed when he reached under her skirt and got to work on her panties. "Please, don't break it, it's not mine," she said and took the panties off herself, the blurry looking couples all around were fucking half naked after all. The boy unbuttoned his pants and flipped up her skirt, then penetrated her without her feeling that her hymen was tearing, that still amazed her today.

The fucking was very pleasant, she experienced almost immediately her first beautiful orgasm, which was to be followed by very many more that night. The fellow squirted soon and she didn't get that already the next one was sitting ready and about to lay on her. No one cock felt like another, this one gave her several orgasms before spurting hotly into her vagina. Apparently the first one had taken the others out of the tent, she and the lover were soon surrounded, she saw a lot of stiffs or semi-stiffs that still needed rubbing. They all got their turn, she looked forward to the next orgasms

and let them all do it with blissful smiles. Some probably two or more times, she just didn't know.

It was morning sometime, at dusk her intoxication faded and with the last fucks she felt her back aching and her abdomen aching under the heavy weight as well. The last one, a small lanky fellow, asked her if he could do it again because he was horny again and she nodded, despite her tiredness. The guy knew his stuff and fucked her very long and persistently, so that she flew from orgasm to orgasm, as if she was not dead tired. He squirted hot and hard, then they sat side by side and he offered her a cigarette, her first. She coughed and spat, but puffed bravely to the end.

He helped her stand up, she spotted a really big semen spot in the grass, where her ass had been. She grabbed her panties, but didn't put them on out of shame in front of him, and he accompanied her almost all the way to the farm where she was vacationing with her parents. She was able to take a long, thorough shower and wash her sore vagina before going down to breakfast.

Fred always had to laugh when she got to the part about not putting on her panties in front of him out of shame — they had just fucked each other after all!

When she told Fred her story with the novice, he dove down and started licking her pubic. The mother smelled so good, she smelled like ice cream and vanilla. He licked her around the clit and noticed her clit getting bigger and stiff, he enveloped the clit with his mouth and licked it, tenderly and without pause. She orgasmed and he kept her clit in his mouth, and when she calmed down he kept licking her, orgasm after orgasm. She liked it a lot, but she rarely asked for it, letting him have it when he wanted it.

Fred got his way. He didn't want to go into an apprenticeship at 15, he wanted the College. He didn't want to work right after graduating from high school, he wanted to study. He got the job as a corpse washer and night watchman and financed his medical studies. Although it wasn't essential, he sent his mother to work because she was alone during the day and drank too much. He put away the bot-

tles and got her to stop drinking. Their sex life was unspectacular and harmonious. Fred met some girls while studying, but it did not go well, because the girls did not want his demanding, over-strong sexuality and his absolute will to make the girls submissive. After one—two nights, where he also often brutally fucked the girls, it was over. Fred never felt lovesick, he always told his mother everything in great detail and she was happy that he was with her again. She let him fuck as often as he needed and as she needed.

Fred's studies faltered somewhat when he developed a special hobby. He often left his books and began photographing the private parts of the dead, male and female, created orderly directories on his laptop and had hundreds of pictures. Of course he also touched the genitals and examined them, no, he found it really horny. An unholy curiosity forced him to look at them, big and small cocks, circumcised and uncircumcised, small and big breasts, old and young, tight vaginas and wide ones, small and big labia, clits in all sizes and shapes.

Once he was quite sure he was undisturbed, he locked the doors and climbed up on the dissection table, on top of the young dead woman, and caressed the cold, naked body. She was in her late twenties and had committed suicide, with poison. She was still an impressive beauty, with nice firm breasts, clean-shaven pubis, and a very tight, fleshy vagina. Her clit and the skin around it were pale red and chafed, and he suspected she was a habitual onanist. He stroked the cold body for a long time, then spread her labia and vagina with his fingers and fucked her, even though she was ice cold. It was forbidden, unnatural and difficult, yet somehow very horny. He never told his mother, it would have ruined everything. Although he was very ashamed, of course it happened after that often. Of course, he had to wait until the coroner's inquest was over and be extremely careful so that no suspicion could ever arise. Although almost all of them went to the crematorium afterwards, he carefully cleaned the vaginas of his semen. He was not only careful, but also selective. They could not be too old, could not be mutilated accident victims, and could be reasonably pretty. Very many there were not with these requirements, but the urge awoke only when a candidate was delivered.

There was the young apprentice baker, a girl of 16. She had fallen from the ladder and broken her neck. He especially liked her beautiful, firm breasts, which were clearly different from other breasts. In no one else did he see breasts so firm and erect. She was no longer a virgin and he imagined, after a thorough examination, that she had started fucking very early. She was one of the few he fucked twice.

Or the young bank employee who was accused of embezzlement and fired. She had put an end to her life with sleeping pills and left a very sad, desperate suicide note, a copy of which he read three times. She was already 37 years old, but still a virgin, and she had a very large, beautifully shaped clit, which he fingered and looked at hornily for a very long time. That was also the reason that he fucked her twice. The first time he felt the resistance of her hymen and had to thrust several times until it finally tore.

One day a young girl was delivered, a 13-year old pretty child who was really lovely to look at. It had fallen over in broad daylight at school, sudden cardiac death. The coroner, his old professor, released her after two days. Fred stayed just that night and it was all set. He laid her on the dissection table and stroked his hand over her naked, ice-cold body. She was beautiful, with childish—small breasts and no pubic hair. He examined her abdomen, it was still all childlike and small, tiny labia and a tiny, apparently little used clit. He became sad, for that beautiful, tiny little clit had probably never orgasmed in rapture. Somehow, he felt deep in his heart, he loved her and felt deep sorrow for her death.

He mounted her very cautiously and guided his thick hard-on laboriously, becoming more and more greedy, into her small ice-cold vagina, feeling quite clearly the soft resistance of her hymen. He pushed forward inexorably and felt the hymen tear and he squirted immediately. He cleaned her very conscientiously and then sat next to her for another hour, his hand on her pubic, grieving.

When the child was taken away in the morning by the crematorium workers and the bill was signed, he immediately retired to his small office, sat down with his books and wept. He could not remember if he had ever cried before in his life. He went home and told his

mother that he had to surrender a beautiful young child to the flames, then lay down on the bed dressed and wept bitterly. She sat down beside him and stroked his head until he fell asleep.

From that day on he changed everything, with his own brutality he enforced his resolutions. No more photos, no more private parts, no more clandestine fucking. The dead remained untouched in their cooler compartments, he studied through the night, leaving his books only to have a quick smoke outside the back door. He persevered ironclad, his grades improving from exam to exam, catching up with his fellow students and easily overtaking them.

Days before his graduation, he dragged his reluctant mother to the best dress store and bought her the most beautiful dress she liked, on the day of graduation to the hairdresser, manicurist and makeup artist. His mother was the most beautiful at the party and many a person present turned his head to look at her. Afterwards, they dined in the first restaurant in town, and in the evening they happily fell into each other's arms and made love until morning.

You have made me the happiest wife and proudest mother, she whispered, before they fell asleep exhausted.

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My Barmaid

by Jack Faber © 2020

Jack's parents decided to make their long-held wish for a trip to Australia come true after his mother won handsomely in a lottery. They would finally catch up on their honeymoon, after 13 barren years. Their 14-year old Jack could not go, he had been away at boarding school during junior high at his father's request and had only recently returned. He would be able to complete senior high school at the local high school because he had an excellent high school diploma and his delighted father wanted to look after his career locally, so he would be living at home. The parents wanted to be alone for a few weeks carefree and perhaps newly in love, and Jack didn't mind spending that time in the care of Dad's cousin Jo. Jack had only seen her briefly two-times and he liked her at least visually, he was very curious to spend some time with her. Jo, actually Johanna, had been calling herself Jo, pronounced Dscho, since an early age.

Also, his mother Anni had explained to him in a long one-on-one conversation how important a rapprochement with his father was to her, since they were threatening to drift very far apart sexually in the daily monotony. Jack understood everything and promised to behave well, to do his homework every day, just to enjoy their vacation care-free and not to worry about him. So it happened that one day the parents drove away in a cab, Jack and Jo waved and went to her home.

Jo lived directly above the bar where she worked, in a small apartment with one and a half rooms, shower and toilet. The small half-room was cluttered with all sorts of things and rugs, but she would put it all away if Jack insisted on having a room to himself. The mother had already mentioned once, it was probably in the family, because Jo was just as messy as the father, but there was nothing you could do, the aunt Jo was mentally — well, not exactly the brightest, mother said. He shrugged, and Jo said the bed was actually big

enough for the two of them. Jack looked at her and saw her nostrils quiver, as if she wished and expected it. So he said “yes, that’s no problem.” Jo breathed a sigh of relief and showed him everything, the toilet, the shower and the small kitchenette with refrigerator. She said he could take what he wanted and note it on the little slip of paper so she could replenish it the next time she went shopping. Jo didn’t talk much, but she said he had to set the alarm in the morning because she had to sleep in the morning, he had to walk to school alone, it was only two streets away and Jack nodded, he knew the way. Depending on when he got home from school, they would eat together or if she was already at work, then he would find his food prepared. She wouldn’t be home until two in the morning on four nights, he should just decide for himself when he went to bed and she wanted to be so quiet so he wouldn’t wake up. Jack said he understood everything and it was okay with him. He was relieved that at least on those evenings he would have undisturbed time for his secret vice. At least he thought so at the time, having no idea what was coming.

Jo was still showing him how the coffee machine worked and Jack nodded eagerly, even though he had never had coffee before. Bread rolls were in a basket, and there was butter and sausage in the refrigerator. “Have to fix your own breakfast, I’m still asleep” Jo said, adding that he had to leave his dishes on the sideboard to dry after washing them. Then she gave him the house and apartment keys and told him not to lose them.

She would put on something more comfortable now, because she always wore only comfortable things at home. Jack, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, wanted to turn away politely, but Jo laughed cooing and said that was no problem for them, they were both no longer little children. Nudity was absolutely taboo in his family; he had never seen Father or Anni naked. Jo struggled out of the tight dress, took off her bra and panties as well, and took a very long time to stow everything away in the closet. Of course she wanted to show off her flawless body to the boy. Jo was about his height and almost as slim as he was. Her pretty, smooth face was framed by beautiful black hair, her shoulders were the same width as her hips, her bottom gently curved and plump. Jack fidgeted when she turned around

and showed him her beautiful, large breasts. He had only seen this in photos and the reality was much, much more exciting. His heart thumped wildly as he looked at the very small, carefully trimmed black bush above her pubic area.

Under her bush was a beautiful pubic fold. Unlike photos he had seen, she had no labia hanging out of the cleft. The mons veneris was raised and round and Jack couldn't help his sinful thoughts, his Little Jack anyway. She turned her back on him again and he nearly burst as she bent low to the closet floor and the vaginal cleft became visible beneath her butt fold. It was certainly no accident that she stood wide-legged, spreading her buttocks as wide as she could so that her vaginal opening was well and clearly visible. She let him look, gape and get aroused for several minutes. Jo fiddled pointlessly with some clothes for quite a while longer, then straightened up again and put on a knee-length see-through negligee that was theoretically held together by a belt. In practice, she never tied the belt, but presented her nudity unabashedly and proudly.

She sat down at the table and began to leaf through a magazine. Jack also sat down at the table and read in a textbook, but his eyes kept wandering to her, blinking to the translucent negligee that gaped open in front, clearly exposing her body to his gaze. He forced himself to keep reading. Jo looked at him intently and finally asked if he liked what he saw. She admitted that she had deliberately let him look and grinned from ear to ear. She knew that boys his age liked to look at naked women. However, she was very exhibitionistic and liked it when he looked at her naked body. And yes, she always wanted to show off her beauty, her nakedness, there was nothing wrong with that. Jack stammered silently and nodded vigorously in affirmation. She was very beautiful, he stammered awkwardly, even naked.... if naked.... her nakedness was very beautiful, he half-swallowed.

After some time, Jo went to the kitchen counter and fixed dinner. There was bread and cheese and cold cuts, Jo poured herself a beer. When she looked at him questioningly, he pushed his glass forward and had a beer poured for him, too. Maybe, he hoped, she didn't know he had never had alcohol before. The beer tasted bitter, but he

felt a pleasant lightness spreading through him. After the meal, she took two shot glasses and poured grain. The liquor burned in his gullet, but spread an even stronger feeling of lightness. In this delicate fog, it was easy for him to ask how old she was and if she had a husband. Jo laughed brightly and put a hand on his arm. I'm 26, almost 27, she said, and I'm unmarried. As a barmaid, I meet lots of men, and if they pay, things work out. Jack was confused and asked what was going on, he didn't understand. Jo drank another shot and thought, then a third and poured Jack one too. Depending on how much they pay, she said sighing, I'll do them by hand or I'll blow them. If they pay more and are nice, they can fuck me too. Jo looked at him frankly and watched his reaction. Jack pushed around until she asked what was wrong? Finally Jack said that he didn't know what a blowjob was and drank the liquor in one go. And fuck do you understand? Jo asked and grinned, because Jack was writhing with shame, but then nodded, he had read about it and with his buddies they talked about it all the time. He hid the fact that the neighborhood kids, brother and sister, had let him watch them fuck in the basement many times. That was a big secret, as was the fact that afterwards he had to masturbate standing in front of them and squirt his seed all over the sister, who was lying there with her legs spread and he had to aim for her cunt. He never succeeded.

A new stage in life

Jo explained to him quite unselfconsciously the blowjob, there she took his cock in her mouth and caressed him, also with her tongue and did it to him at the same time with her hand. If she was into the guy, he was allowed to squirt in her mouth. Jack looked at her with wide eyes questioningly. Yes, she swallowed the semen of course, there was nothing to it. They sat in silence at the table for a long time, then Jack asked what exactly she was working on. Jo told them what she does at the bar, making drinks, mixing, talking to the guests and listening in a friendly way for a long time. That was the most important thing, she said, and then when the guy wanted sex, she would retire with him to a small side room and they would do it quickly, because she had to get back to the bar table. Yes, she liked the job and she would earn quite well. I have quite a bit in my account, she said, I'm saving everything for later, maybe for a big apartment, a car or a trip around the world. They sat for a long time, silently going over their thoughts. Then Jo got up and started washing her dishes. Jack stood next to her and washed his. They read for a while longer, then Jo said time for bed. Jack flipped open his little suitcase and searched, searching more and more desperately. Jo asked and he replied dejectedly that he had apparently forgotten to pack pajamas. Jo laughed bright as a bell and said he could sleep naked without worrying, after all she only slept naked.

No sooner said than done. Jo let her negligee slide to the floor and lay naked on the bedspread. Curious, she watched him as he undressed. She clicked her tongue and said he had a cute little one. Jack had turned turkey red long before, and although he tried to cover his cock with one hand, his cock grew to full size the longer he looked at her. She stroked one hand over her hips, her butt, and then over one breast as she looked intently at his hard-on, the red glans, and his hand tightening around the shaft of his penis. She watched him curiously, for now he tried several times to push his foreskin back over the glans, but the glans would not be restrained and immediately peeked out again insolently. But no matter how he pulled and pushed, he was getting hornier and his cock even stiffer, especially

because he was staring unblinkingly at the naked Jo. After a few minutes Jo laughed bright as a bell, his cock was nice, so stiff and that was okay. He must have misheard when she added that he was about to be doctored, that he should come to bed, so he walked with bobbing hard-on to the bed, where he slid under the covers. Jo turned out the light. After a long silence in the darkened room, she reached for him with a sigh, embraced him and gave him a warm hug. The parents will be back soon, she whispered, and Jack shivered with lust as their naked bodies touched. His erection pressed against her bush, which she did not comment on. He said he was just a little homesick, not worth mentioning. He stirred and she pulled him onto her belly, pressing him even more against her and slowly spreading her thighs. Jo knew exactly what she was doing. His glans was touching her cleft, he could feel it very clearly, it was warm, soft, wet and wide open.

After a brief moment she seized his cock and pushed the glans very slowly and firmly along her wet cleft, up and down several dozen times. She teased her clit very specifically with his glans and kept stroking her warm wet crack with his glans. She sighed deeply and deliberately teased her clit with his glans and somehow she knew sooner than he that he was about to squirt. She pressed his glans on her slit and waited motionless. Jack didn't move either, he felt it rising hot in his loins and Jo pressed his glans right into her slit. Jack spurted seconds later, feeling very clearly that his seed was spurting into her vagina in hot, twitching jets. When he was done, she let his glans gyrate on her clit for quite a while before pushing him away with a sigh. Jo held him with one hand, pressing him against her, and he noticed that her body was throbbing as well. His eyes had adjusted to the darkness and he could dimly make out that she was rubbing her pubis quite firmly with her other hand. Yes, he had read that some unchaste women also masturbated, but quite differently than men. At first he was flabbergasted, but then he let his thoughts tumble, for he could see nothing at all. He felt her body glowing and swaying rhythmically, sometimes he heard her breathing louder and sighing softly, his erection pressing throbbing against her jiggling body. His hard-on throbbed like his heart, she held it tightly against her.

Jo stopped masturbating and her wet hand touched his hard-on. She pushed back the foreskin, stroked his glans for a very long time with her wet fingers and made some definite movements. You need it, you want it, she whispered, do it, just do it quietly, I'm doing it! She pressed him energetically against her again and her hand on his cock masturbated him for a few moments. Then she took her hand away and started masturbating again. Jack was torn, but his desire was much stronger than shame. Please squirt on my belly, don't stain the sheet, she whispered, and he nodded. He half straightened and rubbed his cock on her belly. Tentatively at first, then more and more confidently, he masturbated and felt Jo rubbing vigorously as well. Again and again her arm touched his glans, which he obediently pressed against her belly. The closer he got to his climax, the more he was drawn to her cleft, and he squirted on her twitching hand and all over the place, continuing until nothing more came. He lay back down, she was still embracing him and he could feel her rubbing and rubbing without stopping, she wasn't coming to the end yet. She held him with one hand and he experienced firsthand her fierce struggle to climax and it felt very horny. His cock had become stiff again after a short while and he masturbated again. She climaxed slowly, rubbing harder and harder, letting him go as her body tensed in orgasm. As he continued, she rested and he straightened up, feeling the squirting coming. She grabbed his butt and steered him to her belly, grabbing his little sack and stroking it ever so gently. With her other hand she took over masturbating him and Jack almost burst with pleasure because she could do it so well. She let go of the sack and teased his glans, directing it to her vaginal entrance and letting the glans penetrate. The other hand rubbed him furiously, making the semen squirt deep into her vagina. Slowly she milked him further, to the last drop, and pulled the glans out again. He lay down and closed his eyes wearily. He was amazed that she let his semen squirt into her on purpose, but that was probably just due to his inexperience that he didn't understand it right away. Was fine, she whispered, let's sleep now!

The next day everything went like clockwork. He got up quietly, set the alarm clock for 12, made himself a sausage sandwich without coffee and a snack, then looked at the sleeping nude for a long time and carefully covered her up before he left. He didn't say a word to

his buddies and went home in the afternoon. He stuck his head through the door of the Flamingo-Bar and waved to Jo that he was going up. She waved back and he ate his lunch plate, did his homework and indulged in his secret vice. He wiped the semen off with his used underpants, and at some point he fell asleep without extinguishing the bedside lamp. He woke up when Jo came home. Although she tried to be quiet, she made noise locking the apartment door because she was quite drunk. Staggering, she put a handful of bills on the nightstand and quickly undressed, staggered into the shower and took a very long shower. Jack, watching her, got a violent erection. When she got to the bed, again somewhat sobered, she saw his erection and smiled. She sat down smiling at the headboard, spread her legs and played with her labia. Well, come on, she said, and Jack carefully crawled forward, between her legs, and inspected her pubic area up close. It excited him when she dabbed the clit with one finger for a long time and then began to masturbate. He couldn't help it, he masturbated really fast and let the semen splash on her belly. Jo masturbated for a very long time, he got hard again and masturbated a second time. Almost at the same time they orgasmed, he rubbed the semen on her belly, while Jo pressed her hand on her pussy with her face distorted with pleasure. Wordlessly but detached, they lay down and Jo turned out the light.

