

Jack X. Faber



Jack's erotic Tales

Volume 3

Fairy Tales Volume 3

[Head Over Heels](#)

[In the Steigerwald](#)

[On the Altar of Unchastity](#)

[Love and Death on the Gaelic Coast](#)

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

Head over heels

by Jack Faber © 2020

Lena had heard unfamiliar noises from upstairs and crept quietly up the stairs. Carefully, silently she opened the door to Jon's room, just a crack wide, for she extremely rarely disturbed her son, and peered inside.

Jon was leaning back against the wall, upside down, naked. He kept his legs spread wide, and with one hand he rubbed his cock. The glans was entirely in his mouth. Yes, his cock was in his mouth!

Lena had never seen this acrobatics before. That he was masturbating, she knew of course, but she had never seen that before. She stopped and watched her 13-year old slowly masturbate and suck his glans. Within a short time he was ready, arching his back as far as it would go and fucking his mouth very hard. He seemed to suck on his cock while visibly orgasming violently. She could tell by the rhythmic tightening of his urethra that he was squirting, and he sucked and sucked before swallowing the cum.

She closed the door quietly and went downstairs all agitated. In the living room, she lay down on the sofa and closed her eyes. It had been more than five years since her husband, Jon's father, had died. Doctors didn't recognize the cancer until it had already metastasized throughout his body. It wasn't a pretty death; she sat at his deathbed for days watching life leave him. She was only 29.

Frank was a quiet, very sweet man whom everyone liked and who worked as an engineer in research. He was very practical in many ways and had made good provisions. She received her apartment, a row house he had inherited from her parents. In addition, a million from his life insurance and another 600,000 in the joint account and in shares as well as annual income from his patents. He had whispered to her shortly before his death that the thought of knowing that she and Jon were well taken care of would make dying easier for him. She made a solemn promise to use his fortune

sparingly, to send Jon to the best schools, and to give him as much as possible from the fortune to start life.

At 14 she had fallen in love with Alfie, the crush of all the girls in her school. Their relationship was very brief, she willingly allowed herself to be deflowered and they fucked a few times before he moved on to the next girls. Quantity went before quality, yet he announced to all his beta-monkeys that Lena was splendid to fuck and a horny fuckable girl. From then on she had a great choice, fell in love easily and curiously let everyone fuck and squirt inside her. She knew nothing about contraception, of course, so it was the well-meaning goddesses who prevented worse. It must have been about 20 love affairs until she met Frank. He was already studying engineering and came from a good house.

They had come together towards the end of their school years, for both of them it was the right thing to do. While he was still in college, they had moved in together and slept together almost daily. When she had her period, she would give him a hand job. She had been shown how to do it by him, and soon she could do it so well that she could make him squirt twice, even though he stubbornly claimed he couldn't a second time. But she was used to masturbating twice in a row and was pleased that she could do the same to him. They made love sincerely and devotedly.

Although he made every effort, the most she came close to during sex was orgasm. It had never occurred to her to fake an orgasm for him. On the contrary, it was natural for them both that she masturbates immediately after he had cum, as she had been used to doing since childhood. He had tried it many times, but he just couldn't do it. He usually put a hand on her labia, under her rapidly vibrating fingers, to share in her pleasure, and gently slipped away. She usually waited a few minutes until he was deeply asleep and masturbated again because she was so used to do it twice. Fast, hard, and silently orgasming.

She mourned quietly and for a very long time, because he had become an important part of her life. They had so much in common, she couldn't let him go and meet someone else. It had already

become practically a family tradition that they bathed together once a week in the big double bathtub. Little Jon grew up with that, with the pleasurable nakedness, splashing and splashing. Sometimes he would play alone with his water toys when his parents got quiet and made love in the water. They thought that it was beneficial for the boy to witness their sexuality. In time, he watched with great interest and playfully palpated his little hard-on.

No, after his death she didn't want to meet anyone new, she had her daily orgasms while masturbating and didn't need a new man. Or sometimes she did, then she went in the evening to a small bar three streets away and let herself be towed after one-two drinks. The friendly, good-natured barman, with whom she occasionally fucked, gave her the key to the room above the bar and collected a fifty from each man for it. She always made sure that the man put on a condom, because she did not want to get sexually ill or pregnant. Most of these unions were not worth mentioning, a few were quite good and she had orgasms with the very best. After the orgasms she cried because she had never experienced that with her husband. She became selective and stayed with those she orgasmed with. It felt so different from masturbating, especially when he lasted a long time and she flew from orgasm to orgasm.

Such a one was Friedhelm, the mechanic. The two-metre man didn't have a big cock, smaller than Frank's and about the same size as Jon's. But he was the best, he could fuck Lena to orgasm effortlessly. Little by little she learned his life story. At 13 he tore away from home, he couldn't stand the alcoholism and the violent quarrels of his parents anymore. He came to live with his 20-year old sister, who worked as a prostitute. She put a condom on him and taught him to fuck. Incest was not a category for her, she just said hogwash! and taught him the most important thing, a condom protects him from STDs and her from an unwanted pregnancy. The thirteen year old was very teachable and they fucked as long as he lived with her, more than 12 years. They loved each other with all their hearts, all their lives.

He learned the mechanic trade from one of her friendlier pimps as well as the pimp trade. With his sister's approval, he fucked all the

hookers he met. Sometimes his sister would bring one home and they would happily drink and fuck each other. Slowly, the sister was able to improve and worked in the escort service after she got free from drugs. She was soon considered the quiet e-girl, because she was poorly educated and only made up for it with her charms and extraordinary techniques.

Friedhelm had grown up, an excellent motorcycle mechanic and pimp with some girls he treated very well. They were grateful because with his height he impressed even the most audacious suitor. They gave him sex of the finest in return, and he enjoyed it to the fullest. His sister had found a good and wealthy man who was completely infatuated with her and proposed marriage. Since he could no longer have children, she agreed with the proviso that she be allowed to start a family with a child. He agreed and Friedhelm was amazed when she moved back into their shared apartment. She took the condom packet from his hand and said she wanted it naturally. With a strange shyness she told him she wanted a child, a child by him. It took some time before she explained everything to him. So it happened that they now worked day and night on this child. It was the first time he had cum in her vagina, he was terribly excited. It was a completely new, wonderful feeling to cum not into the condom as he was used to, but into her vagina. He had to squirt, as often as he could, his semen very deep into her vagina. She received him full of love, masturbated dreaming about her baby and clinging to him during orgasms. Then she drove him wildly to squirt very very deep inside her so that she finally conceived. It took almost a whole year for her to get pregnant and marry her impatient, ardent suitor.

His sister had it good, living luxuriously in a large house right by the sea, raising her little daughter with lots of love and attention, something she had never received. Her husband showered her with his great love and was as much in love with his daughter as she was. He really didn't care who had made his wife the child and never addressed it.

Friedhelm loved the little drinking bouts he celebrated with his girls. Often there were three or four of them and his manhood was

challenged as he mounted one after the other. The girls sang boisterous obscenities and cheered him and his partner on with obscene words. Although none of them were lesbians, the alcohol made them drop all inhibitions as they masturbated each other to orgasms or masturbated completely in seclusion. It was a beautiful, joyful time.

Friedhelm sighed deeply before continuing to narrate in a dull voice. He carried on with his life until one day Russian gangs began to take over the scene. One evening he came face to face with a pack of gunmen. He was told to clear the field or die here. He hit the leader on the head, just once with his fist. "He just keeled over, I didn't want to kill him!" The Russians ran away, the giant had killed their chief with a single blow of his fist. He suffered greatly from having beaten a man to death, had nightmares and cried, although the Russian himself was a multiple murderer. Of course, the Russians gave anonymous tips to the police and he had to flee. He swung on his machine and now rolled from town to town, under false names and changing precincts every year. Lena was almost heartbroken when he wouldn't make another appointment after a year. He had to move on, he said sadly, and disappeared from her life forever. She cried, because he had become very close to her.

A few months after Frank's death, they resumed bathing together weekly. Jon grew taller and taller, looking greedily at her nakedness and getting strong erections. His shapely cock had very little foreskin and his glans was almost always exposed. She showed herself without any shame, his eyes wandering from her full breasts down to her pubic hair and gazing at her pubic cleft for a long time.

They had many nice bath times, mostly he sat in the water with his back leaning against her. She reached around him, washed his chest and belly, then she reached onto his cock. She washed his cock very gently and rubbed it afterwards, as she always did. He was still too young to squirt at 9. She pulled the foreskin back over the glans as she rubbed, until his cock throbbed slightly. He growled in satisfaction. No, never would she give him a hand job!

Jon was growing, he was turning 12, and his cock had grown a bit too. When his cock throbbed, a few drops would squirt out and she would stop immediately because she would never, ever do it. A few months later his drops got thicker, from then on she stopped at the first sign. She would hold his cock and let the heavy drops ooze out and fall into the water. If she was careless, when she rubbed him, his semen splashed in irregular, halting jets. Mostly, though, she stopped in time and held his cock tightly while the semen spilled out sluggishly and irregularly and fell into the water. No, she would never let it come to that! She sighed deeply when she became aware of the contradiction. He loved it when she first rubbed, then held his cock motionless, circling his glans with her thumb until the semen oozed out and dripped lazily into the bathwater.

She knew full well she would never give him a hand job, ever. She let her thumb circle on his glans until the semen came out or spurted out – that wasn't a handjob after all! She knew that was exactly where she was headed. For weeks she did nothing to stop the semen from spurting out every time she rubbed it. But she always stopped immediately because she was still making a vague distinction between rubbing and a handjob.

When she bathed him, she questioned him thoroughly as she reached around him and rubbed his cock strokingly. He had grown to love masturbating and squirting and did it frequently, several times a day, but she already knew that. Carefully she approached the subject of acrobatics. Not wanting to embarrass him, she mentioned that she happened to see it a few days ago. He told her that he did it practically every day since Sam was gone. She remembered Samuel, the chubby-cheeked boy from his class. Jon told her that Sam always wanted it in his mouth. Amazed, she listened to him talk about mouth fucking and squirting in his mouth, describing how nice it was to squirt in a warm mouth. No, she thought, she would never, ever do that!

She motioned him to kneel down opposite her in the bathwater. She looked directly at his erection in front of her face, then carefully reached out with two fingers and slowly slipped the foreskin back and forth. She made sure that the foreskin stroked over the glans,

back and forth. Mostly he pushed his pelvis forward until his glans touched her lips. He seemed to like it a lot, but she pushed him back after a while. He wanted to cum in her mouth, of course, as he had done with Sam. She definitely did not want that, ever! He mostly rested his hands on her breasts and caressed her breasts and nipples, because that felt good to her, she had said. His cock aimed at her face, as if he wanted to cum right on her. He pushed forward with his pelvis until his glans touched her lips, while she kept rubbing incessantly. He pushed his glans between her lips, up to her tongue. She reluctantly allowed that, but only as far as her tongue. She rubbed the foreskin back and forth over the glans very quickly and firmly, for several minutes. She pressed her tongue against the glans to keep it from entering her mouth completely.

Actually, she didn't mind having his glans in her mouth, right down to her tongue as she rubbed it. He suspected it, she knew it. She formed a ring with her fingers and rubbed his glans with all her might, as fast as she could, until suddenly he stiffened quite firmly. She turned her head briefly, releasing the glans from her lips. The way he obviously wanted it, she didn't want it, he shouldn't squirt into her mouth again! She had already misjudged the time so often and the little rogue, who had pressed his glans between her lips up to her tongue, had squirted quite surprisingly, onto her tongue and even further. Her mouth involuntarily opened a bit and more of his semen splashed into her mouth. The semen tasted a little salty as she immediately pushed it away, as she always did.

She held his cock pointed straight down, into the bathwater. He groaned and she continued until he had squirted it all into the bath water. Mostly, though, he squirted on her breasts because he found that much more exciting. She let him do it and smiled. But he shouldn't get into the habit of squirting in her mouth, she thought. At the same time, she knew he would try again next time. Everytime.

She wanted to know what gave little Samuel a kick, so she gave in to curiosity once—twice and let him cum to the end of rubbing in her mouth and rubbing him until he finished squirting, but it gave her no kick at all. Yes, she pulled her tongue back completely a few times and let him squirt his seed into her mouth completely unhindered,

but it didn't bring her any closer to Sam at all. She kept swallowing the semen and other than a slightly salty taste, she felt nothing. To Jon, of course, she pretended that she had made a mistake in timing. In the end, all she achieved was that he tried all the more eagerly to penetrate between her lips.

In the break before the second time he caressed her breasts, she loved that. She lathered her sex with a soft terry cloth and washed herself with lascivious movements, tantalizingly slow. He looked greedily at her cunt and erected very slowly. On the first round, she rubbed his cock in front of her face with the risk of it penetrating between her lips. On the second round, she rubbed his cock only facing the water, but much harder. After a while she grabbed his cock, demonstratively held it vertically down between his thighs and started rubbing slowly. In the second round, she had to form a ring with her index finger and thumb very early on and pull it along the entire length of the shaft. She also had to rub much faster and harder, because it took quite a long time before she could let him squirt into the bath water or onto her breasts.

They had to talk about it. Yes, he was supposed to stand for the first round so she wouldn't have to bend down to him. He was allowed to put his cock between her lips. If she wanted it, she would let him cum in her mouth, but the glans was only allowed to penetrate to her lips, no mouth fucking, ever, no way! Otherwise he was allowed to squirt on her breasts. Nothing changed about the break and the second round. That was the deal.

Jon found that she only let him squirt on her breasts when he fidgeted impatiently or tried mouth-fucking. When he stood still, she puckered her lips into a soft kissing mouth and pressed his glans into it as she rubbed him. When squirting, she opened her kissing mouth a bit and let him squirt into her mouth. This pleased Jon because she always knew exactly when he was going to squirt. She puckered her kissing mouth and her lips enclosed his glans, tightly. She started sucking and didn't stop sucking until he was done. Then her lips and tongue played around the glans until his cock went limp. Jon felt with all his senses how much she loved him. She let him cum in her

mouth and on her breasts, respectively, during the bathing days of the next year, because it was just innocent rubbing, not a handjob!

No, she would never do that! But time was working against her. He wiggled his butt restlessly against her pubic. No, that — never! He didn't want to kneel down anymore and whispered hoarsely that she should please do it right, properly. She laid him across her lap like a Pietà figure and grasped his cock with a sigh. Silently, she rubbed his cock like she used to give Frank handjobs. It was no longer a childish rubbing, it was a real handjob. She knew she was throwing away her good intentions with this handjob and starting a whole new chapter. She paid attention to his reactions and made it very intimate and sensitive until he jerked violently and cum.

After a while he turned to her, encircled her with his arms and put his face on her big breasts. Stammering uncertainly, he searched for words. She reassured him smiling and explained everything, it was the first clarification she gave him. She explained to him the handjob and that it was quite normal and right for a boy his age to do the handjob to himself. Jon didn't say anything because they both knew that he had been doing it all along. Still, she wanted to reassure him that it was perfectly fine for him to give himself a handjob and that it was perfectly normal, healthy and natural. After that, she explained to him about fucking and that this was how babies were made when the woman got pregnant in the process. She sat down on the edge of the tub and spread her legs so he could look at and feel everything closely. When he stood up with a flushed face and a hard erection, she smilingly gave him another hand job standing up and let him squirt the semen on her breasts. They continued to bathe happily.

The next time they bathed, while the bath water was still running in, she spontaneously hugged him, for a very long time. She felt his erection growing until his cock pressed quite stiffly against her pubic hair. No, she would never allow him to do that, never! He pressed his cock between her tightly closed legs, right under her labia, and hugged her even tighter. He knew in theory how to fuck, made some hasty fucking movements and squirted between her tightly closed legs. She felt his squirting, right under her labia. No, never would she let that happen! When his cock went limp, she turned to the bathtub

and they bathed happily, him leaning back against her breasts. Not a word did she address this thigh-fucking. Later, when he tentatively whispered sitting in the bath water, please do it now, she gave him a hand job, lifted his butt and cock out of the water and made him cum high into the air. She hugged him tightly and they laughed with pleasure.

He was so thrilled that before the next bath he again pressed his erect cock between her legs and thrust until he squirted. So that's how the fucking went! Each of his attempts to penetrate higher and thrust between her labia, she fought off with a smile and quickly pulled his cock out of her vaginal cleft to wedge it deeper between her thighs. No, she would never, never allow that!

The squirting between her closed thighs stopped because she showed him something new. He sat on the edge of the bathtub and had to keep his erection facing forward very still. She gently sat on his thighs, reached down and embraced the penis shaft with her labia. She was now churning back and forth on his cock, faster and faster, until he squirted. This was much more arousing for her too. The difficult thing about this game was that in her overzealousness she often impaled his cock with her vagina. It often happened that he was already squirting when she impaled him excitedly and then quickly pulled out the squirting fellow. Nevertheless, she immediately decided to prevent conception. Despite these little mishaps, they both loved it very much, all year long.

During the whole next year, the labia riding on his cock increased, the handjobs became quite rare. She liked this riding on the cock very much, because she could savor her excitement for a very long time, although she did not orgasm at the beginning. More and more often, the little rogue managed to get herself impaled just before she squirted, while she thrust and thrust wildly with arousal. And then to cum quickly, because she usually did not notice. Again and again he took advantage of the situation when she got aroused and darted really fast to deliberately stick his cock in and cum in her vagina. The little rogue, whom she had repeatedly forbidden to penetrate, pulled his cock out again after the first shot to hypocritically squirt the rest outside. She didn't scold him for it, she was preventing.

At the very beginning, she figured out how to ride to rub her clit against his cock and orgasm. During her first orgasm, she pressed him close, and when he asked, she kept quiet and gasped. Later she explained to him that was the way girls squirted, although girls of course didn't squirt. Her ears perked up when he said he would have guessed if she had been waving a hand underwater so far. She had always been scrupulously careful not to let him notice her underwater masturbation and underwater orgasms when she sat behind him. She had been sure all along that she had succeeded in keeping her masturbation secret.

Her ears burned as he happily recounted how skillfully he managed to watch her anyway, even though he couldn't make out any details in the foam-dimmed water. Her orgasm didn't surprise him, because that's how girls squirted, even if girls couldn't squirt. They both laughed heartily and she took it upon herself not to make a big secret of it anymore.

She had loved masturbating in the bathwater as a child. If her mother came in too early to dry off, she would smile blushing and leave immediately. Her beloved father was much more curious and withdrew only when she had come to the end, he too smiled at her sweetly and kindly. At first he remained in the bathroom as if undecided, watching her until the finale. Again and again her mother pulled him by his shirt sleeves and tried in vain to get him out. He liked to watch her so much and resisted so that the mother had to watch her daughter masturbating and orgasming while blushing heavily. The mother blushed because the daughter so shamelessly and willingly revealed one of the best kept secrets of womanhood. A secret she had always kept from her nosy husband.

When the little daughter masturbated alone and felt that he was watching her secretly, a childish feeling of naive wanting to exhibit came over her. Before she finished, she lifted her bottom up so that her abdomen and rapidly vibrating fingers were sticking out of the water. She rubbed like this until she orgasmed and her abdomen bobbed up and down rhythmically and involuntarily. Was there really someone standing behind the ajar door in the darkness or was

there no one, was the shadowy really her father watching her and smiling at her quite sweetly?

At 13 her girlish body changed, she got embarrassingly large breasts and a dark fuzz on her pubic. Her arms and legs were too long and awkward. She closed the bathroom door and also locked out her beloved father, although she had been happy to let him watch until then. She felt a new kind of shame about her ugly body. Masturbating in the bathtub had become part of her bathing days years later, and she wouldn't let take that away from her.

Now that Jon knew, she leaned very close to his back and Jon could feel her hand behind her, chafing, rubbing and grinding. He found it very arousing when her nipples got all stiff and tickled his back. Sometimes she would clasp his cock with her free hand or tickle his testicles. When her body began to twitch, she would lean her face against his head or rest it on his neck, finally not having to suppress the gasps. She was glad they had found a viable way.

She kept coming to an orgasm while riding her labia, and he took advantage of her arousal to squirt. She bobbed on his thighs and fucked on his cock with increasing horniness, ignoring the impaling more and more often. Only rarely did she deny him anymore. When she orgasmed, she hugged him tightly and let him share in her convulsions. Jon always shuddered a little bit when she hugged him during her orgasm and pressed her breasts against him.

Lena didn't admit to herself that this was real fucking yet, no, this was just innocent cock-riding with her labia!

The next year Jon drained the bath water and asked her to lie with her legs spread. Then he stood or knelt facing her and masturbated. She had asked him not to squirt in her face, she didn't like that. He kept looking at her open pussy, her vaginal opening and usually had to squirt quickly as a result. His semen landed on her breasts, then on her belly, on her pussy. In the course of time, he only knelt in front of her, spreading her labia with his fingers and squirting purposefully into her vaginal opening. She admonished him to keep at least a finger's width away, and he was still overjoyed to squirt

directly into her vaginal opening. Sometimes the excitement made him sink forward so that the glans was stuck between her labia when he squirted, but she usually said nothing so as not to spoil his fun. He, at least, loved it very much, and she sometimes pulled his cock out when he started to squirt, so that at least most of his semen would not squirt into her vagina. She had to change something to make it go in a different direction. No, she would never let it happen!

They had discussed it, that she could watch him during his acrobatic masturbation, he seemed to be very pleased about it. So sometimes during the week she would go into his room, he would interrupt his studying and strip naked, but she would sit on a chair right behind him so he couldn't look at her. While he fucked his mouth and masturbated, she played furtively with herself under her bathrobe, orgasming only when he was still violently engaged. This went quite well throughout the year and was a horny secret for them both. He usually wanted a second time and asked her to lie on his bed. He opened her robe and spread her legs, then looked at her pubic and vagina with rising horniness and quickly got an erection. He spread her labia with his fingers until her vaginal entrance opened wide, then he masturbated and stared at her cunt and into her vagina as if hypnotized. As he squirted, his glans thrust forward and she had to be careful as hell that he didn't squirt all his seed into her vagina. But if she had interrupted her masturbation because he finished faster than her, she was so mentally absent that she noticed the squirting much too late. He thrust his glans in between his fingers and squirted into her vagina. She hissed at him, though he grinned broadly as she pooled his seed out of her vagina with a handkerchief. Anyway, he had to listen to the thunder, no penetration, no fucking and after masturbating only squirt on, not in the vagina!

Every two or three weeks she met with her friends, usually privately at one of them, for girls' night out. There were usually eight of them, sometimes less. There was wine and beer, then booze. And of course there were only two topics: Men and sex. When, after beer and wine, the booze went round, all the dams were broken. There was probably nothing they didn't reveal. As far as their husbands, affairs and sex were concerned, they all did their best, only Lena kept

quiet because she was a young widow and didn't want to reveal that she sometimes prostituted herself in the bar. Another time it was the turn of masturbation, and it was amazing what techniques, devices and frequencies came out. Here Lena was able to participate and told everything openly and honestly, of course without mentioning Jon. Very often lesbianism came up. Lena was most astonished because almost all the others had had things with each other, briefly or recurrently, some masturbating together, some masturbating or licking each other. All but her had had relations with women outside their circle of friends at least once, but most frequently. For Lena, a no-go.

At some point, their children's sexuality came up. All reported that they had caught their children masturbating more or less often. Gabi's daughter, despite being 9, often spent entire afternoons masturbating, but everyone agreed that was fine. After a few more drinks, Claudia and Julia admitted to giving their 15 and 16-year old sons handjobs in the bathroom, respectively. This was widely reported with all the juicy details, and everyone took great pleasure in it. It was just okay and perfectly fine to tap the son's semen, because they would have girlfriends someday anyway.

The thing with the sons came up again and again, but Julia and Claudia were the only ones who told it openly. Claudia told that she only did it in the bathroom. She described in great detail how she gave him the handjob, usually every day and that she did it by the wash basin so she could rinse his semen away. He had to strip naked and stand by the wash basin. She kept her panties on when she stood next to him, but usually she was still naked from the shower. He was allowed to stroke and touch her all over while she masturbated his cock. After he cum, he would put his fingers in her vagina, but she didn't like that. She kindly tolerated it and didn't move when he played with her big clit. She tolerated it kindly and didn't move either while he sensitively masturbated her with his fingers until after what felt like an eternity she orgasmed twitching and gasping, because before that he never stopped. No, she always masturbated only alone or with friends, this woman thing she kept secret from her husband and her son, although he obviously knew about it. It happened again and again in the last time that he wanted to squirt on her breasts and

body, that was fine and excited her a bit, she then took off her panties.

When he stood upside down to the washstand and masturbated himself, she knew he wanted to squirt on her breasts and belly, but more recently on her pubic cleft. So she faced him and spread her labia with her fingers. She felt a little ashamed because she thought she had a clit too big, half the size of her little finger. This, she assured herself, could only come from frequent masturbation, which she had started at the age of 7. Everyone objected, but she believed it, she would not be dissuaded. Lena thought it was wrong, because she also masturbated since childhood, at least twice a day and more often on bath days, but her tiny clit stiffened when she masturbated, but it had remained as small as ever.

Claudia's clit was normally between her labia, but because the boy rubbed his dancing glans against her clit when she masturbated, it turned dark red and straightened up a bit. She was ashamed of her arousal as well as the visible signs of her clit. She found nothing wrong with it when he came closer and closer and squirted directly onto her pussy or into her vaginal opening. She didn't really mind either if he pressed his glans firmly against her vaginal opening while squirting. She didn't care that he squirted into her vagina, that could logically happen. It was logical that his semen squirted into her vagina when he pressed the glans directly into her small vaginal opening, but that was not fucking. No, he was not allowed to penetrate, and Lena added in her mind, not yet. Claudia assured them that she would never, never, never let him fuck her, his cock would be much too big for her small tight vagina. Some in the group nodded in agreement, they had explored Claudia's vagina themselves. Nobody knew if Claudia used contraception. The round listened to her with open mouth.

Julia initially told the same story, perhaps with the variation that she mostly stood behind him and snuggled up to him while she reached around and masturbated him. Unlike Claudia, they were both always naked. Most of the time he turned to her after squirting, stroking and caressing her from top to bottom, and Julia let him, even if he touched her cunt. Sometimes he half-heartedly tried to

masturbate her, but he never succeeded and she didn't help him either. Most of the time he wanted it a second time, so she knelt in front of him and let his semen splash on her breasts. More and more often he masturbated in her mouth and squirted in, but his sperm she spit out with contempt. Lena couldn't understand this contempt at all, because she swallowed Jon's sperm quite easily, and she loved him more than anything. Julia had to describe it in great detail, she was asked about everything possible and one evening it slipped out that he was fucking her as well.

In the round it became dead quiet, now Julia had to tell everything. That she fucked with her husband only once in a century – here everyone shrieked with pleasure, because it happened to them all – and did not have to use contraception during their affairs, because she was infertile after the heavy birth. Yes, her only son Hans was no longer satisfied with the handjobs she gave him every other day while they showered together. He explored her more and more thoroughly and one day he quickly lifted her onto the washstand, penetrated her vagina and fucked her squirting inside. For Julia it was natural and she didn't make a problem out of it, maybe she just wanted to sound as cool as Claudia. However, she demanded that he could only take her from behind, and Lena immediately thought so they wouldn't look each other in the face. Now Julia was standing in front of the washstand and the 16-year old was invading her from behind. No, she answered reluctantly to the girls, not in the butt! In this position she could secretly masturbate without him seeing it and without her peeing herself to him. No, she didn't want to masturbate openly in front of him, she didn't want him to watch her. Maybe he got something, because she always masturbated while getting fucked until he squirted. For her, none of this was a problem as long as they did it secretly. That was now the topic of conversation for this and the next meetings.

On one of the following girls' nights, Evi dropped a bombshell. Evi, the slim, flat-chested bookseller, who was known to have been asexual with her husband for ten years. They had tried everything, but he just couldn't. Only when he watched her masturbate would he sometimes get an erection, then she would quickly give him a hand job and take his cock in her mouth as he squirted. For he was a

loving father to their 15-year old son and a loving husband. They had agreed that she was free, but neither the rare quickies in cars with fogged windows nor the passionless lesbian shenanigans satisfied her. She eventually stuck to masturbating from the time she went to bed until she fell asleep under the cozy-warm covers, unless her husband wanted to watch. While she read, she played with her cunt, and depending on the erotic level of her evening reading, she orgasmed half a dozen times while reading before turning out the light. If it wasn't erotic reading, she would put the book aside as often as she felt the typical tingling sensation, flip back the covers and masturbate with concentration. Sometimes her husband would get an erection when she orgasmed, holding her legs wide apart high in the air and thrusting her pelvis up as if to receive the seed of All-Father Zeus.

From an early age, she showered with her son every other day, they stood close together in the tiny shower tray. From a young age, she watched his erections and hoped he would have it better than his father. Six months ago, she had noticed the stains in his sheet, whereupon she put paper handkerchiefs on his bedside table and said it was quite right and perfectly normal to squirt, but please clean yourself off with the handkerchief, which he understood.

Since she raised no objections and encouraged him with a benevolent smile, he masturbated while showering. More and more often he squirted his semen on her body, then concentrated on her clean-shaven pubic area. Later, he pressed his squirting glans on her pubic cleft and she decided to make up for what she had missed. She unfolded the plastic recliner and lay down in it. She beckoned him to come and then she enlightened him in detail about sex and the female genitalia. She explained every detail to him, including the clit, and that it was for girls to masturbate. She let him touch everything, but he did not dare to reach into the vagina. With increasing horniness, she saw that his cock was rapidly stiffening. He examined the clit for a very long time and tried to rub it instinctively. She took his finger and showed him how girls masturbate. She told him to keep it up, leaned back relaxed and let him masturbate her. She closed her eyes because it felt so good.

How did it feel to fuck, he asked softly, and stopped masturbating her, although she would have liked it so much if he had continued until her orgasm, because she was already close to it. Without hesitation, she picked him up and let him lay on top of her. With one hand she grabbed his cock and slowly inserted it into her vagina. Then she put her hands on his buttocks and guided him, first carefully, then faster. He didn't last long and squirted with his features distorted with pleasure. The groping, fucking, squirting and especially the masturbating had excited her very much, she pushed him away and masturbated. Watching her made him very horny, and before she started to orgasm and gasp for air, he mounted her again. She had to orgasm instantly and her slim body, her flat breasts twitched convulsively. He too, his cock in her vagina, was shaken violently. Passive and exhausted, she allowed herself to be fucked for a long time and sighed contentedly as he squirted.

There was a great silence, then Julia asked how it went on? Evi reported that she was giving him handjobs for now, but he demanded more and was sometimes allowed to fuck her. No, not always, just sometimes. Yes, in the shower, standing up, mostly from behind. Yes, when he fucked her, she masturbated at the same time and usually took much longer than he did. She had neither guilt– nor shame about it and had raised him that way. After all, she had encouraged him to masturbate while showering, why shouldn't she do it too? Yes, they usually masturbated at the same time, body to body because of the confinement in the shower, shoulders and heads nestled together. Leaning close together, they both felt each other's masturbation.

A hot debate rose, because hardly one wanted to imagine to masturbate in front of her son, even to let him watch this most private doing. Evi had of course obliged him to silence, because sons are not allowed to fuck with their mothers, no one, really no one should know! And she would have to come up with something for contraception, a babble of voices broke out, each had suggestions and tips.

A few weeks later there was news from Claudia, her son had broken the barrier. Claudia, small, corpulent and always proud of her

enormous bosom, had a quite dear husband, but being almost 40 years older, he had urged her to get the physical outside. She had very few lesbian encounters because few wanted a fat woman to make love to. She rather had quickies and told her husband about them frankly while trying to bring his half-dead sparrow to life. They both loved their passionate blowjobs. And of course he knew nothing about what was happening in the bathroom. Her handsome son was amazingly at least a head taller than her and had a big, thick cock. When she gave him a handjob, she shuddered at the thought of being fucked by that huge thing. After all, her vagina was much too tight and small, just right for her husband's small cock. And that the small-dicked one could not be the father of the big-dicked one, she had always known. She had already cheated on her indulgent husband during their honeymoon and again afterwards. If he wanted to know, she told him everything truthfully, because that increased the probability of an erection. He liked to fuck her as long as they were newlyweds, although he was never good at it.

Lena had already guessed and suspected a bit that Claudia didn't want to be behind Julia and Evi in terms of coolness and had forced the events herself. Her son was not satisfied with Claudia willingly spreading her labia and letting him squirt in her vaginal entrance. Almost without transition, he penetrated deep into her vagina to cum. She had almost cried out in her pain, his brutal penetration into her much too small vagina hurt a lot.