This was exactly how their first week went. Jo instinctively understood what he needed, left the light on, and he was allowed to watch her masturbate from up close. She also looked at his cock sometimes, but mostly she closed her eyes and let her imagination run wild. The boy had a slender little cock that didn't come close to the big dicks of grown men. And sometimes, watching him masturbate, she would let him fuck her with pleasure in her imagination, with a proper cock, of course. The first time he came much faster than her, bent over and pushed the glans into her vaginal entrance, but fucking he did not dare. He looked down, they masturbated for a few minutes at the same time and he obediently squirted it all in, that's what she had wanted and he didn't stain the sheet. Mostly she finished before him, when he masturbated the second time, then she energetically took over his cock and he grabbed her breasts and nipples with both hands and stroked them very gently. Gasping and moaning, she rubbed the glans on her clit and cleft, prolonging her orgasm. When

she felt that he was about to squirt, she pushed his glans into her vagina and rubbed his cock very quickly. She always made him squirt into her vagina while he stroked her breasts more and more erratically. She seemed to like that very much, because when she had irritated her clit for a longer time with his glans, she regularly felt like masturbating again. Jack teased her breasts and nipples very hard and then it went very fast until she reached her second orgasm.

She had Monday through Wednesday off, as she did every week, and awaited Jack, who came home from school at different times, with a hot lunch. As every day, he studied until evening, did his homework, cleaned the shower and the floor with the vacuum cleaner. Jo praised him and made a tasty dinner, they drank beer and a shot or two before going to bed. Jack asked her what it was like not to go to work. She answered flatly that she didn't get tips or "other money" on those days, but she could heartily do without the hand-jobs and blowjobs. Three days dick-free, she said with a laugh. Although, she added thoughtfully, sometimes she missed a good fuck, to be honest. Wasn't she afraid of pregnancy, Jack asked, and she said she had a magic coil inside that prevented pregnancy. Jack nodded, although he didn't know what this magic spiral was all about.

He felt a wonderful sweet lightness that might have come from the beer and the two shots. She sat back down at the head of the bed with her thighs spread, but he knelt between her thighs to watch her. While she masturbated as usual, he watched her quite aroused and caressed her breasts. He played with his hard-on, but he didn't masturbate yet. As always, he marveled at her climax, her face contorted with pleasure, and the throbbing and pumping of her vagina. She recovered with her eyes closed and he gently grabbed her by her buttocks, lifting her slightly and pulling her toward him. Jo opened her eyes in wonder and looked into his, she understood immediately. She lay down and willingly opened her thighs, then reached for his cock and guided it to her vagina. For a few seconds they looked into each other's eyes with anticipation, then with a soft wail she pushed his cock resolutely into her vagina. Jack wanted to scream with pleasure, it felt so pleasant. Then he began to fuck, slowly at first, then faster and faster until he was squirting violently. Squirting in her vagina was incomparably nicer than masturbating. Jo hadn't had a boy's

cock since her school days, it was slim, smooth and Jack had been fucking fast like clockwork. She didn't get very aroused during this, it was only when she felt his hot, intermittent squirting inside her that very pleasant, satisfying feelings came. He paused and waited a few minutes until his cock was stiff again, then they fucked a second time. This time Jo masturbated while he fucked her. This time he squirted in the middle of her masturbating, and it took Jo quite a long time for her second time before she orgasmed too. She couldn't get an orgasm while fucking, she said later, she could only when she did it to herself. From now on they fucked every day, sometimes already when he came home from school and definitely when she came home from work. He never asked her if she had to do handjobs or blowjobs that night or if she had to get fucked. She usually told him on her own what she had to do besides work at the counter, but he felt no jealousy. She brought home a lot of money, because more and more men wanted to fuck her, she reported. There were usually more than ten, sometimes 15 or more if there was a bachelor party. But masturbating, that's taboo, I'll only do it with you, my dear Jack! she often said and he believed her. She somehow felt the need to tell him about fucking, it was probably related to exhibitionism. Jack listened and caressed her velvety skin and beautifully rounded, full breasts. She usually made him quite horny with her tales, which she often reported slightly drunk and giggling with all the spicy details, and they had wonderful sex afterwards. On their days off they spent whole afternoons fucking, leaving him little time for vacuuming, cleaning the shower and doing his homework. But fucking was just much, much more important.

Jack was a bright boy, curiously exploring everything, which he did well thanks to good listening. He soon had a much better picture of Jo than his mother had given him. Probably Anni simply had a distrust, suspecting that Jo was not just working behind the counter. In any case, Jack had listened well when Jo told him something frankly. For example, that she had discovered masturbating by herself when she was about 6 or 7 years old and since then she masturbated every day before getting up, feeling light and exhilarated afterwards. And yes, of course she also masturbated now every morning before getting up. And after work anyway, then she slept deeply and dreamlessly. And of course sometimes she had an orgasm while fuck-

ing, if the guy was nice and well built and knew how to fuck a woman. But that happened very rarely. On special evenings, once or twice a year, she also got orgasms when several men came to group fuck, so one right after the other. It was very exciting to be in a room with several naked men and to present herself naked to their horny looks. Most men had to rub themselves stiff first before fucking, watching her fuck made them even hornier. So about the second man she had an orgasm and then again and again, with almost everyone afterwards. When group fucking, her exhibitionistic lust came out fully, everyone watched her getting fucked, so she wanted to live out her orgasms openly and uninhibited, that really spurred the men on. They threw a bill on the table if they wanted to fuck again. In the last few months her reputation had spread and she had more men than ever before, but also many orgasms that she hid from the men. Jack, still remembering an earlier version, thought this was the one.

Naturally, he also wanted to learn to masturbate her. The first attempts failed, although she always helped him with instructions. But although he had seen it a dozen times, he did not succeed. He masturbated the clit either too gently or too firmly. Frustrated, he stroked a finger up along the clit starting from the bottom and made the point of the inverted exclamation mark right on the little clit head, and Jo sighed loudly. Now he repeated it several times and Jo was soon sighing and writhing with pleasure. He continued, speeding up, and Jo exploded wonderfully in a violent orgasm. But for some unknown reason, she rarely wanted him to masturbate her. In fucking, he had learned to fuck her - while she masturbated - just very slowly until she was almost ready and then he fucked her hard, in the middle of her orgasm, enjoying very much that her vagina contracted rhythmically tight and pumping around his cock while he squirted deep inside her. Jo said that this way she really enjoyed feeling his cock in her vagina while she was masturbating and feeling his humping and squirting while she was orgasming. As of now, this was the only and proper way of fucking, for both of them.

He asked Jo, in one of her storytelling moments, when she lost her virginity. At 13, she began to tell, her 16-year old stepbrother, who was not her half-brother, had first enticed her to masturbate together and she had to learn to give him a hand job. He was one of the few

who could squirt many times in a row, certainly ten times a day, and since they were often alone at home for whole afternoons, he was happy to let her serve him. Soon she went along with everything, because he could masturbate her very tender and horny. But he was by no means a tender man, he was possessive and brutal. Even before her 13th birthday he fucked and deflowered her, it hurt her, which he did not care at all. Handjobs and masturbation were passé, from then on he fucked her every day as often as he felt like. She gradually began to enjoy being fucked. It ended when her father threw his mother and him out because he was tired of her constant affairs. Her father was not an easy man either, he lost his wife, Jo's mother, in a car accident, remained disabled and became an alcoholic. Jack's father forced him out of the company, gave him a very generous severance package, and in return he waived all further claims. Jo however continued fucking, soon she had all her classmates through and she often skipped school when she could meet someone to fuck. At 16, she fucked her way through all the male relatives and their circles of friends and wisely did not mention Jack's father with a word. At 17 she dropped out of school and went to work in a hotel as a waitress. There she had her prey right in front of her, and the hotel management tolerated it because she was very circumspect and did not attract attention. Her lovers put money in her pocket, more than she received as wages for waitressing. A year later, a friend referred her to the Flamingo-Bar, where she remained to this day. Jack asked her about this girlfriend, Jo became very embarrassed. With reddened ears she told, with her she had a longer lesbian relationship, she learned from her how to lick and be licked. There was nothing more, because she was sure she was into fucking and was not a lesbian, but let it go on until she left the hotel.

Jo went to her gynecologist every month to get tested because she had gotten painful gonorrhea several times and paid more attention to her health than many. While with Jack, she went weekly to get tested; she owed it to him, she said. One night, as Jo was fixing dinner, his eyes fell on the bank statement peeking out from her overturned purse. When she sat down, he pointed his head at the purse and said there was more than eight hundred thousand on there. Annoyed at her carelessness, she put the purse aside, then smiled at him, for he was not to blame for her oversight. She said that she had

put it aside for later, perhaps for a nicer, bigger apartment, a car, or 37 world travels. They both laughed, because no one in their right mind took 37 world trips! He said, laughing, that it would probably be more sensible to take a trip around the world and buy an apartment with a garage for 37 cars. He sketched in the air with his fingers a trip around the world and a small house with a huge garage the entire length of the tabletop, and they both shrieked with delight and slapped their thighs laughing and snorting, 37 cars! – yes, they really had a good time together.

That evening, before his parents returned home, they fucked and humped and fucked all night and all morning before showering together and packing his things. Jo put on her most seductive dress, which accentuated her breasts with low-cut cleavage. At the apartment door, they hugged and kissed each other fondly goodbye before heading out. The parents beamed tanned and hugged him and Jo probably a dozen times with reunion joy. Anni whispered in his ear as she hugged him that everything was wonderful and winked at him conspiratorially. They drank coffee together and ate the Australian cake they had brought with them, Jo answering their curious questions with a smile and quite in the spirit of the inventor. Not a word about who had slept where, drank booze and screwed. Jo smiled finely as she apologized for Jack getting into the habit of drinking coffee with her, not knowing that he wasn't used to it. Anni looked irritatedly at Jack's coffee cup and then inquiringly at Jo. She nudged the father, who stared over the rim of his cup at Jo's expansive cleavage. The father pulled himself together and muttered, three months with the camper van across Australia, that had something!

A theory is proven

Jack was honestly pleased with the new zest in his parents' love life, for they were again cheerful and affectionate toward each other. At night, when he indulged in his secret vice, he often heard his father's gasps and the lustful moans and groans of Anni, who sometimes let out a tiny little cry at the end. Some afternoons he would hear her moaning and sighing for an hour, one time after another, even though his father was at work, and he had to interrupt his studying due to vice. Once she came into his room unexpectedly, completely naked, and stopped under the door frame. With feverishly shining eyes she watched him masturbate until he had finished squirting. Only now he opened his eyes and noticed her stunned, but she smiled and nodded at him with an understanding look full of love and quietly left. Shortly after, he heard her sighing and moaning in the bedroom next door, all afternoon. In the evening, at dinner, she was distracted and agitated, leaving the dishes and dragging her baffled father to the bedroom, full of impatience. He heard the two of them humping wildly through the paper-thin wall, father panting and mother panting and moaning without end, without her final cry. Dad's panting soon turned into regular, soft snoring, and after a while Anni was moaning and groaning again, apparently having to start over and over. Only around midnight did her panting turn into heavy panting, then a tiny, half-suppressed scream. Now Jack could also stop his co-masturbating and immediately fell asleep.

Another day, he skipped school and went to Jo's at lunchtime. He visited Jo frequently on her days off, until graduation. He was completely exhausted and sore penis. Jo kissed his wounds and gave him a tender and gentle blowjob, because nothing else was an option. He told her that he had been masturbating for about 10 hours, together with his mother and separated only by a thin paper wall. Jo's eyes teared up and he had to report everything in great detail and with all the juicy details. Above all, she wanted to hear everything he had seen of Anni's nakedness two or three times. That afternoon they laughed more than they had in a long time. Jo was very curious and when she asked him about his parents' love life, she wondered aloud

how old they were. Jack thought, that Anni was 34 or 35, the father would be 50 in the summer and there would be a big party to which Jo would surely be invited. Jo laughed and said it was nice that the Australian vacation had saved their sex life. Anni was, after all, a young woman and it was nice that she could enjoy masturbating happily and in a relaxed way and that his parents were having sex with each other again as they had when they were young. Jack nodded in the affirmative, for he had hardly heard anything from the master bedroom before this vacation.

Then in the summer there was the birthday party for their father, Jo was of course invited and many gawked at her slim body and well-filled cleavage. She was very elegant and ladylike and nothing indicated how she earned her money. His mother watched eagle-eyed over Jack and Jo's every move — she might be naive, but she wasn't stupid. It wasn't until after the party, during the highly embarrassing interrogation on the farthest stone bench in the garden, that he confessed everything about Jo to Anni and asked her not to tell father, Jo was after all father's niece (not cousin) and he would only get unnecessarily upset.

Anni was wearing a colorful summer dress, only panties underneath, no bra. He looked at Anni covetously for the first time and unashamedly glanced at her panties under her skirt as they sat down. Jo had thoroughly changed his way of looking, his view of women's bodies had completely changed. He had never paid attention to his mother's body until now, she dressed like a gray house mouse, unobtrusive and well-behaved. But today she wore a strikingly pretty, thin summer dress that drew men's eyes. He couldn't help but look covetously at her pretty figure, which showed under the thin fabric. It emanated from her that they sat so close together and Jack consciously felt her body with his for the first time. She listened intently, leaning her head on his shoulder and curiously placing a hand, as if they were so familiar, on his thin summer pants. Yes, right there, as if she were familiar with his cock. He could see into her cleavage from above. He saw her breasts up close for the first time and stared steadfastly at them. The breasts were much smaller than Jo's and were not as firm either. During the course of their intimate conversation, he saw very clearly how the small teats became stiff and firm.

They trembled ever so slightly when he recounted sexual details. He suspected that this was a sign of sexual arousal. He hoped that Anni did not notice his staring. Of course she had noticed, but it was a small price to pay for his honest confession.

Anni persistently elicited all the details from him, for she had long had her suspicions, and Jack was honest and reported everything in detail. She was visibly uncomfortable that he had been let in on the secrets of love during their Australian vacation and had been Jo's lover ever since. But the more secrets Jack revealed, the more her indignation evaporated, and in the end she thought it was good for her fifteen-year-old to experience first love with this presumably very experienced young woman.

Anni realized belatedly that she had inadvertently let her hand rest on his pants. It was his erection that she felt under her hand and also that Jack had put his hand in his pants pocket and had been secretly rubbing his cock for quite a while. She asked him for more details and carefully slid her hand away, away from his erection and left it at the hem of his shorts. She listened intently to him and noticed that his erection continued to grow and the tip of his glans had come out from under the waistband of his pants and was touching the heel of her hand. She pretended not to notice and inconspicuously covered the naked glans with her hand. She did not want to interrupt his narrative at all and tried to hide the indecency. As clearly as if she saw it, she felt his glans on the ball of her hand, felt the rubbing movements on the shaft and also the wet little hole. She pretended not to notice that he was rubbing and grinding his glans against the ball of her hand. She should be outraged, but she clung to his lips and just let the indecency happen. She continued to listen to him, but when she felt his cock twitch and the little hole spurt throbbing wet, she took her hand away completely. She turned to the side, away from him, and looked at the distant flowerbed. She pressed the semen-wet heel of her hand on her pubic, not letting him notice how agitated and excited she was.

My God, did he just squirt?! She had just wiped his semen from her palm, of course he was squirting. After all, she had watched him getting more and more excited as he told her, and felt his cock get-

ting erect. It might also be that he felt a little more at ease with her after she had watched him masturbate a few days ago. She had stayed until the end, leaving only after he had squirted. Now he was highly aroused by his erotic confession. Of course, she had noticed that he was rubbing his fist in his pants pocket, deliberately sticking his glans under the waistband. Right under the ball of her hand. He was rhythmically grinding his glans against her palm, telling and telling. It was a kind of vote of confidence that he was satisfying himself next to her. The moment he squirted, all courage left her and she pulled her hand away cowardly. Even though she turned her back to him and looked away ashamed, she knew that he was squirting now and had to hide his semen somehow. She closed her eyes and told herself that it couldn't be, shouldn't be!

In the same instant, after she had taken her hand away and turned away, Jack clasped his glans in his fist in the pocket of his pants, squirting and pressing his seed into the soft fabric. After a few moments he asked what she had asked, for he had overheard. She repeated it and slowly turned to him. No, it just couldn't be that he had just cum! It simply could not be! Continuing, she put her hand back on his pants, on his fist in his pants pocket. Groping through the thin fabric, she assured herself that his erection was gone, shaft and glans innocently soft. She must have been mistaken, he would never dare to squirt sitting next to her! She deliberately placed her hand on his cock and continued to question him curiously.

He was honest and answered all her questions, only leaving out fucking when asked about Jo's work. Anni was pleased and saw the whole thing in a cheesy-romantic light. Jack would have been very surprised if he could have read her mind while she smiled and followed his narrative. Sometimes she closed her eyes and felt his cock through the thin summer pants.

He didn't mention the sounds from his parents' bedroom with a word, but she said after a pause that she could sometimes hear him doing something very private and assumed he could hear his parents, too. Tough question! Jack kept his eyes down and nodded. So, she said, you're already a big boy, almost a man, and surely understand that the Australian vacation brought your father and me back

together and that it was perfectly natural for parents to sleep together. Jack nodded in affirmation, still gazing into her cleavage with lowered eyes. The nipples trembled ever so slightly as she groped and felt his cock quite openly.

Anni thought, put a hand on his arm, forcing him to look directly at her. She asked: and – that.... um, my private, you hear that too? He looked at her with a ravenous gaze and nodded weakly. She turned a furry red in the face all the way down to her cleavage and to her breasts, which Jack had been able to see all along because she was leaning forward. Her voice almost failed when she explained to him that she was not cheating on father with it when she had a strong arousal and was doing it secretly herself. Other, more stupid women get a lover, but she does not do that, she does not want to cheat on his father. This long internalized lie beaded easily and automatically over her lips. True, the father would be disappointed in her if she told him, because the father thinks about the private things very differently, very disapprovingly. But if Jack interrupted her and said he had no reason to say anything to Father. Private is private, isn't it? They looked at each other and he said it was nothing he would talk to Father about, word of honor! He thought for a moment, then he said that it was quite normal for him that they slept together, on the contrary, he was glad that they were doing it again. And as for the very private thing, he swallowed and thought for a moment, all his girl acquaintances do it, it is quite normal and quite natural. He had witnessed it with them a thousand times and found nothing wrong with it, he lied, because Jo was his first and only. He said that when a girl is aroused and not satisfied, it is natural for her to do it to herself if her husband can't do it to her. Very directly he added, father is now 50, should you renounce your arousal if he can't always now!?

He was thoroughly convinced of the correctness of his words. She held his cock very gently and nodded in agreement. No, he said, "I think it's natural for you to have the arousal. Somehow it bothered him that they didn't call things by their proper names. Remember when you caught me masturbating a few days ago? I noticed right away that it excited you a lot that you dragged father into the bedroom - they both had to laugh - and then, when father fell asleep

tired, you masturbated until midnight? So for me that was quite understandable, absolutely normal and right! There you have nothing to reproach yourself! I only felt sorry for you because you didn't succeed for so long that night, because you had to torture yourself for so long." She was silent and looked down. She had long since taken her hand from his pants and now pressed it protectively on her shame. Jack was fascinated by the sight of her small breasts and the quivering of her stiff nipples.

What are we going to do now, she asked, maybe we'd better insulate the wall? He immediately objected. Then we would have to justify and confess everything to father, that would not be good at all! He stopped and thought hard. No, he said, no matter how we turn it around, the smartest thing is to leave everything as it is. We want to leave Father alone, that's important to both of us. And besides... he thought for a moment, trying to think of the best way to put it. Besides, we are a close-knit, loving family after all, in all ways, or we wouldn't be having this conversation. You hear me through the wall, but what do you hear? Your son is doing good for himself. I hear you when you're doing something good for yourself, and I love you in those moments just as much as I usually do. That it makes us horny is nothing bad, it's quite normal and natural. And, he continued, I would be sad and have a very bad conscience if we stopped doing something good for ourselves, if we gave up something natural or somehow limited ourselves, just because of this stupid partition wall. I would feel bad if that was the result of this conversation. He broke off and was silent.

She grabbed his hand and said he had grown up, mature and serious. Embarrassed, Jack picked up his coffee cup and took a sip. He had the impression that she saw everything a little differently now and smiled with understanding as she stroked his mop of hair mildly and lovingly with her hand. They both drank and were silent for a long time. He rose and sat down opposite her. He stretched his legs between hers so that she had to open them. It affected him that a few days ago she had stood naked under the doorframe watching him masturbate — it created an inexplicable familiarity between them. He looked unashamedly and hornily up her skirt at her thighs all the way up to her panties. He looked directly into her eyes and she immedi-

ately looked away. If he wanted to look, then he should watch, in God's name! She was not squeamish and let him look.

He had a theory, Jack said, and wanted to check it out. She waited curiously, glad that they had concluded this very private subject. He looked directly at her and asked when she had actually started masturbating? She blushed again with embarrassment, from her face to her cleavage to her breasts, but she could tell he was serious. Well, she said quietly, sometime about 12 years ago, before we went to Australia. He prodded if she hadn't been doing it since she was a teenager, but she shook her head. No, she said, in my youth I had no idea about sexuality, I was with a boy for a while, then I met your father right after that. The only two I ever fuc.... with. Had sex, she lied. Of course she lied, because it was only those two she was thinking about and she honestly wanted to believe that it was only those two. As if absently, she reached for the hem of her panties, pushed them aside, and Jack caught a long, deep glimpse of her cleft. She dabbed thoughtlessly at the labia for a while as she thought hard. Sighing deeply, her hand spread the cleft a little as she dipped a fingertip into the vaginal entrance before continuing. She became aware of it, withdrew the finger, and now he supposed he could see her hole. I see it, I see it very clearly, he cheered inwardly. If he wanted to look, let him, but I can't show him the finger fucking! "And the private, uh, masturbation came only when father and I were making love very rarely and I didn't know where to put my excitement." It was hard for her to think of something spontaneous, but Jack stared at her cleft, fascinated. So, eleven or twelve years ago, she continued her web of lies. You know the rest, Australia reawakened our lust..... She fell silent after Jack nodded affirmatively. He repeated whether she had not known masturbation at all when she was young and had started very late, as an adult and a mother. She sighed deeply, yes. He pulled himself together, took another intense look at her little hole and beamed at her.

Now to my theory, Jack said, how exactly do you do it, technically speaking? Anni withdrew her hand from her shame and looked protesting, for in a flash her sinful fantasies of masturbating, where she produced herself lustfully and obscenely in front of Jack, surfaced in her mind. Jack noticed her dismissive reaction and said he

had thought long and hard about why she often took so terribly long to climax. Following a spontaneous inspiration, he placed his outstretched index- and middle fingers parallel to each other on the table and said the fingers were the labia, left and right, the gap between the fingers was the vaginal entrance. Anni looked at him with wide eyes, thinking where she could escape to in this embarrassing situation. But Jack remained quite serious and grabbed her hand, guiding it to his fingers. Come on, show me, he said with finality, please! She was terribly embarrassed, then hesitantly slid her index- and middle fingers into the theoretical vaginal entrance. She leaned forward, Jack looking fascinated at the slight quivering of her nipples. Tentatively, embarrassed, she slid her fingers in and out. Understood, Jack said, gently enclosing her hand in tenderness. And you're not doing anything else? he asked, and she shook her head in denial.

May I show you something that will make it easier for you, he said, not waiting for an answer. He put the two fingers on the table again and pointed with the other hand to the place where the gap between the fingers began. There, he said, there is very small and inconspicuous, the clitoris. She just looked as he repeated, vaginal entrance, clitoris. She shrugged, yes, maybe? Jack moistened the tip of his other index finger with saliva and said, moisture is very important. Then he let his index finger rotate on the invisible clit, stroking, and jerking back and forth. In between, the diligent index finger dipped into the invisible vaginal entrance, and he repeated, keep moistening and let the index finger keep masturbating diligently. Okay, he asked, but Anni showed no reaction. Jack said that was much faster than humping herself with two fingers, it took way too long. She whispered, she understood that, thank you for explaining that to me! The ... She rarely touched her clitoris after bathing because it was a very sensitive area and she had always thought it might be an abnormal part of her sex. A thought flashed in her mind. Surely this was the sensitive abnormality that the girls had licked so delightfully at the orgy on the Graduation trip.....? Jack was very sorry that after a while her cleft closed and the panties covered everything again. They drank more coffee in silence, then went into the house.

After dinner they watched the news on TV and went to sleep. He was very satisfied and happy when he heard his parents fucking and

his mother panting loudly and letting her little cry be heard before his father finished. It was all right, she had understood his arguments and did not hold back. Did it just seem that way to him, or had she deliberately gasped, moaned, panted and let out that little cry louder than usual? In any case, he was pleased, because her beautiful orgasm was certainly good for his father's self-esteem.

Together ahead

Anni came home from work in the early afternoon, as usual, and stayed in the bedroom. He heard nothing for days, though he listened quite expectantly. On the second or third day, however, he abruptly heard small, sharp cries through the partition wall and then a loud, satisfied, drawn-out moan. He was still masturbating when his door opened quietly and Anni came in totally naked. He spurted high into the air at the same moment he saw her standing next to his bed. He looked at her nakedness in depth, just as she looked magically fascinated at his club, from which his semen was gushing in bursts onto his rubbing hand. Although slender, she had broadly flared hips, her buttocks forming a well-rounded curve, as did her mons veneris. Her breasts were already a bit floppy and drooping, she had a very small golden bush above her shaved pubic fold. Her outer labia were wet and the flesh between them all swollen red from masturbation. Suddenly she noticed his eyes and for a moment covered her breasts and pubic area with her hands. She watched his slow masturbation with shining eyes until he had rubbed out the last drop.

When he was done, she stepped very close to him on the bed and stretched her pussy forward, spreading her labia apart with her fingers. With a vague expression of shame, embarrassment and triumph in her eyes, she said, it worked, it worked very well! She pointed a finger at the red clit, which he looked at up close. She said, look, look how I can do it! and very briefly rubbed her clit to show him that she was doing it right. Unlike Jo's clit, which was at least as big as a finger limb, Anni's clit was tiny and almost disappeared into the surrounding flesh. He pushed aside the full flesh covering the clit and felt for the tiny little clit. It could have been mistaken for a larger wart now that it was stiff and erect. It was barely half the size of a fingernail. He palpated the tiny little clit for a few moments with semen wet fingers, it was stiff, round and warm. Very gently he rubbed her clit, his semen on his fingers was enough lubricant and she began to tremble. He had masturbated the clit for a few moments and the clit grew, became quite stiff and pointed and he could grasp and rub it

with a finger. She trembled incessantly and looked at him steadily. He nodded encouragingly at her, in the sense of yes, that was the way to do it.

She must have completely misinterpreted his affirmative nod and taken it as a commanding request, for she looked at him for a moment, shame-filled, fearful and chastely questioning. A cold gust of wind touched her soul, no, he could not ask that! She couldn't masturbate in front of him after all, although she had done it shamelessly and hornily in front of her admirers earlier. She felt his greedy rubbing of the clit and her own trembling. His firm gaze, and how he smiled at her! Her soul fluttered like a caged bird, surely he can't ask me to do that! He is forcing his will upon me, she thought, full of fear and shame, he wants it, he wants it badly! She thought he wanted his will and her submission. Suddenly she gave in to his will, gave up all shame and restraint. So be it! Jack experienced what he never expected.

She spread her labia wide with her fingers, pressing firmly on the surrounding flesh to expose the clit completely. The little one came out of its recess and stood out half an inch, ready to be masturbated. Voluptuous and full of unchaste thoughts, she resolutely bent her torso backward as she quickly began to masturbate with one finger. He bent over so that he could look quite deeply into her oval shaped vagina. She felt somehow humiliated, her son had imposed his will on her and demanded to humiliate herself. She felt it was shameless, unchaste and obscene to masturbate in front of him despite her deeply hurt sense of shame and humiliated degradation. At the same time, it excited her to have Jack touch her cunt and caress her labia. She masturbated for more than a quarter of an hour, moaning, gasping and trembling all over her body until she shuddered violently in orgasm and went down on her knees jerking and shaking choppily. She remained squatting on her heels and had both hands slapped shame-filled in front of her face, the petty bourgeois morality trampling on her soul. She disappeared again as quickly as she had come. A while later he heard her sharp, soft sounds again, ending in a rich, comfortable sighing moan. Jack and she were now masturbating together and simultaneously, hearing the other only through the thin partition. Sometimes she would emerge completely unexpectedly and

stop naked under the doorframe to watch his masturbation and squirting.

Jo asked him out after the birthday party, of course, and when he finished recounting the conversation with his mother, she hugged him tightly and said how proud she was of his cleverness. He had to recount Anni's masturbation three times. He told how he had secretly rubbed in his pants, that Anni had not noticed anything and had only taken her hand away when he squirted. Jo got so excited that she had to fuck him immediately. That Anni had let him see her cleft and finger fucking briefly, he concealed.

Once he discovered his naked mother standing in the doorway and he let her watch him masturbate and squirt, and she had gone back into the bedroom, he lay there for a few minutes recovering until he heard her. He entered her bedroom quietly, and she was lying on the bed with her legs bent, masturbating. When she spotted him, she quickly covered her pubic with the flat of her hand and watched him anxiously as he came naked closer, joined her on the bed, and sat down between her legs. Of course she was anxious, he began to masturbate, the glans just inches from her pubic area. He smiled at her and said they should do it together. It took long moments before she dared to masturbate too. He came very quickly and squirted on her pubic cleft, watching her masturbate and orgasm. He did it again and soon she got used to masturbating together.

After a few days, he slid forward even further, pushed his glans entirely into her vaginal entrance and masturbated. Here, too, she pretended to be ashamed at first, although she didn't have to fear pregnancy since the tubal ligation. He knew about it, he had overheard a phone call once — the doctor had advised it because a second pregnancy could kill her. He already knew from Jo to masturbate with the glans in the vagina and squirting inside was so much more pleasurable. Once he was very aroused just before squirting and his cock unintentionally slipped in deep as he squirted. She nodded affirmatively and said that she thought it was gross to be squirted on. From then on, he put his cock as deep as he could into her vagina before squirting. From the beginning she felt responsible for his getting hard after she got used to the new situation. Completely naturally,

she took his cock in her mouth, licking and rubbing until he was stiff, something Jo never did with him. The first time he squirted in her mouth, he was startled. He spoke to her about it, but she just said gobbledegook, that it was a just part of it, his father liked it very much and she had finally done it in her school days too, but she didn't want to talk about it now. So it happened that sometimes she licked him with a mischievous smile until he squirted and sucked up his semen to the last drop. Jack enjoyed it very much, because she could do that very well. In his recovery breaks, he liked to grab her clit and make her have nice orgasms. She enjoyed that very much, closed her eyes and let herself fall happily, sighing and moaning, kneading her breasts and teasing her nipples. In the months that followed, they masturbated together as often as they could, his work stopped and made no progress.

Jo had a phone installed so he could call in- or cancel if he couldn't get away from Mother's bedroom. He had to tell her everything in great detail, of course, and of course she wasn't jealous. She often brought up the fact that he would certainly have liked to screw his mother, but he always denied it; that was a threshold they couldn't cross. Jo laughed brightly and said she didn't trust theory, but practice. Jack loved Jo with all his heart and visited her as often as he could.

Jo was understanding when he fell in love several times while studying and always asked him to tell in detail about fucking the female students. Most one-time-stands he consummated with condoms, mainly because he didn't want STDs and offspring. Jo was just terribly curious and never jealous, since Jack visited her as often as he could. One flirtation even lasted several weeks; he fucked like a maniac with the national champion floor gymnast. She had a surprisingly large clitoris and said that it was from her supplements, steroids and hormones. She only let him masturbate her with his hand at first and returned the favor with half-hearted handjob until later, when she was ready to conceive, she willingly let him fuck her. Jack's cock had also grown properly and was now getting really thick when he erected, giving his gymnast wonderful orgasms. But after weeks she discovered his double life with Jo and broke up with him.

He visited Jo frequently on her days off, until the end of college. Jack continued to work as a tutor at the university while he wrote his doctoral dissertation and fucked the odd student. Afterwards he had to tell his ever-curious Jo every adventure in every detail, she listened to him with growing horniness.

But dark clouds appeared on the horizon.

Betrayal and Traitor

His father, who usually fucked his mother three or four times a week, was increasingly staying late at the office because it was getting very late, but he always called so she wouldn't worry. Jack often stayed in her bed in the afternoon and then all night, they made nice, and she enjoyed having so many orgasms. She once said it was as if she had to make up for all the lusts she had missed, the years without real orgasms. Jack kept hearing Jo's words in his ears that he would eventually fuck her. But he remained steadfast, although to squirt he now always penetrated her very deeply and awaited the squirting motionless. She always interrupted then to await the squirting with a happy smile. They both waited a few seconds motionless, then he exploded and squirted intermittently in her vagina. She said that she loved it very much. It was a beautiful and bonding feeling for them both to fall asleep and wake up next to each other. Once when he came home after a night at Jo's, he found Anni crying on the bed. He asked in a whisper what was wrong, and she howled in tears, unable to get a word out. He quickly undressed and lay down with her, hugged her for a long time and stroked her hair and head. After a long time she calmed down and told everything.

Some days ago, someone from the office had slyly told her on the phone that her husband was having an affair with one of the young doctor girls at work. No, no doubt about it. He went out with her every day, they left in his car at four on the dot and would come to work together in the morning. No, there would be no mistake, the director, the doctor girl from a research department, his car, all night. The false snake feigned sympathy, but she thought the Mrs. Director knew about it. She took a cab to the vicinity of the factory in the afternoon and waited, tense to tears. Shortly after four, her husband (she didn't say father, as usual) actually came out of the company with a young, pretty woman; they went to the parking lot, to his car. His hand possessively on her round wiggly ass.

Jack stroked her to soothe her, and she drove away sad, but no longer crying. That morning he came, as he did every week, to change his laundry for the coming week. Usually he then fucked her

quickly and hastily before leaving for work. She greeted him without a kiss this time and they ate breakfast silently. She went wordlessly into the living room and undressed, he came over and she let him fuck her silently. She was sad because it was going to be her last time. The first time she masturbated while fucking, he stared with discomfort, eyes wide open at her unchaste actions and she denied him her orgasm while fucking. He looked at her masturbating and squirted miserably, as he never had before. When he finished squirting, she continued to masturbate smiling as he slid uncomfortably back and forth under her thighs. He was to witness for the first and last time her new private pleasure, the pleasure of a cuckolded, sex-crazed slut. After her orgasm she sat up.

He didn't look at her as she told of her cab ride to the company and up to the girl's house. Then he too cried and lied that it had come completely unexpectedly, like a bolt of lightning, that he was very, very sorry. After a while she asked if the new girl was better in bed, but he dodged like a kicked dog and mumbled that she was different, she was just wonderful. It wasn't just the sex, he said, but they both knew he was lying cowardly. They were silent, then she brought him the prepared travel bag with the fresh laundry and told him not to come back. Wishing him all the best for the rest of his life, she turned and went upstairs, to the bedroom, to weep bitterly. And here I am, she cried anew, and I don't know what to do next!

Jack didn't want her to cry, kissed her and stroked her hair and head, took her face in both hands and kissed her again and again. He said he didn't understand father, but he, Jack, was there for her, always. He stroked her all over her body, never missing a spot, and her crying finally subsided. Only after a long caress did his hand approach her bush, stroking it very tenderly. As if absently, she spread and bent her legs, as she always did when they masturbated together. He knelt between her legs as usual, his erect cock proudly thrust forward. He was ready to insert the glans into her vagina when he heard her soft whisper. "Come," she whispered, "come inside me! Come, do me, fuck me!" and covered her eyes shamefully with her forearm. Jack slowly and carefully penetrated her vagina and they fucked for the first time. Although Jack knew (she had told him once) that his cock was bigger and thicker than his father's, he was still surprised at

how quickly her arousal came, the short moans and the rich sound of her orgasm. He kept going, holding off until she was shaking with arousal again and her small, soft cries announced the orgasm. He squirted like he was out of his mind while she was still reeling from the orgasm. Afterwards, they lay quietly, holding hands next to each other, indulging their thoughts. "I knowingly cheated on your father for the first time, and I'm glad it was with you!" she whispered and smiled. Jack resolved to pursue the subject of unknowingly cheating later.

They stayed in bed until morning and fucked as often as he could. During his rest breaks he masturbated her and then they continued fucking like two young lovers. After a few hours of sleep, she wanted to get up and make breakfast, but he held her back. My morning wood, he whispered and she came back to bed to fuck his morning wood away. Then she went downstairs to fix breakfast. He heard her happily humming a song and also went downstairs to call Jo. He pretended to set up the next meeting, since Anni could overhear everything he said. Jo asked what was really going on, he murmured into the receiver that she was right. Long silence, then Jo asked, "you fucked her?" And he said yes, and reported briefly and succinctly, his father had moved out and his parents were separating. Jo was silent, then she wanted him to tell her everything, but he said to speak at his next visit and hung up. I kicked him out, Anni said, and we'll stay separated for now. But whether we will get divorced, I still don't know today. She had made a big breakfast, as usual only on Sunday, with egg dish and tomatoes. When they were done, Jack asked if she wanted the house to herself, she would be free and could meet men, the lovers She interrupted him, no, she didn't want that! She had not given up on father yet, with a lover she would seal it for good. No, we'll stay together, and.... She fell silent, then came a postscript: If you want me, I will have no man but you! Jack nodded happily, then her face darkened: And Jo? She looked at him from the side. Can you with us both....? And without hesitation he said, yes! But, do you have to tell her? she asked doubtfully, and he said, of course he had to, but he was quite, quite sure that Jo would agree. He could solve the problem of managing his time.

Ménage-à-trois

They continued to sit in silence at the kitchen table, then they got up, still holding hands, and after a quick look, they rushed up to the bedroom, laughing and giggling, and tore off their clothes. They fucked and masturbated until lunch and then continued right after. The mother had called in sick at work, thank God no one asked what she had, because she couldn't say well, a new lover! After a day of relentless sex, they calmed down. She went back to work in the mornings, because the accounts were left when she was not working. She called her father to see how he was doing, not forgetting to mention that he should send her money every month for her support and for Jack. Jack resumed his doctoral work, but found it very difficult to get back into the material. He stayed over at Jo's twice a week and called Anni every night, so their ménage-à-trois developed excellently.

Multiple times Anni invited Jo to afternoon coffee and Jack was very happy about these hours together in the garden, where very soon a family bond was formed. They trusted each other, all three of them, and they also talked about sexual topics completely freely. Once Jo brought up the subject of threesomes, but Anni couldn't even imagine it, she was too much of a child of yesterday. Jo explained what happened in a threesome, but Anni shook her head when Jo described in great detail what the women did together in a threesome. She couldn't imagine doing it with a woman at all, she lied. Jack helpfully jumped in and assured her it was only a theoretical question, the thought had never occurred to him. Jo smiled, because she had discussed it with him over and over, but he had told her it would have to happen with one of his female students sometime, if ever, but never with his mother, never! Jack wasn't clear why Jo brought it up, did she want a lesbian fling? She had never had it with a woman, Jo kept assuring him, forgetting about her lesbian relationship with the hotel maid, threesomes were all the rage these days, everyone was talking about it. He went to the university several times a week to give his tutorial. Jo gave him the most powerful

Texas Instruments calculator for his 22nd birthday, which helped him a lot in his work (*PCs were not invented then*).

Their ménage lasted more than two years. It was very satisfying for all three of them, and one day when the afternoon coffee lasted into the night and they had long since switched from coffee to wine, Jo spent the night with them and he slept with both women alternately in the big bed. Initially, Anni was uncomfortable and embarrassed when Jack mounted her and Jo caressed her body all over. When Jack had cum, Jo continued to stroke Anni very skillfully and teased her labia and clit for a long time. She enjoyed it very much and began to gasp and moan in delightful arousal as Jo masturbated her, but orgasming she didn't want and held Jo's hand tightly before letting Jo continue and stopping very short of orgasming again. After the fourth time, she pushed Jo's hand aside again and continued masturbating herself for a few minutes, coming to a screaming orgasm trembling and slapping both hands in front of her face.

Whining and incoherent, she stammered that Jo might not be angry with her, but she had had to do it herself from arousal and horniness, and she had never let a woman touch her before and didn't dare let herself fall. Anni was a very convincing actress and always believed her own lies, they quickly became conviction and then truth. Jo caressed and kissed her and murmured soothing words until she stopped crying. It was still a wonderful night, repeated more often at Jo's instigation. Jo managed with patience and persistence to seduce Anni after all. She very anxiously allowed Jo to masturbate her to orgasm. Later she also masturbated Jo and after some time Jo wanted to lick her. After briefly feigning shame, she opened her thighs very wide, willingly pushed her cunt towards Jo and Jo licked her to the best orgasm of the year. She tugged and tore at her breasts with loud moans, so aroused was she, fantasizing herself back to the Graduation orgy. Jack very much enjoyed fucking the licker doggystyle and watching the licked one orgasm, for Anni had learned it quickly and he could observe that Jo very much enjoyed being licked by Anni to orgasm. He was very grateful to Jo that she had arranged everything so straightforwardly and considerately. He sometimes licked Anni after they had fucked, giving her many nice climaxes. When he asked her once, she said the orgasms were the same whether licking, mas-

turbating or fucking, only the experience before was completely different.