It was only a tiny little step the other day, then he fucked her standing up, after she helped him to push his thick giant thing with lube into her vagina. All her resolutions were gone, she took it almost indifferently and distantly, because he couldn't last long. His fucking did not excite her at all, the pain of penetration reverberated too much. It got much better when she propped herself up on the washstand with both arms and received him from behind. With her back to him, she worked her clitoris and vaginal entrance beforehand in all secrecy, so that he wouldn't notice. With this she wanted to prepare herself for his penetration and also apply the lubricant. He guided his thick glans along her ass crease down to the perineum, then between her labia. She strained forward to grab the cock as early as possible, helping with her fingers to let it enter her vagina. It

irritated her that he was spreading her big ass cheeks apart with all his might and teasing her butt hole with his fingers as he fucked her. He overrode her objections and stuck his finger deep into her butt hole.

While squirting, his cock kept bumping firmly against her cervix and he thrust his finger deep into her butt hole at the same pace, which she found irritatingly arousing. After squirting, he left his soft piston in her vagina and masturbated her much too large clit until she orgasmed shuddering and trembling. She often told him that he had to last much, much longer and delay squirting as long as possible to satisfy a woman. He didn't listen to her, rammed quickly and squirted as fast as he could.

What she concealed from the girls was that she waited quite longingly for the moments when he embraced her from behind with one arm and stroked and caressed her low-hanging breasts. Then she knew right away what would follow and shudderingly stretched her abdomen and vagina forward like an open shell. With one hand on a breast, with the other hand he briefly caressed her pubis and labia, then masturbated her clit. Even if it took a long time, he gave her a violent, shattering orgasm. He never gave up. And he could do it better than anyone before.

Moreover, she thought, fucking standing up was uncomfortable, but they only had the option of fucking in the bathroom. And lying down on the bathroom floor was not possible? Lena silently wondered, while everyone else bombarded Claudia with questions. Lena was too stupid with the questions, when, how many times, why couldn't he do it a second time? Why didn't Claudia know that many men also finger fucked women in the butt hole while fucking them?

At the next girls' night, the topic was again whether and who caught his child masturbating or watched secretly. Some reported with the most accurate descriptions, of which Lena thought only a few were true. Lena had mainly listened, because she did not want in any case to reveal her secrecy with Jon. Only in a pause of silence did she mention that she had watched her son perform his acrobatic

autofellatio a few times. After she explained the foreign word, everyone looked wide-eyed, but probably no one believed her.

After everyone left, Renate took Lena aside and said she wanted to see it. Really, she wanted to watch Jon do it. Renate spoke forcefully to Lena, who gradually gave up her skepticism and thought she understood Renate. She said she would talk to him and let him know. Renate surprisingly gave her a very intimate kiss, she kissed Lena with a passion she knew only from men, but she returned the French kiss just as passionately. It was one of the most beautiful and longest French kisses she could remember, the first French kiss with a woman. Somehow it did very well and was completely okay. Claudia came out of the bathroom and cleared her throat, protesting loudly, ending the wonderful kiss. Lena said goodbye, she will try, honestly!

One of the following days she got a chance to talk to Jon about it. She had another dropout and was thinking about the beautiful French kiss with Renate, Jon had pushed his glans between her labia and already squirted. Jon was surprised that she had not intervened as usual and that there was no thunder either. Instead, Lena reached for a paper handkerchief and thoughtfully cleaned her vagina. I need to talk to you about something, she said, and Jon sat down next to her while she explained what Renate wanted.

Of course he refused at first, also he suspected she had told his secret to all her friends, but she lied, it was only Aunt Renate who knew. After a long time he finally said he would agree if he got something in return. She said they still had to discuss exactly how it should go, but then cautiously asked what it was. He hugged her and gave her a kiss on the cheek, then whispered hoarsely, fuck in the mouth and squirt.

Lena knew immediately that this was okay with her, because she had gotten a taste years ago when he had cum in her mouth hundreds of times while rubbing her. But deep thrusting or mouth fucking, no, she had never allowed him to do that. She pestered him a bit about what he wanted and how exactly, and if he still knew she didn't want to be sprayed in the face? Jon assured her he knew and wouldn't let her down. But it was so nice to fuck a warm mouth and

cum in it, he said. Lena let him keep talking while she had long since started playing with his cock.

So, come on, she said. Jon broke off his speech and quickly knelt down to her left and right. Lena masturbated him slowly, then faster and faster, taking his cock in her mouth. She shuddered, for it was again the first time for her to take his cock all the way into her mouth. She probed his cock with her tongue as she masturbated him with her hand. Now, Jon gasped, and she let go of his cock, but pressed her lips around his cock very tightly. He made rapid fucking motions in her mouth, and after a few minutes he squirted in assault. Lena felt the individual jets of semen with the roof of her mouth and in her throat and swallowed involuntarily. The semen tasted a little salty, and she was amazed because fucking into-her-mouth was so easy, her concerns completely gone. She sucked his glans and caressed it with her tongue until his cock went limp.

After that, they lay side by side for a very long time. Jon said how nice it was for him, and Lena said it was surprising to her and different from anything she knew, but very nice. She would prefer in the future that he squirt in her mouth, because she did not want him to squirt in her vaginal entrance anymore, she did not want to get pregnant and it was not proper for the son to fuck his mother. She didn't mention that she used contraception. Jon was silent for a long time before nodding. Okay.

Lena phoned Renate and she could come tomorrow afternoon. The other day she came, rushing in the door in a colorful, breezy summer dress. They sat down to a glass of white wine on the kitchen bench, but after a short while Renate leaned in and French-kissed her again. They kissed for what seemed like an eternity and Lena felt Renate's hand under her bathrobe stroking its way up her thigh, touching her labia and clit with the feminine knowledge of how it does good. Lena flinched and stammered that she had never been touched intimately by a woman before. Renate stroked back a strand of her hair and apologized, saying she was more tense and horny than she had been in a long time.

Lena knocked on the landing and called to Jon that they were coming up now. At the top they entered, Jon wanted to shake Renate's hand, but she hugged him passionately, I am the aunt Renate, maybe you remember? So the small talk went on for a while, Jon sitting on the edge of the bed, Renate on a chair next to the bed and Lena behind, almost next to her. Into the silence Lena said, Jon, if you like?

Jon nodded and took off his clothes. He sat on the edge of the bed again and stroked his cock. At the same time he tried to look under Renate's skirt, because she was a feast for the eyes. Red-blond shoulder-length hair, slim and busty, her cleavage revealed more than it hid. She had noticed his gaze, of course, and puckered her skirt up to her knees and very slowly let her knees slide apart. The reaction was instantaneous on Jon's cock as he could see her bare thighs and panties. He lay down in front of the wall, butt and legs all the way up and arched his back and head until his cock touched his mouth. He masturbated a little and took half the cock in his mouth.

Renate gasped and Lena thought to herself, girl, what are you doing? when she noticed Renate's hand creeping up under her dress. Jon was in the middle of his demonstration and squinted backwards, his eyes fixed firmly on Renate's panties. Out of the corner of her eye, Lena watched Renate, who had her dress up to her belly button and was vigorously pushing her panties aside with her hand. She kept her eyes on Jon and masturbated very quickly. She paused briefly as she orgasmed twitching moments later and looked unblinkingly at Jon who was now literally fucking his mouth. He was already near the end, Lena noticed. Renate still saw that Jon just squirted into his open mouth, then she closed her eyes and masturbated very quickly with two fingers on the clit. Jon was done, but remained in his position and looked excitedly over at Renate, who continued masturbating for minutes. He was fascinated and sat up, he bent all the way over and looked up close at her naked pussy and the raging fingers on her clit. She had narrowed her eyes quite violently and was now quite engrossed in the final spurt. Her body trembled, now it was just one finger racing on her clit. With a soft wail, she thrust the finger deep into her vagina, then sank down and remained that way,

twitching and gasping, the finger pressed firmly on the clit. Her legs were still trembling for a long time.

When she stopped shaking, she opened her eyes. She suddenly realized everything, because Jon and Lena were staring at her with their mouths open.

Jon had leaned far forward and was staring at her vaginal opening, her labia, and her still slightly throbbing clit. Standing up, her skirt fell back into place, she quickly picked up her purse and walked to the door, but turned around as if to say something else, but she couldn't make a sound. Lena gave her her best smile, Renate smiled back with a little uncertainly and disappeared, the two of them heard the door close quietly.

Jon sat up and asked what the deal was with Aunt Renate? Lena now had to reveal the second half of the enlightenment. She only felt a negative impulse for a moment, then she explained everything to him, honestly and in detail. He asked that Renate's sex looked a little different and if the big pink thing on Renate was the clit, he wanted to know and she knew exactly what he meant. Her own clit was tiny in comparison and hidden under a bonnet, so Jon had probably never seen it. She explained to him that all people have different sizes. Breasts, cocks, clits, labia. He understood about women masturbating, but he still had one question. Yes, she answered, usually in the evening before going to sleep, once— or twice. Be honest, she chided herself, and added, usually also when I come up to watch you. And on bath day, but you know that.

Naturally, another question burned on his tongue, and she listened within. Renate's passionate kiss, a woman's hand on her sex, Jon's demonstration, Renate's unrestrained masturbation ... all this had made her horny. Yes, she could do it to herself now and he could watch her, right now, Lena said. She dropped the bathrobe and stood still, enjoying his greedy, feverish look at her nakedness, even though he had seen her naked a thousand times while bathing. She was, after all, a pretty young woman in her mid-30s, her beautiful, Egyptian-looking face framed by shoulder-length black hair. A few streaks of loopy white hair had been running through her black hair since

Frank had died. She was not entirely satisfied with her small, full breasts; they used to be much larger. She was of slender build, with narrow hips and shapely legs. Above her vaginal entrance just a small, black bush of hair which she trimmed from time to time. The pubic cleft itself was completely hairless like a little girl's, her labia formed narrow bulges and her clit was not visible from the outside.

Then she lay down on the bed, dropped her knees to the side and he crouched down in front of her, wanting to see everything in detail. You are only the second person to see this, the first was your father Frank, she said, completely forgetting her father. That memory had faded long ago. Jon nodded. She started very slowly and masturbated faster and faster. Jon had bent all the way over her sex and could see Lena's clit. It was much smaller than Renate's, he thought, it was like a tiny spike and her fingers danced wildly on it. She fantasized all the time that Renate was masturbating her. It took long minutes for her to reach her orgasm. At the moment of orgasm, she stuck a finger deep into her vagina to further excite the G-spot.

Jon had masturbated at the same time as her and greedily displaced that finger, immediately thrusting his glans into her still pulsating vaginal opening at her orgasm, further he dared not penetrate – he knew he was not allowed to. He masturbated during the squirting and continued afterwards until his cock went limp. She felt his seed shoot into her vagina, pulsing and warm, but she was too exhausted and weary from her orgasm to do anything about it. On the contrary, it felt good to feel his glans pulsing and spitting in her fading orgasm, bouncing in her vaginal entrance as he continued to masturbate for a long time. She stroked his mop of hair as she got up and headed for the shower.

Another day, she took a little detour to stop by Renate's house and talk about yesterday's events. Renate opened the door and was very surprised. Lena saw that she was wearing only a gauzy, translucent nothing, under which she was visibly naked. They sat down in the kitchen and talked it out. No, Renate was just strongly exhibitionistic and did not downplay the fact that she had been so revealing. She was just amazed and bewildered afterwards at the surprise in Lena's and Jon's facial expressions. She laughed uproariously when Lena

reported that she had unplanned to educate Jon about female masturbation and the female orgasm. She embezzled the practical demonstration. Renate laughed and, still laughing, got up, dragging the astonished Lena behind her, into the bedroom.

With a slight movement, she released the nothing from her shoulder. Lena could only absorb the even beauty of the naked woman for a moment, then Renate's hands embraced her face and a long, lightening French kiss followed. During the kissing Renate undressed her and then onto the bed without interrupting the kiss. They rolled slowly, once on top, once on the bottom, kissing and cuddling. Renate's hands turned Lena on more and more, she willingly opened her thighs as Renate's fingers teased her labia and demanded entrance. She had never been touched by a woman intimately before. Trembling with lust and greed, she let herself masturbate and her lips only released when she orgasmed.

When Renate lay down next to her and wiggled her hips, Lena knew a rematch was expected. She had never touched another woman's sex before, but she knew exactly what to do. Renate orgasmed very soon and whispered hoarsely for her to continue. Only the second time Renate got a very violent orgasm, lay there with twitching, trembling legs for a long time. She put her arms around Lena and quietly told about the many girls and women she had seduced. Lena listened with her eyes closed and felt her horniness rise again as Renate described the details of rapture and pure pleasure in such detail that she could imagine everything vividly.

Renate began to cover her whole body with small kisses. The neck, breasts, belly and belly button. Her caressing fingers prompted Lena's thighs to part as her lips continued to advance downward. Lena drew in her breath sharply as the lips and tongue excited her cunt. She opened wide as what Renate was doing excited her immensely. She squirmed as her orgasm broke loose, but Renate didn't stop, rushing her from orgasm to orgasm. Only after more than half a dozen orgasms did she grab Renate's head and pull her to her. She thanked her with a wild French kiss and tasted the spicy flavor of her own sex on Renate's tongue.

She had nothing to say, so she set about covering Renate with little kisses, slowly working her way over her breasts and belly and belly button. Renate needed no prompting, but had her thighs open wide and willingly. Lena kissed the inner thighs and looked closely at Renate's cunt. At the top, between the swollen labia, the small, light pink clit stood out prominently. She could even see directly into Renate's vagina. Now she enclosed the labia with her whole mouth and let her tongue dance on Renate's clit, just as she had just experienced it herself. Renate orgasmed most violently when Lena enclosed the clit with her lips and the tip of her tongue danced rapidly back and forth on the clit. Unlike Renate, she had to stop licking again and again because she could not continue during the violent orgasms.

Renate put on a coffee and while they drank and smoked, Renate told that her husband was coming home next week, but only for a few weeks, after that he had to go back to Asia to his dam-project. Lena coughed, being a non-smoker, and cleverly questioned Renate. She told in colorful, detailed pictures about her husband and their love life. She found it especially interesting that Renate's husband often masturbated before penetration, with the glans sticking in her vaginal entrance, and only penetrated deeply to squirt. And that she masturbated immediately after his squirting to come to an orgasm. Both of these things seemed very familiar to Lena.

On the way home, she wondered if she and Renate were lesbians. No, she found quite soberly, at most bisexual, they both found fucking beautiful. She visited Renate three more times before her husband came home.

Immediately, as the cock-riding threatened to continue, Lena had had a hormone injection for contraception. Jon not only liked to squirt into her mouth, more and more often he took advantage of her exhaustion and fatigue after masturbating, lowered his glans between her labia, which he spread with his fingers, and squirted. He was very satisfied that she no longer denied him. That he was not allowed to penetrate deeply to squirt and of course fuck her properly, he knew perfectly well. No, never, she would never allow that!

He had turned 15, was now as big as she was and his cock had also grown a little bigger. Lena got wet eyes more and more often, because he looked more and more like Frank and would soon also have such a big cock like his father. They had enjoyed the pleasurable bathing and sex games together over the years. Lena, when she came home from work at noon, would quite often go up to Jon's room to watch him and join in the masturbation while lying on his bed. He almost always joined her, spread her labia with his fingers, pushed his glans between her labia and squirted. A few millimeters further his glans was in her vaginal entrance and she allowed it, because she was using contraception. Millimeter by millimeter he advanced over the next few weeks, she allowed it to enter her vagina a little bit as he squirted.

Six months later, Jon began staying out in the afternoons. He reassured Lena that he was with this or that schoolmate, studying. She could tell he was lying, but she said nothing. He must have a girlfriend, she thought, and that was a good sign. It became like before, she only masturbated twice before going to sleep and all was right with the world for her. Although he stopped coming to masturbate together in the afternoon, he was always there on time on bath day. They enjoyed themselves in the bathtub and bellowed naked on his bed, of course they masturbated together and he was allowed to squirt in her vaginal vestibule. Mostly she let him penetrate a few millimeters into her vagina to squirt.

A few months later, he was back in the afternoon. He was bitter and closed off, his spine had stiffened and he could no longer do his acrobatics. She visited him in his room, assuring him that he could tell her anything, she would listen and help if he wanted. He stripped naked and sat down next to her. He hummed kindly and fondled her beautiful breasts under her robe until his erection was stiff and firm. He eased back and Lena gave him a handjob with squirt in her mouth. And a second time.

It went on for two weeks, nothing changed. He knelt between her thighs and whispered that she should masturbate, like before. And like before, he waited until she was exhausted and tired before he pressed his cock into her vaginal entrance and cum. Again they did it

twice, he thrust further than usual into her vagina and squirted with contorted features, as always. After a few days, he had advanced the remaining millimeters, his cock deep inside her vagina when he squirted. No, she would never give in, she thought languidly, when he made short thrusts before squirting. No, never, she thought languidly, and Jon thrust and thrust as hard as he could before squirting.

At last he told. She was shocked, because it was Renate, who had intercepted him on the way home. He learned from her everything there was to know about fucking. Every afternoon he was allowed to fuck her as often as he could. He was irritated when she casually said she was pregnant. Was he still allowed? Sure, my love, you can only get pregnant once! He was allowed to continue loving her even when she already had a big belly. He loved it very much to make love to her like a grown man and to squirt very deeply. And then, one day, the end. My husband, the child's father, comes back from Vietnam and of course wants to be present at the birth!

Jon was stunned. The child's father. The husband. Of course, she said, it's his child, or did you think...? Her fake laugh was so fake that he normally could have recognized it. No, they had to end the affair, besides motherhood and the new family it wouldn't work, he would understand that, wouldn't he? Jon nodded bravely, swallowed his tears and wept bitterly only on the way home. Lena comforted him as best she could. But she couldn't enjoy their sex games for days.

Renate, of course, had a lot of fun with her trainee. Jon was a quick learner and a natural in bed. After just a few days, he brought her to orgasm and many times after that, which her husband had never accomplished in their 7 years of marriage, nor had anyone else. Before he left for Vietnam again, they spent many hours in bed. He fucked quite briefly and squirted like a world champion, then watched her masturbate for hours until he could again.

She had never used contraception, she always wanted a child. She was always faithful to her husband when he was home, Jon was her first and only affair. When her husband was abroad, she would randomly take any opportunity for a quickie. It didn't matter if it was

a handyman, a delivery man or a salesman. She seduced almost everyone, hoping to get pregnant. But no matter how many times she let all these men squirt into her, she didn't get pregnant. No, she took them all and never thought for a moment that she was cheating on her husband. Everyone in the circle of girlfriends had children, except her.

After her husband left, she got her period. Another disappointment, but she got over it and grabbed Jon. The first time, her period stayed away. After a few days, she reported to her husband and said she would go to the doctor in the next few days. He waited anxiously for the results and was filled with joy when she told him. She was the only one who knew that Jon was the father. Only he could be.

Then she managed a masterpiece. Although her husband was a brilliant technician with skills in numbers, he let her pull the wool over his eyes when it came to pregnancy. He should still quietly hang on for 4 or 6 weeks, but take at least two months off afterwards, she would need him oh! so much during the birth and afterwards. He understood, although it was nonsense, and arranged everything as she had said. They spent the last weeks until the birth in bed. His heavily pregnant wife was on fire and he had to mount her whenever he could. Renate masturbated for hours while he caressed her fat belly. The girl she gave birth three weeks too early was fair-skinned and red-haired like herself. The birth was very easy, it lasted less than half an hour. Never did her husband have any doubts, never did she confess to Jon that he was the father.

Jon and Lena continued bathing together and their sexual games. They could both forget Renate, even if he told something horny now and then, because Lena was very excited by his stories. The episode that made her hottest was when Renate had invited a very young friend and he was allowed to fuck them both to exhaustion. Taking Renate from behind while she was licking the girlfriend. Renate's fingers jealously rubbing the girl's clit while he fucked the girl because she wanted to be fucked immediately despite her big belly.

Renate only brought very young girls and Jon was fine with that because he was curious about their different bodies, their breasts, clits and vaginas. One of the girls was certainly not yet 14 and wriggled pleurably under Renate's fingers while he made every effort to penetrate her hymen. Only when Renate let the little girl orgasm violently did he manage to tear her hymen. She laughed through tears, orgasm after orgasm, while he fucked her hard. That afternoon he squirted as many times as he could into the girl's vagina, as Renate had meant that she was too young to get pregnant, he should just squirt in hard! Jon could unleash the wild dragons in Lena's abdomen with these stories.

Lena always had stories told to her by Anna, the hermaphrodite. Renate sometimes brought Anna, who was about her age. Jon was completely confused, she was a woman, with breasts and all, but she had a real man's dick! Renate explained it to him, Anna had a cock, but no scrotum, the testicles were hidden in her abdomen. Underneath she had a small, real vagina, as small as that of a 13-year old girl. Anna told him not to go too deep, it would hurt. First of all, Renate always let Anna fuck her, but she did not get an orgasm and masturbated after fucking. Jon categorically refused to fuck Anna in the butt, which she would have preferred. He liked fucking her, her vagina was small, very tight and not very deep. He was very careful not to penetrate too deeply, only when he came his glans dabbed a little on the soft resistance at the end of her vagina. He asked anxiously if it hurt, but she denied it and said he was welcome to push as far as he wanted. She didn't tell him that she had already been fucked by bigger cocks and, out of tact, didn't say that his cock wasn't as big as she had first suspected. He fucked her passionately and squirted into her small blind vagina. It was always very strange to look at her soft cock as he fucked, wiggling back and forth and very gradually becoming erect. It was also strange that Anna always got very sad while fucking and sometimes had tears in her eyes when he cum in her vagina. Afterwards she said it was nothing, but Jon guessed she was so sad because she couldn't have children.

Sometimes they also made a sandwich, that is, Anna fucked Renate, he fucked Anna at the same time. When she orgasmed and squirted deep into Renate's vagina, her vagina contracted

rhythmically, further exciting him. Anna lowered her head like a very sad child each time he fucked her, while Jon cummed in her vagina. In truth, these afternoons with Anna were exciting. When Renate wanted to be fucked again, she told Jon to make Anna's cock stiff again. For the first time, he gave a handjob to a man or a woman, respectively. He couldn't stop until Anna, her face contorted in pain, squeezed a few small drops of semen out of her glans.

One afternoon Renate didn't feel like screwing after a long phone call, just sat grumpily by and watched the two of them silently. Anna had Jon all to herself. They both paid no attention at all to the annoyed brooding Renate. He asked Anna to lie down and examined her private parts again. I can't find your clit, he mewed, and she replied that she didn't have one. She didn't have foreskin either, they would have circumcised her right after birth, but she never found out why. When he wanted to know how she masturbated, she said like a man, because her vagina could not be sufficiently stimulated. And she was into anal sex since she moved in certain circles. With good anal sex she got an orgasm and squirted without touching herself.

What he liked best, Anna asked, and Jon immediately replied, mouth fucking! Anna said, okay, with me you can do a deepthroat and explained it to him. After putting a pad under her head, he put his cock in her mouth. She pushed him further on his butt cheek until the glans was very deep in her throat. She gave him a little slap on the butt, he fucked as fast as he could. It felt like he was fucking in an extremely tight vagina and squirted deep into her throat. When she sat up, she laughed at his questions and said that she had already had to deal with completely different calibers. Subsequently, she let him squirt deep down her throat on afternoons they spent together. Jon was in seventh heaven.

They fucked all afternoon. On the first pass, he held Anna's erection in his hand and rubbed lightly while he fucked her. After the squirting, he finished the handjob and let Anna's semen splash over her beautiful breasts and onto her belly, such pressure she had on it. During the breaks they cuddled, the tongue kisses were intense as Jon couldn't take his fingers off her beautiful breasts. Anna stroked his cock without masturbating him, bringing about one erection after

another. As many times as he could get erect, they fucked again and he held her erect cock tightly, although she stopped squirting after the first pass. When Jon went limp, Anna masturbated alone and was able to squirt a little more, then they were both done. It was one of the best afternoons for them both.

Anna told nothing of her childhood, only that her parents liked to put her away to live their own lives. Anna was one disappointment, they would never have grandchildren. At 13 she entered a boarding school for girls and was an attraction from the first day. At first they only wanted to look, touch carefully, rub anxiously and let her squirt full of disgust. Anna had grown a thick skin and didn't mind them standing in circles around her when a girl wanted to be fucked. They needn't be afraid, she assured them, her semen contained too little sperm, which was only half true. No, she didn't remember how many she had fucked, but there were a lot, also a lot of virgins she had deflowered. It was almost like an epidemic of dares and proofs of coolness. She got kicked out in her third year because someone had anonymously told the principal about her dick and fucking every night.

She dropped out of school and worked in a night bar as a waitress. The barman rented her out to his well-heeled clientele within a short time, almost always involving anal sex or deepthroating. The bartender didn't take all the money from her, she soon had a good reputation and was able to buy a fancy convertible car at 18. After ten years she could no longer suppress her preference for girls, but most lesbians wanted nothing to do with her cock. However, she could always find couples who were bisexual, or at least one of them. She also satisfied some single, bisexual or lesbian girls. Her reputation spread in the relevant circles, soon she left the bar behind and lived off the bisexuals and lesbians. It also happened that the lesbian partner also let her fuck her, just to experience what it was like to be fucked by her cock. These relationships often lasted for years.

Anna snorted her powder with a tiny spoon. Jon didn't want drugs and just listened patiently, because that's when Anna became talkative. She was with Renate in this boarding school, and the small, shy girl Renate watched all the orgies, but did not dare to join. Anna

was in love with the little beauty and when everyone had gone to bed to sleep or to masturbate a little, she would sit by Renate's bed and caress her, kiss her and whisper words of love in her ear. Night after night she whispered that she just wanted to lie with her and do nothing. It took weeks before she was allowed to lie down next to Renate. Gradually the kissing turned into cuddling, the cuddling turned into French kissing. Renate sighed deeply and did not know what terrible desires were awakened in her when Anna's hands crept under her thin nightgown and caressed her. Anna didn't scare her away, holding back ironically and not masturbating her.

At last Renate was ready. After much stroking and long caressing, she lay there expectantly listening to her excited heartbeat, allowing Anna to spread her legs as she had done so many times before. Renate was highly aroused, a few drops flowed from her vagina. She expected Anna to caress her labia and vaginal entrance, as she had done many times before when she was so wet and only unchaste desires rotated in her head. But this time it was different, Anna had also pushed her nightgown up to her neck. Anna let her erect cock slowly crawl up Renate's thighs and placed it between the small, wet labia. With an intimate French kiss she sealed her mouth and penetrated very slowly. She felt Renate's astonished wince as the hymen tore and the relieved sigh as the cock slid fully into her vagina. They continued to kiss intimately and so Renate learned about fucking. Renate did not like the fact that everyone stood in a circle and watched when Anna fucked her in front of everyone. Still she tried to lure Anna to her bed, when all around in the silence only the rubbing and panting of some girls could be heard.

Such stories worked like a love spell on Lena, who during his tales very gently stroked her sex and gently excited the clit.

After he had once again disregarded the boundaries after such a story and squirted into her vagina, she told him that she was using contraception and no longer had to be afraid when his semen squirted into her vagina. Okay, he thought, thinking to himself, maybe it was a prompt. From then on, after masturbating, Jon would stick his cock deep into Lena's vagina to squirt. Mostly twice, sometimes three times in the afternoon. For a long time he was not

satisfied with that and fucked a little. She thought how similar he was to his father and sentimentally let him. But Lena still thought, no, never, it can only be as a conclusion after his masturbation!

She spoke to him that he wanted too much. Even if he had fucked Renate and her girls and was allowed to squirt at will with them, sons are not allowed to fuck their mothers and squirt into the vagina that had given birth to him. She was right, in theory. Theoretically. Still, she let him fuck before squirting, for as long as it took. One minute or ten, it didn't really matter. Sometimes she would get a nice orgasm when he fucked her longer. She kept up the pretense that he had to masturbate first. He fucked really well, she sighed, when she orgasmed from fucking him. The more they fucked, the more often she orgasmed. She secretly called it her sandwich. First she masturbated until she was exhausted, then he got to fuck and she orgasmed again, sometimes at the same time as him.

Jon masturbated only to make the erection stiff and firm while Lena started to masturbate. Even after he penetrated, she continued to masturbate, gradually stopping as her orgasm approached. He almost always managed to squirt at the same time as her orgasm, Renate had taught him that. Most of the time he left his cock in her vagina and rested on her breast. Since she got the hormone injection, her breasts had become fuller, firmer and more beautiful, also her libido and arousal were at an all-time high. Jon became erect again after only a few minutes and she passively surrendered to his fucking, as she sometimes still got an orgasm in the second round, even though she was exhausted and fatigued. There was nothing more she wanted to deny him, they were now fucking like all couples when they felt like each other.

It became the standard because they both wanted it that way. They gradually stopped having sex in the afternoon when he turned 18 and had steady girlfriends. On bath day, however, they both held on ironclad, and that's when the girlfriend was signed off. Jon told her about sex with the girlfriends, detailed and exciting. Lena's dragons were burning and she couldn't rush up to his room fast enough, masturbate and get fucked. Twice, if he had or invented another story.

After many, many girls, Jon finally found his wife shortly after he finished studying. They matched in almost everything, she was the only one he could really tell anything to. She was smart, well-read and clever, understanding, gentle and a splendid woman in bed. She knew herself very well, she knew her physical desires and had had many lesbian experiences. Likewise, she had slept with many men and tried everything before she met Jon and they fell in love. It was the right thing for both of them. He told her everything, about the bath day and the experiences with Lena. Everything.

Before he could ask, she said she wouldn't mind if he continued with the bath days. She would visit her lesbian lovers on bath day, because she really missed the physical ecstasy with girls, which was so different from the ecstasy with a man. Their arrangement lasted for years despite all the ups and downs. When she wanted him to, Jon accompanied his wife to her ecstasies, experienced firsthand the lesbian pleasures with the various girls, and sometimes got to mount the girl if she liked him. He especially loved it when his wife licked the girl from orgasm to orgasm and he could fuck the girl for a long time despite her exhaustion, while his wife licked or fingered the girl to orgasm. Their married life benefited greatly from this diversity and became very intimate and loving.

His wife was sexually insatiable during her pregnancy. Day after day, she pushed Jon and the girls to the limits of their strength and did not stop her insane ecstasies until their first child was born. Jon usually celebrated bath day and fucking with Lena once a month. She had masturbated less and less over time and really didn't need it anymore. Only Jon could still get her a little aroused on the monthly bath day. They kept at it until she turned 65 and her libido had disappeared altogether. She felt it was time to pass the tradition of bath days on to the next generation.

...

Revenge of The Crippled Dwarf

by Jack Faber © 2021

Gert was just unlucky. The curmudgeonly judge had given him 8 months, even though he'd only damaged a couple of cars and hadn't drunk as much as the medical examiner claimed. Eight months, maybe only four with good behavior. The guards grinned as the watch commander barked, to Big Leo!

When the heavy steel door opened, his surprise was great. Gert Something, they introduced him and the two guards laughed at the top of their lungs after locking him in. Big Leo was no more than 5 feet 40, hunched over and barely went to Gert's belly button. He was nevertheless stocky and muscular, his short little legs strongly bent like those of the proverbial Hun rider. Gert grumbled as he heaved his eighty-one onto the top bunk, but Leo seemed in no mood to argue. They got along quite well after it was clear that Leo was the boss.

During the day they read the newspaper and listened to the radio, in the evening after lights-out! Leo masturbated uninhibitedly and slept snoring loudly. Once every two weeks Leo fucked him in the ass. Gert had resisted the first time, even though he had taken it many times before, but the midget boxed him in his balls and playfully wrestled him to the ground. Leo assured him that he was not gay, but he had to fuck someone from time to time.

When Gert told what he was in for, Leo laughed long and slapped his thighs. He was serving 7 years for manslaughter and unproven sexual assault, two of which he had already served. After two years of silence, he was glad to have a listener. He nevertheless made Gert swear an oath that he would never tell anything else. In the next months he told his life story.

Leo stopped growing at 12 and got a hump. His parents gave him to foster families, where he was better off throughout his school years than at home, where the silence and reproachful looks at his hump made him very sad. He very rarely went home, what for?