Coma, Affair and Charitable Work

The news that his father had been taken to the hospital hit like a bombshell. Immediately, Jack and the mother drove to the hospital, where they learned that he had suffered a severe, very serious stroke and was still being kept artificially in a coma. They stayed with the father and all of a sudden his mistress came to inquire. Thanks to Mother's inimitable interrogation methods, the full story came out. The mistress had made a fine dinner, the father gave a proper toast to the wine, and then they went to bed. It was all as usual, perfectly normal, but this time the father had collapsed on top of her after his orgasm. She immediately called the rescue, dressed him and herself, and the emergency doctor took them both to the hospital, where the father was first treated. They visited him daily, rather rarely meeting his mistress, who was completely distraught. She gradually stayed away completely and called his mother only once. She was at the end of her training and would not be able to take care of him, she would soon start a job abroad and so on. The mother ended the conversation and was quite upset. Her love can't be that far gone, she scolded, if things get tight, she'll be gone in no time! Jack consulted with her on how they could do it, the solution was simple. They would put a bed in the living room for him, he could sit in front of the TV or listen to the radio or music during the day. Anni couldn't give up her job, so on a case-by-case basis the father would be alone for a few hours, otherwise she or Jack or both would be there if he needed anything. After all, he was her husband and his father for a long time. They never, ever wanted to think about his stupid affair again. Jack phoned with his father's company to hear that things were going.

The day father was discharged, his doctor asked them into her room and gave them lots of instructions, advice for everyday life, and once again described his condition. He would spend his life in a wheelchair, he would probably never be able to speak again. The examinations showed that he had not suffered any cognitive damage, but he could not speak. So you had to ask him if he needed this or that and he could signal very well with his eyes what he wanted. So for example, she said, you could ask if he wanted tea or coffee, and he

could signal well which one he wanted. Then she recommended some more reading, a support group in town, and gave them a brochure on home care. Then they went home, and an ambulance took him home, including his wheelchair.

The care went unspectacularly, just as they had discussed. One afternoon it rang, Anni dressed quickly, it was the mistress. She brought his things in a travel bag and asked if she could say goodbye. The cab was waiting with the engine running, the mistress stopped a few moments in front of the wheelchair and said, Goodbye, my love! and quickly left, goodbye! Jack helped his mother get the father out-of-bed-in the morning and get dressed, likewise then in the evening. They took turns feeding each other, Jack regularly emptying the pot that was built into the chair and rinsing it out. In the evening, while undressing and putting on the nightgown, the mother paid no attention to the father's erection. Afterwards, as they sat at the table, she asked Jack what he thought of the matter. The thing about the father's erection. He thought for a moment, then said his penis and imagination were apparently intact. She had three choices, ignore, handjob or ride him. She was violently flushed, then asked what she should do now. Ignoring is barbaric, Jack said, and I know you never, or very reluctantly, do handjobs. If I were you, I'd fuck him, I'm sure he'd get a kick out of it, and he doesn't get much pleasure these days. She just thought for a long moment, then asked, will you help me?

They went into the living room and lowered the blinds. Then they put his father in a comfortable position, she slipped an extra pillow under his head so he could see everything. She pushed up his nightgown and touched his cock, stroking it until he became erect. "Now let's fuck, do you like it?" she asked, seeing a glint in his eyes, desperately trying to say YES! While his mother stripped off the dress, Jack went into the kitchen and sat down at mother's place, from there he could see directly into the living room without his father seeing him. She had stripped completely naked and was moving back and forth a little provocatively, Dad's cock swelled and after a moment stood bolt upright. Jack guessed she was right when she said once that father's cock was smaller, much smaller. She climbed into bed, over him, and slowly inserted his cock. She asked, fast? slow? Yes, slowly? Apparently that was the choice, she rode very slowly and began to mastur-

bate at the same time. She rode very slowly and for a very long time, then she stopped, apparently he squirted. Then she continued masturbating and finished with a loud, jerking orgasm. Jack helped her put her father again to bed. She covered him, turned out the light, and came back into the kitchen, naked, clothes in hand. She would take a shower and then go to bed, would he come too?

Before they fucked, he asked if it had been good? He said he enjoyed watching, it was very horny and arousing to watch them fuck. She said at first she didn't find it arousing, but then she saw the flash in his eyes and felt that he had a good orgasm and had squirted quite hard like before. She laughed that his beloved body part was the only one that still worked. Jack added, some fingers too, he could push the remote control buttons. And I deliberately masturbated right in front of him, she said, because I'm sure he was very embarrassed and I wanted to rub his nose in the fact that I also profited from his stupid affair. Your father had let me know, that only dirty, filthy sluts masturbated. Jack didn't quite understand her train of thought, but he kept quiet. From now on she fucked the father every Friday night and Jack watched her from the kitchen, on the one hand because he was lustful and on the other hand because he helped her at the end in taking care of the father. When Anni stayed on her father's cock and masturbated, she sometimes had a sardonic, contemptuous tug around the corner of her mouth. Jack now had time again to go through his technical literature while he sat in the living room and the father watched TV.

Otherwise, none of this had any effect on their ménage, the father sleeping in the living room on the first floor, the three of them enjoying themselves in bedrooms on the second floor. It was a quiet, unspectacular time. When Jo came to spend the night, she sat with the father and held his hand. Jo offered the mother, if she wanted, that she should also fuck the old man for a change, she would be very happy to do it and the uncle would certainly not mind, he would certainly like it. But the mother angrily waved it off, after all it was her husband and her duty, and not Jo's. It was the only time that anything like dissonance arose. The discord lasted only a minute, then everything went back to normal. Later he brought it up again when he visited Jo. Jack knew the reason, Jo had fucked his father many

times as a young girl before he met her mother. She told Jack that she just wanted to give something back to her uncle, as she didn't feel abused, but on the contrary, had been fucked very lovingly, very respectfully and gentlemanlike by his old man. Jo smiled mischievously as she confessed to him that when she visited him and Anni for a threesome, she waited sitting by the bedside until they went upstairs for a shower. Then she would grope the old man and give him a quick hand job once he was erect. Jack and she laughed happily, because he liked that.

Jo visited him on her mornings off and helped him lift her father out of bed and get dressed. When she noticed her father's morning wood, she exchanged a glance with Jack and took off her panties. She fucked the old man and made him squirt, and when the stiffness remained, a second time. She loved his father and was always very sweet in her actions. His eyes flashed with pleasure when she stroked his cheeks and gave him beautiful orgasms afterwards. Jack often got so horny watching her that he immediately dragged her to his room afterwards and fucked her until his horniness was satisfied. They kept it a secret from Anni, but she made a remark during a threesome that she knew after all. Jack pulled his head between his shoulders, this was going to be fun! Jo's honest explanation that she just wanted to return something nice to the old man that she had received as a gift from him reassured Anni, because she had always suspected that her husband had had something with Jo before her. She said she didn't mind and Jo did it whenever it came up.

When Jo came over in the evening and felt like screwing her father, Anni would sit in the kitchen and watch. She looked with favor on Jo's youthful body, which obviously gave her husband so much pleasure. Although she had watched Jack and Jo fuck hundreds of times, Jo was fucking her uncle in a very different way. At first, she bobbed on his cock in a squat position until she realized he was ready. She lowered herself completely onto his cock and you could tell exactly by the contractions of the muscles of her butt that she was massaging him with her vagina as he squirted. Afterwards she sat still because he was still stiff and the movements of her butt showed how she was making him completely stiff again with her vaginal muscles. She stroked her uncle's chest, cheeks and face for a very

long time before she started rocking. It usually took a long time, but Jo seemed to sense exactly when he was ready and bent over, her butt twitching up and down faster and faster like the rear end of a wasp. She stopped immediately when he squirted and gave his cock a long time to go limp in her vagina. Most of the time she sucked and licked the cock completely clean before covering him up. Jo never masturbated in front of her uncle and fucked him once or twice a week, Anni stubbornly stuck to her Friday. When Jo didn't think about it being Friday, the old man had a feast day and was fucked by two women, though not often. Anni once said to Jo that she really fucked her husband quite great, much better than her.

About a year later, on a Friday night, it was going on as usual on Friday nights, the mother was fucking the father and then masturbating with the still stiff cock in her vagina. Suddenly she called for Jack all excited, pointing at the father and breathing that he was dead. Jack tried to feel his old man's pulse, to feel his breath, then shook his head. At last she rose and the dead man's still half-stiff cock slipped from her vagina. They washed the father, who had a thin trickle of semen running down his belly, covered him properly, and called for rescue.

Jack hid his guilty conscience to Anni that maybe this last festive day with two women had been too much for his old heart, he didn't want to burden her. Jo suffered a lot because that Friday morning his erection lasted much longer than usual and she let him squirt gently, the second time she fucked him very long and demanding but he could not squirt anymore. She felt guilty and Jack could only console her a little with the fact that the father had left in the middle of making love to mother, a very beautiful, love-filled death.

He helped organize the funeral and all the official business. They spent the next two weeks quietly grieving in seclusion; he had asked Jo to let them grieve alone for a week or two. He knew it was sad and painful for Jo, too, but she understood him and said she was understanding and could manage quite well on her own. He called Jo daily and spent time with her, very close to her.

The Admirers

In the evenings, Jack and Anni would clasp each other and he would caress her naked body to soothe her when she cried. When she wasn't crying, she told anecdotes of their life together, of their admirers, of whom their father was very jealous. Jack, after all, was in boarding school until he was 14, and her husband worked and slept at the company. In an aside, she slipped out that it never came to more than secret handjobs; she had never, ever cheated on the father. Jack immediately inquired. Since she kept giving the admirers handjobs, but they weren't allowed to screw her, they stayed away and the father's jealousy subsided. Jack continued to probe. Yes, some admirers were very persistent and probably got three dozen handjobs, but none were allowed to touch and tease more than her cunt. With none did she fuck, never, although very often she was so well teased that she almost did it with excitement. But it never happened, because she was faithful and knew that the father worked diligently in the evening, she was faithful to him and had never fucked with anyone else.

He drilled on, for her stories wound like garlands with ever new confessions, becoming more detailed each time, circling treacherously around the shamefully hidden truth. Yes, at the handjobs, she finally said, at the very back of the stone bench in front of the thuja bushes, she let the seed splash into the grass at the first ones. The stone bench, you remember, where you for the first time masturbated in my palm. Jack nodded. Later she rubbed the cocks right in front of her cleft and let the semen splash on her cleft, at least some, although it disgusted her to be splashed on. But because she usually got very aroused, she would push the admirer's cock really deep into her vagina before squirting and let him squirt in, that's not disgusting. And no, if someone tried to fuck her afterwards, she pushed the naughty guy back after a few thrusts, a few at least, because she had never cheated on father! Yes, she said in her somewhat confused narrative, it was only because she was very aroused, the squirting relieved her of the tension.

And when the tension finally subsided and she slowly realized that he had started fucking her after all, she rarely waited that long for him to squirt, but pushed him back. Unfortunately very few, she admitted contritely, only very few, that is, one at least. But because it was usually already too late and he simply continued fucking until he squirted, then HE had crossed the threshold, SHE was faithful and SHE was not fucking! Because her excitement was often so strong, she rarely noticed that some, some more, very many even did not wait for the handjob and immediately penetrated her vagina, they fucked and squirted, many needed it a second and third time. She let them, of course she tolerated it, because they were all friends. Most only came to her a few times, some remained long time admirers. Jack asked how many she fucked? Then she thought and hesitantly admitted that it was almost all of them, maybe 25 or 28, only some, about another 2 or 3, were satisfied with the handjob or squirting in and didn't fuck her. But none SHE fucked, just a handjob, and then possibly squirting in her vagina. That was NOT fucking, she was right, wasn't she? And the 25 or 28 had crossed the prohibition threshold with fucking, not her, SHE was always faithful to her husband! Jack wondered how differently they thought about fidelity and sexuality and muttered bitterly, maybe Dad ONLY screwed his secretary in the evenings, while her admirers penetrated her vagina, fucked her and squirted inside. NO, she said, NO! She was by now highly aroused by Jack's gentle stroking during her confessions and pulled him to her. They made love again for the first time after two weeks of mourning. Thoughtfully, she said in a pause before they continued, it could be, maybe he had many affairs, the bastard! But I NEVER cheated on him, although I would have had very many opportunities! Jack mumbled, she was right, the next fucking was more important to him than a moral discussion.

Two days later, during a recovery break, he brought up the admirers again, she should please tell everything again, he had almost forgotten everything because they had fucked so hard afterwards. She enjoyed Jack's arousing stroking and agreed right away, she had checked her diaries yesterday so at least the numbers were right. The worship period lasted about 15 years, until his 50th birthday, you remember? There were 3 that just wanted a hand job and never came back.

Totally there were a lot more, but she hadn't taken daily notes then, but she thought there might well have been more than 30 in a half year. Only at the very beginning did she let the seed splash into the grass in the garden. Most of them wanted to squirt on her cleft, but she was disgusted by that and pushed the cock into her vagina before squirting. When she masturbated the cock in her vagina, the hand movements on her labia and the movements of the glans in her vagina sometimes almost made her orgasm. If he squirted too soon, she would finger fuck herself to orgasm, all shy and bashful because she was ashamed to do it in front of someone she wasn't very familiar with. While watching, most became horny again and had another erection. For many, the second handjob lasted a very long time, she plunged the masturbated cock deep into her vagina with her hand, again and again, there she almost always came to orgasm and did not have to humiliate herself to finger fuck.

She chose the most from the customer base of his company, hardly anyone refused. Mostly she sat on the lap of the sitting man, plugged his glans into her vagina and gave him a handjob. In the beginning she had 2 or 3 admirers in a row in the evening, but she never came to orgasm. But one day the cathedral vicar came, who had heard about her in the confessional, and he had his own ideas about how he wanted it. He did not remain seated on the living room couch, but lay down on his back. Go ahead, my daughter, he said, and had her squat down over him. She wanted to serve the tall gentleman with her hand, but he pulled her deeper, deeper and deeper still, until his cock was entirely in her vagina. She was supposed to hold the root of the cock tightly with her hand and bob her butt up and down. That was such a good feeling, to feel the holy pole inside her, to feel it in her vagina while bobbing up and down, that she orgasmed quite fast and squeezed and pressed the noble lord's cock so that it squeaked with pleasure.

She propped herself up on his chest with both hands, wiggling her butt seductively before sliding up and down on his cock again. He placed his hands on her bottom, giving her a good feel for his rhythm. She felt each jet of semen as he squirted. This did her so much good that she had an orgasm very quickly. She was now purposefully bobbing up and down rapidly, she and he were having or-

gasms, one after the other. He remained a permanent guest for about three years, coming over once or twice a month and enjoying her squatting on him and making him squirt while bobbing, no handjob of course. Whenever he left, she would look up at him and ask the same thing, that nonsensical: and, heaven? The vicar looked satisfied and said unctuously, Heaven loves you very much, my daughter! He put - as always - two large bills on the dresser before he left.

Her behavior had been completely changed by the high holy gentleman. She began rocking on her admirer's lap, holding her cock on course with one hand, rocking back and forth, cock sliding in, cock sliding out. She orgasmed easily in the process and so did he. She carefully selected those who held course themselves and also enjoyed her rocking themselves, which became more and more violent towards orgasm, and also expected no more handjobs. The rocking and swaying ended when the group of those admirers appeared who wanted to fuck her. Handjob, that was poppycock! Fucking, fucking and fucking, that's all they wanted. Heaven loved her, she was sure, because now she could practically prove her steadfastness, her unbreakable loyalty to her husband.

And there were 38 suitors who had screwed her, but she had never screwed along, she always had her husband in her thoughts, she had never cheated on him! The 38 didn't want a handjob, they wanted to fuck her. She had always strictly refused that. But she loved it when her cunt was tenderly teased and her arousal was increased immeasurably. While she in turn made the cock nice and stiff with her hand and mouth, she said she would not fuck in any case, and if he had to so badly, then she would let him, but she would always think of her husband and never be unfaithful to him, never! All the admirers got it right away, and when the cock was tight enough, she would let go, lean back and close her eyes, because she was thinking of her husband, of her fidelity, and it was up to the admirer whether he wanted to fuck her, screw her, and shagg her, and whether he really wanted to do it to this virtuous, demure-looking, and possibly deeply faithful wife.

Of course, the 38 mentioned were only those worth mentioning in the diary. There were, of course, in truth many more, because many

were not good for orgasm or did not pay. These ephemera did not make it into the diary. She knew the truth and despised the men who just put it in her, squirted and just left. Those men didn't count for her, they immediately disappeared from her memory. So only those 38 remained worth mentioning. If she imagined something firmly and repeated it incessantly, it became actual and true. That's how it was, all her life.

All wanted and fucked her, all squirted in her vagina as often as they could. But SHE never fucked, that had to do the admirer already himself. Many wanted a second time, some could three times. Yes, of course, she answered, she almost always had an orgasm, she almost always had that while fucking. That was also the reason why she felt a little unfaithful after all, because when she orgasmed she clawed at her admirer and forgot to think about her husband when the explosion was very violent. Since she had been fucking the cock quite firmly for a long time before and during her orgasm until it exploded and then subsided, she usually felt deep sadness that she had let herself get carried away with fucking. But it was only an unconscious reaction of her body, a quasi animalistic, automatic reflex, she told herself, she didn't want to fuck and never doubted her true fidelity.

She remembered one admirer, he had a big cock, but she only got as far as very close to climax. He was one of the few with whom she immediately brought herself to orgasm with two fingers thrusting, although she was very embarrassed because he was watching so greedily and obviously lustfully, but she had to do it immediately. She cried then, because yes, she never thought about her husband during the finger fucking. She cried while the fool again stirred his cock around in her vagina and could not manage anything except to squirt like a fountain. And yes, the bottom line was that there were many who watched her finger fuck, even though the display of her finger fucking to the cathartic orgasm filled her with great shame and was very embarrassing. Most were aroused from watching and were allowed to fuck again. Many asked her after sex to please-do it again, they loved watching! With these men, the embarrassment was lost and she fucked herself liberated, shameless and disinhibited in front of his eyes.

Jack had found that she was much more honest when he gently stroked her, touching her clit very gently. In this state of mild arousal, she answered everything truthfully. Yes, she discovered finger fucking when her father slept at work during the week and didn't come home until the weekend. She lay awake for nights stroking herself endlessly, rubbing her labia with the flat of her palm, as she had experienced on the Graduation trip, but her legs twitched and trembled when she carelessly touched her sensitive anomaly in the process. The labia stroking was exciting when she left out the sensitive spot, she imitated being fucked at some point and so it happened that she climaxed all by herself. Every day during the week she fingerfucked herself to orgasm and felt released and wonderfully relaxed afterwards. Sometimes several times. Father usually came Saturday night and went to sleep immediately. Sunday morning they fucked as long as he could. She resigned herself to it, but his condition was rapidly declining. Sometimes, despite loving mouth- and handwork, they failed to make his cock stiff, and fucking with a half-soak succeeded less and less often. Gradually it became routine for her to finger fuck on Saturday night and Sunday morning when he was still asleep. After all, she wasn't even 30 yet and still needed at least one orgasm a day! He sometimes woke up and watched, getting a hard-on and fucking her like in the good old days. Then, when he couldn't take it anymore, he once said, transferring his aggression against himself to her, that was "ugh, decent women didn't do themselves, only unchaste, sex-crazed sluts!" It was very hurtful, that rebuke. Since then she never did it again when he was around, the weekends became long and joyless. That's when she decided to give in to the urges of her admirers and get her daily orgasm that way. At this time she also began to trim all the hair that was not part of the actual bush and shave around her cleft. The carefully trimmed bush should point like a golden arrow to her love gate, under the wooded pubic mound, the naked slit should draw all attention to itself.

She sighed happily because Jack excited her clit so finely and delicately and told frankly. She first called those who had flirted with her at previous garden parties, because she could instinctively distinguish flirting and flirting well. Already on the phone, she bluntly let the admirers know that she now had what they always wanted from her and she never said no. When the suitor knocked on the window

in the evening, she opened in a sophisticated, completely transparent veil dress, which highlighted her nakedness underneath lasciviously and obscenely in the backlight of the anteroom. In keeping with the fashion of the time, she also had some gorgeous, lace-trimmed baby-dolls that reached only to her navel and particularly accentuated her nude-trimmed slit.