Naturally he was interested in girls, at the same time he was aware that they could not openly confess to the little cripple, only in secrecy. Although he was a very good student and could have sat in the first row, he sat in the last with good reason. Girls always sat next to him, never boys. Because the girls giggled and whispered about him during recess, they took turns sitting with him. All of them, without exception, allowed his hand to slip under their skirts and feel and caress their inner thighs. Most tolerated his groping their panties and thoroughly exploring what was underneath.

One was the bravest and showed him her treasures behind the gym. She showed him the hymen and said that you could only touch it very carefully, but it had a small hole through which you could push a finger into the vagina. After the labia, she showed him the clitoris, which was very important for masturbation. After he had examined the clitoris in detail, he wanted to know how to masturbate. She hesitated for a long time, but gave in and showed him. As she began to orgasm, she simultaneously peed into the grass with hard, choppy thrusts. She said that was the climax and you stop there.

Of course the seatmates were looking, but at the first opportunity, when one of them grumbled cheekily, he brought him down with a boxing blow to the soft parts and beat him up violently. Leo breathed a sigh of relief, for now it was clear to all that he was a dangerous and ruthless thug. From then on they just looked very carefully and kept their mouths shut. Only a few girls tolerated his fingers slipping under the hem of their panties and groping, caressing and caressing their cunt. At first, only one tolerated his finger on her clit and with a beating heart allowed him to play with her clit. It took a few days before she orgasmed in the middle of class with a petrified face and trembling thighs. She did not remain the only one – Leo smiled at these memories – and so, day after day, he learned to masturbate the girls. Some put their hand on his thigh and felt his cock under his

pants. Later, they dared to slide their hand into his pants and feel his erection in the flesh. Only a very few mastered the art of unobtrusive and slow rubbing and smiled with pride when he squirted into their hand. During breaks, they whispered and shared their experiences or gave each other tips. He loved school because you learned something and could rub each other.

In his senior year, it became very clear to him that he was still an outsider. He watched, well hidden under bushes, as they came in pairs to fuck behind the gym. He never got that chance, rubbing yes, screwing no. It wasn't until many years later that he surmised that the girls didn't happen to want to conceive a possibly crippled child from a cripple. He persisted in continuing to masturbate the girls, always the same three or four who shared him sisterly. All the other girls were out of the loop and had no idea of anything. He no longer went behind the gym.

He passed the baccalaureate as the third best. His parents looked only briefly at the certificate, then his mother conscientiously stowed it away in his document folder. No praise, no reprimand. The mother stared out the window again, as if waiting for Lützow's hunt to thunder by. The father devoted himself to his newspaper and his tobacco pipe, Leo went to his room upstairs. Thus they lived side by side for the next year. Leo did not know how to go on.

Day after day he watched from his window the people going to the supermarket at the other end of the field. Day after day he watched the pretty young woman who came every day at the same time. He stood naked at the window and held back the cum until she came out. One day the desire had become too much. He pocketed his pocket knife and awaited her in the doorway, blade in hand. He approached her with a threatening gesture and forced her to step forward into the basement, then pocketed the knife. In the eerie silence she had to lie down on the cold concrete floor, hastily he took off her panties and flipped up her skirt. She stared at him with horny horror. How it went, he knew from spying behind the gym and his mother. He quickly penetrated her vagina and fucked quickly and with concentration. Her face was completely frozen in terror, she gasped and looked at him in fright. It took him a very long time, for

all his naughtiness he was confused by the whole process. She gasped and panted until he spurted and breathed “No, No” as he thrust and squirted into her vagina. He immediately stood up and looked at her cunt, from which his white semen was viscously oozing. He threw the panties over her face and muttered, See you then! and disappeared as fast as he could.

He shivered with fear that she might go to the police and stared out the window. They didn't come. They didn't arrest him. She went shopping as usual. No police, no avenger on her heels. On the third day he was waiting for her again behind the front door. Without him having to say anything, she went ahead, head bowed, to the basement. She went a little further than last time, to a corner where a few old horsehair blankets were spread out. Silently she put down the shopping bag, lay down and flipped her skirt up to her chest. She wore no panties and offered him her pubic, which she had freshly shaved, and waited until he had lowered his pants. Silently they fucked and he watched her breathing quite carefully. At first she moaned very softly, gasped and panted faster and faster until she made very small, plaintive sounds and trembled in climax. He thrust a few more times and squirted for a very long time. When he got up, she smiled brightly at him before he disappeared. From then on, he waited for her every few days, she smiled and went ahead, to the basement. They never spoke, didn't know their names, and once he stripped her completely naked, he could see why she didn't have a boyfriend. Her left breast was missing, it had been amputated and an ugly scar had remained. He shook his head in denial when she suggested going up to her apartment for fucking.

The scar didn't bother him at all. He found it touching that she only wore clothes that were easy to undo, that she hugged him to her bare chest after he squirted, and that she let him masturbate her in willing familiarity when he paused before the next round. No, he was beginning to get bored with the whole thing. The basement. The dirty blankets. The pretty woman his mother's age who loved orgasming more than anything. The thrill from the first raid was missing. After months, he came to her less and less often, and one day stayed away altogether.

Months passed, then his desire was rekindled. He drove halfway around town every day, watching the parking lot in front of a shopping center. After days, finally, a middle-aged woman who was putting her groceries in a big car. It was a bad, hazy rainy weather where people paid little attention to their surroundings. With quick steps, he pulled open the passenger door, sat down, pocket knife in hand, and stared at her. Here, take the money, but he shook his head. No, he said pressed, I want to fuck! The woman did not move, was frozen with fright, and far and wide no one she could have called to help. Leo realized that it didn't work like that, steering wheel, gear stick, handbrake. He took the handbag from her hand and ordered her to get into the back seat! He had to repeat it, then she got out and it was clear to her that she could not run away without the handbag. When she got in the back, he ordered her to take off her panties and held out his hand waiting. Because of his beard growth, she no longer thought he was a child. She gave a jerk and awkwardly took off her panties. He took it, the skirt too! and held out his hand. She gave him the skirt with her head flushed and he saw her reddened vaginal cleft under her thick pubic hair. He got out and pocketed the pocket knife. She was told to lie down and he unzipped his pants. She groaned and gasped as she lay down. He spread her legs and looked closely at her aged cunt. It was obviously inflamed from masturbating very much, could see it. He penetrated without foreplay or a sound. She drew in her breath sharply and clung to his back. She remained perfectly still and lamented protestingly as he squirted in her vagina. When he stood up, spread her labia with his fingers and began to masturbate her clit, she shook her head in vigorous denial, saying she didn't want that. Just this resistance irritated him, with force he held her down and masturbated her forcibly until she fell silent and after long minutes orgasmed under violent movements of the pelvis. Immediately he penetrated her throbbing vagina again and fucked her hard. He rapturously heard her breath quicken and turn into pressed gasps. She was masturbating hard and fulminently while he fucked her vigorously. He spurted with eyes gleaming in victory at the moment she was shaken and buffeted by the last violent orgasm under loud shouts of yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes!—Yes! He left her half naked and disappeared while she continued masturbating, eyes closed.

For days he watched the parking lot, no police showed up, nothing indicated that anyone had been raped here. The lust grew, he raped a dozen women over the next few months. One day, wanted posters appeared in and around the mall. There was a warning that a rapist was in the area. Described was a man, around forty and about five feet eight, muscular and with a large mustache, probably a Turk. He was armed with a large hunting knife and usually came in the evening hours. No word of short stature, no word about the hump, no word that he was only 20.

Although the police wanted poster was a joke, he was intimidated and took to chastity and renunciation. Of course, it didn't last long. He moved his hunting ground back to the end of town; there was a small copse near a girls' school. There he lay in wait and watched. Day after day he watched the girls and noted in his head which of them separated themselves from the groups and went for a walk in the copse. Many also went behind a hut outside the property wall to smoke or drink in secret. He waited for days until a girl sat down again on a stone next to the big rock.

As if out of nowhere, he appeared next to her and threatened her with the pocket knife. He led her behind the rock and raped her. The girl cried silently, she was still a virgin and didn't understand much of the fucking. He was blown away, she dabbed the little blood from the labia and went back to the boarding school, keeping this dark secret to herself. Leo raped another girl behind the rock, but she was no longer a virgin and let him masturbate her willingly afterwards, but then none came to the grove for weeks. Change of tactics was necessary.

He bought a bottle of liquor and joined the smokers behind the hut. It wasn't long before everyone was intoxicated, laughing and giggling and cuddling wildly. When the girls left, Leo held back Anita, with whom he had been cuddling purposefully. Although she claimed to be already 16, he did not believe it, she was at most 14 in his opinion. They would follow shortly, Leo said lightly and devoured Anita with a French kiss. After a short while he stroked her pubic area under her panties, which he soon took off. Though it lacked the thrill of the assault as he deflowered the drunken child and fucked

her quite delicately. She giggled as he squirted inside her and she laughed contentedly because it was all just what she knew about it in theory. They met several times during the week and gradually she learned to orgasm, the best invention since the discovery of fire! Quite openly, her two girlfriends spied and watched them fucking every time. Leo lost his interest in Anita as time went by, he came less and less often and kissed her goodbye. He was no match for her silent tears and left.

Totally by chance he discovered a very young woman in the evening in the deserted park, pushing a baby carriage rocking in front of her and stopping in between to smoke a cigarette. He waited a few days and watched her. She always came at the same time. At the end of a smoke break, he stood next to her and threatened her. He pushed her behind a bush along with the baby carriage, the little one was still asleep. Here, you can have my money, but he shook his head and whispered, No money, I want to fuck! Without resistance she let herself be pushed to the floor, when he nibbled at her panties, she took them off herself. But don't squirt, she whispered, I just gave birth! He sensed her fear behind the feigned coolness, and the thrill was back. He raped her silently, but she was a special woman. Before long she was gasping and orgasming, and as he continued to thrust, she remained at her high level of arousal, bouncing from one small orgasm to the next until she was rocked by a big one. Instantly he began to squirt, but she immediately pushed him away. No, don't squirt inside! He was annoyed because his semen splashed into the grass. He stood up and turned to leave, then waited until she had dressed and helped push the stroller back onto the path. Only then did he walk in the other direction and disappeared into the darkness. He raped her for a while longer, because she obviously wanted it too and had mastered this amazing technique of prolonged orgasm. For a while he was still impressed by the fact that she had recently given birth. Before squirting, he pulled out his cock and she rubbed his cock so that his semen squirted only from the outside on her vaginal entrance. It was too little for him after some time, he pushed his cock into her vagina like a gigantic syringe, although she still embraced him. Yes, the thrill of using force was back, now he would not be humiliated and held her with his bearish hands until he had finished squirting. She whined that she didn't want to get pregnant, but he

didn't care. It became her last time as she whined about not getting her period and accused him of getting her pregnant. He kept fucking even though it annoyed him and he wantonly squirted into her vagina, not caring about the whining.

Over the next few years, he interrupted his law studies only when the lust became too great. Then he went back to raping in the parking lots outside shopping malls or in parks, after which he was once again the diligent student. Until the day he made a momentous mistake.

Gert noticed how difficult it was for Leo to talk about it. He was a patient listener and could wait. Even if he had to wait for days.

Leo studied at home and was very diligent, because he wanted to pass the exam with honors. This was a reward he earned, because his parents never rewarded him. Now one afternoon the pretty Karin was visiting his mother, the same Karin who made beautiful eyes at him and flirted with her eyes for the devil's sake. Since the downstairs toilet was broken, she had to go to his upstairs bathroom. She stopped at his room door and said with a flirtatious twinkle in her eye that she was going, *tirili-türülü*, to pee now. She left the bathroom door open, of course, and his eagerness grew as he heard her long, long splash. She pulled on the paper roll and dabbed her pubic dry with the paper, he could see that because he was already under the door. He was with her in two steps and pulled her onto the floor carpet. What? she said redundantly and slipped her panties and skirt over her ankles herself before willingly lying down and dutifully spreading her legs. Instantly Leo penetrated Karin's vagina and fucked wildly. He involuntarily stated that Karin was a woman who did not orgasm while fucking. But he sensed that she was enjoying the fucking anyway, actively humping along with deft pelvic movements. She widened her eyes as he squirted, and he noticed that she was looking with unplayed horror at someone behind him. It was his mother.

The mother had witnessed the whole thing and was clamoring about what he had done now and what a pig he was and with all the shrieking Karin had no chance to defend Leo and that it had been

consensual. A black wave of fiery anger washed over him, he grabbed his mother's hand blind with rage and pulled her to the ground. The half-naked Karin rescued herself in the shower tray, crouched down and put her arms around her knees. Leo tore his mother's skirt in half and ripped her panties in two as well.

After all the labia, vaginas and clits he had seen so far, this was the first time he had seen his mother's cunt naked from near. Actually, she had a nice little cunt, he thought. Like a maniac, he lunged forward and chased his erect cock into his mother's tight vagina. Like out of his mind he rammed, fucking for a long time, because he had never cum so quickly in a row. His mother's clamor turned into a high-pitched howl, then she held her breath and stared at him with cold eyes. He could no longer tell if he was taking a long time to inject. With a loud profane curse, he squirted, squirted with a wildly distorted face, and kept thrusting and squirting endlessly. He could remember that the whole time he was staring at Karin's vagina and labia, which were only a few inches from his face, and that Karin was rubbing her clit with her fingers in the same rhythm as he was thrusting. He saw the light streak that his semen had left as it oozed out of Karin's vagina. He stopped thrusting only when Karin orgasmed with a silent cry and his cock softened. He flung his mother's body aside, cursing, went to his room, packed his seven things into the big backpack and left. He never saw his parents again.

He wandered around, sleeping behind a gas station and by the train station. Finally he pulled himself together and went to the university, told the faculty chairman a robbery story and asked to be allowed to interrupt his studies. The man wagged his head because Leo was about to take his final exam, then looked at the unwashed boy in his ragged clothes and granted it. Leo was again loitering in the parking lots outside shopping malls, mugging women of all ages, fucking all of them. He also took a few bills from them, he had to finance his meager life somehow. He also took a little money from the cash register when the gas station attendant was in the back storage room. He was very careful and no one suspected anything.

Only after months did he venture to Karin's house, sleeping on the floor of the garden shed and watching for days. When her husband

had left for work, as he did every day, he ventured out. Karin's fright triggered him, they ended up on the living room carpet. Karin enjoyed being fucked, as her husband squirted rather quickly and was otherwise unimaginative in bed. Gradually she told that his mother was still shy and depressed for a long time. She had not had sex since his birth, not even with his father, and lived completely asexually. And now, 25 years later, the rape by her own son! Until then she was only loosely friends with the mother, but the trauma was severe and the mother talked non-stop about the rape. Karin had to describe her in great detail how Leo had fucked her. What images she still had in her mind of the rape, what exactly she had seen of her cunt or his cock. Karin laughed and said, there you have triggered something big! And the mother had started masturbating again after 30 years of abstinence, very very intensely. Karin laughed maliciously, a woman who did not fuck for 30 years and did not masturbate!

Leo wondered how simple-minded Karin took these tales. After all, he himself had loosened a floorboard in his room and carefully removed layer after layer until he had arrived at the plaster of his parents' bedroom. It took hours of silent drilling before he drilled a tiny hole next to the ceiling light fixture and removed enough of the insulation to fit his face in and bring an eye to the tiny hole to spy. A feat of technical precision for a nine-year-old! In the years that followed, he lay in wait whenever someone went into the bedroom. He watched his mother masturbate on the big double bed every afternoon. In the dim darkness of the bedroom, he could only dimly see her hand rotating on the dark triangle. Sometimes she needed it a second time, sometimes she stretched her legs to the sky in the shape of a big V when she orgasmed. She always did it very secretly and never in the presence of her father.

Every Sunday, at the crack of dawn, she would put on her seductive babydoll and give her father a handjob while he caressed her body. Leo felt very uncomfortable because the father's cock was very small, even he had a bigger one. When she was impatient, she let her father's semen run over her fingers. Mostly, though, she took the cock in her mouth and masturbated it. Leo found it disgusting at first that she swallowed the semen. But she always laughed and

kissed her husband with her semen-wet mouth. In all those years, he never saw the two of them fucking.

Once every two months, Uncle Harry came to her secretly. He was his father's brother-in-law, to be exact, and only came secretly to fuck her. They would sneak into the bedroom almost silently, hurriedly undress and cuddle, their naked bodies close together. They didn't fuck for very long, and Uncle Harry bent way over backwards when he squirted. In the pale glow of the bedside lamp, Leo could see more detail. The big, thick cock stuck in her vagina as he pumped and squirted endlessly. They rarely fucked a second time, often the mother stretching her legs skyward and his cock plowing in and out long and steadily until the uncle stiffened and motionlessly let his seed squirt in. She never orgasmed while fucking and never masturbated when Uncle Harry was around. Leo was sad on the one hand because his mother so sneakily betrayed his father and smiled at his uncle when he cum deep in her vagina, but he was totally horny watching them on the other. In later years, he sometimes thought that he might be Harry's child. Probably. Probably.

As often as Karin was with his mother, she told everything in detail about her obsessive masturbation and the images and sensations at the bad event, of course. The mother closed her eyes at this fantasizing and relived it as she told, of Karin's cunt that her son squirted into, of the frantic exposure of her cunt and getting fucked that had changed her so much.

Leo visited Karin throughout the summer and into late fall. The garden cottage was a safe place, he could shower and eat every day. Karin loved to be fucked by him, although she only orgasmed when she masturbated. She was a bit of an exhibitionist and liked to let him watch her masturbate. When the neighbors began to whisper, they took their leave, Leo walked away and did not turn around. Karin cleaned up the garden shed.

He retreated to the Steigerwald when it rained incessantly and built himself a hut out of twigs and leaves. The cutting wind and the first snow drove him away, he hid in a hovel of the old forester's house, where the widow Theresa lived all alone. At first she assumed

it was a raccoon or a fox. One night, as a fierce snowstorm swept around the old forester's house, she was awakened by the ruckus caused by the collapsed hovel. She jumped up, wrapped a shawl around her shoulders and went out with the oil lantern. She found a completely feral child with struwwel hair, neglected beard, and shivering in the cold. Her sodden shawl lay tight against her body, and Leo looked tremulously at her nakedness under the wet shawl in the light of the lamp. She reached for his hand and led him into the house. He shook his head vigorously as she pointed with her chin to warm bedrooms, the only heated room in the house. He couldn't sleep in the same bed as the centenarian. She shrugged, brought out a thin blanket. He slept on the wooden bench next to the front door in the freezing cold front room. When the widow got up in the morning, he was already gone. He had folded the blanket neatly.

Leo paused for a long, thoughtful moment before continuing. The widow was not 100, but only 64, and had lived alone since the forester's death. She had met him when she was barely 15 and went with the respectable man to the high stand. Of course she was freezing up there, in her thin weekday dirndl, of course he took off his jacket, the gentleman and put it over her shoulder and coincidentally left his hand there too. He held her tightly, it was bitterly cold after all. Explained everything, how the deer got the fawns when the roebuck mounted the doe. You understand, don't you? Yes, she nodded, she had seen it many times with dogs and cows, the mounting. The gentleman asked if she wanted to kiss him and she nodded, why not, she had already kissed many boys in the village school. After she had kissed him, he laughed and explained to her that in proper kissing one must also kiss with the tongue. She had learned it quickly and liked it very much. The forester was in his mid-forties and slipped one hand into her cleavage while kissing. She always got palpitations when they kissed with their tongues and his hand gently and delicately caressed one breast, then the other. A pleasant shiver flowed from bottom to top through her body when he caressed the nipples and they became quite hard. She shuddered as he continued and tiny droplets came out of her vagina.

She went along to the high stand from then on with jubilant anticipation. She loved the kissing and the breast stroking. Pearly

tingles ran up her spine when his hand crept along her thigh and stroked her panties ever so gently. That was so fine, that did so good, that she pulled the panties off with a quick grasp when he whispered in her ear. She cheered inwardly exultantly as he now caressed her labia and vaginal vestibule very delicately and gently while kissing her. When he got up to pee over the parapet, she looked at his cock unabashedly. It didn't look very appetizing the first time, but she didn't find it so repulsive after a few days. When she had to pee, she would squat down and let her little stream rain down into the forest. It didn't bother her that he was watching, after all, she watched him pee and shake the last drops off his cock.

He didn't seem satisfied and kept shaking, for quite a while, then a few more drops squirted out. He allowed her to hold his cock while he shook the next day. She laughed innocently because she could feel the throbbing of his cock with her fingertips as he squirted down to the forest. This was very exciting and she had never seen this before.

They continued the kissing and labia stroking. For days he whispered in her ear how beautiful she was, what a sweet cunt she had, he had never seen one more beautiful. As he kissed and nibbled her earlobes, he began whispering again from mounting her. She sat up bolt upright and said she was a virgin and had to stay that way until her wedding night, she couldn't let him mount her, no way! She simply parroted the words her mother forcefully instilled in her as she recounted the kissing and labia fondling with Mr. Forester. She took seriously what her mother said about mounting, even if she did not know what being a virgin meant and why men had to wait until the wedding night to mount. When the mother said that she had not waited to mount and that her boyfriend, the father of the beautiful Hannes, had shied away from the wedding, they hugged and cried. Therefore, she took it seriously, she assured the forester, therefore. No mounting!

He was very sad about it and she could only make him happy by kissing him delicately and properly. She took his hand and put it on her pubic cleft, then he became happy and remained so until winter. They did not see each other again until late spring, when it was warm enough to sit on the high stand without panties. The fool, of course,

had forgotten all about it over the winter, kept bringing up mounting, and she wouldn't give in, standing firm and telling him not until the wedding night. He would have to marry her before then, period, done. It continued with kisses and labia stroking. When he paused for a moment while shaking, she adventurously grabbed his cock and shook it. Patiently he instructed that instead of shaking she should rub, and she quickly learned. She kissed, had her cunt caressed and rubbed him so that it just squirted in jets into the dark forest.

It was getting to be winter, she was now almost 17, and she visited him regularly at the forester's house. They lay on the bed, kissed endlessly and he was allowed to caress her labia. When he came back from the bathroom with his dick dangling out, she would rub it and make him squirt really fast. When she wanted to tease him, she pulled up her skirt, spread her legs and innocently touched her hairless pubic area with her hand. If you marry me, she teased, then you get to mount me! She grinned inwardly, because mostly he pounced on her, which excited her very much. But she protected her cunt with one hand while he rammed as the dogs do when mounting. She always took pity and rubbed his cock until it squirted on her pubic cleft. First marry, then mount!

She drove him completely crazy. He went to her mother and arranged the wedding date. After he left, her mother hugged her and sobbed that he must have already fucked her. Thea, as she was called, did not understand and looked into her mother's eyes. Uncertainly she asked back, mount? The mother answered in the affirmative with an unhappy smile. No, said Thea, first marry, then mount! and the mother smiled with relief, you're a clever child!

The wedding was beautiful, everyone cried. The almost fifty-year-old forester in his most beautiful traditional suit, the seventeen-year-old Thea in a richly embroidered festive dirndl dress. There was eating, laughing and drinking as if there was no tomorrow. All the young boys gripped tightly when they danced with Thea, some hands grabbed her buttocks, but no matter, they were all drunk with joy. There was a lot of talking, shouting and cheering. Some father, some mother whispered with relief that the old groper and virgin abuser would now be in firm hands, it was about time! It was no secret that

no young girl was safe from the forester, he had often had to pay for an abortion.

But, away with the gloomy thoughts, there was dancing, laughing and drinking, yes, especially drinking. Thea needed a break and looked for her husband. She found him, drunk as a skunk, opposite the toilets, in the checkroom. He was in the middle of mounting and girl and she was outraged and deeply hurt. He looked up with an uncertain expression and slurred something, but the innkeeper's fat, ugly daughter reached out to him, telling him to go on. Thea moved closer, she saw above all the young girl's big fat ass, her wet cunt and in the middle of it the cock that actually belonged to her until death do us part! She watched with sad rage as her husband fucked and at one point cramped up in the laborious, drunken squirting. The fat girl let out a loud fart, then Thea went back into the hall.

She was offended and hurt. Of course, she had also drunk more alcohol than ever, but she was hell-bent on repaying her husband's infidelity on their wedding day. Her husband had squandered the right to first mount on a fat, unchaste 13-year old. She would give her first time to someone else, too. Of course it would be Hannes, the same age, that was no question for her. The dearest playmate, whom she also liked precisely because she knew that they had the same father. And because she could share with him all the secrets of what the forester was doing with her. After she had learned rubbing and squirting from the forester, she had also often rubbed him to squirting, because Hannes' cock was more beautiful than all the dozens of cocks she had ever seen, curiously felt or rubbed to squirting. In this respect she was popular with all the boys in the village, because it was completely uncomplicated, she liked to do it to everyone.

Wild at heart, she challenged handsome Hannes to a drinking duel, tipping one liquor after another, then whispering in his ear. She went ahead, looked for an empty guest room and left the door open. Hannes, Fritz and little Joschi came in and grinned, shifting sheepishly from one foot to the other. She took off her panties and white stockings and lay down on the bed. Hannes, if you like? she asked redundantly and held out her hand. She felt only a tiny sting

when her hymen tore, but she let all three of them mount her and was not satisfied until no one could squirt anymore. She didn't know later how many times she was mounted before she straightened her clothes and went back down the hall.

The marriage was unspectacular. Every night she lay expectantly in bed waiting for her husband. They never talked about the fact that he had fucked the fat girl on their wedding night, he probably didn't remember either. And of course she didn't tell about the wedding fucking either, what was the point? Her sex life was fine at first, for years she waited for the child she was never to have. Every evening the forester got drunk and more and more often forgot to fuck Thea. He beat her more and more often and retreated to the high seat with his liquor, brought a deer or two rabbits in the evening and sat down at the kitchen table to drink while she cooked. Sometimes old or new friends came over during the day, she conscientiously checked the kitchen clock beforehand to make sure her husband hadn't come home before she gave her cunt away for a quickie. The wet shiny cunt of the fat innkeeper's daughter, in which her cheating husband fucked, could never be erased from her memory. The older she got, the rarer the quickies became. Her husband's boozing was worrisome, his beating terrifying. The first time he beat her with his leather belt, she had had enough of him.

Another day he did not come home in the evening. She alerted the rural police by phone, who found him in the morning hours. He had shot his head off, which of course she already knew. Everyone from the village came to express their condolences. Some saw the old and new marks and the welts on her face and shook their heads. A pity, a pity, they said, but the beating had now ended. The rural policemen questioned her empathetically, it was enough for them that he drank intemperately and beat her because he was failing in his sexuality. He had often talked about breaking up, the widow said in a breaking voice.

Of course, she couldn't confuse the poor policemen with the fact that she had mixed crushed sleeping pills into the thermos flask with the coffee that morning and hours later sneaked up to the high seat to hold the rifle under the sleeping man's chin and pull the trigger.

She exchanged the thermos flask for another and washed it thoroughly at home, as well as her stained clothes. No, she did not want to cause any confusion and, as was expected, wept heartbreakingly at her husband's grave.

She received a good widow's pension and was allowed to stay in the old forester's house, since a new one had been built two communities away. After the funeral, old friends came for a refreshing quickie, and some stayed overnight. She listened to the radio a lot and read books from the library all day, marveling at the diversity of life and distant worlds. Two or three times a week she went to the Steigerwald, often sitting for hours on the high seat in the sun and dreaming of the good times when kissing, labia stroking and rubbing squirting were still new. She remembered fondly the man he was then. The other had left this world with a loud bang, that was fine with her.

After a beautiful night, when good Hannes had hurried home, she played devotedly with her cunt. She had discovered masturbation! She had discovered the orgasm! Hour after hour she masturbated, stayed in bed all day and only stopped exhausted the next night. She slept it off and masturbated again, orgasm after orgasm, until she could take no more. She felt an unknown tugging in her stomach. Hunger! She laughed for minutes, how could she forget to eat!

The years passed, the quickies and fucking became less frequent, but she understood and didn't blame anyone. She could give herself an orgasm whenever she wanted. Even in front of the TV that Hannes had installed for her. She had asked him to install the soft porn subscription as well. She liked watching other people fuck and masturbate. At 60, she didn't feel like it anymore. It was confusing to have no desire to masturbate, to have the orgasms. Quite abruptly and stuttering, the desire stopped. She didn't need it anymore. The years passed, she left the broken TV and read book after book. For a long time she no longer managed to climb up to the high stand. She was 64, tired and exhausted, waiting for winter. And then, in the middle of a snowstorm, this disheveled and neglected child fell into her lap.

The next morning she got up very early and made breakfast. Then she rattled the dishes and the boy woke up. He hastily tried to pick up his seven things and was about to leave, but she called out from the kitchen, Breakfast! and he stopped. Come, there is breakfast, she repeated and he turned around. He hesitated for a long time, then came to the table and sat on the edge of the chair. Gradually he began to eat, apparently he had not had anything to eat for days— or weeks. She got up and said I'll fix another egg dish and prepared it. While he was eating, she said, I am Thea, the Widow Theresa, and then she asked what his name was. He did not answer, put his plate in the sink and went out. Then he turned and said thank you for breakfast, walked two steps and said, Leo, before disappearing into the snow flurry.

In the evening Leo came back, she cooked dinner. He could take a shower, she had already laid out everything for him. He obeyed silently, aware that he stank like a polecat. He put on the clean shirt, which was much too big, the underwear was also too big, but it had to fit. He had to roll up the forester's pants all the way, laughing grimly as he looked at himself in the mirror. She just nodded and after dinner she said she had spread the blanket in the bedroom, it was warmer there than in the front room. She was so determined that he resigned himself to his fate.

They drank the local sour white wine in silence. He told her his full name, his parents' address, and told the same robbery story he had told at the university. He was not a bearded child but already 28 and was at the end of law school, he could take the final exam in spring. She listened attentively and fetched a pair of scissors, she could cut his hair and beard. He preferred to do it himself and went to the bathroom. When he was done, the kitchen was already dark and Thea was already lying in her double bed reading a book.

She was naked, totally naked! Usually, of course, she covered her nakedness with a blanket, but she felt incredibly exhilarated tonight, having emptied the second bottle all by herself. And the poor boy must have been half-starved after so many days in the woods! Somehow she could see the long abstinence on his face, already

playing with this thought while drinking wine. Not that she needed it, but he did, goddamn, for sure!

Her white hair was braided into a pigtail as usual, her slender, lean body covered with old, wrinkled skin. Her breasts were small, wrinkled sacs, the nipples were large and pointed in contrast. Leo had seen such nipples only on aroused women before. Her arms and legs were thin and covered with wrinkled skin. The hip bones protruded conspicuously from under the wrinkled skin. He stared mesmerized at her sparse light pubic hair, which revealed a view of her pubic area. She had strikingly large labia, the jagged inner labia peeking out, and he could not hide his erection.

She had noticed his stares and put the book aside. She turned the bedside lamp switch and the lamp continued to shine with dim light. When you are done looking, take off your clothes, she said, I always sleep naked. He obeyed mechanically and she looked at his stiff cock. He stared at her hand, which very lightly caressed her loins and labia, and held his cock, naturally rubbing a bit. With glittering eyes she saw that he was horny to explode. She watched his slow rubbing, the bouncing of his glans, and how suddenly his semen squirted in thick jets into his hand and then dripped onto the floor. She thought at first that he was relieved of the initial, urgent pressure and that his cock would go limp, as she had seen many men do. But on the contrary, she found that he was still tense to the breaking point, holding and lightly rubbing his erect cock as if in a trance. Well, come on, she said, tapping her hand demandingly on the mattress, his gaze wandering indecisively back and forth between the thin blanket on the floor and the bed. He desperately held his cock in his hand and his desire grew. In the dim light he could no longer see the wrinkled skin, only a desirous woman lying ready on the bed, reaching out for him. There was nothing holding him anymore.

Thea's vagina was completely dry, he applied plenty of spit before penetrating. Although Thea didn't have an orgasm, she was actively fucking him, hugging him with both arms and stroking him. Her vagina was terribly tight and she thought about the fact that she hadn't fucked in ages. But it felt so good. After squirting, he laid his head on her chest and recovered. Thank you so much for taking me

in, he whispered. I hope it's okay for you to fuck me, he added. She just nodded, words were not necessary. Her hand groped for his cock, making it stiff again with gentle rubbing. She moistened her vagina with saliva and his seed before they fucked again.