The impressed men silently followed her into the living room, where, if it was his first visit, she made the rules of the game clear over the first glass of wine. Handjob or even sex, but she would not actively participate, because she did not want to cheat on her husband. She would not cuddle or kiss, but she would let his hand slide over her thighs, her pubic, yes, she would willingly open her thighs so that he could tease her cunt comfortably. Just as willingly, she brought his cock to stiffness with her mouth and hands, and when they were both aroused, she would lean back, cover her eyes with her forearm, or watch him – one hastily, the other thoughtfully and slowly – enter her vagina. She let him fuck her like a lifeless doll and watched it like an outsider, only clawing at him when he orgasmed, sometimes fucking his cock wildly until her orgasm came and died away. After the orgasm she was usually sad, because she never thought of her husband, but only of her selfish satisfaction. When one pulled out his cock and squirted over her masturbating, she told him to leave his cock inside next time, she couldn't get pregnant and it was disgusting to be squirted on.

Most came to her daily, she had her daily orgasms and it relaxed her a lot, it was much more pleasant and natural than finger fucking. Unfortunately, none stayed longer than two-three weeks, then she had to search her husband's address book again for a next suitor. This balance allowed her to endure the long weekends; father rarely fucked her on Sunday mornings. Instead of fucking, he sat up and showered her with jealous accusations and baseless suspicions that she was screwing all his friends. She remained outwardly completely cool, because none of his circle of friends would confirm him to fuck his wife. I am faithful to you, she always said and swallowed, because when she orgasmed she did fuck, she knew that only too well, but only because the body was set up with this automatic reflex, and she really couldn't help that! When his tirades had died down, he

hummed good-naturedly and they fucked peacefully. Rarely, but still, her mouth- and handiwork managed to get fucked a second time, and more rarely a third. Still, she felt they were drifting apart the more infrequently they fucked each other.

Jack was glad that the mourning period had ended with her now telling him everything truthfully, and he saw no need at all for a morality-soaked debate about whether or not she had cheated on her father for fifteen years. In any case, it set his view of her straight, she was not the sexless and unsullied virgin as he had considered her up to the Australia vacation, but had it fistful behind the ears with all sky-scraping naivety and completely twisted concept of fidelity! Aloud, he said, she was perfectly justified in getting her daily orgasm without feeling she was cheating on her husband. Yes, she whispered excitedly next to his ear, the daily orgasm I needed, often several times a day! And she whispered, come fuck me, make me feel good!

At some point, when talking about her admirers again, she mentioned that the admirers initially brought a good bottle of wine or champagne. Then, when one left a bill on the living room table as he was leaving, she was taken aback. When she told the next one about it, he did likewise, and soon it became quite natural for the suitors to give her gifts of money. Jack looked at her with wide eyes and dropped jaw. She interpreted that he didn't believe her, so she dug out a silver casket from her nightstand, there, look, there's quite a bit left! Jack shook his head disapprovingly, hoarding so much money in the house, then he counted the bills and grumbled that one could buy a big, a very big car with it, but she waved it off, she didn't have a driver's license. But what she had spent it on were gifts for her father or him. The first astronomical telescope, she had also bought him with it, and many other things. Jack, who couldn't stand her begging puppy-dog eyes for long, grumbled that it was all right, they were only gifts of money, she shouldn't worry about it. He almost remarked that Jo also received "only" gifts of money, but he bit his tongue in time and kept silent.

Jack stroked her gently and erotically, and she kept telling something new about her admirers. That many were already surprisingly squirting in her mouth while arousing her with their hands and

mouths was not new to her, because her father liked it also very much and she had to sigh to make him stiff again. The picture rounded off when she admitted in small morsels that with some, with all actually, she could barely last a minute playing the lifeless doll, and threw herself at the cocks with full force and passion. What on earth if the guy couldn't get anything done? Fear drove her to do everything she could to get her orgasm! That was her drive after all, she was never going to cheat on his father! She fucked and fucked herself to a redemptive little death, after orgasms she rested and let her beau continue the good deed until she was aroused again or he squirted and she had to struggle again to get him hard so she could get to her well deserved next orgasm. But she always thought of her husband, with whom she fucked and screwed just as she did with her admirer. And because she always thought of him, she remained faithful to him, at least in her heart. And she learned that the more passionately she fucked the beau, the more likely she was to fuck three times, so she had at least three orgasms, sometimes more. After a successful evening, at least she would not have needed the finger fucking right away, although then she always did it anyway, usually several times, until she fell asleep exhausted.

She cried softly as she confessed to Jack that most suitors just wanted to be ridden by her after their first cum. Whether they were too lazy or too exhausted, she didn't know, but they all wanted to be ridden, right from the start. She crossed herself and sent a push prayer to heaven that it would not be entered in her sin register as infidelity, while she stiffened the cock with her mouth and hand. Heaven made her feel quite clearly that it was not infidelity once the pleasure-giver had become stiff. The admirer mostly stayed seated in the fauteuil, she sat on his lap facing him and inserted his cock. She embraced him and rode slowly at first, then faster and faster when she felt the coming of her orgasm approaching.

She enjoyed these hour-long sessions, because she could orgasm as often as she came. Most admirers hornily palpated her beautifully shaped ass and humped her butt hole with a finger, which wonderfully intensified and accelerated her orgasms. The combination of feeling his cock in her vagina and being fucked by him with a finger in her bottom triggered her orgasm in no time, often after a few sec-

onds. She rode so devotedly afterwards that her admirers repeated it as often as they could. One of her admirers went limp after his first cum, but fucked her so long with his finger in her butt until she gave up exhausted from orgasms.

Sometimes she had to ask a suitor to fuck her with his finger in her bottom, and some enjoyed her begging and pleading for it, but it was just a game. They all squirted pleurably in her vagina as many times as they could until they finally went limp. She whispered tearfully in Jack's ear that she sometimes doubted her fidelity, for she did not think of her husband again until the admirer had gone. But she could always feel quite clearly that Heaven graciously smiled upon her orgasm and never entered it into the register of sins as infidelity. If she thought about it rightly, it was all 38 of them that she rode passionately every day until the relationship with the beau ended.

Some also wanted anal sex, but she didn't like that at all at first. Nevertheless, she made exceptions because the admirers paid her princely for it. She had procured gel and creamed herself as a precaution, then it did not hurt at all. She endured the procedure on all fours, often several times in a row, but she could not orgasm. There was only one who penetrated her ass in the missionary position and wanted to watch her finger fuck. She enjoyed lying on her back spreading her long slender legs like butterfly wings and teasing him with the sight of her. Mostly she played with her labia before letting him penetrate her ass. The more excited she got while finger fucking, the better he fucked. She couldn't feel his squirting, yet her orgasms while ass fucking in this position were insanely awesome. He could fuck and squirt twice, very rarely three times. For that she had many very nice orgasms. She loved these orgasms very much, because they were very, very intense. He was allowed to squirt in her ass as often as he wanted, because that way it lasted longer and she orgasmed as often as she could. He was rich and paid her princely during all those years.

Naturally, she told the other admirers about it, and many wanted to try it too. She never went on all fours anymore, but seductively spread her butterfly wings in the missionary position. For most, a single try was enough, but some made it a regular ritual and fucked her in the ass after they had had a vaginal romp. When Jack asked, after much thought she replied that she had anal intercourse once or twice a week, but it was horny every time because she could make herself orgasm and also the lascivious exhibition in front of the admirer brought an extra kick. And money, of course.

Crying, she hugged her Jack, for this confession made her soul shudder sadly and sob, also because she believed her own web of lies to be true - most of it really was, and she only lied when she wanted to embellish or conceal something. It was just the arousal, she sobbed, that damned unconscious and automatic reflex of her body, why she had fucked the hell out of everyone's mind. And, because I needed that orgasm so badly, your father was never around to do it to me! Jack stroked her, finding it very hard to stand her crying. "Thousands of times I fucked from orgasm to orgasm in those fifteen lean years," she whispered crying, "never once thinking about your father!" Jack stroked her gently to make her stop crying. "This was neither bad nor unfaithful," he assured softly. Jack felt perfectly well that he could have dug much deeper into her sexual adventures, but he felt heartily sorry for her and preferred to let it be.

She stopped crying in relief, because her Jack understood her, didn't think her thousandfold screwing, humping and fucking with her admirers was infidelity either, the good dear boy! She was, of course, in her right mind and knew perfectly well that she had fucked all her admirers, that she had cheated on her husband day after day after day, that she had let them pay her handsomely. And knew very well that with that money she could have bought not one, but ten or more of the expensive limousines Jack had mentioned, because she had shown Jack only one of the caskets. She would have been very ashamed if he had found out the full extent of her whoring. But it did her immense good to have Jack take the innocent line from her, her dear, good Jack! For a split second she regretted having let him believe in her innocence and fidelity with ever more intricate tall tales. She now told daily, quite liberated and in great detail, about her ad-

mirers and her sexual adventures, wept with emotion, and amazingly never again claimed that she had always been faithful.

Jack had remembered one detail carefully. In the aftermath, when she rode him, he would reach around her and carefully insert a finger into her butt hole. She looked at him coyly, but also expectantly, as if asking him if he really wanted it. He soon loved how nice her orgasm became when he fucked her ass with a finger. It became part of her repertoire, and he was always pleased when she flew from orgasm to orgasm, whooping. Jo also joined in when she licked Anni. Jo licked her up, from the first orgasm she humped Anni's butt hole and let her continue orgasming every half minute, orgasm after orgasm, until Anni had to stop.

Innocence at the beginning

Jack eventually stroked her again, gently and calculatingly, and kept asking her out. Now, her husband dead, she can report freely to Jack every sexual adventure, every fucking and whoring in those fifteen years. No, there was no playing doctor in her youth, but every night in bed she kneaded and stroked her labia and became virtually addicted to the accompanying arousal, which helped her fall asleep. At about 11, a classmate showed her how a hand job went. Before she met her first lover at 16, she did as many handjobs as she could, there were maybe more than a hundred. Word had gotten around that she gave handjobs in exchange for small gifts. But only to classmates, never to outsiders and once even to a high school graduate. She didn't do blowjobs, but for a generous donation, at the end of the handjob she would take the cock in her mouth and let him squirt in. At 16, she fell in love with Jeremiah, Jerry, a year older and one of the smartest she ever met. He wasn't jealous when she earned extra pocket money with handjobs and in-the-mouth-squirting, and stayed in the background as a protector, though he confessed to her that watching often turned him on a lot. He liked her a lot, they cuddled and kissed, she gave him as many handjobs as he wanted and made him cum in her mouth. Jerry had the most beautiful cock she had ever seen and a large glans in comparison. He caressed her small, budding breasts as she worked his cock. It always took some clever improvisation to find an undisturbed spot. One day, as they rolled and cuddled on the floor in the materials storage area by the gym, she looked at him hard and said she wanted to make love, really fuck him. He sheepishly said he never had, and she smiled, neither had she, she was a virgin too.

They pulled their pants down to their ankles, she lay on her back and Jerry over her, in a push-up. She rubbed his cock until it was hard, wetting her labia with lots of saliva. She steered Jerry to her vaginal entrance and he gently penetrated. She felt a small twinge as her hymen tore, then they fucked long and persistently, and she had her first orgasm. They stayed together for almost two years, reading together in the school library all about contraception, ovulation, and

days ready to conceive. Together they calculated whether they could fuck. Sometimes they bought condoms, but it was just a tool for them both on those dangerous days. Jerry's parents were very nice and kind to her, they never bothered her when they were having fun in his room in the afternoons, although they knew it very well. Only his naughty little sister would sometimes watch through the crack in the door. Jerry could fuck really well, from today's point of view it was probably his big glans from which she got her nice orgasms. She was very happy to have so many orgasms and loved fucking more than anything. Even after he graduated from high school, they stayed together until she was charmed by the junior manager during a trial practice in the big pharmaceutical company. She succumbed to his wooing, they fucked in the warehouse between the shelves. Infinitely sad, she poured Jerry pure wine and comforted him in his heart-break. She took turns screwing both of them until they graduated from high school, after which his father won. A year later they married, Jack was on his way. You, my love!

The end was not quite as she portrayed it, of course, but she never wanted to tell Jack the truth. In the year leading up to the wedding, she was alone a lot, because her father loved his work more than the many nonsensical hours wasted on the details of planning a patrician wedding. Jerry, on the other hand, loved to listen to her and was lavishly rewarded with sex. She loved being fucked by him very much. Although she kept admonishing Jerry to pull his cock out before squirting so she wouldn't get pregnant by him, this rarely happened. When he did dutifully pull it out before squirting, she would quickly sit up, take the cock in her mouth and let it squirt in, because Jerry loved it too. Mostly, though, he squirted first into her vagina. He squirted much less semen than her husband, but she could make him hard several times in a row with seductive mouth- and tongue play and keep fucking him. She gave herself to him passionately, as his thick glans gave her a wonderful orgasm every time. Please don't make me a child, she begged, to which he only said, I'll make you a child, we both want it! She had long since lost track of her days when she was ready to conceive and was completely surprised when the gynecologist confirmed her pregnancy a few weeks before the wedding. Her husband grumbled contentedly, having done his duty, but kissed her warmly and two days later brought her a pair of beautiful ear-

rings from the jeweler. Jerry turned white as a sheet, but he was very happy and proud. For hours she lay awake at night, pondering desperately which of the two was the father of her child. As the wedding approached, she was already very nervous and asked Jerry to wait for her call until after the honeymoon.

The wedding was magnificent and she enjoyed being the center of attention. They did not reveal the pregnancy yet, the honeymoon was to be in France. The day before, the phone shrilled, her husband had to go to the company immediately. She heard exactly what had happened, but she didn't understand or care. No honeymoon. We'll make up for it later, her new husband said, I promise! She cried only for a moment, then immediately called Jerry. During the pregnancy, her sexual appetite increased, and since his father again preferred to stay at the factory, she screwed Jerry as often as he could. When she went to the clinic to give birth, she was alone. Her husband promised to join her immediately, which he did not - after all, the tasks at the factory had to be solved immediately.

Whenever the door to her room was opened because the nurses were coming or going, she saw Jerry sitting outside. Usually he made a shy gesture with his hand. He wasn't allowed to see her, after all; he was a nobody. She smiled at him, because she no longer felt lonely when they furtively shook hands. She watched him sit there all night until the child came. In an unguarded moment, he slipped to her for a moment and wordlessly kissed her forehead, then scurried out again unseen. When the baby, freshly washed, was placed on her belly, they both realized that he could not be Jack's father. Jerry left the clinic with his shoulders slumped, not recognizing Mr. Director, who rushed in with a huge bouquet of flowers and an oversized box of pralinés in his hand.

She screwed them both until little Jack was about eight. Then Jerry went overseas to continue his studies, only then did their relationship effectively end. Jerry stayed in the United States, but never forgot to send a birthday- and Christmas card every year. Her husband only grumbled when another card arrived, but his jealousy waned because this rival was far, far away. All the while he was sure she had been cheating on him with Jerry for years, but he silently ate

it up and did nothing to turn it off and they never talked honestly about it.

Jack grew splendidly, and she had to admit to herself one day that he looked just like Jerry. She kept this secret to herself and no one ever found out. She, of course, sent Jerry a picture of Jack every year. It wasn't until Jack was already a graduate student that Jerry came to visit once. Jack immediately recognized his spitting image and embraced him with emotion. Fatherhood was never an issue, although all three of them knew it. Jack maintained a lifelong pen friendship with Jerry.

The Graduation Trip

Neither her husband nor Jack told Anni a single word about the Graduation trip. One week Costa Brava. Most enjoyed sun, beach and sea, but a small, sworn group stayed in the hotel, a sexual orgy was announced. She did not belong to this clique, but a friend took her by the hand, she belonged from now on also to it, which was already great for her ego. Anni was glad that the Graduation trip did not take place during the dangerous days when she was ready to conceive. They opened the intermediate door of two apartment rooms, forming a large free space. She stored her bathing stuff, including the bikini, in a closet, because everyone was already naked. One, playing the boss, gave out the motto: Booze, sex and lesbian! Everything may, nothing must, but there would be no No! One sat closely to closely, naked bodies sweating pressed against each other and they drank everything what was available. Drinks could be ordered by the case as well as pizza or fast food, porn videos ran on the VCR. The record player made Adamo howl in love, the Beatles competed with Cliff Richards and Elvis, the King.

She was not used to alcohol and soon drunk as a skunk, sometimes completely in a fog, sometimes she appeared briefly, only to sink right back into a deep drunken stupor. She laughed completely hysterically when in turn the general fucking started, laughed further when the first and then the second and third boy fucked her. Everyone looked up at her loud, shrill orgasms, soon some were crowding around her and the boss was yelling the next motto: Gangbang, Woodstock-style! She didn't know later how many had fucked her, gangbang-style one right after the other, in the ring of bawling spectators. She moaned and shrieked orgasmically, dozens of times, with every fuck. Sometimes she was handed a cup, which she emptied in one go, then she went on even drunker. All around the couples were fucking, and she threatened to doze off in the middle of the fuck. She woke up abruptly when the boy fucking her lay down on his back and penetrated her from below. A second boy excitedly played with her butt cheeks, stroking them and rubbing her asshole with some cream, then penetrated from behind. It hurt at first, but then she or-

gasped several times with two cocks inside her, screaming of joy. Although she didn't enjoy anal intercourse that much at first, the guys managed two more rounds and she a dozen orgasms, which amazed her a lot. After sunset some slept, some still fucked or watched the porn video masturbating.

She slept fitfully, one ate, drank and fucked in the morning again in turn like the day before. The boss, a colorful tattooed Valkyrie with menacingly large breasts and clean-shaven pubis, yelled the next motto, Lesbian at the dinner table! but no one laughed. The three girls who had already made lesbian love to the Valkyrie yesterday challenged other girls to make lesbian love. They seized the hesitant, the procrastinating girls and made love to them. The guys watched hornily and jeered when a pair of girls changed positions or girls. Anni, heavily intoxicated, was lying on floor cushions when a girl approached. No, she had never done this before, but the girl said that a No does not count in an orgy. She allowed the girl stroked her all over, but pressed her legs together because she didn't want to be fingered on her cunt.

The girl kissed and stroked Anni from above down to the navel and teased her so finely that her hearing and seeing passed and she gasped and moaned with excitement. The girl kissed, licked and caressed her inner thighs until her thighs parted as if by magic. The girl licked and kissed her labia and licked her to orgasm, did not stop after that and she had whooping screaming orgasms one after another. She kept asking the girl to lick her again, she had never imagined it so wonderful. At noon she got even more drunk and fucked every lad within reach. Some girls licked her to hot, violent orgasms, which she enjoyed more and more each time. In her drunken stupor she wondered if she might be a lesbian, but then she giggled, drank, and muttered to herself that she preferred the fucking after all. When the two boys asked her if they could do it again front and back, she refused and fucked one and gave the other a handjob at the same time, which was quite complicated. She didn't think much of anal sex.

When she woke up the next morning, almost everyone was already gone. She got some sandwiches and vodka with orange, alternatively there would have been orange with vodka. In one corner the Valkyrie

was licking a girl, then a boy came along and prepared to mount the Valkyrie from behind. The Valkyrie wanted to shoo him away, but the girl reminded her that there was no No. Reluctantly, the Valkyrie gave in, later forgetting to continue licking while screwing and waving a hand between her legs. She groaned quite loudly while orgasming and licked the girl anew, the boy continued and squirted violently thrusting. The Valkyrie whispered with the boy that he could not fuck the girl because she had her days ready to conceive and that only she was available. The boy nodded, the Valkyrie continued to lick her girl and he fucked her from behind. He rammed diligently and the Valkyrie did not interrupt her licking as he widened her buttocks quite tightly with excitement and squirted into her hugely large vagina under the huge Valkyrie ass. Anni crawled up close and knelt next to the boy and took a closer look at the large, open gaping vagina of the Valkyrie as the boy spread her butt cheeks wide before squirting. Anni palpated the clean-shaven pubic area, gently teasing the large labia and looking deep inside the vagina, as the boy pulled his cock out each time so that the dark tunnel of her vagina was clearly visible before he thrust forward into her gullet again.

Anni continued to watch, fascinated, and when the boy paused again and the Valkyrie licked her girl kneeling on all fours, she lay down directly under the Valkyrie and palpated her pubis, her vagina. Besides the thick labia, she saw the jagged, as if torn looking labia minora, which she mistakenly thought were remnants of the hymen. She touched everything curiously and gave in to an impulse and licked the pubis, labia and the torn hymen with her tongue, it tasted like vanilla and also salty, probably it was the boy's semen. The Valkyrie pushed her sex on her tongue promptly, she licked obediently and put in a trill with tongue again and again, as she had observed with the girls. The Valkyrie grunted approvingly and Anni did her best. Again and again the Valkyrie pressed the region of her anomaly on her tongue, Anni licked in wonder, for she had a little hump right in the middle of the anomaly just as she had. When Anni used to feel herself after orgasms, she also had such a small sensitive hump.