He studied in his thick books during the day and she read French classics. After a while, she taught him how to shoot and he carefully crept into the Steigerwald. Initially he came back empty-handed, but soon there were roasted hares and legs of venison. Hannes, who had taken over the tiny grocery store from his parents, delivered her groceries twice a week. He had a cup of coffee and they chatted, then she told him that she had picked up an orphan boy in the snowstorm and he was now living with her. Leo returned with the much too large rifle over his shoulder, dragging a deer behind him. That's how he met Hannes, who took the deer and subsequently traded many more deer and rabbits for food. Leo felt accepted by both of them and really loved by Thea. They noted his small stature and hump, but never lost even a word about it.

On his rambles, the little hunter explored the trails where female joggers were often on the move. But he didn't need it, regular fucking with Thea was enough to keep his desires in check. When his desires and violent fantasies became too violent, he forced Thea to masturbate with her legs spread wide. The first time she cried with shame to let him watch this very private action and her orgasm. But when he had that crazy look, she had to do it four or five times until he fucked her wildly and immediately slept away. Thea was bitter because she had to wrestle the orgasms from her body without feeling the earlier pleasure. Leo was afterwards again the sensitive, lovable boy who did her so well.

Thea really liked being fucked so often. She no longer cried when she had to masturbate during his break. Her orgasm didn't shake her as violently as it used to, she just tensed up briefly and pressed a finger to her clit. Already after a short time the shamefulness lost itself and she masturbated now gladly after fucking, the orgasms prepared her again a little desire.

Leo experienced more affection and love than ever before in his life. Thea kept hugging him, stroking his face or his mop of hair, showing her love and affection for her child as if he were her own. She never wanted to kiss, she did not want to subject her boy to her toothless mouth. Sometimes there was a kiss on her cheek or his cheek when they wanted to express great feelings.

In the spring he took the final exam and returned to the forester's house as quickly as he could. He took off his beautiful suit and hung it next to the other two that Thea had had made for him for a new start. Thea hugged him tightly and read the certificate over and over. They drank their best wine and Leo was glad that she didn't mention his parents with a word. She ignored the fact that he still had to do some internships and raved about the fact that he could pursue a respected profession as a lawyer. Fiddle-dee-dee, internships, he could leave the nest and fly away. By bedtime, they were pretty drunk and partying in bed until they fell asleep smiling happily.

Hannes had gotten him a moped, which he paid off in installments. He took on several jobs as a legal clerk and worked his way up to the biggest law firm. His jealous competitors treated him disparagingly as a clerical assistant, but more and more often the boss found a loose leaf in his file in which Leo contributed his evaluation, his hints and tactical considerations to the case. It didn't take long for the boss to realize the talent that brought the coffee and files from the archives and entrusted Leo with more important cases than his envious colleagues. Things were looking up, Leo would apply for his license in a year and a half. But it didn't get that far.

When he had done everything, he would rattle through town on his moped. Karin lived alone, her husband had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a business partner and had moved with her to South Africa. That he had fallen in love did not surprise Karin, the beautiful black girl was educated and of lovely nature. Karin watched her with X-ray eyes during their short visits, looking at the beautiful breasts that were clearly visible under the thin blouse. The beautifully shaped body, the graceful thighs as well as her elegant movements proved her husband right. The beauty sat down in her miniskirt opposite her, revealing her bulging mini-panties. Contrary

to our custom, she let her knees slide apart slightly and Karin clearly saw her labia and vaginal cleft as the panties slid aside following physics. The beauty bent hypocritically to the side to rummage in her purse, but more importantly, for the panties to shift entirely to the side. Amid the black skin, her vagina and clit glowed bright pink, and she took her time showing off her jewels to her predecessor for minutes before straightening up again. They looked into each other's eyes and Karin smiled as she saw the triumph in the 19-year old's eyes. She had realized why her husband had completely lost his mind. This was not just a pretty young girl, this was a volcano! With a heavy heart he left her the house and a nice monthly alimony, for life. It was with a heavy heart that she let him move to South Africa, hoping his good business sense and passion for making money would make up for his disappointing sexuality.

Leo listened, but what mattered most to him was fucking. With Karin it was very different than with Thea and so he came very often to her before he rattled home. He had told Thea about Karin at some point and she breathed a sigh of relief that he had taken an age-appropriate mistress. She listened breathlessly when he told in detail about Karin, for it excited her greatly. Of course, Karin reported everything about Leo's successful start in life to his mother, but he didn't want to hear about his mother. Karin was unfortunately quite stupid and so it slipped out that she and his mother were more than just friends.

He stopped in the middle of fucking and looked at her inquiringly. She didn't remember how it started with his mother, at some point the air around them crackled and they masturbated at the same time watching each other. They cuddled and kissed and rolled naked on the bed. His mother was very clumsy and could not make Karin orgasm, she always had to get it herself. The first time Karin licked her she whooped with horniness, it was the discovery of the century! After all, she could bring Karin to the edge of orgasm in this way, so that she only needed a few magic finger movements to orgasm. His mother, on the other hand, let Karin give it to her four or five times in a row. Leo's imagination kicked in and he fucked Karin so wildly that she only had to touch her clit to orgasm. From now on, she got

him horny every time she fucked him by telling him about her lesbian shenanigans.

For a while this went well, he was concentrated at work. Karin, whose breathing turned into gasps and who triggered the orgasm with her magic finger before he had to squirt. Thea, who satisfied herself after fucking and gave him a shy and shameful look like a 13-year old after her orgasm. Thea, whom he sometimes licked very intensely to orgasm and who initially hid her face in her hands, so ashamed was she of the pleasure she felt. She could only guess what an overcoming it must have cost him to caress her wrinkled, old flesh with his mouth and tongue. She didn't know, of course, how much Karin's lesbian shenanigans fired him up. Thea would never take a cock in her mouth, although that was often shown on TV. It was disgusting, even though she enjoyed it so insanely beyond all disgust when he kissed the long way down her wrinkled belly, grinning mischievously, and finally arrived at her clit. She could have screamed with joyful excitement when he bit her clit more or less gently. With those little bites, he made her clit big and all stiff before licking it.

Something was missing, the thrill, the assault, the violence.

He kept rattling the surrounding area, watching intently the females, runners and runners jogging here at the edge of the Steigerwald forest. The first one he dragged into the bushes had hit the ground unhappily. He checked the fainter's pulse, tugged her leggings down to her ankles and raped her. He smoked a cigarette and raped her again. Then he put her back on and ran away because she regained consciousness. Several more girls followed, whom he threatened if they would spill the beans. Some escaped because he could not catch up with them as they fled. He was careful and watched the scene for days before he struck again.

Then came the last one, Kati.

At the first assault, Kati immediately overcame her fright and whispered, okay, I'm not resisting. She pulled her pants down to her ankles and lay down. I haven't fucked since high school, she

muttered as he penetrated. He thought it couldn't have been that long ago, she wasn't even twenty. She fucked really well and orgasmed at the same moment he squirted. They sat in silence on the forest floor smoking until he got erect again. Even the second time she was able to hold back the orgasm until he squirted. He was ablaze, this was very different than with Karin or Thea. When he left, she called after him, the day after tomorrow at the same time!

Two days passed, he felt as if a switch had been flipped in his head. He waited impatiently behind the bushes, Kati came, as the only jogger with a short skirt. She walked ahead and took off her panties as she walked. The sweatpants were too tight last time, she whispered as he penetrated. Again she held back the orgasm until he squirted. He looked at her wet shiny cunt with great interest while she told him that she had been masturbating very frequently since childhood. It was only in the last year of school that the twins, called only Castor and Pollux by everyone, had conquered her and she always liked to let them fuck her. But they both complained she orgasmed too soon, so she trained for months not to let the orgasm wash over her immediately, but to sustain it for a long time just before. Very detailed and flowery embellished her report on how she tamed the orgasm. Unfortunately, school was out and she had not fucked for half a year. Leo played with her clit with his eyes closed while she narrated. His erection was firm and he fucked her again. Despite all the excitement he was watching her, she had been quietly orgasming for quite a while and only allowed it the moment he squirted. They arranged themselves again and went back to the walkway.

Although he was not yet finished with his work, he went to the meeting place as arranged. No, this time he wanted to surprise her and went back two hundred meters. Kati let out a scream when a hand suddenly grabbed her in surprise. She smiled when she recognized him, but her scream was real and sparked his desire. But no sooner had he begun to fuck with concentration as strong male hands grabbed him from behind and yanked him back. He kicked, bit and boxed wildly, kicked shins, and was still brought down after much screaming kicking, spitting and wild flailing.

Two men held him down, the third went to the fourth. He did not move.

He spent thousands of lonely hours in prison, not admitting his guilt to himself. He had done nothing to the man, and Kati would confirm that it was consensual sex. His boss had hung up on him when he asked for defense by the public defender's office. The public defender was a simple-minded old drunk who thought only of his retirement.

A thousand times he closed his eyes and recalled his memories. The same images over and over again. They swept him up. His body panicked, spurting his seed over Kati's abdomen. He kicked around. One, his kick mercilessly hit hard in the testicles, the man fell unconscious on the forest path, his face slapped on a stone. The second, whom his kick hit, let go of him and went to his knees. Kati darted past, tripped over the man on the ground and scrambled to her feet, running away. He now had one hand free and punched the man, who was holding him ironclad, square in the face. Although he was thrashing and kicking at the top of his lungs, two held him by the upper arms while the third pummeled him until he slumped to his knees, close to fainting.

Hundreds, even thousands of times he saw Kati run, trip over the man and chase away. Hundreds of times Kati tripped and fell on the man with all her body weight. He didn't want to admit it, but that was the only way the man's neck could break. Again and again he cried because he felt he was completely innocent of the man's death. But he also cried because at the same time he could not blame Kati. Stumbling, falling and breaking the man's neck?

The court believed the three witnesses, who all swore under penalty of perjury that Leo had stepped on their friend's neck, with full force. After all, they said, it did not happen on purpose, but during the scuffle. The woman he was supposed to have dragged into the bushes and raped could not be found, so they waived that charge. The grizzled judge didn't let Leo get a word in edgewise and listened to his defense attorney's mumbling with only half an ear, scribbling

on his writing pad. The crippled dwarf who defiled our innocent daughters, who had kicked one of her rescuers to death!

His defense counsel laboriously wove his way through the tangled maze of his argument. He paused to continue, then the judge stood up and so did everyone present, the court retired to deliberate! Leo was perplexed, he didn't get a chance to make his well thought out defense speech. After a brief deliberation, Leo was sentenced to seven years for manslaughter.

Gert was released after four and a half months, visited Leo a few more times and brought him two cartons of cigarettes, which were considered hard currency in prison. Their correspondence fell asleep after a few months.

...

On the Altar of Unchastity

by Jack Faber © 2021

Liane Dasseur was bartered away to Count Armand de Montlhéry right after she graduated from boarding school.

She never referred to it as anything other than *bartered away* because her parents had tried to halt their slow but steady financial and social decline with this liaison. The father, Pierre Dasseur, had inherited a small brewery in the south of the city and lost it in the course of the general recession — a Dutch brewing concern had driven him first almost to ruin and then to sale. For the Dasseur, who had been brought up as a well-situated patrician, it was a disaster to be confined to only a city apartment and a small country house on the coast, although the disaster of having to work for the Dutch concern was perhaps even greater. His wife Mélanie, who was fullheartedly devoted to him, would also have followed him into a poor man's hovel, although her thoroughly conservative upbringing desperately resisted her decline under these circumstances.

It was she who brought Liane to the annual New Year's ball held in the castle, and it was she who carefully and deliberately directed the Count's interest to young Liane. After all, the count was the secret string-puller who proposed Pierre and her for the ceremonial award as Heroes of the Résistance by President de Gaulle. She knew it, of course, and was very proud of her Résistance Medal. She had known the Count since childhood and had helped him in important matters of administration in the chateau, for that she was a good manager she had proved in the brewery. His housekeeper, as well as the other employees, performed their duties faithfully and honestly, but did not possess that certain something of aesthetics, refinement, and lascivious eroticism that the Count appreciated so much in Mélanie. Of course, she was also much prettier than all the others, giving everyone a deep glimpse of her beautiful, plump breasts, which did not look fifty and did not yet need a bra. She carefully tended to her pubic hair, trimming it weekly and cutting out the middle completely

radically so that the pubic fold and labia were clearly visible. She also wore no underwear under the airy dresses and skirts since the war, of course, and frivolously offered the Count and many another shameless glimpses of her thighs and, if she wished, her cunt. Her body was flawless and showed curves in the right places without looking chubby, and all could see that.

While flirting, she goaded the count by smiling and letting her thighs slide slightly apart until he could guess her intimates, and she calculatingly let it be known that she was quite open and willing to the count's sexual advances. Quite casually, she dropped the lie that she hadn't fucked Pierre for a long time – she would have deserved an Oscar for the way her eyes looked. Even the deliberate utterance of vulgar words like *fuck* made the count shiver pleasantly. The count considered it necessary to employ Mélanie formally as an assistant; thus everything had its order and Mélanie was close to the crush of her youth, older by a good 5 years, to whom she had never been allowed to open her heart until now. From the beginning she was stingy with her love services, because she did not want to distract the count from his real goal with a steady affair. She only counteracted his depression and melancholy when she visited him in his bed. So one thing led to another, the count, lonely after the death of his wife, became interested in young Liane, invited her several times to teas and social events.

Not to be left unmentioned is the fact that Mélanie's little hints did more than raise the count's hopes. Whenever they rested after the count's intercourse, Mélanie had one thing or another to tell about Liane. She gently stroked the count's privates while doing so, without entertaining hopes that a second intercourse would occur. When the count took part in the conversation with interest, she rewarded him with his very favorite dessert. She would sit on the nobleman's chest and let him watch her masturbate and orgasm at close range. Sometimes it visibly aroused him so that she slid lower and encircled his count's cock with her labia. With gentle, quiet movements, she rubbed his glans with her labia and only when his breathing revealed that he was about to squirt, she increased her speed, letting him penetrate and squirt in her vagina. With more gentle movements she milked his seed until nothing more came.

Yes, and then the Count asked Mélanie, who was going over the guest list with him for the next banquet, if he could get his hopes up, in his age and his grief-stricken loneliness. Mélanie's heart leapt for joy, knowing full well that this meant herself. She did not even have to think about it, since her heart and her life belonged to Pierre only. Stretched, she replied that Liane would most certainly say yes, for the girl spoke of nothing else but her count, but she asked nobly reservedly that the count discuss this with Liane's father.

That she would not experience romance with the much older gentleman was clear to Liane from the outset. But it was not only daughter love that moved her to consent. No, there was the thought already strong, as married woman countess highest social acknowledgment and portion of the large fortune of the count to get.

And the count showed her understanding when she opened up to him that she had not remained untouched because of a previous engagement. After all, there was no need to mention the many other loves. Even if her husband was twice her age, he was a loving husband and a good lover. They both knew how important a progenitor was to him and fucked as often as he could. Liane was absolutely faithful to him until the birth of their son, and willingly let him share in her frequent masturbation, as Mélanie had advised her before marriage with accurate hints about his sexuality and preferences.

She didn't mind at all that her mother had fucked the Count and probably continued to do so, because she knew how much Mélanie loved her Pierre and that Mélanie was only concerned with sexual debauchery and power over the Count. She knew that Pierre could take no more and had watched Mélanie masturbate often enough to know that she really needed it badly. As her pregnancy progressed, Liane no longer liked to fuck the count and secretly eavesdropped when her mother fucked her husband or masturbated in front of his face and orgasmed loudly. The voices and lustful sounds from Armand's adjacent bedroom fueled her masturbation fantasies all the more. In later years, it was the count who generously overlooked her taking pleasure from younger lovers.

Liane had studied agriculture and when her son started school, she took over the Count's ailing vineyard and turned it into a lucrative model business, with the proceeds of which she not only supported her parents, but also treated herself to the odd luxury.

Robert

There was cousin Robert, who cleverly used the families' joint vacation to make a pass at Liane. At 14, Liane was mentally far ahead of her peers, but her body was only gradually beginning to become more womanly and rounded. She was rather small and slender, her hips were only now becoming a little rounder and her small breasts were also delicately budding. The shoulder-length black hair harmonized well with her oval, light face, in which the slanted brown almond eyes testified to oriental ancestry. She did not yet know anything about her sexuality, yet she looked at herself more and more often in the mirror and shivered when she stroked the downy pubic hair that had only begun to sprout in the last few months. She had been waiting for her first period for a year, and remembered her mother saying casually that she would then be a real woman and would no longer be allowed to play with the boys. But the period did not come.

Robert was already 16 or 17, exactly she didn't know it anymore, was powerfully built and towered over her by more than a head, his long curls and the soft, fleshy lips betrayed the pleasure man that he was. He had fallen for the 14-year-old girl and was pondering how to get her, for he had recognized her womanly awakening with good instinct – however, decades later, this instinct brought him to trial as a underage girls molester. More and more often they went out for long walks on the beach, because she liked the way the big boy was trying to get her. It was completely new and unfamiliar, the many small attentions and nice gestures confused her only at first. She suddenly felt noticed, interesting and desired, although she could not have expressed the latter so clearly. Step by step Robert came closer to her, first they held hands, then he wrapped an arm around her shoulder. Liane got used to his touch, to his smell, to the initially extremely unfamiliar physical closeness. The seducer proceeded very gently and carefully, drawing his hand to her lips while holding her hand or brushing her cheek with his. She did not even come to develop suspicion, because he made everything seem so naturally flowing that she was patiently accustomed to his hand like a calf.

Robert sat patiently with her among the dunes, they gazed silently out to sea and spoke but little. But he did not remain idle, his hand wandered carefully to hers, lightly pulling Liane to him and letting her lean against him. After only a few days, her confusion turned into quiet ardor, flaring up here and there in surprise and causing a tugging, pleasant discomfort in her loins. The first time he kissed her softly and gently on the mouth, she blushed violently. The burning sensation made her turn away, she withdrew her hand from him and looked out to sea. The sea was soothing, eternal, and did not upset her. Robert gave her time, lots of time, before kissing her again on the mouth, longer this time. She felt his carefully probing tongue against her lips.

As sailboats appeared outside, Robert explained to her everything he knew about them. He knew quite a bit about boat shapes, masts, and the different rigs, as well as the large merchant ships that appeared now and then over the horizon. Then, with a glowing face, he began to tell of foreign lands, seas, and cities, as if he himself had been to sea. Liane gazed into the distance and listened to him intently. She had grown up sheltered, but her interest in foreign countries, other people and everything connected with them was very strong. Skillfully Robert wove into his stories that the sailors probably went to the women in every port who did it with them — what did? — Liane thought uncertainly. He noticed Liane's increased attention, of course, although she was looking out to sea with a deadpan face. He did not leave the subject without going into too much detail about the loose customs in the ports, about brothels and prostitutes.

Liane interrupted him. What would the men *do* if they were on the ships for so long and did not reach the ports with the — she hesitated a moment — women for many weeks?

Robert's instincts told him they were headed in the right direction. And — he played dumb. Stretched, he thought women didn't they have them with them on board, the sailors. Liane swallowed. Some feeling told her that now something important had to come. The pause became almost unbearably long.

Robert was good-natured, he didn't say anything about the kitchen boys, the Benjamins, and what they were all called – maybe he didn't really know himself. In any case, after a while he grinned and made a definite gesture with his hand, and when Liane looked at him uncomprehendingly, he murmured that they would just *do it themselves*. Liane again looked strained out to sea, then she said she didn't understand. Her heart was beating excitedly, because she felt very clearly that they were already very close to the important thing.

Robert said nothing, he abruptly dropped the subject and kissed her on the cheek, on the ear and the eyes, then his lips brushed her mouth. She held still and listened inward, feeling that tug in her loins again, plus his tongue playing lightly around her lips. He tongued and jerked forward, seeming to want to open her lips. Then the tongue tongued further and penetrated between her lips, touching her teeth and seeking her tongue. She felt the first touch of their tongues most clearly *below*, there in her still nameless cleft, *inside*. She noticed how her face, neck and all over blushed, how the heat rose from her loins and almost took her breath away. Robert's tongue tasted sweetish, she groped for his with her tongue and suddenly remembered that it was called French kissing. She remained outwardly calm, although she could have jumped for joy and delight because a small detail of her ignorance was now clarified. She could have screamed with joy, but she was in love with her first French kiss, in love with Robert's tongue and his lips that she could feel sweet and soft. Robert, oh my Robert, I love you so much! she thought.

Despite this, when their lips parted, she looked to the floor in despair, for she did not know how to continue with Robert. They sat in silence next to each other for a while longer at their place in the dunes; it was a good place to be able to kiss and embrace there in seclusion. Endless minutes passed before they broke away again, only to find each other. Liane enjoyed Robert's gentle hands caressing her back, her shoulders, she enjoyed the tall boy stammering words of love into her ear. When his hands finally moved slowly to her hips, again and again, she reached in and pulled his hand away as if it made her uncomfortable. In reality, she was a little disturbed because his hands were creating a storm in her body,

she kept blushing and feeling heat and strange tingling in *body parts* that she had never known before.

Ah, his hands! How she would have loved to just abandon herself to them, to let Robert caress her all over, and yet she shied away from it. From some hidden, dark corner of her soul, the memory of prohibitions rose up, became pressing and annoying. She shooed away these thoughts, however often they came back. She loved Robert, after all, and that lovers embrace and kiss each other was simply known! So it seemed right to her, so she shooed away the dark thoughts.

They lay with their backs leaning against a place where a stubborn bush braced itself against wind and weather and in whose roots hard-pressed sand offered them a good backrest. Robert, who already knew this place from the past, only had to look around now and then to see if a lonely walker or a couple in search of a cozy spot had passed by unawares. They were alone, they kissed for minutes and slowly Robert's hand wandered from her shoulder to her small bosom. Liane stiffened in shock at first, but then relaxed, that was part of love, he said, and gently stroked the tiny little mound. His hand wandered further, seeking a way under her t-shirt and boldly embracing her bosom, since she was not yet wearing a bra.

Liane suddenly felt more grown up, being a child suddenly seemed so distant and foreign to her. She was now like those movie actresses she had seen on the posters and secretly admired – the hero kissed the heroine and held her tightly in his big, strong arms. Yes, there were also posters where the hero's hand unintentionally – unintentionally? – approached the breast or the hip of the beauty. Liane continued to dream about the posters and now did not prevent Robert from touching her breast. His kisses stunned her, her fantasies about the movie posters as well, and Robert fondled gently her breasts. At some point in this situation he pushed up her bodice, pulling her t-shirt over her head despite her initial protest. Her resistance subsided, she closed her eyes and let him have his way, abandoning herself to his gentle hands. He stroked her for a long time, until she was completely comfortable, then he stroked her hips, her thighs and her hips again. He kissed her very gently and for a

long time, before he half sat up and tampered with her short summer pants – fierce, then only very slight protest on her part, slowly and carefully he pulled them down over her thighs, over her legs. Liane’s heart almost stopped, but Robert kissed and caressed her again so sweetly and so tenderly that her cramping subsided. He still has his bathing suit on, Liane thought, and closed her eyes as he pulled her to him. Only a blink of an eye later she realized that he had also taken off his swimming trunks and was just as naked as she was.

The touch of the bare skin of their bodies electrified her at first, but then she began to love it. Yes, she totally relaxed and leaned way back after that, let his hands and lips caress, kiss, touch her all over! She breathed that she wanted to be caressed and Robert touched her tenderly on the breast, stroked her belly with a finger and kissed her belly button. His hand remained steady on one of her thighs. She feared he would touch her *there*, but he did nothing of the sort; indeed, he seemed to leave the spot out deliberately.

Liane sat up abruptly. She held a hand in front of her small breasts, but Robert embraced her and whispered in her ear that she need not be embarrassed in front of him. Then the loving bodies separated, Robert lit a cigarette and smoked hastily. Liane’s thoughts raced, for she felt all at once far too young again to be already in love, and yet she already was. When she looked at Robert from the side, he seemed like a hero from her posters. He was just swell, a great hero, a really handsome man. And he was so grown up, could find an answer to everything, and was no longer the little, cheeky boy who tore at her braids just years ago. And suddenly she remembered the sailors again.

Robert needed a few seconds to classify her question, what the sailors themselves were doing. Oh that, he said throwing away and not looking at her. Liane asked again, but Robert put his arm around her shoulders and remained silent. They leaned back again, into the soft sand beneath the stubborn bush and embraced, kissing. Liane risked a first glance at Robert’s nakedness.

Of course, she and her friends had already looked at the shameless pictures in their parents’ art print volumes, the Rembrandts and

Tizians, the Giotto's and Vermeers. The fat naked women and the men, most of whom coyly wore a fig leaf *down there*. But some – and Michelangelo's David was not the only one – had a little cock depicted, so that the girls looked and giggled and looked again. They discussed much and cleverly about these cocks, knew after all already almost everything, but they had all seen none yet.

Liane's first thought when she saw Robert's cock was that it was ugly. But the longer she looked, the more the heat slowly crept from *below* into her belly, her heart beat loud and hammering, and her thoughts turned to Robert, whom she loved so much after all. But Robert's cock was not such a tiny thing as pictured in the art print books. His cock was long and thick, and in front, through an opening in his skin, the red inside peeked out like a mushroom bulb. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his scrotum resting limply on one thigh. But then her gaze slid back to his cock. How big it was! And it seemed stiff and hard, standing forward like a lance. Liane suddenly thought of the loose talk that went on in her girls' club: just let him stick it in, in – out and be done with it. And it was so great, said one of the girls, who had to know, her father was a teacher and had enlightened her scientifically and otherwise.

No, she would never let this thing stick into her, it was much too big! She had already looked at herself curiously in the mirror and was sure that this would never fit into her. Her panic increased when Robert put his hand over his cock and grinned at her because he had obviously noticed her looks. She sat up and quickly looked away. Her thoughts flew through her head like little confused birds – she felt unsafe and lonely.

She did not answer when Robert asked if she had already seen a man naked. Robert waited a few moments and told her to look, he didn't mind. She shook her head vigorously and then did look. Robert pointed with one finger, that was the shaft, that the foreskin and that – he casually pulled back the foreskin – that was the glans through which the semen came out of that hole. Liane quickly grasped the harmony of theory and practice. Robert did not mention his testicles, she noted in wonder, but then she suspected that he did

not care. She turned back to the sea; the sea was soothing, eternal, and did not upset her.

After a while she risked a sideways glance and was surprised to find that Robert's cock had gone limp in the meantime, perhaps a little smaller than before, and the glans had disappeared completely under the foreskin again, which now looked like the frayed end of a paper bag. As they looked into each other's eyes, Robert embraced her gently and tenderly. His kisses were long and persistent, the heat in her womb flaring hotly. Their bodies touched, she closed her eyes and tried to feel his cock with her skin. He touched her thigh, and that thigh noted in wonder that the longer they kissed, the stronger, firmer, harder his cock became again. For minutes she felt the pressure with her thigh, felt abundantly clear that there was life there, pulsating life.

The cock was plump and stiff again, perky and red, the glans sticking out in front. Like a peach, she thought, never, never will this one go in with me. But she scolded herself at this thought, because again vague prohibitions emerged from the darkness of her soul. Only the adults who are married do that, then they also have children – for a moment she held her breath, for the children had to come out of there then, too – she looked out to sea again to put a stop to the thoughts. It was all far too confusing.

Robert embraced her and pulled her next to him, his kisses becoming fierce and demanding, confusing her completely.

His strong cock stung firmly against her abdomen again. Every time she felt that cock against her skin, an oppressive feeling crept over her, and she pushed it aside all too quickly. She loved him, this Robert with the dark curls, she loved him with all her heart and she loved his cock too. At this thought she had to smile, because only a short time ago it seemed ugly to her and now she loved it. She smiled and kissed Robert just as hard and demanding as he had kissed her earlier. Robert's breath quickened, gradually his hand slid down, to his cock. Liane held her breath as Robert rubbed his cock, slowly at first, then faster and faster, she felt his violent movements against

her belly. She took a bruised breath, for he stopped kissing and buried his face against her shoulder, in her hair.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his arm moving quickly, felt his rapid movements in irritation. Robert's fist shook firmly up and down, making the red swollen glans between his thumb and fingers pop out again and again. He pressed his hand against her pubic, she listened curiously inside herself and felt it tingling and then also somehow fine as he tapped his glans violently against her pubic. She was suddenly in an inexplicable panic mood, backing away and looking down. Liane watched excitedly and the sailors suddenly came to her mind as she looked into Robert's tense face. His hand was racing up and down, the glans sticking stiffly and steeply out of his fist. He turned fully toward her and wrenched his eyes open, desperately trying to push his cock through her tightly closed legs to touch her there, and finally managed it. So this is how love goes, she thought, feeling a deep sense of relief because this was somehow pleasurable, this throbbing glans on her labia. She still pressed her legs tightly together, but cautiously and still somewhat anxiously, her pelvis felt its way forward to feel his rhythm with her *sensitive spot*. Robert sighed deeply, pressed himself firmly against her abdomen and made a few quick fucking movements between her thighs with his cock. Instantly his thick, whitish juice squirted out, warm and slippery it splashed over her labia and — as she jerked back startled — over her inner thighs. Robert stared mesmerized at her cleft, rubbing his hand slowly further, squirting it all onto the sparse fuzz of hair that inadequately hid her pubic area. He squeezed the last of the juice out of the glans with two fingers, then sighed deeply and fell backwards, closing his eyes and lying there breathing heavily.

Liane sat up and looked at her thigh, over which the whitish juice trailed down to her pubic hair. The wetness on her labia felt strange as she reached down with a finger. She looked up at Robert, whose breathing was slowly calming down again. Their eyes met, they both looked sideways almost simultaneously, for they both felt embarrassed by the situation for different reasons. Out of an inner impulse, Liane murmured that it was probably the sailor thing to do when they did it themselves. Robert nodded imperceptibly, then it was silent again for a long time.

Robert asked persistently what she was thinking about. She answered him only after a long time. It was all new to her and she had to get used to it all first, she said vaguely and remained silent. It was a long time before he sat up and embraced her. Soon his tender kisses turned into wild, loving wrestling and courtship. She felt comfortable in his arms, his hands caressing her breasts, finding their way over her belly and touching the light fuzz of hair on her pubis for the first time. She winced inwardly, for no one had ever touched her pubic area before. Robert, however, was absorbed in himself and groped, stroked the cleft and she felt an extremely irritating tingling in her belly. She let him and enjoyed this tingling until his fingers wanted to enter the cleft. Now she defensively grabbed his hand and pulled it away. Robert's kisses and the play of his tongue in her mouth became quite wild and intense, Robert's hand ventured forward again and stroked, caressed and palpated her *down there*.

For a long time she was still tense inside, but the tingling did its job, she relaxed and let him this time for a long time, because it did good and the tingling too. Even when he sat up and opened her thighs a little with his hand, she let him. Robert looked at her *down*, touched her gently and felt the labia. That feels so good, she whispered in her strange state, it tingles so fine! And Robert's fingers moved rhythmically on her labia, the little pink bulges that grew fuller and fuller with the irritation. Robert had no concept of female masturbation at all, but as he gently rubbed her labia up and down like his cock, it excited Liane greatly. He continued to rub her gently and she almost lost her footing, but she let him continue, for what seemed like an eternity. The tingling sensation became so strong all at once that her heart began to pound like mad.

She sat up abruptly and hugged him. She was so happy with the love she had for him and now he had touched her as delicately as no one before him. Soon they merged again in a heartfelt kiss, then lay next to each other, tightly embraced. At some point Liane sat up and looked out to sea. So much had happened today that it completely confused her. She felt both as a little ignorant girl and at the same time as a young woman who was beginning to discover sexuality. Robert was sensitive enough to sit up now as well, to put an arm

around her shoulders and to be silent together with her. For this silence she was infinitely grateful to him. When it was time, almost without words, they got up, got dressed, and went home in silence.

Liane lay awake late at night, still feeling Robert's caressing hands on her skin. She touched her breasts and gently stroked her belly, feeling for the fuzz on her pubic area and thinking of Robert with a pounding heart as she touched her labia with her fingertips. She had always liked to stroke herself *there*, but she hardly knew this region of her body and didn't know much more about it than that the light stroking quickly made it pleasantly moist and that the gentle, rhythmic squeezing was wonderful, but also caused such strong palpitations that one had to stop. She stroked and squeezed her pubic area until she slept away.