The Valkyrie didn't seem to mind being licked at the anomaly, she didn't twitch or tremble. Anni continued to lick there and slowly she

noticed the rapidly increasing arousal of the Valkyrie, whose hump was already quite hardened from the many licks. With a loud, roaring squeezing sound, the Valkyrie came to orgasm and squeezed her twitching, pumping vagina onto Anni's mouth. Anni, who had been concentrating on licking until now, became aware that the handsome boy was fucking her, at the same time the Valkyrie wiggled her abdomen and gasped, again, again! Despite her disappointment that she couldn't take care of getting fucked and climaxing herself, she licked anew, concentrating on the small, firm hump and giving the Valkyrie another two orgasms, violent, explosive eruptions of the mountain of flesh in front of her face. The boy let go of her without having squirted and Anni freed herself from the wet, hot steaming embrace of the giantess, who went to the bathroom and was stopped noisily and hornily when she returned and stayed away for a long time.

Anni wanted to feel the boy's erection inside her again, his slim, smooth boy penis feeling so good, but he slid toward the masturbating girl, sinking his cock into her sweet little vagina. Anni's disappointment faded as she pressed her fingers in between her labia and his cock, feeling the glans. She encircled the shaft with her fingers and rubbed it, pulling the foreskin back again and again with her fingertips, feeling his twitch as she masturbated the cock in the girl's vagina. She felt his come and felt his seed shoot into the girl's vagina over her fingertips. The girl gasped as she masturbated, continuing to work the glans in her vagina until the squirting stopped. Anni palpated the hard-on, pulled it out of her vagina and masturbated it thoughtfully. After a few minutes, she sensed that he was about to squirt. He kept his eyes closed and grunted comfortably as Anni very slowly reinserted first his glans, then his whole cock into the masturbating girl's vagina. The boy continued to fuck very slowly. After her fingers and her knuckles opened the girl's vagina all the way, Anni was able to easily insert the three longest fingers along the cock.

Anni was not irritated by his fuck movements, masturbated him further with her fingers and pulled his foreskin back very tightly again and again. It was a handjob in a very tight space, the boy enjoyed it very much and paused in fucking, abandoning himself completely to her fingers. She did it for quite a long time, feeling it in the

increasing firmness of his erection that he would soon come. His glans reared up and she felt the rhythmic throbbing in his urethra on the underside of his cock as he began to squirt. He squirted his seed deep into the girl's vagina once again to Anni's utmost satisfaction, she felt the cock throbbing and spurting quite accurately. She continued to masturbate him slowly, squeezing every drop from the glans with her fingers. Slowly she pulled her fingers out of the girl's vagina, who masturbated on and on as if absent-minded.

She was startled, for she had just impregnated the girl! In Anni's mind, the whole fertilization process played out in slow motion, the sperm cells snaking forward and one penetrating the shell of the egg. She shuddered, the boy and she had impregnated the girl together! She felt in her fingertips how she had masturbated the cock relentlessly, letting the semen spurt into the vagina in bursting jets. The boy had sat down, Anni placed her fingers on the girl's labia and wide open vaginal entrance until the girl rapidly increased her speed and jerked orgasming with a squeezed sound. Anni watched her long, violent, spasming orgasm in amazement, wondering anxiously if the girl had even realized that she and the boy had just meanly impregnated her.

Anni turned to the boy and played a bit with the beautiful cock, but the boy shook his head, saying it wouldn't do. Nevertheless, she sat down very close to him and inserted his glans and soft cock a bit into her vagina. She began to masturbate him and laughed out loud, because it looked like she was a man and was masturbating. The girl also had to laugh chuckling because Anni was winking and devotedly rubbing his cock in a manly way. The girl imitated her hand movements with quite a bit of obscenity and laughed with a wry mouth. But the cock was no longer stiff, only half stiff. She was getting more and more aroused from the in-out as she not only rubbed but pushed it in and out. This masturbating excited her and she experienced a tiny, gentle orgasm. She shuddered with pleasure, continued to masturbate diligently and after a few moments had a second gentle orgasm. She continued masturbating with his cock until the Valkyrie returned. Anni went back to her place and was very sad and depressed because she had knowingly impregnated the girl.

She sipped her vodka–orange and fretted, because with the handsome boy of the Valkyrie she would have liked to fuck undisturbed, moaning and screaming to get her morning orgasm. She smiled, for it must have looked really strange that she had masturbated like a man with his half-stiffy. She had sort of enjoyed that tiny little orgasms, and paused, startled, when the boy groaned in agony, as if she had hurt him. He groaned again, his glans suddenly jerking up inside her vagina and squirting really hard, but only once.

Instinctively, she pushed his cock even deeper into her vagina, holding his half-stiff cock in her vagina with one hand while the boy poured into her, moaning and groaning. No, no thrusting and no throbbing squirting, his semi-stiff cock just poured into her, though very little semen wanted to come out. She could feel it very clearly, the boy kept moaning and a bit of semen flowed slowly and viscously into her vagina. She saw his agony and helped him by pushing his cock in and out again deep and hard. Groaning, he thrust forward, wanting to squirt at last. He thrust and squirted, thrusting and squirting, although almost nothing came, until his cock had gone completely limp. Anni pulled out the flaccid one, bent over and gently licked the glans clean. The Valkyrie had been standing behind them for who knows how long and had witnessed everything. Anni was embarrassed and slipped away wordlessly.

With growing disillusionment, Anni watched a couple nearby fuck, was fascinated by the very intimate, lovingly performed act. They smiled when they noticed her watching and moved closer so she could see everything better. The girl rubbed herself very firmly between her labia as they fucked until she orgasmed and then stroked the boy's sack and cock, then masturbated his humping cock to make it gently cum inside her. They only took short breaks after which the girl stiffened the cock with her mouth and hand, then they continued fucking.

They lay down next to Anni and the girl stroked her until she was highly aroused. Only, when the girl waved the flat of her hand not only over her labia but also over her highly sensitive anomaly, her legs twitched and she trembled all over her body in pleasurable pain toward orgasm. The boy slowly and considerably penetrated her

vagina, the girl made her twitch and tremble incessantly with the flat of her hand. Anni finally got her morning orgasms, then she reached down and masturbating made him squirt. Queen swap. The girl realized Anni's inability to rub her and did it herself. Anni curiously felt her vagina and labia while masturbating and humping, the girl had encouraged her to do so because she could see Anni's cluelessness. She palpated the girl's cunt curiously, felt the cock with her hand rhythmically widening the vaginal entrance, felt the vagina and labia tremble and twitch as she orgasmed. After the girl's intense orgasm, Anni masturbated the cock that was inside the girl and made him squirt. Exchange of ladies, again and again. When the boy needed longer pauses, the girl wove her from orgasm to orgasm, twitching and trembling, she gasped and moaned in pleasurable pain. Unfortunately, she could not reciprocate, but gently kissed and caressed the girl's breasts and nipples while the girl palm-stroked herself several times. Anni placed a hand over the girl's labia and vaginal entrance to witness her rapid masturbation and orgasms up close. During one of these orgasms, she put a finger inside the girl's vagina full of curiosity to feel the violent convulsions and contractions of the vagina. Lady swap. Anni was very embarrassed that she had to tremble and twitch so much under the girl's palm, but she felt as if she had had a hundred wonderful orgasms during that time. When they stopped after hours, she got her bathing suit and slept off her high on a shady beach lounge.

Anni spent the next few nights with different guys, fucking them and the roommate alternately until dawn. She felt quite clearly to have now grown up.

During the siesta on the day of departure, the Valkyrie came to her in the room and undressed her and herself completely. The Valkyrie did not linger long with kisses and caresses, but licked her to quite wonderful orgasms. She could magically lick with her tongue, stiffen her tongue and once even bring her to orgasm with her stiff tongue. Anni played with the nipples and the huge breasts of the Valkyrie, twitching and trembling incessantly as the Valkyrie constantly worked her anomaly with her tongue. She had wonderful pain and orgasms and never got the idea that all girls had this anomaly and

used it to get orgasms. Decades later, she wondered how she had not seen the forest for the trees.

Her roommate, a naive, innocent child, masturbated incessantly while watching, but Anni couldn't see anything because she was doing it under the sheet. She was not part of the orgy clique, so Anni saw her masturbate for the first time. When she orgasmed, she twisted her eyes so you'd only see the white and immediately continued. She watched with an astonished, dumbfounded expression, apparently completely taken off guard by the fact that one girl was licking another. Or she always looked so dim-witted while masturbating. Before the Valkyrie left, she pulled the sheet away and stroked the girl, nodding encouragingly at her, and Anni watched the two of them as they pleased themselves in front of each other. The wide Valkyrie ass wiggling in orgasm did obstruct the view of the girl, who masturbated quite violently and quickly, and after the short orgasm continued uninterrupted until the Valkyrie gave up laughing and said she wouldn't come as fast as that!

Totally surprised, she reached under the girl's ass cheeks and lifted them a bit. With both hands she bent the thighs apart, so that the vulva presented itself like an opened peach, between the labia the small clit came out quite clearly, half a centimeter perhaps. Anni was annoyed that the view of the girl was obscured by the back and head of the tall girl. With a glance, the Valkyrie grasped the girl's hymen and marveled that at 18 or 19, the girl was still untouched. She enclosed the whole peach smacking with her mouth and let her tongue dance magically on the clit. The girl's eyes were wide open, for no one had ever licked her before, and she was afraid that the energetic thrusting of her tongue into her vaginal entrance all the way to her chastely guarded hymen might damage it. But soon the voluptuous gasps and moans of her orgasm rang out, and she did not stop, for the Valkyrie continued even during her climaxes, which made the girl wince at ever shorter intervals. She stopped only when the incessant sounds of orgasm faded into soft, catlike whimpers. The girl was completely exhausted and remained lying there as if unconscious when the Valkyrie left.

Olivia, as the girl was called, remained absent and apathetic as Anni groped her and explored her cunt. Olivia willingly allowed Anni to spread her thighs very wide and explore them with her eyes and fingers. Between her labia she too had the jagged looking remnants of the torn hymen like the Valkyrie. They appeared to be larger on her and hung off to the side next to the vaginal entrance. Anni had to look twice, but Olivia's vagina was still closed by a pink shimmering hymen! So the large, jagged lobes could not be a torn hymen. She apparently palpated the hymen too closely, because she heard Olivia whisper fearfully: "I'm still a virgin, please don't do it, please don't deflower me! I want to stay a virgin, please don't deflower me!" Anni didn't intend to, she said, shaking her head, "I've just never seen it done so well!" She touched the large flaps of skin and Olivia said, these are the labia minora, with me they are just quite large. Anni pulled the flaps apart, at the very top something was exposed, something that looked like a uvula. Both the Valkyrie and herself had only a tiny bump there. She touched it and Olivia said that was her clit, Anni had never heard of that. She let Anni stroke and kiss her cunt and sighed excitedly as Anni licked her. Like others before, she slid her flesh, her anomaly, her suppository over and over onto Anni's tongue. Anni licked the anomaly very gently and Olivia moaned, yes, yes, right there! Anni licked the anomaly, which soon hardened like the Valkyrie's hump. Olivia moaned comfortably and Anni licked her right there, fast and trilling. She wondered no more about it and licked Olivia to a beautiful orgasm.

Unexplicably, immediately after the Graduation trip, she forgot that the secret of female pleasure lay amidst the anomaly. After all, Olivia had explicitly named her clit, the girls had licked the hump in the anomaly. When she returned from the Matura trip to her two lovers, she completely and permanently repressed the orgy and everything that went with it from her memory. She didn't hear the word clit until over a decade later, when Jack explained proper masturbation to her.

We're rich!

A few days after her return, Anni visited Jerry. Both knew that this was their last time. They made love to the point of exhaustion, they kissed intimately and she thanked him for his loving, tender friendship. He accompanied her to the front door with a thick lump in her throat; she never visited him again. She went to her junior boss and told him that she had finally broken away from her last relationship and that she had fallen violently in love with him. In the meantime, he had gotten her a job in a large business law firm where she could put her accounting skills to the test. Then there was the beautiful wedding and Jack's birth. She stayed at home for four years, until kindergarten. The Graduation trip remained her only secret, which she liked to recall while fantasizing in her lonely masturbation sessions.

One of her former admirers had become a very good lawyer, advising her on her widow's pension and negotiations for her husband's shares in the company. And he was really good! She would receive a relatively large monthly appanage for life, about five times what she was getting with her half-time job. She would get about 30 million in cash for her husband's relinquished share and then keep about 25 percent of the company in stock. She admired the lawyer, Rüdiger, who was persistent, dogged and relentless in getting out all that was possible. He drove her home and she took notes of his instructions; they drank coffee in the living room. Before he left, he hugged her, kissed her and reached under her skirt. He bent her backwards, laid her on the living room table, and pushed her panties aside, then penetrated her vagina and fucked her briefly, oh so terribly disappointingly briefly that she didn't get aroused at all, and he pulled his cock out before squirting. He zipped up his pants and wiped his semen off the table with a paper handkerchief. He said goodbye, see you the day after tomorrow, and left in a hurry. She went into the bedroom to masturbate, for this brief fuck had only aroused her afterwards. In the evening, when Jack came home, she told him about the trial and the result, she was rich and so was he. Right! Rich! It took Jack a few moments to digest it all. Then later, she said, he fucked me, the Rüdi-

ger! Jack asked and laughed out loud, a quickie, on the living-room-table! She joined in his laughter, after which they agreed that the quickie meant no more than the handjobs she had given Rüdiger at the time.

Two times a week Rüdiger came, brought documents or had signatures given to him, did his quickie on the living room table before quickly leaving again. After a few weeks it was all done, he got a quickie for the last time, after that no more Rüdiger, no more quickies. The mother took Jack's advice and held back on spending money. She cleaned out her wardrobe and bought only a few nice pieces. She closed her accounts after she quit and counted the days until it was finally over. She now made time for exhibitions, the great museums, went to the theater and concerts with Jack and Jo. She listened to Jo's advice about fashion, hairstyle and what makeup to wear and soon looked very elegant and understated. Jack rubbed his eyes, this was no longer the unremarkable, cheaply dressed house mouse. This was a proud, selfconfident woman.

She had hired a real estate agent, an acquaintance of his father's, to look for a new apartment. Finally, she decided on a very large apartment, high up in a high-rise building by the city park. After four months, it was renovated and furnished. Jack stayed in the family home, loving the familiar surroundings and the beautiful garden. In the evenings he commuted between Jo and the new apartment and rarely slept at home. Anni blossomed and had many one-night-stands, mostly very young, muscular guys and Jack stayed home more and more often to give her space. Once or twice a week he stayed over at her place, in the huge bedroom with the marble bathtub. He expressed concern that the huge glass front of the bedroom might be a peeping tom's paradise, but she laughed that she didn't care, let them peep then! She told in great detail and with excited laughter about her sexual adventures, but soon had to admit to herself that they were very, very unsatisfying. He was very pleased when Anni calmed down a bit and got involved in an aid organization for abandoned and stranded girls and young mothers.

The end of a period in life

He continued to visit Jo on her days off. Of these, she now had 7 a week, for she had quit at the Flamingo-Bar and, at his request, moved in with Jack at the family home. They were preparing together for her trip around the world, which she wanted to give herself for her 40th birthday. He couldn't go, couldn't straw dance for 6 months while his PhD was in final labor and he had been offered a job as an assistant professor. When she would be back, and she was not sure about that at all, she did not want to work as a barmaid anymore, she was quite sure about that. She was done with that phase of her life once and for all.

But the trip around the world, that's a whole other fairy tale.

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The Marques de Caceres

by Jack Faber © 2006

For one of my many missed birthdays – to my recollection it was the 52nd – I had treated myself to a week-long trip to ride a motorcycle in the island of Gran Canaria. After a long, heroic battle with the front desk, I had snagged a gorgeous room (No. 317) with a balcony and spent a week of breakneck cornering around the Spanish volcanic island in the Atlantic. The borrowed Kawasaki had plenty of power and, most importantly, a hell of a sound that would have done credit to any Harley.

And as that is just so, if one is alone as a man on the road, one looks closer when the waitress serves or flirts with the eyes sometimes left, sometimes right. My eyes stayed already some days again and again with 2 younger Dutchwomen, the one a willowy, blond gorgeous woman and the other, with black silk hair splendor and very well-groomed slim body, but – well, obviously loving a good drop and with a pretty disfiguring skin disease in the face.

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Today at breakfast no Dutch women, that worries me a bit. Encounter afterwards in the hotel lobby, the blonde comes to meet me and we both smile at each other, then she slips out with the left slipper and puts a Tolup with Half Turn before I can catch her. Let go of her hip again and grin encouragingly. Off, off to the lift, the Kawa calls!

Damn, what am I going to do with a Dutch girl who looks like a speed skater with her almost 2 meters and is at least 30 years younger than me!!! Besides, I am not unattached; (yes–yes, and the grapes are too sour for me anyway).

Well, like every day, I swung into the saddle on this one and rattled along the coastal road. In the evening I returned to the hotel. The approximately 280 km of this day went into the bones, was al-

most throughout pass road! Have a slight muscle soreness and am finally rid of my big butt, I feel it at least not at all... I shower long and hot.

Come late to dinner, right at the next table the Dutch girls. Wumm, they are already at the 2nd bottle of red wine! Yes, but, the girlfriend seems to booze gracefully as suspected. The blonde beams at me. I nod kindly and chow down. When the waitress Yennifer comes by, I ask her name again. Yesenia Rodriguez. There you go, I'll correct that on the hotel's rating sheet. During the casual chat, I joke that she is wearing a beautiful gold ring, but on the wrong hand. She laughs and confidentially places her hand on my forearm. Soy novia, or something like that. Probably means I'm a bride, I'm engaged. Okay, Yesenia, have a nice life and many niñas, all as beautiful as you are! — It's much easier to chat when hitting on has become futile.

After dinner I smoke for a long time, the girlfriend of the blonde swallows violently and already sways slightly while sitting. The blonde drinks mineral water and looks over the rim of the glass at the three Italians, three young bulls her age, or rather younger, pimped out like the black rap-singers in MTV, with fashionable robes and lots of gold chains, yo, man, yo, we are rappers!

When I get up, I look at her and mumble loudly, I go to the bar. Go out with soft knees and occupy a nice table in the hotel bar. The beer sinks millimeter by millimeter as I figure out what to do next. Definitely an alias with an exciting backstory. So Jafar the shark hunter? Or Dr. Jafar, biologist and shark researcher? Sounds less bloody, I'm quite familiar with the subject matter and could talk shop for longer if necessary. Or just Jack, computer expert? Hm! Before I can decide, the Dutch girls come through the hall to the bar. The long blonde has the small Alk-lady undergrasped and supports her as a precaution.

I get up and stand behind the chair like a butler, so things are clear. They are undecided at first, but then I make a head movement, come now here, so they come closer. I move the chair, the Alk-lady sits down, then I pull another chair from the next table for my blonde. May I invite you both for a drink? Marieke, she introduces

herself, and Inue, from IJmuiden. Holland, I say, she smiles. Her German is not much better than my Dutch. So be it. I also introduce myself. Jafar from Vienna, preacher.

Tequila Sunrise and Copa Tropical, I misjudged. Preacher? Preacher Man, I explain. Our German Dutch, pimped up with some English, that goes quite well. What does a Preacher Man do? the blonde asks. I preach what good computing is and demonize what bad computing is or comes from Redmond. Aha. In her eyes, blank nothingness, no spark, no flash of wit. I make Advice, I say, “Advies en Automatisering. Van die Computergebruikers.” Uh-huh. Then why Preacher Man? I stammer laboriously in Brockenholland and Pidgin English, slowly she catches on. “Een programmeur?” Yes, I wink tiredly, there’s probably no point. Next time shark hunter, shark researcher or real estate shark, damn!

She’s 32, Marieke says, and works in an office in Amsterdam. Pump store, fire department, pumping out basements and so on. But from pumps she knows nothing, the others do that, she is there for the correspondence and customer service. Okay, I say, I would have thought she was a speed skater. She looks concerned and says, that was in the past, she was really in the national racing squad. Would I have seen her once? In her eyes, suspicion and mistrust that I am not what I pretend to be. No, I say, it’s because of her slim figure and her movements, which look like those of an athlete.

Silence. Figure was probably not the right word, what the heck do the Dutch understand when I say figure? Wordlessly, the seconds slowly pass. Tequila, Inue grumbles, another dekila. Sanrais, she adds energetically. Marieke whispers Dutch with her, tries to talk her out of the Tequila. The waitress doesn’t care and brings another tequila. The mood is completely fucked.