The next day she was in a bad mood and had a headache, Robert left without telling her and she cried into her pillow. Her confusion was great and the ups and downs of her emotions almost suffocated her. She stayed in bed all day, caressing her breasts and belly, gently stroking *down there* and crying again, for this attempt to feel his hands, his wonderful hands, or the lightly prodding squeeze of his glans down there, melting away completely, failed utterly. It was quite different, it was quite different deep inside her when he stroked her. She stroked the cleft again and again with her fingertips until her heart was beating like mad, then she cried and waited for the heart to calm down. She thought of Robert and his movements, letting the fingertips dance rapidly back and forth on the labia, but the racing heart she got from it made her stop abruptly each time. She put her fingers around her labia and moved them the way Robert had done, trying to imitate his masturbation until she had to stop from the pounding of her heart and the feeling of exploding in her abdomen. She dreamed of Robert and tried masturbating over and over again, but she had to keep stopping. When it got dark outside, Liane was terribly lonely and disappointed because even after a hundred attempts she had not succeeded in getting that beautiful feeling like with Robert. She cried for a long time until she eventually dozed off to sleep.

She could hardly wait for Robert to come back to pick her up the other day. Her parents were sitting on the porch reading as usual, her father the newspaper and her mother a romance novel, but she had dozed off in the sweltering morning heat and the book was threatening to slip from her fingers. Liane paid no attention to it, impatient and fidgeting with excitement, she walked around completely aimlessly and in her heart a little bird chirped and fidgeted when Robert appeared. She quickly ran to him and felt light and tipsy as they walked together to their place in the dunes. Her heart overflowed with love and she chattered and chattered so that Robert looked at her in wonder from the side. She heard herself telling how she had lain awake at night thinking of him and his hands, how she had tried to imagine his making himself and getting that wonderful feeling back in the process, and that she had not succeeded. She bit her lips hard afterwards, for she was embarrassed to be babbling so carelessly about these intimate feelings and thoughts. But Robert beamed all over his face and smiled kindly, holding her hand tightly in his and squeezing it approvingly. Liane took a breath, for he seemed to understand her stammering. She leaned against him and hugged him gratefully. The rest of the way they walked side by side in silence, looking at each other here and there, smiling and knowing and — as far as Liane was concerned — full of anticipation.

On arriving at their place, they kissed long and intimately before undressing each other. It was hard for Liane to look as she pulled Robert's pants down over his knees and legs, then laid them beside him. The cock magically attracted her eyes, whether she wanted it to or not. Robert took her in his arms, lay down beside her and kissed her for a long time. Long enough that she felt again how the cock gradually hardened. The touch of bare skin seemed electrifying to her again today, she had almost gotten used to it and felt again that incredibly beautiful sense of well-being that Robert's embrace, his kisses and his caressing hands evoked. She craved something and pressed her pelvis against his, against his hard cock.

It was getting to noon, a tourist ship slowly lurched across the bay and disappeared behind a headland. Liane sat up, folded her hands over her knees and rested her head on her hands. It was so beautiful,

the sea glowed a rich blue and Robert lay smiling next to her on the blanket. He would give a fortune to know what she was thinking now, Robert said. Liane remained persistently silent. Robert grumbled and said he felt lonely and abandoned. Hesitantly she murmured how it was the day before yesterday, whether it was *that*, the one with the sailors. Robert blinked at first until he could place the sailors and nodded, yes, that was the male masturbation. That was the semen that pushed out impetuously. All the boys and also the sailors did that, until later one had a woman with whom one slept, then one injected the semen into the vagina. Slowly and haltingly they got to talking. Robert knew a few things, so he tried to answer her questions. Yes, one would do that whenever one felt the urge – alone, of course, except the day before yesterday. Liane nodded. And so she learned that he did it very often, every day at least two or three times. Yes, he said, the other boys did it too, it was quite normal. He was silent longer when she asked how it was with the girls; no, he had read about it, but he didn't know how they did it. His answer was very terse and choppy, because Robert knew almost everything and didn't like to admit that he didn't know something. Maybe girls didn't need to, he guessed, they didn't have semen pushing out so vehemently.

Long silence again, they looked out to sea and watched the seagulls fighting over a carrion with loud cries. Liane felt very close to him, leaned her head on his shoulder and whispered that whenever he needed it, he could do it, it was all right with her and – she faltered and thought about how she could say it – and she felt it was somehow beautiful, even if she had been a bit frightened and winced a bit the first time. Now she knew roughly how it went and it was totally fine with her. She got very nice feelings from it, she added after a pause so quietly that he almost couldn't hear it. Robert said nothing, but his heart was beating wildly. He embraced her and kissed her on the mouth as he gently slid her back and lay down beside her. Liane's head rested on his arm, half and half he lay on top of her and touched her breasts, his hand slid further and reached her hip and stomach. She felt the hard thrusting of his cock against her abdomen. It took a while for Robert to embrace his cock and masturbate. Liane watched it with alert eyes, following his every move. He was panting loudly and rubbing rapidly. Liane could tell

exactly that it was time, because he turned all the way to her and pressed his cock against her pussy. Full of the love she felt for him, she no longer pressed her legs together, but opened her thighs a little so that he could more easily reach the fuzz of her pubic hair. Robert made very fast, rhythmic fucking movements and squirted, pressing the glans firmly between her labia as he squirted. She felt a warm, caring love for Robert as she felt his warm seed. After all, he needed it so badly, it relieved him, and after all, she felt very deeply about it, she thought. Robert straightened up and looked down at her pubic as he squirted the last of it on her.

Liane wiped herself clean with a corner of her blanket and looked at Robert lying on his back with his eyes closed, his chest pumping up and down violently. She kissed him gently and stroked the locks of hair from his forehead. That's how much I love him, she thought, I would do anything for him. She lay down next to him and snuggled against him, so they stayed and dozed. At some point she asked him in a whisper if it was good now and he just nodded silently. Then they fell asleep. When she woke up, she looked down at him and noticed that the previously flaccid cock was beginning to change shape again. It grew and grew, soon standing up sideways. She realized how it was pulsing inside him. She kissed Robert softly on the mouth and pulled him half on top of her. Her kisses didn't miss their mark, Robert's cock tightened and stabbed into her belly. She gently stroked his curls and whispered at his ear that he should do it again, that she could see that his cock had become firm again, that his semen was pushing out again. Robert fondled her small round breasts for a while, soon panting hard and reaching down to masturbate. Liane watched his face and his fist with the red glans, instinctively pulling him against her so that he was half on top of her. She relaxed her thighs and felt his glans touching her labia with his fist rubbing wildly. Robert gasped and rubbed doggedly, she embraced him even more lovingly and felt her labia part slightly and embrace his wildly bouncing glans. Robert hugged her, made some quick movements with his hips and immediately had to squirt. She felt the warmth somehow inside her and almost went over with love for him, little tears filling the corners of her eyes. She clearly felt the twitching and wild squirting *down there*. Oh Robert, my Robert!

He lay beside her completely exhausted, the afternoon sun shone mercilessly on their naked bodies. Tomorrow she would have a bad sunburn, Liane thought, but then she smiled, because love filled her soul comfortably. When Robert awoke from his doze after perhaps half an hour, he propped himself up with one arm and caressed her. She fervently hoped he would again arouse her with his fingers and lay so that her pubic area was invitingly open and ready for his caresses. Robert touched her, stroked her, and also again made his masturbatory movements with his fingers on her pubic ridges. But he seemed to be elsewhere with his thoughts, she could tell by his unfocused hand movements. Make me happy, she whispered, feeling ashamed of it for a brief moment, for she had read that phrase somewhere in one of her mother's romance novels. She closed her eyes as Robert paid more attention to her now and she could feel the tingling strongly and intensely in her abdomen.

She gave a soft yelp as Robert's fingers grew faster and faster and she felt the arousal in her abdomen stronger than ever. It rose hot inside her, she felt the blush at the base of her neck and on her face. Her heart was pounding furiously, faster than Robert could stroke her. It was strong, too strong this time. Abruptly she stopped his hand and gasped with exertion. Robert was aroused too, she could see that from the corner of her eye, for he had sat up on his knees and heels and was masturbating. Wildly his eyes rolled as he looked at her nakedness. Her confusion lasted only a split second, then she realized that he was looking right *there* at her. Oh Robert, my Robert! Lovingly she smiled at him, leaned back lasciviously and opened her thighs a little wider. Obediently, her hand wandered *down* as he gasped choppily, hesitantly, and with a desperate fluttering bird in her heart, her fingers parted the labia, circled her fingers in the cleft. She felt it obscene in her shy, girlish nakedness to be exposed to his horny gaze, felt somehow wretched and unworthy, for there was something immensely degrading about this opening up and playing with herself at his command so that it would get him horny. Robert, however, masturbated even more obsessively, bending forward, his face in front of her cleft. With a loud gasp, he straightened up and squirted at her, the semen slapping her hips and the cunt.

Exhausted, they lay side by side, hugging and smiling at each other breathlessly. Robert whispered that he just couldn't take it anymore now, and she replied how much she loved him. They continued to hug and kiss until late afternoon, repeating their sex games as often as they felt like it. As they walked slowly home, Liane asked — she had been tossing it back and forth all along, but hadn't found the courage — if she could touch him *there* tomorrow. Robert, the little bastard, smiled smugly and pulled a snout: well, one wanted to see if it could perhaps be done.... They both laughed heartily, because Robert's comical talent immediately relaxed the situation for Liane, too.

That evening, too, Liane helped her mother prepare dinner, fibbed happily about what she had done with Robert during the day, and thus made her parents happy, for they wanted — you have to hand it to them — a cheerful child and allowed her everything, so that she would also remain so cheerful. When the mother sat down on the veranda with her book after the kitchen work, she took it upon herself to look in on Liane again later.

Liane just couldn't and wouldn't fall asleep right away. She felt herself up and found that she was *down there* a little wider, a little more open than before. She smiled, for surely that came from Robert's glans. Impatient with longing and desire, she palpated herself, immediately went to work with her fingers, but no matter how many times she restarted, she always got frantic palpitations and stopped. In one of these pauses she discovered the real thing.

Dreamily she played with a finger at the vaginal entrance, avoiding touching the little uvula, which was so sensitive, and just stroking lightly up from underneath — oh, how that felt good! She was now stroking more and more the lovely spot just below the uvula and the tingling was now fierce, different and so blissfully good. Her heart was pounding, but not frantically. Liane went on and on and all at once she exploded from the inside, convulsing again the next moment and gasping loudly. Gasping and blissfully horrified, she lay there.

What was that just now?

When she had recovered, she smiled and tears rolled down her cheeks — silly me, she said to herself, that's it! So that's it, that's exactly it! Liane's tears dried up and gave way to blissful smiles as she groped again for the new spot and soon lust and horniness and slippery wetness emerged from her reverie. She tried to repeat her new discovery and was so busy with herself that she didn't notice that her mother wanted to check on her — the mother remained rooted to the spot in the next room when she caught sight of her completely naked daughter through the open door, violently masturbating with her legs spread wide.

.

Finally

Liane couldn't have told later how many times she did it that night – in any case, morning was already dawning outside when she fell asleep thinking about telling Robert right away.

But the next day Robert received her with the reminder that she wanted to try it once with him. Liane silently corrected him, saying she had only wanted to touch him, but she said nothing, nor did she tell him about what a secret she had discovered. Robert was so cheerful and enterprising that she almost didn't get a word in edgewise. He explained all the details of what she was to do and how, and of course what she was not to do under any circumstances. Even before they arrived at their place, Liane knew everything and then, in her confusion, forgot most of it. Above all, she didn't know then that a man who sees his next orgasm within reach in front of him can't think of anything else, certainly not the needs of his partner.

In short, Robert almost flew with Liane to their regular place, seconds later they were lying undressed next to each other and Liane felt overwhelmed from the first moment. Robert's impatience spoiled everything. Liane tried to lift her spirits with patient caresses, letting her hands glide gently over his body and caressing his lips with her tongue. But Robert was already far, far ahead with his fantasy, taking her hand and placing it firmly on his cock. Liane was surprised by the softness of his skin, but now the given mechanics took all her concentration. Carefully and gently she rubbed it and felt the life in it awakening, becoming stiffer and harder. Robert gave whispered instructions and Liane followed as best she could. She half sat up and supported herself with one hand, because that way she had a better grip on everything. She looked at his cock in her hand and rubbed it proficiently. When he spurted out *Now, now!* she rubbed quite firmly and was still surprised by the spurting, although she was prepared for it. She held him gently in her hand and let his semen squirt out, also obediently made some milking movements to squeeze everything out of the glans. Then she let go of the cock and looked into Robert's loosened, satisfied face. She wiped her hand clean with the blanket and lay down next to him. The whole

procedure had taken only a few minutes and was actually unspectacular, she thought with slight resignation. Then she closed her eyes and listened for Robert's heartbeat, for his slowing breaths. Robert whispered after a few moments that she had done a great job and was a real natural. She was pleased with the praise and snuggled even closer to him, she loved him so much after all.

Now would be a good time to tell him about her new discovery, but something prevented her from doing so. Although they lay together for a long time, Robert made no move to caress her as well. Only when she nudged him a little with her body, reminding him that there was someone else besides him, did he embrace her and caress her breasts. But it was not the same Robert as usual. His hands touched her mechanically, the playful, curious, demanding was missing. His fingers slid over her pubis, teasing the labia majora with his fingers, but she didn't feel the same as she had yesterday. Liane was completely tense and felt something like anger rising inside her. She sat up abruptly and murmured, *Oh, leave it*, then her eyes slid over the sea and she wept silently without Robert noticing.

As always, they busied themselves with sex throughout the day. Robert wanted it from her with his hand every time, and she obeyed – she loved this guy, after all! But her own needs came far too short. She didn't dare demand anything from him, but she snuggled up to him tightly and urgently, reminding him that she wanted something too. Robert's moods went up and down that day, sometimes showering her with tenderness and kisses, sometimes seeming almost absent. In the tender phase he immediately understood when she offered him her slightly opened thighs, slid over and played with her labia, imitating his onanism with them. But he couldn't arouse her anymore, or maybe he didn't want to?

Never the less, as Liane lay in bed that evening, touching herself, she found the spot again, the mother down in the rocking chair looked up briefly from her book and smiled; she thought she knew the reason for the mirth. She smiled again before delving back into her book, for the girl's glee in her lustful solitude could well be heard, but her father lay on the swing with his eyes closed, listening to his

favorite music through headphones, and Liane masturbated halfway through the night.

The other day, when the same games, the same feeling of not being there repeated itself, Liane became very sad – her love for Robert was so painful, sacrificial and selfless. She made it so sweet and so fine with Robert's hand that he actually blinked one eye and clicked his tongue when he said she had become a champion – the fool never thought for a moment how much she longed for a little more love. And as soon as Robert wanted again, she dutifully took his cock in her hand and made it so nice and so tender that Robert thought he was in seventh heaven. She watched very closely when she pulled his foreskin back completely before squirting and his glans danced plumply filled. Then a drop appeared in the hole on the tip of the glans and the rhythmic, joyful squirting began. She looked at Robert lovingly, almost lovingly, and at certain moments also felt a certain power that her hand had over him and his cock. She varied her hand play to explore his reactions, hugging him by the nape of the neck while letting her other hand dance on his peach. She gazed into his face and eyes as the warm seed ran over her fingers and cooled. That afternoon she learned almost everything that makes a good handjob, but in her heart she was not happy, for she lacked warmth and security. Saddened, Liane hung her head as they trotted home and Robert delivered a grand monologue on some subject. Her mother noticed with a critical eye that something was troubling Liane, but when, after dinner and bedtime, soft noises and suppressed gasps again betrayed Liane's secret desire, she smiled and shooed away the troubled thoughts. Liane felt immensely beautiful pleasure when masturbating; how stupid she had been all these years, experimenting and trying without getting to that brilliant point – she wondered why not? But late at night, before she exhaustedly rocked her sex to sleep, she took it upon herself to finally tell Robert everything.

He was taken aback and wanted to see it right away. Liane regretted her communicativeness almost immediately, for she initially felt as inhibited as if she were supposed to audition for the violin on the school stage. It seemed so shameless to her that she was lying across from Robert with her thighs open, exposing her cunt to

his horny gaze like an open fruit. She closed her eyes and took plenty of time to gently tease the genial spot with her fingers, but soon the tingling rose to blissful hot pleasure in her abdomen. After that she was filled with a kind of absence and indifference – she didn't care that Robert sat closer to see everything even more closely. She increased her pace until she climaxed, then tensed up, pressed her fingers firmly on her pubis, and let the pleasure roll out of her pelvis from below, panting and gasping for breath. When she opened her eyes, happy and relaxed, she saw Robert still kneeling in front of her in amazement, both eyes fixed on her reddened pussy. They looked into each other's eyes and embraced, holding each other tightly for minutes.

Robert still had a huge boner from watching. He thought about masturbating, but Liane immediately pulled him to her by the hips so he could press his glans against her pubic. She loved the recently discovered game when he pressed his glans pumping and thrusting between her labia, and Robert immediately understood what she wanted. Soft and tender, she lay in front of him, her legs pulled up to her sides, awaiting him. He lay on top of her and embraced her tenderly, then thrust his glans forward, into her pubic fold, still wet and slippery from masturbation. How hard he thrust, how impatient he was already! She felt the thrusting and pumping and urging of the fat journeyman, made herself soft and wide and embraced Robert tenderly. He thrust and thrust rhythmically, suddenly a jerk, and he was inside her.

All the way inside her.

Liane had no time to wonder, had clung to his back in fright, and never for a moment thought of pushing him off her. On the contrary, Robert kept thrusting and thrusting and she opened herself to him completely, feeling the hammering of his cock rhythmically widen her tight vagina and labia, then his seed shot twitching and hot into Liane's womb. She felt it, felt his squirt deep in her hot abdomen, and cheered inwardly without knowing why. Robert sank down on top of her, burying his face against her neck and sobbing softly, slowly his cock slid limply out of her. Like a felled tree, he sank onto

the blanket beside her, burying his tear-stained face in her hair, against her neck.

Liane later recalled her astonishment that it had not hurt at all, although that was exactly what she had feared – earlier, in the raunchy speeches in the girls' circle, there had been talk of the pain the first time, of the blood that flowed, and so on. Now she had felt no pain at all. She felt down and then checked her fingers: no, there was no blood, only this light-transparent, almost milky-white juice. Robert's semen. She palpated her hole, which she had felt so tight earlier – had it only now become wide enough to receive his thick glans, his firm cock?

They lay side by side in silence for quite a long time. Robert then broke the silence first and asked if she had bled, to which she replied in the negative. Robert was irritated and asked again if that had really been her first time. She nodded, but could not explain to him why she had not bled. The son of a bitch doesn't even ask if it hurt me, she thought, angry with him for a moment. In the silence that followed, she could clearly sense his irritation, his distrust. Fear assailed her like a predator striking unexpectedly from ambush, fear of his disappointment in her failure. She whispered that it had been very nice, she had not imagined it that way, but had always felt fear when she thought about it. Robert said nothing, and his silence seemed icy.

Where they usually spent almost the entire day cuddling and having sex, they now bathed on the beach and ran around playing in the ankle-deep water, frolicking, probably their play masking the seriousness that this event had brought upon them. Nevertheless, they soon warmed themselves again in the midday sun and began to cuddle, one giving the other, and Robert lay on top of her again, the tall lanky boy on top of the delicate little girl. Slowly and carefully he inserted his cock into her tight vagina, then fucked her. Liane was blissful as his cock stimulated just the spot that mattered, but unfortunately he didn't last long enough to trigger her explosion. She kept quiet and hugged him when he had squirted. They cuddled and fucked again that afternoon, and Liane suddenly became so horny before going home that she was almost ashamed. She stroked him

tenderly and promptly for a long time, then lay down enticingly on her back and mewed like a kitten, writhing lasciviously and obscenely on the blanket and whispering almost inaudibly that she wanted to be fucked again. Robert's cock had of course become stiff again, greedily he inserted his cock and pushed her hastily. As willingly as she let herself be fucked, Robert couldn't squirt anymore.

Liane's father noticed nothing at all that evening with his headphones, but her mother smiled quietly and contentedly on the porch when she heard Liane's lustful gasps and her blissful moans. Let the child have her pleasure, she thought contentedly, for she thus lulled herself secure in the estimation that her friendship with Robert was not going too far. Well-fucked girls don't need to masturbate anymore, she had heard this stupid saying somewhere. But Liane needed it, very urgently even.

The vacations were coming to an end, yet Liane and Robert spent every free minute together, as they had only a few days left. Only briefly the new was in the foreground, they fucked until exhaustion and slept in the breaks so that Robert regained his strength. Liane was saddened by the fact that he quite soon lost all tenderness and gentleness and mounted her full of vehemence and aggression. Where she expected gentleness and tenderness, she got his firm cock stuck in, he rammed wildly and decisively and squirted far too soon, the dear silly fellow. When Robert dozed off, Liane did not dare to masturbate; her shyness was too great. All the more intimately she gave herself over to her lonely lust at night. Robert had pressed his lips together and kept silent when she told him about it. This rejection inhibited her from talking to him about it again. In other ways, too, a barrier seemed to rise between them; their conversations became rarer and shallower, their cuddling likewise. And to her utter disappointment, Robert loved masturbating more than fucking, especially when she masturbated him by hand.

He kept demanding it, and she kept doing it to him with her hand. She loved him, she loved him so hotly and sacrificially that she would have fulfilled his every desire, and if he liked it so much, she would just do it to him with her hand, even though that hardly held any appeal for her anymore. But she loved him, and she loved to give him

pleasure and arousal and a certain sense of power when she made him moan and he cheered the squirting. At one point he suggested they both do it at the same time. She loved him and of course wanted to do everything for him, including that, but she couldn't get going while he was kneeling and masturbating. She tried, but when he squirted on her, she stopped. He just grinned and wiped himself off while she lay there ashamed and unsatisfied.

After this failed attempt nothing went right, they stayed only a few hours in the dunes and slept together. It followed the last day, where Liane remained alone, because Robert simply did not come around. He didn't even say goodbye, the bastard.

When Robert and his family had left, Liane was crying in her room. Her mother brought her breakfast in bed, thinking Liane would exhaust herself too much at night. But she was far too inhibited to say it outright, and only stroked her hair gently as she murmured that Liane should not stay in bed all day. That Liane might be lovesick did not occur to her – Robert was, after all, only a cousin. Surely he's not going to screw a fourteen-year-old!

Women's Talk

It took a few days for Liane to stop crying and tell her mother everything. Everything. The sailors, Robert's masturbation and that she had learned it. That she had fucked him and that it had not bled at all. Mélanie was horrified, because she had been a virgin until her wedding at 22, and Liane had had her virginity stolen by this good-for-nothing at barely 14. Liane continued that they had fucked eight or ten times in the dunes the last few days and Robert liked it much better when she did it to him by hand. And that he was not at all impressed when she told him that she had discovered the secret herself and all by herself.

Mélanie took a second to understand and then casually said, would she show her the secret? Liane didn't even think for a moment and flipped back the covers. Mélanie cringed inwardly at having so casually instigated the indecent, but Liane felt no shame in exposing herself in front of her mother and began to masturbate slowly, then more and more eagerly. Mélanie felt her own arousal rising from her pubic as Liane orgasmed. Liane waited a bit for her breathing to calm down and looked questioningly into her mother's eyes. Mélanie nodded and said that it was fine this way, but it could be done differently. She sat down very close to Liane and first indicated in the air what she meant. When Liane then opened her legs wide again and stretched her pubis willingly and invitingly towards her fingers, Mélanie very gently touched her labia and let her finger circle around the clit. Very gently and lovingly she circled the clit and involved it more and more. She could tell by the gasps and moans how far along Liane was and when the time came, her fingers trilled on Liane's clit until Liane convulsed in a violent orgasm. Liane hugged and kissed her warmly as this technique was much more intense.

Liane often asked her later to do it to her, confessing that it was more beautiful that way and different from doing it alone. Usually, when Liane masturbated, Mélanie was overcome with such irresistible excitement that it caught Liane's eye. She asked Mélanie if she could look at her *down there* more closely? Mélanie had

palpitations and a lump in her throat from lust and could only nod. The 14 year old pulled her mother's negligee over her head – Mélanie, of course, had no panties on as usual – and Mélanie let herself sink back, offering her nakedness, though she almost passed out from embarrassment.

Liane bent over her and curiously palpated her sex, labia, clit, and vaginal entrance, then stretched the labia apart and peered inside her vagina. Carefully, her finger slid into the vagina, feeling it curiously. Then she said they looked very similar *down there*, because she had looked at her sex with the hand mirror many times before. Only her clit was much smaller than Mélanie's and she felt the clit anew. And it felt much firmer. Mélanie breathed that this was because she was already very sexually aroused. Liane palpated the clit with slowly circling fingers and after a while asked if she could do it to her? Mélanie closed her eyes and did not answer.

The circling fingers excited her even more and Liane wanted to know if she were in her room now, would she do it to herself? It was a long time before Mélanie breathed a yes. The way you do it to me? Liane asked and continued to gyrate. Mélanie kept her eyes closed and left herself to Liane. She circled further and further and included the clit. It took a long time because Mélanie was used to firmer rubbing and Liane, at 14, was doing it for the first time. But she was patient and paid attention to Mélanie's signals. Only when she moaned did she focus on Mélanie's clit and now rubbed very fast and swirling. The orgasm was building from below and Mélanie's body twitched and trembled. Then it was over, Mélanie calmed down and put her negligee back on without looking Liane in the eye. They embraced for a long time and Mélanie whispered that it was very beautiful, although she felt terribly ashamed. They had crossed a threshold and gave each other many orgasms in the following years, until Liane married her count. Although her sense of shame came forward again at first, they sometimes masturbated themselves in front of each other, sitting across from each other. In later times, Mélanie often included these episodes in her masturbatory fantasies because they had been so beautiful.

As August drew to a close, Liane arrived at Sacré Coeur boarding school near Paris, just a few hours' train ride from her childhood home. Here she was to spend the next year and graduate.

A few years later, Pierre waited with his fingers drumming on the living room table for Mélanie to come down. He grabbed his astonished wife by the arm and dragged her into the bedroom, which was already very unusual. He hardly left time to undress and took her immediately, hastily and wildly, as in her youth. His cock had become smaller over time and he was able to put it entirely into her vagina. She felt his glans hammering against her cervix and he poured hotly inside her. They lay next to each other exhausted and Pierre asked her if it was right? He had heard her and Liane when he was upstairs. He never eavesdrops in general, but when he heard them both, he did.

Mélanie laughed and cuddled his mop of hair, she didn't think there was anything wrong with it, except that he had been eavesdropping, the voyeur! Pierre was the only person to whom she had always been completely honest and to whom she had never lied, now she told him everything. The good-for-nothing who had seduced and deflowered Liane before her 14th birthday. Pierre growled angrily. Liane's curiosity and how one thing led to another. She concealed nothing, embellished nothing. That they did it to each other more often, now barely once a month. That Liane, after returning from boarding school, licked her to orgasm, to a mad orgasm, and licked her again and again because it did her so much good. She herself did it to Liane as often as she wanted, although she generally found it disgusting to touch private parts with her mouth. And no, she couldn't find anything wrong with it as she climbed on top of Pierre and inserted his cock.

Their lovemaking got much better as Pierre, the rascal, regularly eavesdropped on the two of them and then greedily and hornily fucked her. For her part, Mélanie contributed by whispering in his ear, telling everything in detail and voluptuously, while at the same time giving him a handjob or fucking. She kept mentioning in amazement how girlish Liane's pubic looked, even though she was already an adult, since she had neither armpits— nor pubic hair, just

a delicate light blond fuzz like very young girls. Pierre, who had pleasant shivers running down his spine because of the incest taboo, always got very horny at the thought of Liane's naked body and pubis, for his eavesdropping had long since turned into secret watching.

Mélanie talked more and more about how she wanted to get out of the poverty trap. The Count, the childless widower, was a man of honor through and through and would make a good husband for Liane, who had passionate lovers all the time, but none of them were any good. When the opportunity arose to enter the service of the count, she spoke openly about it with Pierre. She was still sorry that she had cheated on him once, with the Abbé, and that he didn't deserve it. But now it was about Liane's happiness and future, and incidentally also about her own and Pierre's.

You want to seduce him and fuck him, he stated matter-of-factly, and she said she had already started it and wanted his consent before continuing. With cooing laughter in her voice she told what she had done so far. Pierre listened with flashing eyes, thinking in a flash of the many men during the Résistance – "I won't be able to stop you from your voluptuous plan. Then, almost formally, my blessing you have!" After a moment he added that she might keep everything to herself, he did not want to hear about it. She kissed him gratefully and after that she seduced Pierre again and again, as she breathed lustfully into his voyeuristic ears everything the count did with her and her beautiful body.

Mélanie

Liane had not noticed that her mother wanted to check on her – the latter remained rooted to the spot in the next room when, through the open door, she caught sight of her completely naked daughter masturbating violently with her legs spread wide. Since Liane could not see her because she was lying with her head in the opposite direction, Mélanie stopped despite her feeling of absolute indecency, thinking only for a brief moment that this was her daughter. The blush flared up on her neck and made her shiver, for she herself did it only secretly and, of course, kept it a secret from all the world; even Pierre knew nothing about it for a long time, since they had sometimes slept apart. For the first time she saw her little daughter masturbating – fascinated and curious she looked. Except for the spread thighs, the upstretched legs, the buttocks and the hand that wildly worked the slippery–wet cunt, nothing was seen, so that this picture somehow had something abstractly sexual. The young girl's innocent greed and fierce desire were so contagious that she soon felt a slight tugging in her own loins, a tugging she knew very well. Mélanie almost passed out with horniness when she recognized Liane's climax from the wild twitching of her bottom. The latter allowed herself only a few moments of pause before continuing to masturbate. The swirling of the fingers in the wet vagina, the dancing and twitching of the upstretched legs and the twitching, quivering work of the buttocks excited Mélanie to such an extent that she soon had only the thought of satisfying her own hot horniness. She quickly and quietly went out again to retire to her bedroom with her heart pounding.

She had, after all, been made aware since childhood that this was a grave sin, which she had indulged in obsessively from her youth, and which she had wisely kept secret at the time. She could never say later when she discovered it, because she did it before she entered school. It was not until she was engaged to Pierre that she haltingly confessed it to her confessor, who persistently questioned her about all the details and, after stern admonition, made her promise to give up this vice after the wedding, because she would then fuck with her husband. But there were simply days when her young abdomen went

crazy and drove her to sin – when the urge insidiously attacked her, she usually slipped guiltily into the windowless anteroom behind the kitchen, where she did it in a crouch or standing position, hurriedly and driven to haste by the fear of discovery, or when she had to wait a very long time for Pierre in the evening, reading at the kitchen table, with her hand hidden under the tabletop. Usually she read spicy parts she already knew and the hand crept thoughtfully along the inner thigh, pushed the skirt energetically to the side and slowly and delicately rubbed the clit. She procrastinated as long as she could, savoring every minute of arousal as she read and slowly masturbated. Usually the sinful urge overtook her at a particularly erotic spot, then she lowered her head to the forearm resting on the book and gazed at the hand between her legs as she quickly became aroused. Whirling fast, she made it come, but sometimes took her time to trigger the explosive climax at some point after several near climaxes.

When Pierre woke her up in the morning and she wordlessly got up on her hands and knees to let him penetrate and squirt briefly in doggie style, when Pierre puffed angrily afterwards and went down to his workshop and talked to himself, she took her time to slowly incite the arousal he had hardly been able to increase more and more and to masturbate quickly at the end; defiantly she thought that only he was to blame for this sin, because he never bothered to satisfy her. Pierre and his doggy position! He never wanted to look her in the eyes, cowardly avoided any approach except that of wordlessly turning her onto her stomach and penetrating her from behind.

In her time, after all, one still went into marriage as a virgin and so Pierre's loveless sex only revealed itself on the wedding night. Often she felt only more defiance, because Pierre mounted her from behind whenever he wanted, at any time of day– or night, but never participated in her sex life. Then, when Pierre was showering in the bathroom and humming a ditty, she would get her portion of pleasure by watching herself secretly masturbating in the large dressing mirror. When they were young, she was immensely proud of him because he was so bursting with virility and took her several times a day – how happy she felt next to her girlfriends who complained about their husbands! Once the round of ladies bet

which of their husbands had the longest one, and they all brought woolen threads the next time, as agreed, according to the lengths of their cocks. Mélanie had used an excuse to sneak past that, but she wisely kept silent, because she immediately saw that Pierre towered over everyone. His cock only went halfway in with her, but she had always attributed it to the fact that she was short and chubby and he towered over her by two head lengths, lean and muscularly built. Darkly she remembered that he had once told her that it had always bothered him when the other recruits stared at him in the shower, at him and his cock hanging down almost halfway to his thigh – maybe that was part of the reason why he only took her from behind?

.

Mélanie had done hundreds of handjobs in her youth and liked doing it, even though it didn't make her horny at all. The guys loved her quiet, obscene way as she took the cocks to the hand. She had secretly watched her parents in the past and knew from that what she had to do. She was not at all surprised that there were very different cocks and she examined them all very carefully before masturbating them. Sometimes she dabbed at the cum and gently licked her finger to find out the taste. Usually she and the boy disappeared into a bush where she made him squirt. Sometimes, however, at the alcohol-fueled parties, it happened that she gave one a public hand job to the amusement of all. When she met Pierre, she gave him handjobs naturally and as a matter of course. During the whole engagement period, of course, too, because they traditionally wanted to wait with the other until the wedding night. Pierre had one of the biggest cocks she had seen so far, was insatiable and needed at least two handjobs a day. She herself needed many more masturbations, but she kept that from Pierre for years to come.

Pierre's potency began to decline surprisingly quickly. Her best friend at the time advised her to do it to him with her hand for a while, that would be fine, she should not hang her head. Promptly, Mélanie turned around in the middle of the next time and grabbed Pierre's cock. He was confused and protested half aloud, but she did not give in. He closed his eyes tightly and groaned anxiously for her not to look at him. Mélanie whispered that she was not looking at

him at all and rubbed him with her hand, looking at the swell of his glans and estimating that it was almost equal to her forearm in length and girth. She loved his big behemoth, which she saw mostly only when he visited her with his cock erect and excited – and, of course, when she masturbated him. She stroked his entire length with satisfaction and gave him a really good handjob. Pierre reared back as she made him squirt with her fist; high shot his seed and fell on her hand. She continued to rub the squirting glans slowly with her thumb and forefinger, watching curiously as it gushed out a few more times. Pierre jumped up, ran out distraught and didn't show his face again all day. Then in the evening embarrassed looks and silence, then he asked her hurt and sick with grief to never do that again, that was only right before the wedding in the engagement period. He didn't want it that way, only straight right, she knew. Mélanie sighed and nodded, he was such a dear fellow after all, and then she hugged him comfortingly, stroked his bristly hair and whispered that he was her dearest, very–very dearest husband and of course she would only do it the way he liked.

It was one of the few occasions that Pierre leaned against her shoulder and howled liberated – strange, but it reminded her of the day of liberation, they were both 24, the Germans had lost France to the Allies and they laughed and cried as they did now. She cried with joy because Pierre was traveling as an inconspicuous courier for the Resistance and now she could finally keep him without fearing for his life, love him, finally fuck him again undisturbed. Never afterwards did they mention what had happened during the war, they had agreed to forget and forgive each other once and for all for their sexual escapades during the war.

Résistance

She had to close her eyes in shame when she remembered how often during the Résistance they had lived in musty basements or other hideouts with a dozen others, fucking quickly and hastily. They had only been married a short time, after all, and Pierre needed it every day. They usually disappeared into a secluded room, but if there was no room of their own, they waited in the evening until everything settled down before he fucked her in the dark. Mélanie wanted a child so much!

Even later, her heart pounded with shame when she remembered what it was like in those last months. A simple basement room, lit by the glow of a kerosene lamp during the day, gloomy and dark at night. She and Valerie were the only women, although it was rumored about the aloof Valerie that she was an iron lesbian and would not let any man get close to her. Pierre was heartbroken and contrite over the impropriety of the situation, but he couldn't even stand a day without it. They whispered quietly and she agreed that she didn't mind at all; after all, they loved each other, the long skirt hid everything and in the dark they couldn't see anything anyway. The circumstances allowed her until then only extremely rarely to get her usual portion of pleasure by masturbating, so her urges had piled up more than usual and since they were married only recently, she was just craving to be fucked by Pierre to be able to discharge herself. Pierre sat on the floor and leaned against the wall, she had to squat with her back to him over his cock; she had taken off her skirt right away because it was her only one. In the dark she rode his cock doggedly and felt the pleasure rising hotly in her loins, came moaning and complaining lustfully and then fucked him further, panting and exhausted, so that Pierre could cum too.

After Pierre had fallen asleep and his breathing betrayed it, a broad, male hand groped her body, slipped under the covers and caressed her bare skin, breasts, belly and pubic area. Mélanie, who had only been touched by Pierre so far, overcame her initial shyness and groped for the man's cock. She began to give him a handjob, but he silently moved closer and closer. Infinitely cautious, the man laid

on top of her and penetrated. Her heart almost stopped with shame, because Pierre was the only one she ever fucked so far. Never had another man touched her intimately, not even in her youth when she gave handjobs to the boys. She had never felt anyone other than Pierre in her vagina. This cock was smaller than Pierre's and she listened deep inside to feel being fucked by another man. Over on the other side of Pierre, soft masturbation noises could clearly be heard. That was Valerie, Mélanie heard her masturbating quietly every night as she rested on Pierre's chest. She held her breath as the man fucked very fast and squirted inside her. Contrary to her expectation, he stayed on top of her, his cock recovered after a few minutes and he fucked her again. He excited her much more this time and when she couldn't take it anymore, she masturbated with restrained breath to a silent orgasm. The man had left his cock very deep in her vagina and waited silently while she masturbated and then started again. Only after a long fucking did the man pour out and silently withdraw. She rested her head back on Pierre's chest and listened to Valerie orgasm quietly several times. Almost every night the man or someone else was there to fuck her under the cover of darkness, while she in turn listened to Valerie's easily audible masturbation and her plaintive, almost inaudible sounds as she orgasmed. She never mentioned it to Pierre, it was war and the old norms no longer applied.

Pierre was on the road some days with his backpack and came back in the evening exhausted. He never talked about how many men he had to kill with his knife. He had to work that out with his conscience alone. Mélanie cleaned his jacket or trousers from the blood stains and did not ask.

The eternal waiting and being afraid — their waiting was ordered and lasted over six weeks — made Pierre furious, often taking her several times in a row under cover of darkness. Of course they were anxious to be quiet, but probably everyone in the room got it. Mélanie was riding Pierre's cock again and was well on her way when she suddenly felt a hand on her thigh, but it wasn't Pierre, because he was holding her waist with both hands, raising and lowering her up and down and controlling her ride. She was startled only briefly because she was already insanely horny. Suddenly she knew it was Valerie. Valerie's hand gently stroked the inside of her thigh and slid

higher and higher. Torn between fearful indignation and spurred horniness, she tried at first to avoid the hand that had felt its way up to her cunt. But the conflicting feelings produced an even more intense arousal and inflamed her so suddenly that she held still and pushed her pelvis forward to find Valerie's hand with her clit. While Pierre held her and fucked her from below, the strange finger excited her clit. She opened wide and thrust her abdomen forward. Exploding, she reached down herself and put her fingers on Valerie's, pressed both on her clit and orgasmed moaning. But she felt immensely ashamed afterwards. Pierre, to whom she later quietly whispered a partial truth — that someone was stroking her thigh — in his ear, lovingly scolded her a love-struck fool who was imagining it all. After all, she could not tell him the full truth at the time, he had no idea what a strong onanist his wife was.

The next night she almost passed away with shame, as she almost couldn't wait to feel Valerie's naughty hand again, eagerly awaiting her with conflicting feelings. For only a woman knew so well what was at stake. The thought gave her a powerful thrill, moaning as she squirmed with shame and unbridled lust, surrendering to Valerie's fingers, who understood that she had to squeeze Mélanie's clit and her whole sex tightly as she orgasmed. When Valerie's fingers slowed and vibrated at a standstill, Mélanie felt — or was she imagining? — that the invisible Valerie was now masturbating hard herself. But the fingers quickly revived, stimulating her tenderly and ever more urgently, Mélanie moaned and squirmed. Pierre held her with both hands and rhythmically raised them to satisfy himself, but she spread her knees wide apart as in a pagan ritual, opening her sex to the invisible priestess who, rotating rapidly, performed the sacrifice. Exhausted, she sometimes had to hold Valerie's hand and push it away from her; she simply could not go on. Still, she waited for the nightly caresses of the secret third with great longing.

She never mentioned it to Pierre again, because she was annoyed that he never mentioned the masturbating fingers that inevitably had to touch his cock as well. She, at least, always noticed it when Valerie unabashedly palpated his cock with her fingers while fucking or squirting. When Mélanie recovered after an orgasm and Pierre continued to fuck her, Valerie would simply stop his cock while

fucking and pull it out vigorously. She literally gave him a hand job. Before squirting, she pulled his foreskin back really tight and thrust his glans into Mélanie's vagina and kept masturbating him, and when he had to cum like crazy in Mélanie's vagina, she pushed the whole cock in. But the bastard never mentioned it. He didn't say a word about waiting in her vagina after he had cum until Valerie, after feeling him to see if his cock was still stiff, vigorously pulled him out again and gave him another handjob like before. He apparently assumed that Mélanie, who was witnessing it firsthand, was tacitly accepting it.

Mélanie was annoyed with him, because his fucking had also changed. He fucked slowly and cautiously at first, waiting until Valerie had made Mélanie orgasm. He fucked a little to increase Mélanie's orgasm. Then he paused, waiting, until Valerie vigorously pulled his cock out and gave him the handjob to steer his glans back into Mélanie's vagina before squirting and letting him squirt there. Most of the time his cock went limp only after Valerie gave him a second handjob. Only when his cock became flaccid, Valerie withdrew to masturbate quietly, but well audible for Mélanie, until deep into the night. Pierre needed Valerie's hand constantly from now on to let her very strong fingers and fist masturbate him. Sometimes, when he got impatient, he grabbed Valerie's hand and put it vigorously on his cock — Mélanie, who was still squatting on his cock before the handjob, got to feel it first hand. Valerie quickly pulled his cock out of her vagina and gave him the handjob. She was kind of grateful to Valerie for not wasting his semen and letting him squirt in her vagina after the handjob.

Mélanie was not long annoyed when she contrasted these outrageous handjobs with the fact that as soon as Pierre fell asleep snoring loudly, her faceless admirers crept up silently, usually two or three of them screwing her silently one after the other. But maybe Pierre had figured this out and that was why he was so cavalier about letting Valerie masturbate him.

Valerie didn't let on during the day, was the tough resistance fighter with the steel blue eyes and was an excellent sharpshooter. Mélanie had accompanied her to an assassination several times,

because while one woman carrying a long package stood out, no one looked closely when two women were hauling a package. She served only as a lookout so that Valerie could prepare the rifle, telescope, and magazine without being disturbed. In the seconds when Valerie fired, she hold her breath and immediately retreat as discussed. Once, on the way home, the taciturn Valerie said, 85. This one was her 85th kill.

Mélanie had to fire her antique LeMat Revolver only once. Valerie had just shot two German officers in the opposite café from a basement window and they were about to hastily retreat when four German soldiers — apparently looking for the wine cellar — met them in the basement corridor. Valerie had only one round left in the magazine and fired immediately. In all the noise and shouting, Mélanie didn't even notice that she had already emptied her nine-shooter and it just clicked empty. Valerie put her hand on the heavy revolver and said it was over. As she collected the Germans' guns and magazines, she murmured appreciatively, you got all three. Mélanie suddenly felt an indomitable sexual desire rising and greedily reached under her skirt. Valerie grabbed her hand and said, not here, we have to go!

Mélanie followed her stumbling, barely able to run from sexual arousal. When they thought they were safe, they sat down on a ledge of the wall. Mélanie immediately began to masturbate under her skirt. Valerie pushed up Mélanie's skirt and took over masturbating Mélanie. The latter kneaded her breasts through the coarse fabric and very quickly came to orgasm with a squeezed, suppressed cry. Valerie continued to gently stroke her labia and squatted down. She flipped up her own skirt and masturbated, her eyes fixed on Mélanie's labia, which she stroked with erratic gestures. Mélanie had recovered and was watching another woman masturbate for the first time in her life. Valerie was doing it very hard and fast, as she orgasmed she pulled back the skin around the big clit tightly with her fingers and Mélanie could see the clit nodding, nodding and nodding. "May I?" asked Mélanie later, and Valerie nodded. They traded places and Mélanie examined Valerie's pubic and vagina very closely, then masturbated Valerie exactly as she had just seen. When Valerie

came to orgasm, she pulled the skin of the clit back very tightly and watched the nodding carefully. Mélanie loved it and said so.

Neither of them mentioned the night's doings with Pierre. Not a word about Mélanie's secret fucking with the faceless men, which Valerie listened to while masturbating. Not a word about Valerie's masturbating, which Mélanie listened to while secretly fucking or afterwards. They pissed side by side on the floor laughing companionably and broke up. Valerie said it was exactly the same for her first kills, but after her orgasm, her companion fucked her every time. She grinned, fucking was not so hers by now, but the fellow could do it excellently, always twice in a row and she orgasmed every time.

They had been on their escape route for over an hour, Mélanie's thoughts again revolving around the high after the kill, reigniting a high-pitched sexual arousal in her abdomen. She could barely walk and pressed her hand on her skirt, on her pubic, and sighed. Valerie recognized it and headed for a protective ruin. Mélanie laid her head on Valerie's lap and masturbated with pleasure. Valerie stroked her head, then slipped her hand under her blouse and fondled Mélanie's breasts as she continued. She had a lesbian love affair towards the end of her school years and only then learned to masturbate, which she soon needed several times a day. After her first shot, she had a fit of tremendous horniness when they took a break and immediately had to masturbate without paying attention to Bruno. In the middle of her orgasm, while she was still orgasming with a loud cry, Bruno deflowered her and fucked her twice in a row.

There were only four of them on the base and Bruno, who had to sweep out his alpha, stripped her completely naked and fucked the reluctant one completely unabashedly in front of the other two. She had orgasms with Bruno every time and looked plaintively at the other two before screaming loudly in orgasm. She was embarrassed to be fucked in public only the first few times, although she always had a plaintive expression in her eyes as she was fucked. Her cries soon became triumphant and she pressed her fingers around her clit so they could get a good look at the proud nod. When Bruno fell asleep, Valerie fucked the other two, because she really liked being

fucked then and had great doubts about whether she was really a lesbian. The two beta-males did not fuck as well as Bruno, so she always masturbated while fucking. In retrospect, she suspected that Bruno knew about all this.

Valerie felt that Mélanie had orgasmed often enough now and urged departure. After returning to the base, Valerie reported that two officers and four other soldiers had been taken out and how heroically Mélanie had fought. The latter was hugged and kissed by all. Valerie hugged her last and kissed her deeply, it was a beautiful French kiss that Mélanie returned just as deeply and never forgot. Of course, no word about masturbating, but Mélanie later told Pierre, whispered everything in detail in his ear while fucking, he allowed to fuck with him face to face. She whispered of the wonderful joint masturbation with Valerie after her fit of horniness, left nothing out and also described Valerie's cunt in detail down to the last pubic hair. Told about Valerie's defloration and that she really liked fucking with her mates afterwards. Sometimes he wanted to hear it again, because it excited not only him but also Mélanie very much.

Once, as they whispered softly to each other, she asked Pierre if he would like to fuck Valerie if she would let him, and he immediately answered in the affirmative. They both knew that Valerie would never allow it, yet Mélanie felt a twinge in her heart. The other morning, Pierre's eyes narrowed as he watched Valerie tantalizingly wash her girlish breasts and pubic area. Pierre didn't hesitate that night and pushed Mélanie aside after a few minutes of fucking. He groped for Valerie with both hands and lifted her vigorously onto his lap, her face turned toward him. Mélanie knelt in front of him, clutching his cock, sensing that Valerie was hesitating for a very long time. She made Pierre wait and masturbated sitting on him. Mélanie was completely perplexed as the iron lesbian tremblingly orgasmed and slowly slipped her twitching vagina over Pierre's cock and inserted it to its full length. She must have a much longer vagina than she had, Mélanie thought, because he didn't go all the way in with her. Mélanie left her hand on the root of his cock and later on Valerie's labia while Valerie fucked Pierre fast and hard. The bastard held back cum as long as he could and Valerie orgasmed silently trembling one after another. She remained motionless as he cum

violently in her vagina. He remained stiff after squirting and Valerie continued. Mélanie put her hand on the front of Valerie's cunt so that Valerie's clit rubbed against her palm and fingers. Valerie orgasmed over and over, trembling and soundless, until Pierre squirted again and his cock softened. They lay down to sleep and Mélanie felt a dark emptiness and indifference inside her as she was later fucked by three guys in a row.

It was indifferent to her in the meantime whether Pierre noticed anything of it. Pierre, the wretched one who was screwing Valerie and not her, that hurt. Mélanie pressed her lips together hard as Valerie reluctantly gave in to Pierre's urgings over the next three nights. As she had done the day before, she masturbated first, and only when she began to orgasm tremulously did Mélanie release Pierre's cock and direct his glans into Valerie's vagina, vigorously clasp his cock and only very hesitantly allowing it to penetrate Valerie's vagina, who then fucked him like a fury. I'm sure Valerie only did it because it satisfied her as much as masturbating. Valerie paused as he cum deep in her vagina and Mélanie felt with her fingertips exactly how his semen was spurting through his urethra. She knelt in front of Pierre and palpated his cock and Valerie's sex when she orgasmed tremulously. A naughty hand pushed down on her ass and lifted her ass. The naughty hand expertly palpated her ass and cunt, then a naughty cock slid very slowly into her vagina, mounting her from behind like a dog. She remained completely motionless and supported herself with her hand on Valerie's sex, so that Pierre would not notice anything of her wiggling while being fucked, and was glad when the naughty one squirted shortly after the penetration and disappeared silently. Mélanie was quite sure that others noticed it too, because Valerie fucked quite loudly. Mélanie pulled back from Pierre and stretched her ass cheeks up as the next guy groped her. She heard the guys who were behind the guy who was fucking her and who were impatiently waiting to fuck her afterwards, also masturbating unabashedly. This monstrosity was repeated during three more nights.

Pierre left shortly after midnight to get to the meeting place in time. Mélanie was now lying next to Valerie, feeling every movement of her body as the invisible men approached and fucked her. One

after the other. One man dared and groped the masturbating Valerie and since she didn't put up much of a fight, he penetrated her vagina and fucked her. So Mélanie and Valerie lay sisterly next to each other and were fucked by the men until late at night. Sometimes one of Mélanie's men would roll right over onto Valerie to fuck her. The next morning the two women washed at the washstand and Valerie, grinning wryly, said that was a heavy night. Mélanie, who had slept too little, growled that because Pierre was out, they all wanted to fuck them. Sullenly she washed the traces of the night from her pubis and inner thighs, where the semen had left dozens of traces.

Pierre arrived after sunset, appearing out of nowhere with bad news. Their group was split in two, Pierre and she were ordered to a base, and they had to leave immediately. Mélanie, like Pierre, said goodbye to everyone individually. Valerie was the last to arrive and dodged an attempted hug from Pierre. She just squeezed his hand tightly and murmured, thank you Pierre, then embraced Mélanie and gave her a long, intimate French kiss, which she returned. Valerie left without turning around. They never learned of Valerie's pregnancy. Pierre led the way, Mélanie silently following him into the darkness.

The fear of dying any day dictated to live out all sexuality immediately, free of all morality, and to enjoy pleasure today because there might not be a tomorrow.

Everyday

In later years, Pierre came to bed with her only on Sunday mornings. Wordlessly and mechanically, like a bad puppet show, they made the preparations that had gradually emerged as he failed more and more often and she sought advice from her best friend. She turned her back to him, lowered herself onto her hands and knees, and willingly held out her bottom to him. One hand she placed on her buttock to silently insert it into the proper portal. Pierre knelt behind her and, if his erection was not yet strong enough, jerked off. Then she reached her hand down between her legs to excite Pierre on his testicles, who thrust only two– or three times and then held still. Then she rubbed his tired old cock until she felt its strengthening and quickly rocked her pelvis back and forth, thrusting backward to fuck and satisfy herself with his cock as with a dildo. She continued tirelessly until she felt his coming. She put her strong fingers around the part of his cock that was no longer going in with her, rubbed it hard and fast, Pierre liked that so much, and made him squirt. Pierre's cock reared up and twitched rhythmically in her vagina, and she continued to rub gently as long as his orgasm lasted. After that, Sunday morning belonged entirely to her and her secret lust.

This went on for several years, quietly and always consistent. One day, however, she had been awakened by Pierre from immensely horny dreams and lustful fantasies — Armand, the Count, had taken her to the Orchid House and fucked, licked, masturbated her — suddenly Pierre was there, his cock highly aroused and fully erect as he was every Sunday morning. Stirred, she took Pierre's cock inside her and fucked him harder than usual. Her lust defeated her previous sense of shame toward Pierre; she brought herself to climax greedily and without regard for him, additionally stimulating her clit with the heel of her hand while thinking of Armand in the orchid house and jerking Pierre's cock. She had to pause as it came to her, and her twitching womb made poor Pierre groan and moan. With difficulty his cock choked out the semen, for he had become so accustomed to her help that it was almost impossible without her stimulation. At this, she almost passed away with shame, for only very rarely had Pierre witnessed her masturbation. He was amazed and surprised,

but she completely ignored his feelings from now on. Masturbating satisfied her and also Pierre, who was carried away by her orgasm and cummed with difficulty, slowly and full of agony.

Usually, however, when he had not been able to squirt, she resumed fucking for his sake right away, even though her climax had not yet subsided. It happened that she experienced small aftershocks again, then she fucked him like a fast ticking clockwork and stubbornly got her pleasure. In order to get it over with quickly afterwards, she finally did it to him very firmly with her hand. Lowering her head to her forearm, she stretched her butt as high as it could go to make her ass cheeks widen. Pierre pulled his cock back a little so that only his glans was inside her. This was his secret sign that she should masturbate him now. She looked down between her legs and jerked him to full length, very quickly and vigorously, since that was the way he liked it best. She watched her hand jerking his cock and slowly rocked her abdomen back and forth, slowly fucking his glans with her labia. Knowing when he needed to squirt, she pulled her buttock to the side with one hand so that her vagina opened wide and rubbed with the other so fast and swirling that Pierre exploded inside her, gasping. She paused patiently, her buttocks thrust up and her buttocks widening sharply with both hands, while Pierre jerked his seed in with helpless fucking motions. He stroked her buttocks gratefully and very affectionately, kissed her quickly on the neck and disappeared ashamedly before she turned around. Less and less often she thought of the engagement-confessor and when she did, it was with a mute *idiot!* and gave herself over to her urges, the sinful urges she had apparently inherited from Liane.

Pierre's sexual flaccidity began to show around the time of her pregnancy. Mélanie knew instinctively that it had to do with the Villiers-le-Bel station and that his sexuality was failing him because of it. Before, he would come into her bedroom with his penis erect to fuck her. Now, however, he would often go limp while she was still turning on all fours. Pierre was inconsolable and, feeling unobserved by her when he knelt behind her, he rubbed his cock until it stood again. Of course, she watched him surreptitiously, resting her head on her forearms, under her belly. Pierre jerked off as fast as he could,

letting his glans dance on her butt crease as he did so; Mélanie felt it and danced her butt back and forth to tease him. And then Pierre just couldn't stop, Mélanie driving him on and on with her ass wiggling obscenely and her labia glistening wetly, snapping at his cock with her labia to *catch* it. If she succeeded, he penetrated her briefly, to cum immediately with violent twitches of his cock. Mostly, however, he squirted his semen on the outside of her labia, or placed it on her butt hole to cum. Anyway, it was not unpleasant for Mélanie, she was quite turned on by the sight of his masturbation.

During her pregnancy, Pierre was magically attracted to her ass and whispered that he wanted to try it. Mélanie whispered that she agreed and that he should not hurt her. He masturbated for a very long time and made her hole wet with his glans and index finger. Then he slowly and carefully put the glans in her asshole, slowly slid deeper and fucked her for a very long time before he exploded. It hurt a bit the first time, but Mélanie enjoyed the unusual sensations he caused her and could even enjoy the little bit of pain. Mélanie, who was small and roundish, enjoyed the ass fucking, because he came from above and his cock pressed so pleasantly through the ass channel on the sensitive part of her vagina, almost like normal fucking. Pierre fucked her for a very long time when he fucked her ass, and she enjoyed it, letting him know with lustful moans how much arousal it brought her. Just before he squirted, she secretly grabbed her clit and after seconds had an orgasm that Pierre rarely noticed because he didn't notice anything because of the ferocity and twitching of the squirting.

As her belly became rounder and rounder and it could only be weeks away, they should only masturbate out of consideration, he said haltingly as he came into her bedroom fully erect. That time was also the only time they did it openly in front of each other. She was already far too sluggish to lean on all fours and remained on her back when Pierre joined her. He stroked her face and gently closed her eyelids, then knelt at the foot of the bed and masturbated. Mélanie watched him from under her half-closed eyelids and spread her legs wide apart, lasciviously and enticingly offering him her wide-open vulva beneath her rounded belly. She took a long time for her exhibitionistic contortions, which excited herself. She was constantly

very horny in these last weeks of pregnancy, which gave her a certain indifference to Pierre's taboos, so she didn't hold back at all. Her hand slid around her belly to her pubic, very slowly she masturbated and looked at him with big wet eyes begging him to fuck her properly! Pierre's eyes almost fell out of his head, because she pulled her knees further and further and let her fingers dance wilder and wilder on her clit. Just before climax, she lifted her pelvis and heavy belly, stuck two stretched fingers into her vagina and fucked herself with fast, wild movements. She pushed her butt up, thrusting her abdomen wildly against her hand and humping herself harder and harder until the orgasm exploded inside her. She jerked her head back briefly with exertion and with a last effort of will spread her labia with both hands, stretching out the orgasmic twitches of her cunt to him as an offering. Pierre came now at the latest, yanking hard and panting on his cock, spraying his seed in long streaks and big round drops over Mélanie's abdomen. She smiled and continued masturbating after a brief pause, her devotion to her vice making Pierre all twitchy. He erected again and played with his cock while she continued to masturbate until she stopped, exhausted.

Pierre had taken to putting his glans in her mouth during those months of pregnancy when he masturbated. Although disgusted at first, she played around the glans with her tongue and lips, because he liked that a lot. He held her head tightly as he squirted deep in her throat and only withdrew his cock when she had swallowed all the semen. He was always extra sweet after that and grateful that she joined in on his escapades. She got used to it and always made it as nice for him as she could. But this love craze lasted only a short time, because after the birth Pierre resumed his former habits.

Villiers-le-Bel

Even later, Mélanie's heart pounded with shame when she remembered what it was like in the last few weeks in another hiding place. A simple basement room, lit day and night by the glow of a kerosene lamp, and she was the only woman, both of them townspeople among simple country folk. Pierre was heartbroken and contrite at the impropriety of the situation, but he couldn't even stand a day without it. They whispered quietly and she agreed, she didn't mind at all; after all, they loved each other, the long skirt hid everything and in the dim light they couldn't see anything anyway. Pierre sat on the floor and she had to squat on his cock with her back to him. So he took her, took her in front of all the comrades who looked at her face and cunt, because she had to take off her skirt while she was being fucked. Most of the men secretly masturbated in their pockets, some went to the toilet bucket and relieved themselves standing up. Mélanie's eyes began to glisten with horniness as she watched the men masturbate, but Pierre was already squirting, way too fast.

Toward the end of the war, Pierre and she, along with several others from the Résistance, locked themselves in a warehouse at the Villiers-le-Bel train station. The Germans were too far away to spot them and turned all their attention in the other direction because the Résistance was attacking them sporadically from there. Their orders were to hold out and defend this depot, it was filled to the top. They had enough water, rations and weapons and the windowless room was lit by the glow of a kerosene lamp. The eternal waiting and being afraid — their waiting was ordered and should last for a couple weeks — made Pierre furious, already on the first day he took her several times in a row under the horny looks of the others. Mélanie was already quite jaded in this respect, because he had already fucked her many times in public, i.e. in front of strangers, and it even seemed to spur him on.

Of course they were all horny, for by now she didn't care that she was completely naked without a skirt; on the contrary, she even felt a certain pleasure in her exposed nakedness. She didn't think for a moment that she was protecting herself with indifference against her sense of shame and with exhibitionism against Pierre's cowardice, who was hiding behind her and using her as a living shield. She satisfied her exhibitionist urges by being deliberately lascivious and showing the comrades everything, really everything. Pierre fucked her sitting down and everyone stared at her cunt where his monster raged. In this squatting position, where Pierre's cock rhythmically pressed her clit from below, her horniness rose quickly, she literally exploded, twitching wildly and uncontrollably — after all, she had no possibility to masturbate somewhere secretly, so the horniness gradually built up inside her and sometimes suddenly discharged during the fucking.

Mélanie felt a strange inner satisfaction that during her lascivious and obscene performance, half a dozen men were standing and masturbating in that corner of the room where the toilet bucket was. She had already fucked Pierre riding him upside down and was now sitting quietly on his lap, his still stiff cock deep in her vagina, waiting for the next round. But it was not enough for the good people of the country in the basement to squirt into the toilet bucket. The bravest came masturbating to her and she could still mentally pull apart her blouse before he splashed his seed on her breasts. The blouse had to go, she now sat completely naked on Pierre and the men in the semicircle stepped very close to her to squirt their semen on her naked body. At first Pierre growled, but eventually he didn't care. To one who persisted in wanting to fuck her, she — naked as she was — did a handjob, her breasts and whole body jiggling along, she seemed to float on Pierre's cock. Pierre watched, laughing. She laughed cooing as she made the fellow squirt and let his seed splash on her breasts. This triggered something in the group.

Two of the strongest sat down on Pierre's shoulders and arms, then she was fucked by some, one by one. Pierre cursed profanely and waved his revolver threateningly, but he looked into eight revolver courses and conceded defeat. Mélanie was pretty jaded by now, since Pierre was always fucking her in public, so she didn't

think it was so bad to be quasi-publicly fucked by everyone in turn. They were all good patriots and despite the enormity, they were all peaceful. Mostly they fucked in the missionary position, a few times in the doggy position. Two wanted to take her in pairs, one in her vagina, the other in her ass at the same time. She had to press her mouth on the neck of the one lying down to keep from crying out loud in those insane orgasms.

She always knew when one wanted her, he only had to expose himself and she took off her skirt and blouse, back in the war she had neither bra nor underpants. When she felt the excitement rising and the boy was already about to squirt, she pointed with her hand or waved her fingers that the next one should come. If the boys managed a flying change — and they usually did — then her arousal rose inexorably and by the second, at the latest the third, she reached her orgasm. The men were fair and gave her some time to catch her breath. She soon lost count, but she was fucked at least fifteen times every day, usually more. They had to wait idly and if they saw nothing else than a quite pretty young woman being fucked by the comrades, they got horny again and again. What Pierre alone rarely managed, they always achieved together. She had many orgasms every day and enjoyed every single one.

For two boys, no more than 16 or 17, it was obviously the first time. The first day they just watched the goings-on and didn't dare. Mélanie reached out her hand to one of them and pulled him on top of her. She whispered in his ear that she would help him and that he should trust her. He nodded imperceptibly and hid his face in her hair. She reached for his erection and gently inserted it into her vagina. With one hand she hugged him gently and with the other she gave signals with light pressure on his buttocks how fast he was allowed to thrust. She whispered hoarse words of love in his ear and the boy moaned as he squirted. She kept his cock in her vagina and whispered that next time he would surely last longer. Right after him, she beckoned the other boy over, who was experiencing about the same beautiful first time. Again and again, in a hoarse whisper, she instructed them both to hold out longer and to pay attention to her breathing, they would then notice in time when she herself was ready. It was the most beautiful thing to make a woman gasp and

moan and climax. The docile boys were thus educated to be reliable orgasm givers.

Pierre fucked her only very early in the morning, when she had gotten up and had washed her body. After he had cum, he retreated to the farthest corner, black sadness in his heart and full of wounded masculinity, but he could not take his eyes off his wife. Unlike the others, he fucked her only once– or twice in the morning and spent the rest of the day full of sadness and self-pity. Ten days later, they were dispersed to different bases and lost sight of each other.

Pierre loved her so much that he blocked all this out and even in later years, when they spoke of the war, he would proudly say how great they had done then and no one had noticed.