And you ride the big bike, out there? Yes, I nod, but before I can continue, the Italian rappers, yo yo, man, come loud and noisy from the dining room, coming closer and closer. They stay a few steps away, standing around indecisively. Marieke slides back and forth on the armchair and whispers, sorry, but she had agreed with the Italians that they would go to the disco with five other people. Do I want

to go with them? No, I wave her off disappointedly, I can't dance, my bad knee. She slides back and forth. Inue, she says, Inue, you can't stand anymore, we can't go to the disco. The Italians grumble, the boss talks to Marieke energetically and demanding, jo jo! You can't get any lower than the bottom of the swimming pool, I think, and offer to sit with Inue until they get back from the disco. Marieke beams. Damn, how easy it is to find idiots when you need them badly! Inue speaks surprisingly fluent German and says Marieke should just go to the disco with the guys, she'll finish her drink and then she'll go to the room. Okay, says Marieke, then see you later and goes off with the guys. Jo Jo, Man!

False start

I nibble listlessly on my stale beer while Inue tells me she's 26 – oops, no, 27– and a dental assistant and hasn't been able to get rid of the red port-wine stain on her face for years. I don't even need to go to the disco with it, she says, the boys all just want Marieke. She is silent and waits for my comment. Then she says stating, you also imagined it differently. I pretend no, no, but she grinned and sips deeply on the tequila and the Sunrise. Stubbornly she mumbles to herself that she had imagined the vacation quite differently, but what the heck. No disco then. She has beautiful, long black-wavy hair and almond-shaped, beautiful eyes – I can see that she must have Asian parents – and a pretty face, apart from the port-wine stain.

The initial halting conversation becomes more eloquent as she continues to ask me about my bio. Motorcycling and sailing don't interest her at all, but writing is where she thaws out. She writes diaries and poems, no, she doesn't think about publishing. She energetically asks what I write. We get into a heated dispute because she thinks that sex should only be hinted at in literature, so that something happens in the reader's mind, but it shouldn't be explicit. I disagree that you can write very explicitly and still have something going on in the reader's mind, provided you have a good concept, a viable or unusual plot. Just the pure noise of humping alone, we agree, that doesn't give anything.

No, please, no more tequila, I say to Inue, be a good girl! We wrestle over the tequila for a few minutes, in the end I win when I promise I'll take you up there. She smiles. You'll take me to the room? Yeah, I say, there's nothing to it, I won't bite you. Sure. She smiles, she knows better. I pay, then Inue whispers to the waiter: “dos Marques de Caceres y dos copas, para la cama,” and I realize a few minutes later that the good Marques must be swimming in a bottle of red wine. In both. Inue, Inue, I say shaking my head, but I won't sit that long! She looks at me very directly and says that I promised to accompany her to her room, then she gets up as well as she can. I hook her under, because of the swaying floor in the hotel lobby, and we go

up to 716. She holds on to the life-saving Marcheses and her purse, I clutch the two red wine glasses and her hip, my God, she can barely stand up straight. But the hip, it grips uniquely well, gentlemen!

She rummages the room card laboriously out of the handbag and then can't find it in the slot, I have to help out. She goes ahead, I stop in the doorway and say, I have to go now. She shakes her head obstinately and says, put the glasses on the table! I obey and hear the door slam loudly behind me. Inue, I have to go now, I say, I don't want to, we agreed, don't bite. My panic increases as she calmly and with a certainty of purpose that I would not have believed her to have in her condition, unscrews the red wine and pours it into the glasses. Wingless, I try to fight her off several times, but her stubbornness is tremendous. I sit on the edge of the chair, ready to jump, and sip the Marquis from the province of Caceres. Not bad, but heavy and bitter. I don't like wine in general, and this Marques may be the pride of the house, but I don't want it. Inue holds her glass out to me, willy-nilly I have to top her off.

Inue grinned at some point and mutters, the boys won't have any fun with Marieke, she only loves her Vibby. What, I ask, what is that? She climbs over the bed that my eyes almost fall out of their sockets from gawking and digs out a pink sex vibrator from the nightstand drawer. She laughs at my puzzled face and stows the thing away again, then sits down opposite me on the couch. Somehow my heart is beating at full speed in my throat because Inue's little dress has nothing to hide anymore and on the other hand I am embarrassed by this undecent revealing of Marieke's sexual secrets.

She notices and continues to drink doggedly. Her handling of her beautiful, slender legs is pure provocation, my throat throbbing as her thong is at best an alibi for etiquette gone useless. With a gesture of complete self-assurance, she reaches under her dress and unfastens her bra, deftly pulling it under her arm and armpit. I gulp, because under the gauzy little dress the sweet little breasts and teats stand out clearly visible.

She sips the Marchese and watches me with cat-like eyes over the rim of the glass as she slowly pulls one leg up and rests it on the seat

beside her. Then she calculatingly folds the leg slowly to the side so that her thong shifts completely, exposing her black silk fluff covered pubic and slit entirely. Triumph flashes in her eyes as my eyes magically latch onto her naked cunt, smiling somehow victoriously as I look helplessly—aroused at her nakedness and cannot avert my gaze. You have to be a complete moron or even Dr. Jafar from Vienna to not instantly understand these body language signals.

I chatter something irrelevant, while my eyes feast on her body. The leg bent in a seductive way and the thin, black thong reveal everything, my heart beats up to my throat and my buddy with the watery eye smiles knowingly. She leaves me smiling at her beautiful body, at her exposed cunt. I continue our conversation haltingly for a few more minutes, even though voyeur and exhibitionist are facing each other, then she begins to doze off sitting up. I stand up and greedily take one last look at her naked cunt, then quietly slip away.

From people walking in the elevator up and down

I know, you might think it's cowardly. But the inhibition against taking advantage of the alcohol is stronger than the desire, has been beaten deep and hard into my soul. Even as I drive down, I ruminate on this inhibition to bite and that Inue looked quite appetizing. Maybe I should have? When the elevator stops, I am undecided whether to go up again. There you go, says my buddy with the watery eye, she's already completely gone anyway and surely doesn't mind a quickie, with her bawling that only Marieke ever gets the guys off. Come on, he drools greedily, press the 7 already! Obediently I press 7, the lift thinks nothing of it and goes up good-naturedly. Angel-Jack and Devil-Jack, who had been silent since the 3rd beer, are now talking to me incessantly. Don't be a pig, don't be unfair, you boozier, don't do shit! Exasperated, I press 3. The elevator door waits indecisively for 7, whether I do not want to get out, then it closes with a shrug and goes down again. This time I get off. I'm not an idiot to take the elevator for a walk at night!

For seconds I stand in front of the open elevator. Then it closes quietly. Angrily, I press the "up"-button again. Obediently, the door opens and the yawning emptiness of the elevator seems to laugh at me cynically. Then it bristles and shrugs itself closed again. I push the button again. My buddy urges. I quickly get in and head upstairs. I have to knock several times until Inue opens with a sleepy look. We look into each other's eyes for a long moment, I recognize budding anticipation in them.

Prelude

I can't sleep, I lie, muttering in an embarrassed manner, and sit down in the deep armchair. Inue refills both glasses and sits down on the couch. "I want it too!" she murmurs audibly, looking me kindly in the eyes. Her eyes flash briefly and seductively, pretending to think of something on the spur of the moment. With a knowing, calculating look, she slowly raises her leg to the seat, the snake watching the mouse with calculating interest.

A moment later, she flips the leg off to the side, as she did before, and pushes the thong aside with a quick flick of her wrist. There is nothing accidental or unintentional about it, she already knows from before how she gets me hooked. She exhibits her naked cunt completely uninhibited and proudly shows me her whole tempting splendor, drunkenly she plays with the pubic hair, the labia. I watch her tied up for minutes, drink carelessly and feel magically attracted by her obscene permissiveness, unchaste display and erotic shamelessness.

After a long while, Inue, triumphant over the taken-by-surprise old man, laughs up bright as a bell and sits down on the arm of my chair after pouring our drinks. The alternation between exhilaration and clarity completely confuses me. She plays with my hair and nuzzles my neck before feeling her way down over my chest and unzipping my pants almost effortlessly.

"Oh, there he is!" she exclaims, smiling mischievously at me, smiling as if this is an unexpected discovery. I'm excited and horny as a spitz dog. She is now lying across my chest, feeling my cock, checking its stiffness. I sigh loudly, it feels so good. I touch her bare thigh, caressing it and stroking myself further up. Inue is now wriggling back and forth terribly excitedly, squeezing my cock. As my fingers slide under the thong, she almost drives out of her skin and masturbates me delicately.

Before I can even say peep, she bends down low and caresses it with her lips and tongue. Pushing her mouth fully over my cock, her

lips enclose it tightly. With quick movements of her head she fucks me with her mouth. I feel in my frenzy the violent rising explosion and pour myself in her mouth. She only stumbles for a split second, then swallows it and continues. I shudder because it is so eerily beautiful the way her warm mouth fucks my spurting cock, the way she sucks, swallows and caresses my cock with her lips. Then I pull her head back — someone had told me insistently that no woman would like to be squirted directly into the mouth.

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“Phew, don’t you like it?!” grumbles Inue, unable to hide a certain disappointment. She wipes her mouth and lets her flickering gaze rest on my hard-on, from which a bit of semen still oozes. I murmur in an embarrassed manner that I am sorry. “Oh what, I actually like doing this very much! Today I had to do it to you with my mouth,” whispers Inue, “you must not squirt inside, today is a dangerous day!” I keep quiet because I’m drunk and horny and don’t give a shit. “Let’s have another drink,” she suggests.

The unfamiliar alcohol gets into my head dangerously fast, I’m drunker than I’ve been in a long time. In the next quarter of an hour we drink another glass, I caress her incessantly and explore groping her body. Feel her warm, soft skin under the thin fabric, the stiff nipples lift firmly from the small breasts. My hand glides gently over the dress, caressing her hips and narrow buttocks. She quivers slightly, I feel her arousal and deeply suck in the good scent of her body.

Finally, I pull her dress over her head and let it slide to the carpet, undressing myself too completely before sliding onto the couch next to her. We kiss and my hand slides to her thong, I slip it down and Inue wriggles her legs, flinging the unnecessary thing to the floor. She has a flawless young body, a head shorter than me and willowy, with a handful of nicely shaped breasts. The disfiguring red marks on her face suddenly don’t matter.

She kisses me and I caress her, touching the small breasts again and playing with the nipples. She sighs and her body relaxes completely after a few moments, she lies down next to me across the

couch. She puts her butt on my lap and opens her thighs willingly, her hand invitingly leads mine to her cunt, smilingly inviting me with her eyes to explore. Expectantly, she closes her eyes.

I feel over the silky shiny pubic hair and her cunt, spread the narrow labia very gently and look at everything closely. The vaginal entrance is very, very tiny and I think involuntarily, how an erect cock should go in there?! Her clit is much larger in comparison and hides under a small bonnet. She twitches expectantly as I carefully push back the bonnet and touch the clit. Maybe I was wrong, but it feels like the clit got a millimeter bigger as I gently push the bonnet back and forth.

Yes, definitely, her clit stiffens and straightens the longer I push the bonnet back and forth. If I were braver, maybe now would be the time to lick her clit. I remain a coward and don't even dare to put a finger into the tiny vaginal opening. I take her leg that obstructs looking in front of my belly and lift it over my head onto my shoulder. My face is only a few spans away from her pubis. Visibility: excellent. Inue continues to keep her eyes closed, sliding a hand onto my cock. She smiles pleasantly as her hand feels it growing and throbbing, though it doesn't get much stiffer than semi-stiff. She opens her pussy as much as she can, her abdomen demanding with lascivious movements the continuation of the bonnet game.

Following, I masturbate specifically the clit, while her hand, which until now had lain quite calmly on my semi-stiff, becomes restless. Her fingers grope for my glans, first play and soon give morsing the beat to masturbate. I masturbate her clit until I realize that she is about to orgasm. The abdomen undulates deeply and wave-like, she lifts her pussy higher with her butt to press her clit firmly against my masturbating fingers. I can see and feel quite clearly that she is orgasming now. I press a finger vibrating on her stiff clit and clearly feel it throbbing and knocking. I look directly into the slightly open pubic fold and vaginal entrance, where the small opening of her hole opens and closes like a little fish's mouth, trembling gently. Inue's abdomen pumps long pulsating and she sighs comfortably deep. She sighs several times as I release the clit after her relax and let my hand rest on her warm pussy. My fingers gently and very delicately caress

her pubic fold and swollen labia while she calms her breathing, her heartbeat with her eyes still closed. Later, as I gently close her thighs, I whisper softly, “Wonderful!”, though I don’t know if Inue liked this gentle orgasm.

Later, I get up because I need to piss. She passes me just outside the bathroom and sits down wide-legged, mischievously–smiling drunkenly. She beckons me over, grabs my semi-stiffy and tells me to kneel down. She directs the cock in front of her labia and stammers drunkenly that I should piss. She looks between her thighs and starts to piss over my glans. I let it run as well, grinning dirtily she directs the jet, waving like a hose, onto her pubic fold and between her labia. I find it not horny and go out.

Question time

By now she's drinking the third-fourth glass, I can't take any more. She pours herself another glass and finishes it in one go, pours herself another and downs the glass with fierce determination. Her eyes are already swimming as she looks at me uncertainly and says softly, "I haven't had a man in over a year!" I nod, what can I say in response?

So I seize the opportunity and ask her thoroughly. No, she says, I should answer two questions first. "Did you bring a condome?" No, I say, they would laugh at me old man after all. Okay, she says, and now the second. She circles around a bit, because she wants to know how I fuck. First I joke, I'll show you, then I realize that she's not joking and answer, very simple, normal and nothing out of the ordinary. Only vaginal, never anal and rather slow, not fast, usually I take a break when I squirt. I add that most women do not orgasm with me, we do that together if she wants it.

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I look at her if that fits, she nods and says today anal would be better, but if I didn't like it – the sentence was left hanging open in the air. And then it's my turn to ask questions and summarize how I understood her.

Faltering at first, but after a deep swig from the vodka bottle she had conjured from somewhere, as well as supported by my probing questions and caressing fingers, she reported. The longer I caressed her, the more readily it bubbled out of her: yes, on their first vacation together with Marieke about 10 years ago, they had tried if they were lesbians, but no, they were not. The vacation was simple: to be fucked properly every day. As a result, they towed all kinds of guys, taking turns getting fucked, although over time Marieke increasingly held back and let Inue do the fucking. Yes, Inue answered gruffly to my question, of course the men squirted into our pussies, we were on the pill at the time.

It was clear: she was a fierce hetero, Marieke rather not, she loved herself best. Most of the time they were three or even four, but Marieke mostly left all the men to her and just watched excitedly as Inue was fucked by the men in turn. In the early years Marieke had still joined in the fucking, and Inue admired her because Marieke orgasmed violently every time she was fucked, writhing in fine pleasure and loved the pain. Inue said that Marieke orgasmed much more often than she did while fucking, she herself needed the clit stimulation.

When a man was good, Marieke could orgasm two– or three times before he squirted and felt great pleasure each time. Inue got excited at the sight of her, loving it when Marieke orgasmed from his thrusting alone while fucking. With some men it didn't work, so Marieke, driven by the rising excitement, rubbed her clit with her face contorted in suffering pain, to orgasm after a few moments. Then she threw her head back and forth, her body quivering under violent convulsions. She then slowly pulled the cock out of her throbbing cunt with pointed fingers and gently stroked it, only to be humped further a few moments later.

Mostly the men squirted before she reached the next orgasm. Marieke didn't wait until he had squirted the whole load in, but hid under his body, keeping the cock in her cunt and rubbing her clit quite stealthily, usually only for a few moments until she orgasmed.

Initially Marieke did not masturbate alone in front of men, but sometimes it happened when she was highly aroused and could not control herself. That's when she closed her eyes and did it very quickly, turning her face to the side, which had turned bright red from embarrassment and shame. Although she seemed to be terribly embarrassed every time, she kept doing it in front of the strangers when she absolutely needed it right away and immediately. Inue meant that Marieke made it despite all shaming in truth very gladly in front of spectators, firstly because she made it constantly and offered each time her spread thighs and her cunt exhibitionistically to look and secondly, if it was really so embarrassing to her, why didn't she turn then with the back to the man?

After Inue had returned from the cheerfully splashing pee from the bathroom, I urged her to describe Marieke in more detail. She let me fidget a little, but then she said that everything was much bigger than her's, even her pussy. Only they both had small breasts, she giggled. The light blond pubic hair (at that time there was no shaving mania) framed her pink cunt, but her labia were like hers, so smooth and narrow. In any case, Marieke's clit was twice as big as her own, but usually completely covered by a bonnet. But when she got horny, the clit grew under the hood – she meant the bonnet – and stuck out stiff and firm. She broke off and drank. She really enjoyed being stroked gently during our question– and answer game.

When I asked her, she replied with a shy sideways glance that she had also done it once before men, because the two of them were already completely pumped out and she had not come to orgasm and was still terribly aroused. At first she was very embarrassed when she touched herself and Marieke's piercing looks made her pause at first. But she was terribly horny and wanted it badly and it surprisingly made her totally horny because the others were watching.

I urged her to tell everything. Well, she said and licked her lips, she lay on her back facing the men, closed her eyes and let her fantasies run wild. She slowly played with her labia and spread her thighs, first a little, then more and finally quite wide apart, and the open-mouthed gawking spectators gave her a certain kick. It increased her excitement that she could secretly see, under almost closed eyelids, how the cocks very, very slowly swelled and stiffened again as she masturbated herself to just before climax.

Marieke came closer and grabbed a guy, lying down so that her willingly opened pussy was right in front of Inue's face. She looked spellbound directly into Marieke's beautiful pink cunt in her light blonde pubic hair, while the man slowly and carefully penetrated Marieke. Inue exploded at the same moment as they fucked away, still orgasming violently as the second fellow brutally penetrated her throbbing cunt, making her convulse orgasmically with strong thrusts for a long time before he spurted loudly inside her.

It was a wonderful, arousing watching for her. Inue only noticed in passing that her own lover was cuming, her gaze remaining fixed unblinkingly on Marieke's cunt, fucking cock and dangling sack. Marieke's lover was giving his all and soon Marieke had to orgasm.

He noticed, then kept fucking until he finally cum. Marieke gestured to her lover to stay inside and keep squirting. Inue could quite clearly observe his pumping, which rhythmically widened Marieke's cunt, and also that Marieke had already pulled back the hood and was masturbating with her other hand.

Almost immediately she orgasmed. Her cunt twitched and jerked endlessly, squeezing the still spurting cock, then it ebbed. Instantly she pulled the flaccid cock out of her vagina. So we all had another good fuck, Inue said, adding, "one of the very good ones."

I asked abruptly when and how she started to masturbate? She looked at me for a very long time, then she answers, she will probably have been 8 or 9, was invited to a school friend with three others to a pyama party and sleepover. After the parents had gone out, the girls stayed alone among themselves. Her friend's older sister – about 13 or older – bragged terribly that she already had hair and willingly undressed on her bed to show off her sparse down to everyone.

Soon after, they were all naked, ogling and groping each other's hairless crevices and holes, until finally the big one, again marveled and gawked at by all, spread her thighs and pulled her labia apart with her fingers, letting everyone see inside her red hole. They gaped and marveled as she slowly slid her index finger inside, grinning broadly as she claimed she was already fucking her boyfriend properly. They had all climbed onto the bed, surrounded her and gawked at her miraculous hole.

Some moved forward when she said they could all touch her there and touch her. Some dared and she was soon writhing with horniness as many hands, many fingers groped her. This made her totally horny, she pushed the strange hands aside and masturbated without any shame in front of the girls until she orgasmed. Inue herself sat right between their legs and had curiously participated in the groping

of the big girl's pubic, now she breathlessly watched the masturbating. Everyone gawked in amazement, for none had ever seen or had an orgasm. After that experience, Inue said, she played with her pussy at night until she could do it. And every night since then, when she was alone. And she would never forget the triumphant look of the big one.

I kept drilling until she finally admitted to fibbing earlier, that she did it not just once but over and over again in front of strange men, just like Marieke, but without feeling embarrassed or ashamed. Listening, I continued to probe. Yes, Inue answered with some discomfort, we both did it very often, in fact almost every time. She apologetically added that many men needed a break after squirting, and should the horny girls wait idly until the man could fuck again? If there was only one man and only Inue wanted to get fucked, why shouldn't Marieke satisfy herself when she got aroused and needed it badly? Thoughtfully, Inue said, Marieke really did it a lot when she watched the fucking, often three or four times in a row.