The Conception

No, she cheated on Pierre only once, once before she gave herself to the Count. That was just a few years after their marriage, right after the war ended. She had lost all self-esteem and felt soiled after being screwed by her comrades from the Resistance for a good some weeks in front of everyone. It was a time when she was so full of despair because Pierre and she could not have a child. Desperate, she lured Pierre to bed again and again, almost ruining him, letting him copulate her several times in a row, she was soon to be 25! But it didn't help, no matter how soft she made her vagina and how wide she spread it with her fingers, no matter how deep she put herself over his cock when he squirted, nothing helped, not even the warm sitting baths, with or without vinegar and bath salts. The new priest, Abbé Fabien, understood her very well, listened patiently to her confessions and asked her right at the beginning not to always let all the details pulled out of her nose – order must be, that was part of a proper confession, and especially the 6th commandment had to be confessed completely and in all details. Mélanie obeyed the tall, handsome young man and described everything, really everything, to him in the fullest detail. Since Monsieur l'Abbé was still waiting for his housekeeper, the parish determined that Mélanie should perform the most important household affairs for him for an appropriate fee. This is how she came to the rectory, this is how she got to know Fabien better, and this is how she became his mistress, his ardent, fierce lover.

Fabien — he did not want to be called Monsieur l'Abbé — Fabien, then, was a tall, slender man with reddish hair and broad, large hands; the angular face with ascetic features betrayed nothing about his ardent sensuality. When he first embraced her — she had just bent over to wipe the bottom shelf of a rack, paying close attention to the fact that the work dress shifted way up and her naked, plump ass and pubic cleft were clearly visible. She stretched her buttocks provocatively high, Fabien suddenly stood behind her and grabbed her by the hips, pushing and rubbing his abdomen firmly and unmistakably against her buttocks — so when he embraced her, she

was not surprised, for she had had to confess her crush on him so many times before, he had become the hero in her masturbation fantasies, which she was initially very embarrassed to confess. Then in bed (it was the bed in which His Excellency the Bishop of Nîmes used to spend the night) in bed everything was quite different from what she was used to. He looked at her, with his big sad Breton eyes, and made love to her from the front, tender and gentle and wild. She would have run away from him had she not experienced such a beautiful orgasm that her knees trembled for an hour afterwards. She had been overtaken by orgasm and as he continued, she moaned and howled with pleasure, coming again and again in little orgasmic spasms. And Fabien could wait with the squirting until she was in the middle of the orgasm — how wonderful to feel it inside her at that very moment, looking into his eyes! Not for a second did she think about Pierre when she was in bed with Fabien, because he took her completely, she got into such a great ride with him that there was no room for anyone else.

Not that Fabien's cock was in any way better than Pierre's, on the contrary; but Fabien could simply do better with his. Even when it came far too soon for him at first, he stayed inside her and still brought her to climax with his semi-stiffy. Mélanie sometimes cried with physical happiness, because Fabien didn't need or want to be rubbed at all and always gave her an orgasm while fucking without her having to help. She felt like a wicked vamp when she slept with both men on the same day, but lied to herself that it made Pierre, whom she still loved hotly, much happier when she had Fabien in front of her in her fantasies and then made it all the more intimate and heartfelt for him. She confessed in the confessional that when she made love to Pierre she became so aroused that now she had to masturbate as often as never before. Fabien, who loved crude jokes in addition to women, smirked when she described her incredible masturbation fantasies to him:

The Abbé gave her absolution with the stipulation that she do it right now — yes, here in the confessional! — to do it. Her confession hurt him and made him quarrel with God, but Mélanie had to do it now, in spite of all the sanctity of the place, in spite of other possible confessors who — if they were there at all — looked at each other

distraught and probably quickly made the sign of the cross, just in case.

I can't, they might hear us! whispered Mélanie.

The Abbé pushed the curtain aside a little and looked around.

There is no one here but the two of us, he said, closing the curtain again.

Mélanie needed a few moments to be sure that the Abbé was indeed serious. Now, above all, she had to do it quickly and silently, no rustling of clothes, then, rolling up her skirt quickly, she sat back on her heels, feeling comfortably naked in that dim darkness. She started slowly, then let the penitent finger dance on the sinful clit that he just regretted it! When she could barely suppress her gasps, the Abbé quietly opened the lattice window and watched her orgasm. Before dismissing her, he said that the next confession had better take place in the sacristy, and then he laughed that this was a special suspense of Holy Mother Church, the sacristy confession sin. She later wondered doubtfully to whom she could have confessed these sinful confessions, for the Abbé must have made her do this worst of bad confessional sins a dozen times, so offended was he.

This first confession she still took seriously, but the following ones she felt as a pure love game. In any case, she confessed henceforth in his sacristy, after he had locked the door as a precaution. Following his instructions, she squatted with her skirt pulled up — she never wore underwear since the war — up on the Altar of his Excellency, the Bishop of Nîmes, lay on her back with her legs spread, and waited until the Abbé took a chair opposite her and said softly *introimus ad altarem dei*. He watched her intently as she slowly (*Agnus dei*, murmured the lost man of God) aroused herself with gentle, circular movements (*Kyrie eleison*), then worked her clit more purposefully (*laudate dominem*), and in a rapid staccato (*sursum corda*) brought herself to climax (*Deo gratias*). *Ego te absolvo*, the Abbé then said hoarsely and went out so that she could get dressed. Here and there she fooled him a little and held him back, in honor of the Bishop of

Nimes was still to offer a lustful sacrifice, and then she gave the Abbé the joy of her Second Time.

Fabien laughed brightly and then coughed sheepishly, for they were really in the confessional, then whispered that she should leave Pierre, that he was leaving the parish together with her and would go with her to the ends of the earth to be happy with her. That would be her only and true absolution. Mélanie kept silent to this, because she loved Pierre more and with all her heart than the lost and forlorn man of God, she would never have left Pierre.

Unfortunately, this romance lasted only a few months; then the new housekeeper came to the rectory and the Abbé would now fuck the new horny bitch which the Bishop had sent. She fucked him in the afternoon and before dinner, the rotten bitch fucked the poor Holy Man the whole night until sunrise.

Mélanie stayed at home, somehow sad, but yet not unhappy, because she was finally pregnant. Mélanie instinctively knew in the first second who Liane's father was, even though she had made love to both of them every day during the time in question; some times she had even sneaked back to Fabien the same evening.

She even thought she knew exactly which day it was — a day on which she felt the sanctity of this place as never before. The only time that Fabien double locked the main church door. The only time that, lying naked on the high altar of the Bishop of Nimes, she had opened herself as never before. She looked around her and looked up at all the saints and angels. She was so moved by all the holiness that she opened her thighs wide like angels' wings and prayed with emotion that the saints and angels would give her the child she longed for, while the holy madman dropped his clothes and mounted her on the high altar. They clasped each other, the mad saint and the holy fool, who felt quite intensely that with each thrust of the blessed pole all her sins of Villiers-le-Bel station fell away like dried hard mud. She just had to open herself more softly, more intimately, and receive the seed of the mad, holy man very deep inside her. The holy fool woman

screamed in orgasm at the top of her lungs so that it echoed through the empty nave and the statues of the saints winced. Sinful Fabien also twitched and jerked, jetting thrust after thrust of his seed into Mélanie's vagina. This was the sacred moment of Liane's conception.

But she pushed all musings aside – Pierre was Liane's father! She drove from the gynecologist directly to Pierre's workshop and hugged him happily, kissed the initially embarrassed on the mouth in front of all his colleagues and stammered excitedly that it had worked, they were having a child! Pierre, her husband, her dearest husband was now a daddy! Pierre had tears of joy in his eyes and hugged her tightly and lovingly and all the colleagues stood up and applauded. The two were in a real frenzy of joy and called all relatives and friends, then there was a big celebration at their parents and grandparents.

...

Loving and Dying on the Gaelic Coast

by Jack Faber © 2021

The Shepherd

Jim had been watching the shepherd for well over an hour. The sheep were grazing grass, sometimes looking up and then jumping a—two steps before turning back to the grass. The shepherd was short and stocky, always stopping only briefly to look around, leaning on his long stick. There must have been 50 to 60 animals, but a shepherd dog was nowhere to be seen. All of a sudden, Jim noticed that the shepherd did not have a dog. Jim searched his memory for a long time to see if he had ever seen a shepherd without a dog before, but he could only think of shepherds with a shepherd dog. He could remember quite clearly how he had wondered at that time about the peculiar whistling of the shepherds. The dogs seemed to be trained for these whistles, because they immediately changed their running direction when the shepherd whistled. Depending on the nature of the whistle, the dog would drive the sheep around to the left or right, or run to the rear to drive stragglers.

This shepherd was unlike any Jim had seen before. Not only was he older, but there was something rough, forbidding about him. He drove the sheep with shouts, which they followed amazingly. He stopped again and again until the sheep gathered around him again in loose grouping, stopped for a while, and then went on a little further again. The sheep followed him, some hesitantly. Sometimes the shepherd would reach into his pocket and awkwardly roll a cigarette, which he thoughtfully lit with a match. As the herd approached, Jim cautiously withdrew from his lookout, picked up his bike and pedaled to The Point. The sky filled with gray clouds, it was getting a little chilly.

Maria was still standing under the canopy of the basement, washing shells. Jim would have liked to help her, but she had said earlier in the morning that she wanted to be alone and then hadn't bothered with him any further. So she stood under the canopy, took a handful of shells out of the wire basket, and laid them on the wooden board. Then she lifted the battered bucket and poured water over the shells before reaching with her gloved hand for the brushwood brush and began rubbing the shells down, one by one. The thick rubber

apron and rubber boots made her look fat and shapeless, yet Jim, as always, curiously tried to catch a glimpse of her chest bulging under the rubber apron. Mary was about 16 or 17 and had lived alone in the old fisherman's house since her parents died. She was the only one who was immediately willing to hide him and let him sleep on an old sheepskin on the floor. He came two days ago. In the evenings, when they went to sleep, he would tear open his eyes to see her naked as she lay down in bed.

"A flock of sheep is coming," Jim said, and since Mary still didn't look up, he continued, "The shepherd is driving his flock here!"

Maria nodded imperceptibly. She finished cleaning the shells that lay before her on the wooden board. Then she raised her eyes and stretched through, apparently only now feeling how much her back ached from slouching at this work. She put the wire basket in the corner, lifted the water bucket and rinsed the wooden board, wiping it clean with a rag. Jim went into the house while she hung the rubber apron on the hook and took off her rubber boots. She advanced a few steps to the small wall ledge and looked down at the shepherd and his sheep.

Prepare snack, said Mary, as she entered the living room and made herself at the stove. Apparently she was expecting the shepherd to visit, because she never usually made coffee in the afternoon. Jim wordlessly took the saucers and cups out of the cupboard, put coffee spoons on the saucers, and looked for the old porcelain bowl that held the sugar. Without bothering about him, Maria stripped naked and put on the simple housedress, washed her hands thoroughly, and then ran her fingers through her hair tidily, in between looking out the small window every now and then. Jim was surprised because she had not put on any underwear. The dress was much too small and much too tight for her, stretching across her buttocks and over her breasts. It stretched in the front by the buttons and you could see quite clearly under the stretched fabric that was pulled apart between the buttons that she was completely naked under the house dress. It was so short that it just covered her pubis.

The first sheep came bleating into the front yard and only a moment later the shepherd pushed open the door. The first raindrops glistened in his thick gray hair, now he shook off his shoes on the threshold and, muttering an indefinable greeting aloud, came rumbling in.

Maria also murmured a greeting and, coffee pot in hand, came to the table. The shepherd looked at Mary's body and Jim supposed to see a smile when he could see her nakedness under the dress. The shepherd sat down and put his bag down awkwardly, then, sitting up, he opened his jacket and peeled it out. Carelessly dropping it to the floor, he turned to the table, reached for the coffee spoon and took sugar and cream, then stirred for a long time. Mary had poured herself coffee as well. Jim got only a little milk. They sat in silence, each sipping and avoiding the other's gaze.

Jim did not listen very attentively when the shepherd broke the silence and reported about this and that. He watched Mary intently, for she played with her fingers and did not look up from her cup. Sometimes she hummed in agreement when the shepherd expected a response, but she remained silent as he told about the farmers and their cattle, the soldiers and the fighting, the people in the village, and all sorts of things. He nodded when she lifted the coffee pot and had his cup filled again. He talked and talked as he took sugar and cream, talking incessantly.

The coffee was drunk, the news and stories all told. Jim looked silently at Mary, who seemed to be waiting for the shepherd to finally leave. He noticed that she seemed restless and nervous inside, but he couldn't explain it, so her restlessness and nervousness gradually took possession of him, too. Then, as McGillian stood up, they all three stood up and the shepherd murmured a few words of thanks. He reached out his hand to Mary and unexpectedly pulled her close.

Well, always so alone? he asked, holding her with one hand. Maria wanted to escape him, but the old man was quite strong, Jim realized immediately. Well, how about it? the shepherd asked, reaching unashamedly for Maria's breast. She looked first at Jim, then nervously up at the shepherd. She shook her head vigorously as Jim

tried to jump forward, looked directly at him again, and shook her head decisively. The shepherd laughed and took a step sideways, then threw Mary backwards onto the bed. With a swiftness Jim would not have believed him capable of, he knelt beside Maria and held her down with one hand, with the other he fiddled with her skirt, palpated her thigh and courageously grasped under her skirt. Maria resolutely resisted and struggled free, but he grabbed her again and pulled her dress over her shoulder, exposing one breast. Grinning, he held her down and reached under her skirt again. With his other hand, he reached to his fly and unzipped it, reaching in and pulling out his cock.

Jim had backed up to the stove and was holding her breath, perplexed. Though distressed, Mary looked at him again from the side and shook her head. Her eyes widened, pleading for him to go out, but he simply could not. Her gaze begged him to look away, but he stood transfixed, unable to take his eyes off her. The shepherd held his cock with his hand and made moves to throw himself at Mary. But she pulled back, he crawled after her on his knees and greedily reached under her skirt again. It was soon clear that she would keep dodging him as he ventured closer. After three attempts, he gave up and remained kneeling on the edge of the bed. His hand, which he had slipped under her skirt, palpated her greedily and hastily. He gasped as the cock he was holding swelled more and more. Jim looked startled at this monstrosity, which was not particularly long, but very thick, with veins swelling thickly on the sides.

Unmoved, Mary looked at the shepherd who was greedily fingering her under her skirt, clutching his cock even tighter and beginning to rub. Jim could not see under her skirt from his position, for he was standing to the side of them on the other side of the room, but he knew she was naked underneath. Jim no longer understood anything, for Maria leaned back and smiled cynically as the old man now masturbated even more excitedly and wildly, his gaze fixed greedily under her skirt. Maria turned her face to Jim and looked at him calmly; he didn't know where to look and felt uncomfortable, felt a deep, dull ache in his chest. What the old man was doing was certainly not right and certainly not what Maria would have wanted.

But she seemed resigned to it for the moment. Jim went down to the basement, stood on a box and looked through the peephole.

McGillian was sliding his thick cock in and out of Maria's hole, much slower than the dogs Jim had watched fucking. Surprisingly, Maria seemed to enjoy it, at least she kept her eyes closed and rubbed the top of her hole with one finger. When she interrupted it, her face contorted into a grimace and she panted violently like the old shepherd, clawing at him. The Shepherd continued in the same beat and she smiled before rubbing her hole again. Jim stared at the bulges around her hole that clutched the thick cock. When she rubbed really fast, she contorted her face and then held onto him again, panting and twitching. This captivated Jim very much, the old man's thrusting seemed to please her better each time. This went on for a very long time, until Maria pushed him out of her hole quite unexpectedly and he squatted on his heels in front of her.

The old man squatted in front of her, his stare fixed between her spread thighs. Suddenly he spurted a bright jet between Maria's thighs, one—two more jets shot from his cock and slapped under her skirt. McGillian pulled in his shoulders as his viscous, thick slime dripped wearily onto the bed sheet. Maria scolded loudly that he was a pig and should leave immediately! He lowered his head and puffed heavily, then stowed his monstrosity in his pants and stood up. Wordlessly, he picked up his jacket and bag and left the house before Jim could have even counted to three.

Jim broke free of his torpor and walked up, around the bed toward Maria. McGillian is a pig, always has been, she muttered, putting a hand over her eyes so Jim wouldn't see her rising tears. She paid no attention to him, though he was standing right in front of the bed, staring curiously between her thighs. He was transfixed at the sight of the young girl hiding her face and her tears under her arm, lying there in the same position McGillian had left her: sprawled backward on the bed, her slender legs spread carelessly, her cunt exposed to his gaze.

Jim had sometimes seen her naked from a distance when she washed her body, and now he could not avert his gaze. White wet

streaks of McGillian's semen trailed across her thighs and pubic hair. She sat up with a jerk and diligently wiped herself without regard for Jim's presence. As she reached between her thighs, he stared in fascination at her dark-haired pubic and fleshy cleft, which she parted with two fingers and wiped clean with the sheet. "McGillian is a pig!" she repeated, "he comes over every few weeks. She sat patiently for a few more seconds, feeling his childish–curious gaze resting on her. After a few moments, she rose quickly and smoothed out her skirt. She made her way to the table.

Jim mused, wondering if McGillian had been there before and if Maria hadn't known exactly what to expect. Jim was almost bowled over by the thought; the thought that she might have expected something very different if he hadn't been there. As if reading his mind, Mary shook her head in denial and looked him firmly in the eye. Jim pulled his head in between his shoulders, for he did not believe her and feared that she might see it in him.

He would do God–knows what to me if he could, she muttered, but if he just wants to relieve himself, then so be it, for my sake! Mary turned away, hiding the tears that were welling up in her anger.

Jim ran out, paying no attention to the rain that was whipping in his face, ran up the hill and from there back down a bit, to one of his favorite places. He sat there for a very long time, fighting his tears and trying to hold them back. He looked out to sea through the cheerless, gray rain and followed his thoughts. McGillian was a pig, but Jim had seen the thick, enormous cock and was disappointed because he instinctively compared his own to it. The deep conviction that he would never have such a huge cock took the fourteen-year-old's breath away for a moment.

And then Maria. The ache in his chest turned to corrosive venom as his thoughts carried him away rapidly and he realized that McGillian probably handled Maria differently when he, Jim, was not around. Vaguely, he imagined McGillian thrusting his thick cock into Maria's fleshy cleft, but he dismissed the thought immediately, for Maria was not that kind! Still, he couldn't shake the idea that McGillian was sticking his cock in Maria's crack and had certainly

done it before his time. All too clearly he saw Maria willingly spreading her cleft with two fingers, saw the monster cock plunge in and squirt again and again. Jim was suddenly quite sure that Maria had delayed putting his cock in this time only because he was there, because he was there as a witness. Quite sure, because the old man was allowed to stick it in as soon as he disappeared into the cellar.

He felt envy, anger and jealousy rising inside him. Had not Maria, from a certain moment, virtually challenged the old man? Was it coincidence or calculation that she wore nothing under her dress? Had she not willingly given him a glimpse of her most intimate, was she not careless, indecent and provocative in her nakedness? Wasn't she quite satisfied as the old man slid his cock in and out of her hole, as she rubbed her hole, all the way?

Jim's mind ran through the connection between the rubbing and the squirting, suddenly realizing that the childish groping of his own cock was related to this rubbing. Until now, when he had secretly played with himself, there always came a moment when he was struck by a violent pulling and a strong need to pee; that was then always the end of the game. Now he was convinced that one had to give in to the need to pee, as McGillian had done, and that one was allowed to squirt Maria up one's skirt, even though it made one a pig. Sort of.

Jim was crying, feeling raindrops and tears trickling down his cheeks. He had seen Mary naked for the first time with his heart pounding violently, seen her naked up close, seen her cunt and the dark cleft, and he had seen it at a shameful moment, a moment that felt disgusting and dirty to him. He could have killed McGillian in his rage, but Mary's behavior puzzled him, for he could not understand how she had invited him to this mess with tiny gestures, yet herself. Jim's gaze wandered over the gray desert into which the rain was turning the sea, and he wept until darkness fell.

The Commissioner

Jim was afraid to look Maria in the eye afterwards. She was puzzled for a moment, then turned to her work in disappointment, ignoring his presence. In the evening Jim crept like a whipped dog into his corner, the corner he had claimed for himself from the beginning, and arranged the old sheepskin and the remains of the old winter coat as a place to sleep, as he did every night, then he crawled into it and held his breath.

Hitherto he had rarely dared to look at Maria undressing in the evening. Now he blinked timidly from under the old winter coat while Maria washed her face and hands in the wash bowl. She turned down the wick of the kerosene lamp a little, then undressed completely. Jim, who could only dimly see her, breathed excitedly and heard the roaring in his ears, the pounding in his chest as she was seen naked for a few tiny moments before slipping into bed. Wordlessly, she turned the wick until the light went out.

Jim lay still, listening into the darkness. He felt under his pants for his cock. He saw Mary's nakedness in front of him and rubbed gently, but when the strong pissing sensation came, he stopped; he was too afraid to continue. The blood continued to rush in his ears until he fell asleep.

The next day, Maria was already down in the mudflats when he awoke. He looked for her in vain and ran to the rocky outcrop overlooking the sea. When he spotted her, he ran down the rocky path and walked through the wet, black mud to her. She looked up only briefly and then proceeded to comb the mud for shells with the rake. Jim stood there undecided for a moment, then spotted the second rake, quickly picked it up, and now in turn began to comb the mud for shells and other creatures. They worked wordlessly side by side, filling first one, then the second wire basket. Jim, who was working a little slower than Maria anyway, watched the scrambling and crawling in the wire basket for a while before continuing. When the second basket was filled, Maria straightened up and braced one hand on her hip, stretching and moving to shake off the back pain.

Wordlessly they walked home, Maria carrying both baskets, Jim the rakes and the stick she used to better distribute the animals in the baskets. The strong rising wind had brought clouds with it, it was getting cutting cold. The first raindrops fell as they took the last steps up the trail. Mary put the baskets down under the canopy and went into the house. Jim glanced up at the stump of the decaying lighthouse before tending to the rakes and cane under the porch roof. When he entered, he saw that Mary had put water on the stove and had washing utensils such as soap, towel, and comb ready. He turned without a word and went out again, because if she was washing, he had no business being there. He walked slowly around the lighthouse and sat down under a boulder that offered him shelter from the rain.

Under the gray rain clouds, a black, ominous-looking cloud bank crept in, the wind seeming to push it along at breakneck speed. The rain pelted down harder and harder and it was getting dark, even though it was only noon. A storm was brewing, bringing the surf deep below him to a boil and lashing it several feet high. The rain pelted the rocks uncomfortably hard and the bursting drops sprayed him wet. The door opened and Mary poured the water from the wash bowl onto the lawn. Jim stood up shivering and walked to the house.

Maria didn't look up when he entered. She was preparing dinner, so Jim took off his wet shoes and jacket, hung them neatly on the hook, and prepared two plates and cutlery on the table. You don't have to go out when I'm washing, Maria said, you're old enough to see me naked. After a pause, you already have, then Maria fell silent. Silently they avoided each other, as they had done before, but now the silence was overshadowed by disgust at McGillian's messes. As Jim poured water from the pitcher into the cups and their bodies touched, his hand trembled. Mary noticed, but kept silent and attended to the porridge of flour grits and oatmeal she was warming on the stove. They ate silently, and when they had finished, Jim got up quickly and took the plates to the sink. Without words he took the kitchen rag and carefully wiped the plates and silverware, dried them with a dry kitchen towel and took care of them. Maria remained seated, sometimes looking out the window. The mussels will have to stay put, she thought, because the weather was increasingly

deteriorating and becoming a storm. Unexpectedly, she got up and lay down on the bed, turned her face to the wall and soon fell asleep.

Jim watched the storm through the window, but kept glancing over at the sleeping Mary, looking at the curves of her body that showed under the old, worn house dress. He got red ears and felt his heart beating up to his throat, because he only had to close his eyes to see her naked in front of him. I'm old enough to see her naked, Jim thought. Time passed, the rain pelted heavily against the windows, and Jim daydreamed about Maria's nakedness, McGillian's mess, and his conflicted feelings. He didn't know how much time had passed when the loud pounding against the door jolted him out of his reverie. He hastily jumped up and hid behind the door. There was another thump, Maria woke up and while she was rising, the door was opened. The uniformed, cowardly inspector stood dripping wet under the door and grinned.

Such a mess! he cursed, then took off his dripping cap and nodded to Maria: So then, a good day!

Good day, Maria replied, stroking her dress, come on in! She stood by the stove to put on coffee. The commissar hung his wet rubber jacket and cap on the hook, then sat down wide-legged at the table. He didn't notice Jim, who was ducking behind the box. Maria took the plate of dry old cookies from the kitchen shelf and set it on the table in front of the commissioner, then sat down opposite him and waited. They were silent until the coffee water boiled, then she got up and prepared the coffee, two spoons of instant powder, two pills of sweetener and a little milk. For herself, she took only instant powder, no sweetener and no milk. She sat down again, stirred in her cup and waited.

I know the boy is with you, said the commissioner, and in his voice there was a subliminal insidious threat. His little eyes, which did not match his fat and chubby face at all, looked unsteady. He could only look into her clear eyes for a fraction of a second, then he looked away again. Of course, he had noticed immediately that she was naked under the short house dress.

Maria shook her head and said nothing. She put the cup to her lips and took a tiny sip. She had to buy time, for she had such an inkling of what he was up to. She looked at him closely again and the fleeting thought that flashed through her brain disgusted her. She set the cup down hard.

I saw him, I saw the two of you, in the mudflats, this morning. His way of spitting out the words, choppy and chaotically strung together, made him seem uncertain and stupid. Maria still said nothing, but when he looked at her briefly, she shook her head. There was a long silence, no one said anything.

Why are you hiding him? asked the commissioner, blinking for a moment before continuing: "I don't understand what you get out of it. You're hiding him, and you can't do that! I could lock you up for that, you know!?" He straightened his shoulders to look a little more official.

"I'm going to take him with me, I'm not going to be stupid and walk all the way through the rain to come home empty handed!?" he said loudly, suddenly and unexpectedly reaching behind the closet with his hand. He caught Jim by the sleeve and dragged him out without taking his eyes off Maria. "There he is, our runaway!" he grinned and held the fidgeting boy.

Maria sat frozen and silent for a few seconds, then put her hand on Jim's shoulder and said softly: "He wants to be with me," else she said nothing. The commissioner glared at her insidiously. His iron-hard grip loosened for a moment, and Jim used that moment to slip away from his grasp. Nimble as a weasel, he ran to the door and out into the rain. After a few steps he stopped as if thunderstruck. Mary had spoken for him and now he abandoned her, leaving him alone with the brutal guy. He turned and walked towards the cellar. He groped carefully down the wet steps and stopped where he had already watched McGillian and her, where one could see through a hole in the masonry into the living room. Half a stone had broken out next to the stove, so Jim could see over part of the room, namely the table and the bed, but the box and the door could not be seen.

The commissioner was still laughing and slapping his thighs. "Like a rat!" he exclaimed, laughing again. Maria sat mute and stiff in her chair. The commissioner calmed down and looked at her slyly. "I'll take him away!" he said threateningly and Jim could see Maria wince.

Her whisper was so low that Jim almost couldn't hear it: "Please, leave him to me!" The commissar leaned back and looked at her, confident of victory: "What are you offering?" he asked, and the sudden silence lay like lead in the room. The two stared at each other hostilely.

Maria was silent at first, then she sighed and shrugged helplessly. "Everything!" She whispered, looking sheepishly at the tabletop. Her fingers were intertwined and she moved them involuntarily, grinding with them, and the desperation that spoke from her posture made her seem hard and aloof. The commissioner grinned wryly and nodded, slapping his thigh and nodding approvingly, as if they had just struck an important bargain.

"Well, come here then!" grinned the commissioner. Maria hesitated, but stood up, took a step around the table and stopped next to the commissioner. His right hand went in a flash along her thigh up under her skirt and lifted it a little bit, greedily groping for her exposed pubic. She reached defensively for his hand and pulled free of him. She stood quietly for a moment, holding his paw, then released him and walked over to the bed, shoulders drooping. Jim held his breath as she lowered herself onto the bed with her eyes closed. The commissioner had already jumped up and walked over to her, in one fluid motion he slipped his suspenders over his shoulders and lowered his pants to his ankles.

Jim almost cried out as he understood everything. Or at least understood what was going on now; because how the whole thing had come about over the last few months between Maria and the horny commissioner or the horny shepherd, he had no way of knowing, he had only been with her for a few days. He felt a thick lump in his throat as he looked over at the bed through his peephole again. Maria said loudly that he shouldn't lie on top of her, he was

too heavy. He couldn't see Maria's face right away because the headboard was at the other end, but he saw her thighs and her hips and the hand with which she was slowly unbuttoning the house dress. His heart raced when he could see her naked cleft in her hairy pubic. Then the broad back of the massive commissioner obscured his view for a moment, groaning as he knelt on the bed. His massive butt tensed as he grabbed Maria's legs left and right and wrapped her thighs around his hips. Jim could see between his thighs Maria's dark pubic hair and wet glistening cleft. He had to pull himself together not to go crazy, because one thing he knew: now the unspeakable would happen again, now the cock would bore into Maria's cleft.

It took a very long time. The commissioner pushed and pushed Maria, who was lying on her back with her eyes closed. He changed her position more and more, lifting her legs higher and higher. Jim's heart was hammering with anger and fear for Maria, but still he stood frozen and watched, just had to watch. He felt ashamed because his fear and indignation were covered by an indomitable curiosity. He saw Maria's face every few moments. She kept her eyes closed and looked transfixed. Between the commissioner's broad thighs he saw his balls dangling back and forth, but as he lifted Maria higher he also saw his cock burrowing into Maria's cleft. It was certainly a little smaller than McGillian's, about the size of his own. Jim didn't want to look too closely at first, but curiosity got the better of him. Maria's crack was wet, she was rubbing her hole really fast and the commissioner was fucking her really hard. His ass cheeks suddenly tightened, he stopped thrusting and held Maria's legs very tightly. Maria made a quick movement with her abdomen that made the cock, which was just starting to throb and pump, slide out of her hole. His whitish sauce squirted and ran down her thighs as the commissioner cursed profanely.

"That doesn't count, that was only half!" the commissioner grumbled and cursed again. He was beside himself and insulted Maria with mean words. Jim's heart clenched in fear because he didn't know what exactly had been going on and why the commissioner was so angry with Maria. The commissioner was still kneeling in front of her and holding her down, whispering

incessantly in Maria's ear. Jim could not understand anything, but he could see that she kept shaking her head in denial. The commissar continued to whisper and Maria listened with her eyes closed. Then quite a while passed in complete silence.

Again the commissar whispered. After a while Maria moved, her hand groped along the corrupt commissioner's massive body and touched his half-stiff cock. Thoughtfully she stroked and rubbed it until it stiffened again surprisingly quickly. The commissioner gasped with satisfaction and knelt up again, penetrating Maria's hole brutally with a jerk. Maria gasped in fright, the cop thrusting and thrusting mercilessly as he fucked, and Maria pleaded in a low voice for him to please—please not cum inside! Jim could not take his eyes off the sight of her naked hole, which she was rubbing hard as before, with the wet cock driving wildly inside. This time it took quite a long time, and Jim suddenly heard Maria. She had only gasped loudly at first, now she was making sounds he had never heard before.

Jim suspected more than he knew that the cop was now going to spew his white juice into her, that he was going to squirt his disgusting slime in despite her pleading. The commissioner tensed up, and Jim saw that he only pulled his cock halfway out until his glans was stuck in her hole, jerking and spurting into Maria's hole. The commissar continued to fuck her after that; she reared up and let out small, sharp cries, pounding his back and tugging on him like a drowning woman as her abdomen writhed twitchingly. Again he fucked for a very long time while Maria rubbed her hole and did not stop making those sounds. The big, heavy man held Maria ironclad, pushed his cock very deep into her hole and mercilessly squirted his seed into the defenseless one, even though she made plaintive wailing sounds as he squirted. Jim watched Maria, a smile unexpectedly appearing on her contorted face. He looked at her wet, quivering hole and watched her abdomen twitch violently a few more times, suddenly seeing the wild lust and pleasure she obviously felt as she fucked. The commissioner's shrunken cock slipped out and he rolled wearily to the side. Maria sobbed restrainedly, though her abdomen still quivered a very tiny bit with pleasure, then lay still as well. Jim was puzzled because, contrary to his expectations, she was fondling the commissioner's hairy chest.

“You squirted in anyway,” she said reproachfully, “what if I get pregnant?” The commissioner shrugged and said snappishly, then it was old Mac! They were silent for a long time, then he said that he knew exactly when the horny old man visited her to drink coffee. Drinking coffee! he murmured insinuatingly.