And she herself, I asked? She really didn't find anything wrong with doing it in front of a man, possibly getting him horny again with it. Inue stuttered a little as she added that exhibiting often gave her an arousing sense of power, that's why she liked doing it so much. And very often even two men didn't manage to fuck Inue to orgasm, so should they then sit around as a foursome, or release their horniness unceremoniously? Of course, I say, that's okay, please keep reporting, I'm very interested. But, she continued, we never did a lesbian show to the man, each only satisfied herself when men were around. Always.

Then she continued: more often it happened that a man wanted Marieke to give him a handjob at the end, which she did only reluctantly. She wanked the cocks tantalizingly slowly and smiled as soon as they squirted, but she was careful not to get squirted herself. Most of the men, however, couldn't stand her slow hand for long and did it to themselves. But because most of them were eager to squirt on her breast or on her cunt, she made sure that the man masturbated kneeling in front of her. At the crucial moment, she moved her cunt forward so skillfully that it was all over his glans when he squirted or

he had to penetrate while squirting. She was very proud of this technique. Marieke never let herself be squirted in the face, and certainly not in the mouth.

And you, I ask curiously. Oh, it's nothing, she replies. If a man wanted a handjob, he got it, even though she kept trying to seduce him into fucking her. And she didn't care where the man wanted to squirt, just not on her hair. And it was no problem for her to swallow the semen, it comes from inside and is absolutely clean. But it rarely happened that the man wanted a handjob, squirting in her throat was victorious ever.

After a few deep gulps from the bottle, Inue whispered with tear-flecked eyes how nice it used to be to watch Marieke fuck! But this happened more and more rarely, so that Inue was finally the only one who fucked with the men. Marieke just watched them until she was aroused and horny enough to give in to her exhibitionism despite all the embarrassment and shame and masturbated with her thighs wide open. Most men stopped fucking to watch her masturbate horny before they continued fucking. Rarely, Marieke would lie down next to Inue to gently rub Inue's clit while they fucked, bringing her to orgasm. When the men had left, Marieke would get her vibrator and give herself a long, wonderful orgasm.

I couldn't help it, I kept drilling. Hesitantly, Inue replied that they were not embarrassed of each other from the beginning and were doing it together as a matter of course, at first each on her own side of the bed. Yes, she liked that very much, Inue said, because since she had that disfiguring fire mark on her face, she rarely got a shotgun in front of her little mouse, she giggled. Marieke was fine with it, because she was autoerotically inclined anyway, and so they enjoyed masturbating together every night when they couldn't hook up with anyone. But mostly it worked, Marieke picked up a man, she fucked him.

Yes, she finally admitted then when I asked, sometimes feeling Marieke's clit while she satisfied herself with the vibby. When I probed further, she said that Marieke really enjoyed it lately when Inue stimulated her clit just before she orgasmed, she usually came

immediately, after a few strokes on her clit. And she herself, yes – she scratched her head before revealing her last secret in a hoarse whisper, – yes, by now she always let Marieke masturbate her, from start to finish. And yes, by now only by Marieke, because she could do it very, very well. Inue didn't know why, but Marieke was very dominant and brought her to fast orgasms with her fingers better than she could do it herself. They both loved multiple orgasms in a row and did it for hours. I wanted to know if they were doing it the same way this week, and Inue replied – a little surprised – yes, of course, this is our vacation after all. During the year they rarely saw each other, and she herself only had enough time to masturbate extensively on the weekends. And only on the weekends did she have time to fuck some older men she was friends with. But she mentioned that she masturbated every night before she went to sleep, which she had done every night since she was a child.

Preview

Inue downs another glass, wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, and glares at me. She is suddenly ashamed of her openness, gets even more drunk, and completely surrenders herself to me. I wonder if I should fuck her, because my worst urge has suddenly faded. Nevertheless, my cock had become neatly stiff again during her confession. I quickly get up, lift her up and carry her to the bed. As we lie side by side and kiss for a long time, I feel the urging of her body. Her abdomen presses longingly against me, her pubic caresses my cock demanding. I caress her everywhere, what a beautiful, wonderful body! I feel my way into her abdomen, feel her heat and moisture. Delicately and purposefully I stroke her clit, hear her breath quicken and stroke even more gently and quickly.

I enjoy her getting hornier, stroking her to almost orgasm, but she doesn't come. Soft and willing she lets me turn her onto her belly, I pull her up by the hips and spread her thighs, her butt cheeks. She buries her face in the pillow when I mount her from behind, reaches through between her thighs and steers my bulging cock with one hand helping carefully into her vagina, which goes surprisingly easier than previously thought.

A wonderful cunt, very tight and cuddly, wet and warm. I feel at the end of her cunt slight resistance – ah, there it goes no further. I'm relieved, because my little one is not particularly large.

“But don't squirt inside,” whispers Inue, “it's a dangerous day today!” Although I'm dead tired from the day's ride, I pull myself and give her a good evening ride. She sighs and squirms as I fuck her slowly and vigorously. Her hand, which she had used to help my cock in, steals to her clit and I can feel it rubbing gently. In her drunkenness she loses the ground under her feet, suddenly tears roll down her frightened face, she sobs in tears “please don't make me a child!” and pinches her vagina so that I cum once twitching briefly, but I continue to fuck slowly without continuing to cum.

Inue doesn't stop rubbing herself. I look down at my cock, which disappears between her small, round buttocks. It's not an arousing situation because the "don't squirt!" or "don't make me have a baby!" is very irritating. Without really having come to orgasm, I tense up inside her because earlier, while she was busy with her clit, I had nevertheless squirted into her a very little bit when she had cramped her vagina. She continues to rub her clit and I watch as she brings herself to a small, gentle orgasm. She keeps exciting her clit really hard to delay the climax as long as possible. She is highly concentrated on this and ignores everything I do. I now thrust in very deeply, the cervix gives way and lets my glans penetrate deeply. It encloses the glans quite tightly, the stranglehold lets me squirt only in tiny jets.

Because I remain motionless stuck in her pussy and squirt in very small jets, she suddenly looks at me very anxiously over her shoulder and whispers in horror, whether I'm squirting right now?! She does not seem to sense my secret squirting, since I do not thrust. We both remain motionless and I continue to squirt in tiny little squirts into her vagina. I close my eyes and try to somehow enjoy this restrained, strange squirting. She doesn't move and seems to listen inside herself as she continues to tease the clit further and further and further. The seconds turn into minutes and I squirt in small doses inside her vagina. Squirting each time she shudders as the clit is teased and her vagina squeezes my cock comfortingly. She pants and steadily increases the speed with which she rubs her clit. I am amazed that she can masturbate so elegantly and purposefully even when intoxicated, it is almost automatic. Her fingernail scratches my cock as she climaxes. She sighs in satisfaction and triggers the orgasm.

Suddenly pure panic — "are you squirting right now?" I ram it in deep to squirt and lie "No, but in a moment, in a moment I'll squirt!". She is terribly frightened and immediately pulls out my cock with her hand, strokes it with her hand and makes a satisfied face, because she believes because of its stiffness that I have not yet squirted. In a lucid moment she asks, "did you cum inside? Squirted in?" and I hum and nod in confirmation. She missed the clear moment and grins stupidly. "Not squirted, not squirted!" she repeats shaking her head as if she understood. She nods in satisfaction as she squeezes

the glans and a tiny bit of semen immediately spurts out into her hand. She giggles with a blur, “squirt nicely, squirt just fine! Squirt, squirt, squirt!” and squeezes the glans with each “squirt!”. She lets the semen squirt out in little droplets into her cupped hand. She giggles idiotically and tries hard to make me squirt really hard and is happy about every little drop of semen that squirts into her hollow hand. I alone know that I have squirted far too little and restrained and still need it right. After a while she stops squeezing the glans, smudges the semen on the sheet and murmurs, “fine squirted, have fine squirted! Very fine squirted!” She still checks with a finger if there is any semen in her vagina. The situation is not erotic, the woman and I are completely drunk and my desire is subsiding, I am subsiding at all.

I slide to the side and remain lying there breathing heavily. Shit, I’m all fucked up! And shit, I did squirt in, even if only a tiny little bit. It was not particularly horny, but I had been able to squirt for minutes in her vagina without her getting suspicious. Had I injected directly into her uterus, in the stranglehold of her cervix? Very unlikely, I must have imagined it. She was too drunk to notice the restrained squirting or to recognize the semen in her vagina. She gropes for my cock again and tries to squeeze the flaccid glans and make it squirt, unsuccessfully. It just doesn’t work that way. Very skillfully she rubs my cock and finally takes it in her mouth. It took a very long time, because I was still quite exhausted. But her tongue play made me jubilant. My finger play with her clit seemed to inspire her to suck my cock to climax. She actually manages to make him rebel again briefly and squirt a little bit. Like an actress in a cheap porno, she sticks out her tongue to present the bit of semen before swallowing it with a grin. Only now she seems to be satisfied and stands up swaying.

She briefly visits the vodka bottle and goes into the bathroom to splurge, then we lie quietly next to each other for probably a quarter of an hour, dozing, kissing and cuddling. I can’t keep my hands off her beautiful, girlish body and she obviously enjoys being tickled and caressed all over. I must go very far back in time when I last held such a pretty and willing girl in my arms. After some time she crawls down, feels for my cock and takes it into her mouth. She licks the

half-asleep fellow very gently and brings him almost stiff. She can do it really well, licks and sucks and sucks in her intoxication that it is a real pleasure. I let myself continue to lick for quite a while because it is so pleasant, but after endless time I release her and say it would not go at the moment, I can not yet fuck and squirt. “No, not squirt, just fuck!” she replies with a heavy tongue, “just fuck, not squirt!”

She really seems not to have noticed my previous squirting, stands up and gets the next red wine bottle from the table, because the first Marques is already empty. She drinks directly from the bottle, sets down only briefly and drinks with violent gulping. Then she comes to bed swaying, with an unsteady step, but determined to do anything. With feverish eyes I look at her beautiful naked body. I knew only a few Asian women, but she was certainly the most beautiful and erotic of them. She is completely drunk again and cuddles up to me demanding. She takes another deep sip from the bottle and abandons herself to my finger play. My fingers play a little with her labia, she spreads wide and willingly, the booze drops all her inhibitions. With one hand I caress her breasts, with the other her labia, circling them and avoiding the clit to rekindle her excitement.

I close my eyes, indulging my thoughts and thinking of the couple I watch every day....

Cute neighbor

.... I had gone out on the balcony to smoke the very first evening when I heard distinct noises coming from the next room. I pressed one eye to the gap between the wall and the unfolded wooden sunshade and sure enough, the couple next door was fiercely at it.

I had already seen them the previous evening in the dining room, he, a medium sized, beefy built fellow, she, a tall blonde with a first class figure and rather large, bouncing breasts – a magnificently grown woman! Nevertheless, I suspected that the breasts had been surgically enlarged. I estimated that she was only in her early twenties, but that he was about 45 and they appeared to be on their honeymoon.

Now I saw them through the gap, he was fucking her slowly and deliberately. They were barely ten feet away from me. She was lying half erect on several pads, her legs wide open for him. I could see quite clearly how he was slowly and rhythmically thrusting his very thick, large cock into her cunt. She seemed to really enjoy it, making soft sounds and thrusting in turn with her pelvis. It wasn't long before he paused and she grabbed the root of his cock, pulling it out up to the glans, but leaving the glans in her cunt. His cock twitched slightly as she rhythmically pulled her labia together to milk his glans. She groaned softly with excitement as she fucked the glans with her labia and her whole cunt.

He soon seemed to be ready, pulled his glans out of her pussy and quickly pushed it in and out again. She looked at him totally in love and took his bulging giant in her hand. She made very gentle, soft jerking movements and very slowly inserted half of his cock. Now she tightened her grip and rubbed once–twice quickly, he instantly reared up and pulsatingly squirted into her. She pulled the cock out of her vagina and continued to rub it gently, letting the semen splash onto her pubic, rubbing it with slow motions until it stopped spurting. She continued to rub him very gently after he let himself sink tiredly to the side, continued to rub him gently and patiently until he stopped her. Then he got up, I heard the bathroom door slam and

then the rush of the shower. All the douchebag seemed to care about was his own squirting, he didn't seem to care if she came too.

But she was certainly not a child of the day before yesterday, still lying spread wide on the bed and stroking her cunt, obviously still highly excited from being fucked, pulled the hood over the clit all the way back with her fingers, so that the little guy peeked out a tiny bit. To my disappointment, it was quite small. Then she sighed once deeply and immediately brought herself to climax with a few quick strokes. I carefully withdrew while she was still pressing her fingers on her pussy and letting the convulsions subside.

Every evening, promptly at six-thirty, I watched them fuck, although I had the impression that at least she must have seen me, perhaps as a dark shadow behind the wooden screens. But apparently she loved having someone watching, because after he went to shower, she half-turned, directly to me, and opened her thighs quite wide, eyes and cunt conspiratorially directed at my observer post. She seemed to still be neatly aroused from fucking, and with one hand pulled the bonnet all the way back so that I could see the small, reddishly aroused clit. She let him nod, quickly pulling the bonnet back and forth a dozen times. Then she made one-two strokes with her fingers right on the clit to orgasm immediately. She closed her eyes and spread her labia with her fingers so I could see the pulsing quite clearly. After it subsided, she looked up and smiled, and it seemed to me that she was winking at me, but I wasn't sure. I stayed until she got up and dressed, then I withdrew as carefully as I could....

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Vibby

“I haven’t had it yet today” Inue says with a shy sideways glance at me, which gave me a little twinge – she’d probably forgotten about the gentle orgasms earlier. I smile tiredly at her, knowing I won’t be able to get anything done today. I tell her to do it herself, with the Vibby. She hesitates and looks at me questioningly, and I add that I want to watch her do it with the Vibby. With a swimming look her tongue stumbles that I am a fucking voyeur, but she sees my horny grin and laughs, there you are like all the others. Only after a while does she open the nightstand drawer, rummaging for Marieke’s Vibby.

I sit up and light a cigarette. She plays around with the vibby for some time, obviously having to overcome some inhibition, despite her intoxication, as her uncertain look reveals. I bend over and take her hand with the Vibby, steering it lower and lower in gentle curves and playfully pushing the tip against her labia, gently pushing the Vibby into her vagina with her hand. She looks me slightly embarrassed in the eyes, her gaze gradually changing to drunken determination.

After another sideways glance at me, she shoves the vibby deep inside. She alternates between rubbing her clit and frantically fucking herself with the Vibby. It takes a very long time, she whimpers and groans and moans that it’s not working. I get a decent hard-on watching while she desperately struggles to come to orgasm. I almost can’t control myself, it’s so exciting to watch this girl up close as she tries to satisfy herself. Whenever she gets close to orgasm, she lets go of the clit and hesitantly fucks herself with the vibby without coming to orgasm.

“It won’t work!” she moans softly, trembling and tears rolling down her cheeks. As suddenly as it began, it’s over, the vibby flung carelessly onto the sheet. “It won’t do!” she says again, lying there as if struck, covering her eyes with her forearm, the other palm pressed to her cunt.

Finale

Her show has driven me completely crazy. I'm on my knees in front of her now, holding my hard-on at the ready, barely able to contain myself, though I realize she's completely exhausted and totally drunk. Her helplessness, her tears and her stammering drunken jerk off have awakened my most power-hungry fantasies, have unleashed my hungry sex demons. I have to squirt and fuck now, so I move forward, grab her and sit her down so that she is supported by the pillows. Then I kneel down, grab her butt cheeks with both hands so I can lift them and try to penetrate. With a surprised sigh of pain, she sighs when I finally find her hole, poking between her labia, helps with a hand my cock to penetrate. She notes my determined firmness and murmurs that I must not squirt. I just grumble and know I'm going to cum all over her today, no matter how!

I grab her butt cheeks and fuck her very, very slowly, thinking of Marieke and her vibby. I'm kind of angry in my frenzy and imagine I'm inside Marieke, who I'm really quite angry at because it was her I actually wanted to fuck. This time it takes a long time, she groans comfortably with each of my thrusts, her fingers playing with her clit.

She masturbates in her frenzy continuously, slowly I feel my orgasm rising and embrace her buttocks with both hands. But when I straighten up shortly afterwards to tackle the finale, she stops masturbating unsteadily and looks at me fearfully, because she actually doesn't want to fuck me further, doesn't want to let me squirt. Her eyes blur into tears as she notices my motionless pause inside her and asks tonelessly if I'm squirting inside her right now?

I shake my head in denial and murmur "Yes, in a minute! I'm about to squirt!". I can only hear this from far away, because she tenses up and doesn't want to anymore. She whispers tearfully, "Please, don't make me a baby!" even though she realizes that all I want now is to fuck and squirt. I hold her ironclad by her butt cheeks, press her butt against me and thrust slowly and deeply into her cunt. I hold her tightly, am not ready to let go of her and continue to fuck undeterred. My hands are clawed into her buttocks, energeti-

cally I press her against me and push thoughtfully and full of pleasure into her vagina.

All of a sudden she gives in, keeps giving and giving and finally spreads herself completely wide to let me softly and willingly into her despite the tears, whispering again and again “yes, come fuck me, squirt!”. Somehow in this I sense their buddy-like agreement to cross the line together, to break the rule, and don’t think about the fact that drunkenness and sexual greed have taken over. I’m drunk and yet I know I’m doing her violence, know in advance that I’m going to squirt inside her, at any cost!

I fuck panting like a bull, thrusting in and out, in and out, thoughtfully and forcefully like the ram of a steam engine. I get more and more excited and feel my plunger hammering against the soft end of her vagina. She gets more excited with each thrust, pressing her fingers to her clit and fucking me like crazy with her eyes wide with fear, tears rolling out of them again. “Come on, squirt already! Make my baby!” she slurs with a heavy tongue and now thrusts her pussy excitedly towards my cock. Her eyes blur into tears as she gasps “Yes! Fuck me! Squirt me a baby!” and continues to fuck my little one, she fucks and fucks me like a fury!

Her face contorts into a tear-streaked grimace with effort as she fucks me completely intoxicated as if out of her mind, “Yes, come on, squirt! Squirt!” she gasps. After one last frantic trill on the clit, she stops all at once and comes, suddenly and very violently. As if from a raging thunderstorm, she is buffeted by orgasm, rocking her pelvis back and forth while I hold her like an iron vise. She bends her head forward to look down at herself, half horny, half helpless, but I watch her in my rising burst to observe her body jerk forward convulsively in orgasm and her cunt contract rhythmically around my cock. The rhythmic, sucking convulsions of her cunt excite me greatly, intensifying the premonition of the urgent coming eruption in my abdomen. I remain motionless, feeling my cock throbbing against the heaving, grinding end of her vagina. She slowly and gently rubs her clit to prolong her orgasmic convulsions. “Yes, come fuck me!”

In the midst of this endless orgasm, I explode – probably the best time for an old cock. She pulls in air violently as my cock suddenly rears up in her vagina and shoots the first jet into her. She feels the explosion of hot juice in her vagina and opens her mouth as if to a soundless scream, which immediately turns into a satisfied smile, she looks me straight in the eyes and hugs my hips demanding. She involuntarily holds her breath, opens her body softly and widely, receives my thrusting and squirting with a breathed “Yeaah! Squirt!” and acknowledges every single thrust of the squirting piston with a gentle counter thrust of her pelvis, lets my semen squirt into her with a happy drunken gurgle, clings to me with her hands and lets everything squirt into her willingly and softly opened.

As I stop thrusting and squirting, she holds her breath, pulls out my cock with gentle fingers – I realize she is still highly aroused, and how! – and looks with a blurry, uncertain gaze at the still firm journeyman. Transitionless, she rubs it quickly up and down her labia a few times. She pushes it deep inside her vagina again and tries to keep fucking me. As if that would go so easily again! But I’m an old man, I can’t feel it any clearer than right now – my little one is rapidly losing all composure. “Enough,” I gasp, and only now does she let go of me. I sink down beside her on the bed, exhausted to death.

Escaped

At this moment I notice Marieke standing under the door frame. She must have entered silently and has been standing there for who knows how long, watching our act with glittering, feverish eyes. The evening is a disaster! I jump up in a daze and go half-dressed to my room, after pressing a fleeting kiss on Inue's cheek and sneaking past Marieke with my eyes lowered.

318 (or his bedmate) snores like a bear. I have no more nerves and drum against the wall, hitting the jo man Italians one by one in the face. First silence, then indignant grumbling in 318, then finally silence.

I am disappointed in Marieke, who had most certainly fucked one or the other or all of the rappers in a filthy disco-toilet or in the back of a Bentley or Rolls-Royce, am disappointed in me and Inue, who let my darkest demons crawl out. I am disappointed in myself because the evening as a whole was disastrous. And because — —

Fuck you, guys. All of you!

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