After he had dressed again and turned to go, he said back over his shoulder that if he came back in a week, the boy would be gone, or else.... He did not finish the sentence and left.

Jim becomes a man

Before they had gone to bed at night, Jim had looked at her nakedness with a pounding heart as she washed. He felt entitled to do so; she had allowed it, after all! Washing her vagina and labia, she made sure that he could look at everything closely. She washed her cunt very long because of the cop's squirting. She got into bed and turned out the light.

After a while Maria said into the silence, "I can hear you rubbing yourself!" Jim's heart almost stopped, then he whispered plaintively, "Yes, but it does not work!" There was a pause, then she struck a match and lit the wick. She threw back the blanket and said, come on! She looked at his hard-on as he lay with her. Jim quivered as their naked bodies touched. Maria pushed the blanket to the floor so they were both naked next to each other and reached for his cock. Very gently she gave him a handjob and after a short while he was squirting, just like with the widow! The silly peeing sensation didn't come, just a violent, pleasurable thrusting as he squirted.

Maria caressed his cock and stroked his face. They whispered how nice the first time was for him — that the widow made him squirt regularly, he concealed. Maria did not have a particularly pretty face, on the contrary, but a slim, beautiful body and firm, round breasts. She took his hand and guided him all over her body. You must know how a girl feels and showed him how to caress her breasts. Later she guided his hand to her pubic and explained everything to him. Labia majora, labia minora and the vagina, which he should feel very carefully. Then she guided his finger further, this is the clit, we girls rub it for our pleasure, but we don't squirt like you guys. She guided his finger and showed him how girls rub their clit. Then she let go of his finger and told him to keep doing it. She does it every night, if he never heard her before? but he shook his head in denial. Maybe because I rub myself and don't hear anything because I fall asleep right away, he added.

Jim had gotten hard rubbing her clit and whispered that he wanted to be a pig too. Don't get it, she said, and he whispered, a pig

like McGillian and the commissioner, they got to do her, after all, and be pigs. “I’m so grateful to you that you didn’t give me up to the stinking commissioner and let him inside you in return. Squirt in the vagina, he added, and she hugged him warmly.

It didn’t matter to her at all that he wasn’t even fifteen yet. He was big, strong and smarter than some 16-year olds in her village. She was, after all, not quite 16 yet either, and had only been able to hold her own in her small crowd of admirers by giving the hormone-addled boys a hand job when they were unstoppable in their lechery. Only a few – there were two – were allowed to fuck her after McGillian had brutally deflowered her before her 13th birthday. She had been crying because her parents had died in an accident just a few months earlier. It was also McGillian who took her violently two or three times a month and she gradually got used to it, even though she deeply detested him.

Maria was already slightly aroused from the stroking and clit rubbing and knew exactly what he wanted, but she said she wanted to hear it from him herself. After a short pause he whispered, “into your vagina, with my cock in your vagina.” She nodded and motioned for him to lie on top of her. With one hand she directed his cock and Jim was so overwhelmed that he immediately squirted. Maria laughed brightly and told him to take a little more time, but leave it in her vagina. “It squirted in,” he whispered in panic, but she reassured him, at your age you can’t get a girl pregnant yet. She stroked his buttocks and whispered, we’ll wait until it goes again. Whispering she told him everything, the masturbating since childhood, the rapes by McGillian and the many handjobs, and of the two boys she had fucked. The whispered stories and the caressing of her butt cheeks excited him and after a few minutes he stiffened again. Now he could fuck again and Maria rubbed her clit. Go ahead and pleasure yourself, he commented completely redundantly and she nodded with a smile. Despite his concentration on fucking, he watched her very closely as she orgasmed and after a short while continued to masturbate. The scales fell from his eyes: Maria’s masturbation was exactly like the widow’s chafing! How stupid he must have been not to realize it!

Maria used the pauses wisely and enlightened him very comprehensively about sexuality, for he had to admit that he had never been enlightened before and had only picked up a bit of knowledge in passing. Including all the misinformation, Maria growled. I'll explain everything to you in detail and if you don't understand something right away, just ask, she added mildly. Child-making and child-bearing, genitals and their functions, venereal diseases and contraception, female and male masturbation. She was a true Gael and the stupidities of the Victorian way of life did not find their way into her culture. Sex was not just for making babies, but for experiencing physical pleasure. Masturbation was not a sin, but a normal, acceptable and healthy function. Here she criticized Janet for the first time, but relented for his sake, saying that bigotry and babbling about sins were outmoded and not conducive to bringing pleasure to people. Jim swallowed and nodded, for that Janet was a little mad he knew, of course. But she was his benefactor and virtually his mother. Mary hugged him and comforted him. Not only did she have exceptional social skills, but she was at the top of her class, even though she could only go to school three days a week because of work. Jim knew it and was grateful to her for her precise enlightenment.

They screwed until dawn.

When McGillian came by again, he experienced his painful miracle. Jim took the shepherd's crook out of his hand under the door and smashed it across the skull of the completely surprised man. He held him on the ground with the staff on his chest and yelled at him that he had better never come back or else — he threatened with the staff. The old man was bleeding from a slight head wound. Get out of here and never come back! Jim yelled and kicked him in the balls three or four times.

Maria had turned to a wise woman about getting pregnant and was now drinking her tea and smearing the ointment into her vagina when the commissioner came. He came completely in vain, because the boy was gone. He remained as if he had disappeared from the face of the earth. Probably McGillian had drunk too much again when he claimed that Jim had almost killed him. Still, the

superintendent fucked Maria every week; she couldn't get him away from that. Jim watched through the peephole and suppressed his anger, though he was glad Maria was protected with tea and ointment. She knew he was hiding in a chest in the basement, of course, but he had also figured out that she had no idea about the peephole; he would have to confess it to her later.

She didn't care that the inspector took more time and did it twice. She concentrated on masturbating while he thrust and enjoyed each orgasm that made her smile. When he came to squirt in her vagina, she clutched him tightly and smiled because she enjoyed fucking and masturbating thinking of Jim doing it much better. Despite everything, she didn't resist the commissioner anymore and enjoyed being fucked, she liked it a lot. She kept her eyes lowered when he called her ugly toad or disgusting whore after fucking her. She knew who was the toad here.

Despite this, he came back every week because the young girl, who lived all alone on the coast, was easy prey and didn't fight back. Jim was incensed every time the commissioner fucked Maria and contemplated revenge. Then, a flash of inspiration! Maria, who now always knew when the commissioner was coming, coated her vagina with pepper powder, paprika and poisonous yellow rosehip, even though it burned like hell. After fucking, the cock swelled painfully, after hours it got itchy pustules. The commissioner's cock continued to burn for weeks, he cursed like a cab driver and was sure that she had infected him with something.

He never came back.

The widow's delight

After weeks came good news. The old baron had gone through all the eyewitnesses of the boxing match and had come to a different conclusion. Guilty was his son, who had yanked a girl — it was Maria — by the hair and pushed her to the ground because she refused to give him a hand job. Jim had only intervened in chivalrous fashion, one word following another, and in the ensuing scuffle Jim had knocked the baron's son to the ground with a broken, bleeding nose. The baron — who was not fond of his son anyway, because his dying wife confessed to him on her deathbed that her son was the fruit of her decades-long affair with her confessor — so the baron resolutely went to court and withdrew his complaint. The Baron wrote a long letter to Jim and enclosed a copy of the court order, gave it to a friend of Jim's who, of course, knew exactly where Maria lived and that Jim was probably with her. Jim did a happy dance with Maria when they read it. There were still a few weeks of school vacation, but he biked to the nearest small village to the pay phone. The widow Plunkett was very pleased that he was well and of course she had kept his room free for him to just come. He told her the approximate date when he could return.

Jim was happy to help Maria with the work and she was able to sell more mussels and crabs than ever before. With the extra income they beautified the old fishing hut, which had only one living room, bought a nice, bigger bed, chairs and renewed many utensils. The time to say goodbye was approaching and Jim promised to cycle the 12km to her every weekend. So, after heavy fucking, kisses and hugs, he swung himself onto his bike and set off.

The widow received him like the prodigal son, because the young widow for a good ten years lived in a bigoted, biblical world, probably not an hour passed without at least a silent push prayer. *She almost never went to church. She was only 36 years old and would probably like to have a new husband, but her bigotry and the haggard, sad face made all suitors turn cock. And — that could be safely assumed — since the death of her husband she had quite a*

roof damage — bigotry, the incessant praying and her totally twisted sexual ideas included! At the death of her husband she was barely 25 and her sexuality had only just awakened, she had hardly touched her clitoris before and now she masturbated as often as sinful desire forced her to, daily. She stayed alone for the first few months, but then she allowed herself to be invited to dinner three or four times a week. As was the custom in those days, the cavaliers expected sex afterwards as a reward. For the Widow Janet this was no problem, she willingly gave handjobs or let him squirt in her mouth. Fucking she did not want in any case, but if he wanted to caress her pubic, then he was allowed, gladly. They all groped her cunt, rubbed her clit haphazardly or explored her little hole while she masturbated and let his cock squirt in her mouth. She didn't let any of them fuck, she made that clear to all of them from the start.

Once only, she was tempted. The suitor was a thoroughly nice and pleasant person, in the car he palpated her cunt even before she touched his cock. What he was doing was masterful and gasping with effort she listened that his wife much preferred masturbating and never wanted to be fucked. He seemed a little puzzled himself, but he had never fucked his wife, even on their wedding night she only wanted to be fucked in the mouth as she had from the beginning of their acquaintance. In her vagina he had never fucked, because she did not want to give up her virginity and was terrified of pregnancy or childbirth. She had never really fucked a man before. He almost always fucked and squirted in her mouth, she really liked the violence involved. He had no idea why she loved his violence in rough mouth fucking so much, but she was crystal clear in her desires. She gagged and gasped with pleasure when he held her head roughly by her hair and fucked her mouth very hard like a steam engine. She pressed her lips together very tightly with a distorted grin to give him a nice fucking experience. She had learned very early to suppress gagging as his big cock poked quite deep in her throat. But she wanted it, she wanted it badly with a bit of force, she literally forced him to do it. She did everything she could not to hurt his cock, but mostly she bit his cock very gently as he squirted, he seemed to like that. A blissful glow slid over her face when she swallowed his cum. Only very rarely did she give him a

handjob. She herself masturbated insanely often and had taught him over time everything how to masturbate a woman properly. Since he was a wealthy merchant and she did not have to work, she always had time for masturbating.

He rubbed Janet while he told all this, and she had already orgasmed twice, gasping and moaning with pleasure. Now he was silent, concentrating on her clit and gradually rubbing her to the best orgasm in a long time. She cringed as she screamed in orgasm like she was out of her mind! He grinned in satisfaction as she calmed down. Letting a man cum in her mouth to finish the handjob and swallow the cum was fine with her, but getting fucked in the mouth seemed too violent to her from his description. She flatly refused, even though he was offended. Nevertheless, she was highly aroused and wanted to be fucked. She had gone years without, now she felt a burning, pulling desire in her sinful abdomen. She wrestled with her bigoted conscience as to whether this was adultery. She finally said he could fuck her, really fuck her! He looked up in amazement and she affirmed, you may fuck in my vagina! Quickly she took off her panties, lay on her back and willingly opened her thighs. He turned out to be a terrible klutz, he just didn't find her hole, his cock poked and prodded between her labia, didn't find the vaginal entrance of course and after a few moments of senseless thrusting pressed his glans on her hole. Without penetrating further, he thrust his thick glans at the vaginal entrance, thrusting and thrusting, finally bringing the tip of the glans into the vagina. Almost instantly he spurted at it, squirting his seed grunting into her little hole. She felt the squirting in her vagina for the first time in her widow's life, felt each jet of semen as it squirted in and bit her lips in delight — maybe she had just conceived? He thrust and squirted for a very long time, much longer than her deceased. She had few comparisons, of course; Phil or her husband were the only ones whose squirting she knew. But she felt that he had squirted a great deal of semen into her vagina, certainly enough to impregnate her! He immediately went limp and mumbled with satisfaction that he hadn't fucked that great in a long time! Janet didn't have to ask long, he had never fucked a woman properly before, only in the mouth. Janet hugged him tightly, seriously believing that she had to finally get pregnant from so

much semen, and praised his fucking effusively. She straightened her clothes and wordlessly let him take her home.

She hung her head when later stuttering menstruation, which came only every few months, dashed her hopes. Over the next year she met him three or four more times, helping him with her hand to insert his thick club into the little hole and asking him to squirt as much as he could. She liked him to fuck her for quite a long time and thrust as brutally as a steam hammer. He grabbed her buttocks to squirt and lifted them so that her constricted vagina opened like a flower and squirted his seed in endlessly. She gave him a break, then he had to fuck her again. But the second time he had very little semen, although he fucked her again for a very long time, just like the first time. She ended this experiment, he just couldn't get her pregnant. Never again she wanted to let a cavalier get so close to her, but she discarded her resolution on the first day. She let herself be fucked by everyone and enjoyed it very much when the suitor fucked her for a very long time like a fucking machine and her vagina overflowed with semen. When the market was sucked dry of squirts and she still didn't have a child, she decided to take in a child, later maybe to adopt.

At dinner with Jim, she drank two or three glasses of wine, white or red, as she did every night. A friend had told her that the white wine strengthened the pectoral muscles, the red the loins. In any case, she experienced the wine as exciting and it stimulated her sexually in the most pleasant way, which was just fine with her. After dinner they sat at the table for a long time and Jim had to report everything. He did, in great detail, but revealed nothing about Maria's identity. The widow listened to him with a flushed face, he told about the rapes by the shepherd and the policeman, and of course how he had gradually learned to fuck. He did it on purpose, because now he knew that she was getting her pleasure every night with the chafing.

At the end he thought he could fuck pretty well and touched her blouse, her breasts. She pushed his hand away, blushing. She

blushed even more when he said that if she needed it, he would be happy to do it to her, very happy. Of course, only if she wanted it. As if to prove it, he took out his semi-stiff cock so the widow could see that it was now as big as a grown man's.

Of course she knew his cock. After all, before he ran away, she had bathed him every night for the past two years. He quickly gave up his attempts to masturbate, the violent palpitations and threatening need to pee deterring him. She remembered the first night she brought Jim home. Sitting on the stool in the bathroom, she had only an old, tattered housedress on, nothing else. She was sometimes careful not to spread her thighs too wide; she owed it to her shamefulness. After each effort at bathing her new child, she admonished herself to close her thighs again demurely. He allowed himself to be lathered and washed all over while bathing, his eyes wandering greedily and surreptitiously over her half-exposed body. She made him stand up and washed his bottom and scrotum conscientiously. She carefully pulled the foreskin all the way back and removed the bit of smegma. She wanted to know from him if he wanted to do it now that he was so stiff and erect? If he didn't want to rub himself and cum where his cock was almost bursting with semen pressure? But he had not really understood the question and said he had never done it himself. Only once, when his home mate Eva had shown him her sex and explained about fucking, he had to try rubbing, but he had stopped right away, because of the palpitations. Eva had then done it to him with her hand, because he was too cowardly to fuck Eva properly. That was his first and only squirt, he said with a trusting look in his eyes.

He shook his head when Janet asked if he didn't sometimes do this sin in secret? Only after much questioning did he stammer that it squirted on its own in his dreams at night when he dreamed of Eva's sex and her masturbating. He had to admit during Janet's interrogation that he had not seen Eva's masturbating directly because she always did it under the covers. She usually willingly let him look at her sex and fondle him as often as he wanted. But when

he peeked curiously under the covers, she stopped immediately. He was, of course, smart enough to sit at Eva's feet and lift the blanket with his toes. He had a good view of her legs, her thighs and her cunt of course. In the long run, of course, it was too boring for him, her finger rotated in circles,.... so what? Sometimes fast, sometimes slow her finger rotated on the hole, but nothing else happened. Actually, he would have expected that she would have to somehow reach into her hole with her fingers to perform the miracle there. No, the stupid finger just rotated in circles. There was no miracle at all! He didn't understand the principle of masturbation at all then, Janet noted in amazement.

Almost every night it splashed all by itself, he complained, in the middle of the dream, when he dreamed of Eva straining madly and the ceiling shaking very quickly. Janet now questioned him quite vigorously, he had to tell her about Eva in great detail. She made him repeat all the details three times, trying to see Eva's cunt and masturbation with her eyes closed. Janet thoughtfully stroked his erection and said that if he rubbed himself, it was a sin, a great sin! But if she did it to him, then he was not sinning and she could continue to love him as an innocent child. He squinted into her cleavage from above, for he could not get enough of her breasts and teats. What luck he had! A pretty, very pretty woman took him in, bathed him gently and he could see her teats, her breasts on the very first day! And because she kept spreading her thighs indecently, he could see her pubic hair and cleft quite clearly under her thin house dress He would much rather she did him, he said timidly, squinting at her large, heavy breasts. No palpitations, no need to pee and very fine squirting!, he said, squinting at her tiny, pointy teats. She stroked his cock ever so lightly and repeated that his innocence was all important to her, so she would do it for him, that way he didn't have to sin! She had become aroused while arguing and her thighs opened unseemly wide. He must not make this sin of rubbing himself, he had to promise firmly. He squinted at her pubic cleft and promised softly. And he had to promise to come to her in the bedroom immediately in the night, if it splashed again in the dream by itself. Then the pressure of the semen would be much too great and he would run the risk of sinning! He would have to let her

release him from the semen pressure and not Do the sin. He nodded silently and swallowed several times, now she closed her thighs. She looked into his eyes questioningly for a very long time and held his erect cock very still in her hand. He didn't know what she was going to ask and looked at her hand holding his cock. She started rubbing him slowly, getting faster and faster. She masturbated him repeatedly and let him squirt one after another time until he went limp after more than an hour. He stared unblinkingly at her pubic cleft, as she strained properly and her thighs opened. This first bath day was incredibly surprising and horny! Now he was sneaking up on her every other night with his cock dripping, often even when it hadn't spurted at all. She was glad that he couldn't see her nakedness in the pitch dark bedroom, because that was considered unchaste in her twisted mind. He shyly felt his way through her pubic hair and placed his fingers on her pubic cleft while she rubbed his cock. She determinedly released him from the sexual pressure until the suffering of the erection was over. She slid his fingers from her pubic cleft and sent him to his room to sleep.

Of course she knew his cock. She had always cleaned it conscientiously when she bathed him, rubbing his cock with the soft, lathery bath sponge for as long as it was really firm. He squirted into the bath sponge rather quickly, but afterward she continued to rub him determinedly to clean him properly and empty his seed. She had to keep his pure, untainted soul from sinful masturbation as long as she could, and relieved him every other day. She had made up this nonsense herself, but by now she firmly believed it and emphatically passed it on to Jim. On the days between baths, he would wait until the rubbing sounds from her bedroom became quite rapid, then sneak into her bedroom. Before she had even breathed her Amen!, he clutched her twitching abdomen and waited until her twitching subsided and she attended to him. He succeeded more and more often, to slip under her covers and clasp her abdomen so early that he caught the beginning of her twitching. Then only came the Amen! She warned him hoarsely that he must not touch her cunt now, not now at the Amen!, but mostly he did it anyway, but it was nothing special, she just pressed her hand

protectively on her violently grinding pussy. Now he crept to her even earlier and discovered that the sounds were coming from her rapidly chafing hand, just like Eve's, only her hand was rotating up and down instead of in a circle. She did not stop chafing until her abdomen jerked. He was too innocent and naive to unravel the wonder, to correctly classify the chafing, he knew nothing about masturbating. Was it wantonness or horniness when she sometimes pressed his glans between her labia while squirting and let it squirt into her vaginal vestibule, as Phyllis did then? It was clearly her unchaste desire when she spread wide and pressed the tip of his glans into her little hole, the glans itself was much too thick and did not fit in her little hole. She rubbed it really hard and his semen squirted into the little hole. Anyway, he never noticed, he only thought about squirting. She was quite sure that he never noticed that she let him squirt into her little hole, at least she hoped so. This jockey-position was finally the one they both liked, she masturbated like a man and sometimes let him squirt in her vaginal vestibule or in her little hole. But it only worked in the completely darkened bedroom where they couldn't see each other and there was nothing unchaste about him clutching her naked abdomen or rubbing his little sack against her convulsions. Where she did not have to hide her body whipped by sinful desire, her unchaste desire. They both couldn't see any of their mutual nakedness, so it wasn't bad unchastity either. Basta!

She sometimes questioned him gently about what he thought about her chafing, but the innocent boy really didn't think it was masturbation, it was just as boring as Eva's grinding, he said disparagingly. It sounded unbelievable, but it was just like that. In time he came to her very early and sat on her like a jockey even before she began to masturbate. Her finger rubbed the clit very slowly and at the same time his little sack, which he pressed firmly on her pussy. Her finger always rubbed up and down, never sideways or in circles. She always started slowly, up and down, and slowly increased. Only at the end did she wipe as fast as she could. Then only one finger remained firmly on the clit, the others she spread off and rubbed very quickly from the wrist. Not infrequently

he had to squirt during this fast fanning. That usually triggered her orgasm as well and she happily clutched his wet cock for as long as she orgasmed.

She had explained to him the first time that it was nothing sexual, it was something natural when she made him squirt. All godly women like her did it, she boldly claimed, so that their boys would remain innocent and did not sin. Jim nodded briskly, for even if he didn't understand her thinking, it was good and fine what godly women did for the salvation of their boys. She did not sin and murmur the *Purge Me Domine*, she did a good and godly work because he did not have to do the sinful masturbation himself. She knew it from her blessed husband how much the sexual pressure drove men to sinful masturbation. She explained all this to him again and again, because that was what she wanted to believe herself. Of course, she was not as free in the brightly lit bathroom as she was in the dark bedroom where unchastity could not be seen. The darkness hid everything, no one could see when their naked bodies and private parts touched indecently, or when his erect cock inadvertently poked her labia when the jockey mounted her; she sometimes suspected that it was not accidental. The darkness hid everything when she chafed or made him squirt. The darkness covered the horniness and her sinful desire that was written all over her face. The darkness also hid the fact that she was rubbing his cock right in front of her cunt, pressing his glans inside her as she squirted. He would probably feel her warm flesh as she squirted, but certainly not see it! Jim really didn't think he was squirting inside her vagina. Eva had explained exactly how to fuck her, even though he only wanted to do it with his index finger. The cock had to plunge very deep into the vagina, fuck violently and squirt inside. But he never penetrated Janet's vagina, she just kind of pressed his cock onto her pussy where it was so nice and warm and soft. She pressed him really hard against her pussy, rubbed him hard and he squirted, it was that easy! He was quite sure that he did not penetrate her vagina! At least, that was all she could get out of him in careful interrogation. Janet pinched her lips together resolutely and rubbed him squirting and squirting again until his erection went limp.

He almost always had to squirt twice in the bath sponge until he went limp. But she didn't count how many times he squirted in the bath sponge, instead she vigorously rubbed his cock as long as the erection lasted. Sometimes it lasted longer than half an hour to one hour, and on those days she wondered why he could squirt so many times in a row. After each squirt, she dipped the sponge into the water and soaped it with bath foam, because with the bath foam he felt the irritation much more intense and squirted faster. A sideways glance at his cock was enough to gauge the erection. He carefully hid under his almost closed eyelids that that was why it went so long on those days, because her cleavage was showing more than usual and he was enjoying the sight of her breasts and the sweet little teats. He stared at her naked, spread thighs, which she had bared up to the top so that her dress remained dry, and fantasized hornily what her cunt might look like, whether it looked something like Eva's. Several times she lost herself in fantasies or sweet memories, forgetting the time and not caring that her dress slipped all the way up and her cunt became visible. It excited him that her cunt looked just like Eva's, but was much larger and sometimes opened slightly when Janet worked hard. Her sullen face lit up and she rubbed him further and further and further with her eyes closed until she awoke after a long time. Phil, Charlene and all the many cavaliers were lost in the mist. She passed over his half-hearted attempts when he said she wouldn't get her clothes wet if she undressed while bathing. Fiddle-dee-dee, she thought, he was never allowed to see her naked! Because that was very sinful! she said with feigned disgust, only unchaste women showed themselves naked, and she was not unchaste!

But already a few days later she took off her thin house dress shamefacedly and with a shy look and got naked into the tub with him. One leg in the water, the other on the edge of the bathtub. She did not know what power compelled her to present her cunt so freely. He gaped and peered, but she looked at him sternly as he curiously palmed her pubic and labia with his hand. She sighed as the curious fingers probed the vaginal vestibule and the little hole. She wanted to withdraw from him immediately, but a higher power forced her to patiently hold out her naked cunt to him. Nevertheless, she snorted indignantly when he stuck his index finger into her hole with pinpoint accuracy. "Your hole is much smaller than Eva's," he

whispered in amazement. To her astonishment, he squirted almost at the same instant as his finger penetrated deep into her vagina. He reluctantly let her go as she sat down in the water. When she masturbated him sitting in the bathwater, he had to face her, his cock just inches from her face. She held a hand out in front when he squirted in the bath sponge. She never let him squirt on her face, she didn't like that at all. Later she held his cock so that it squirted into the water or onto her breasts. Still, he kept squirting on her face, even though she scolded him a lot afterwards. On the breast, on the breast! he suggested. She picked up a lathered breast with one hand and lifted the heavy thing. She left off the bath sponge and rubbed it gently. His glans she let dance on her breast, rubbed it quickly and let it splash on the teat. He hummed with pleasure, they had found a good solution. For herself, rubbing his glans on her breast was not sexually arousing, although the touches on her teat sent pleasant shivers down her spine. It was clearly a better choice than getting squirted in the face.

Many more times his fingers searched for her little hole when she put one leg on the edge of the tub and left her pubic to him. It was good for his erection, she knew, because it took only seconds until he was stiff and squirting, and somehow it did her good too. She just wasn't used to dealing with her horniness and sinful desire. She always made protesting sounds when he jabbed a finger into her tight little hole and made quick humping motions. That's how Eva explained fucking to me, he whispered. Janet nodded that this was correct, and instantly his cock squirted without her touching it. But this sinless squirting soon ceased and she only let him finger fuck her hole briefly, which he silently accepted. His erection unfolded magnificently in anticipation as soon as she lathered up the bath sponge. No sooner had she started rubbing his cock with the lathering bath sponge than he spurted with a moan and reached greedily and hornily for her breasts. She sighed, for surely this was only a small sin, but she let him. This made her feel much less remorseful than having his finger penetrate her vagina, only to squirt sinlessly. From time to time she whistled at the remorse because her horniness was stronger than the bigotry and presented her pubis demandingly. She spread the labia with her fingers and inserted his finger herself her vagina. She enjoyed the finger fucking for a few

minutes, then touched his glans and immediately his semen splashed over her hand. As the heavy drops slapped her fingers, she soothed the remorse by saying that she was only doing it to make him squirt quickly and effortlessly, not because of the finger fucking. Nevertheless, she was very depressed because she felt quite violently the sinful desire to be fucked and let herself finger fuck more often. He seemed to want it too and got into the sinful act as the automatic squirting went again. She seriously considered teaching him to finger fuck during her sinful chafing under the cover of darkness, but she didn't. She pushed the sinful thoughts aside and conscientiously and vigorously stripped the last droplets of semen from his cock. Mostly, however, he also took pleasure in feeling and caressing the well-rounded breasts. His fingers innocently played with her breast nipples and she always allowed it, because it did her so good! From now on, the rubbing and squirting took a long time, because he kept getting erect again and again while feeling her breasts and teats, and she had to keep rubbing him and making him squirt.

Naturally, the division into two different scenarios — bathroom and bedroom — did not last long. He came to her bedroom more and more often, and eventually every night. He wanted to squirt quite often, rubbing his cock gently to erection after the official bedtime routine. The many glasses of wine at dinner had their effect on the beautiful widow, and when he heard her horny sighing through the intermediate door that was ajar, he would sneak up to her in the dark. She always checked to see if he had an erection when he mounted her like a jockey. As a matter of course, he inserted his glans into the soft, warm flesh between her labia and waited patiently for her to finish her mindless grinding. He could feel every movement of her finger with his cock, his heart pounding as soon as she began to fan rapidly. Mostly he had to squirt when her abdomen rolled and she gripped his cock. She sighed a few times in sweet suffering, then thrust his glans deep into her flesh. To his sensation, she stuck his glans just a little way into her cleft. He could not imagine her pressing the glans halfway into her hole. He concentrated fully on her rubbing and squirting as often as he could. She gasped with pleasure when his seed spurted into her vagina in strong jets and continued to rub him. She stopped only when his cock went limp after the last spurt. She sent him to sleep and

depending on whether she still felt the intoxicating, sexually stimulating effects of the wine, she masturbated once more before falling asleep.

So many times she thought about it, it was all in all a good solution. She could masturbate her fill every night and fantasize so nicely about getting fucked, even if it was a bit sinful. He remained her innocent boy and did not sin as she did the cock rubbing. They both felt it was bathing and being bathed, neither thought of sex! Especially as the pious widow kept rattling off her Purge Me Domine, Amen!

He praised his newly learned fucking on the evening when he returned from Maria's. Now he stood in front of her, showing off his erect cock.

He took her hand and placed it on his cock, but she withdrew it a few moments later. The blushing widow gasped at first, as if genuinely indignant when he rubbed himself, but then she was silent for a long time, thoughtfully watching him under her thick lashes. This was very different from squirting in the bath sponge, he was masturbating for the first time in her presence. Not until I want it, she said softly, and Jim nodded briskly as he masturbated right in front of her face and lips. She didn't want to get squirted in the face, though, so with her head flushed, she grabbed his glans with two fingers and bent his cock a little to the side so he wouldn't squirt on her. She squinted at the glans and the little hole from which the semen was about to squirt out. She didn't have to think very hard that she would soon give in to his sexual impetuosity and let him fuck her. If I want it, she thought, what a load of garbage, of course I want it, but not yet! She watched the glans fill with more blood with each forward stroke and shrink again as she stroked back. She gripped a little tighter to better feel this swelling and shrinking. Jim reached the finale and rubbed really, really fast. She could feel that the glans was no longer swelling down. She was so excited that her mouth was half open. She gripped the glans even more determinedly and looked with widened eyes at the little hole, from which a thick, bright jet soon shot out, directly into her mouth! She spit the semen with disgust out, immediately! She continued to hold the glans with two

fingers as his seed slapped to the floor in heavy drops, only letting go when the spurting stopped. Her sullen, wrinkled face expressed all her despair during the squirting, for her dear, innocent boy was committing a great sin right now! She swallowed convulsively several times and said blushing shamefully, not until I want it! But when he took a tentative step towards her and greedily groped her breasts, she abruptly turned away and they went upstairs, to bed.

As she did every night before his escape, she came into his room for a goodnight kiss and to turn out the light. He pulled the covers up very slowly so that she had to see his erection. She was also no longer wearing the long, cotton nightgown, but a much shorter, silk Negligé that only barely covered her panties. He looked at her and thought she had quite a good figure despite the bra and the panties. She was tall and skinny, but her large breasts showed off her figure well, despite her bra. She sat down on the edge of the bed and let him tell her again about fucking, a clear contradiction to her massive, often disturbing bigotry. Jim observed that her hand played incessantly with the hem of her panties as he told his fuck stories. He sensed that her thoughts were racing as she listened to the obscene details and her fingers tugged restlessly at her labia under her panties. He was really a very good fucker, he said again, and if she needed it,... But she stood up and kissed him for a long time on his forehead, on the crown of his head. Her large bosom covered his face and she propped her hand on his erection quite at random and held his cock for a long time. Then she left and closed the door. It seemed to him that she was masturbating much more violently than usual.

The next evening he was amazed when he pushed the blanket aside in a lascivious way to show her his erection. She was wearing the same negligee as before, but no bra nor panties. When she sat down at his bedside, she briefly leaned on his erection and he could catch a glimpse of her pubic cleft for a split second. First she told him about her youth in the convent boarding school and that she didn't understand anything then when her classmates whispered about that particular sin. Jim had slowly begun to masturbate while she was telling, and she put her fingers on the glans. She graduated at seventeen and was immediately married to the son of the large landowning Plunkett family, as her family expected this union to

increase their empire. She could remember bleeding profusely on her wedding night, which was generally highly praised. Her husband was a finely educated man and was more often in the library than in the fields. He was a sensitive lover and taught her all that was important to love. Jim stepped up, her face contorted at the thought of him committing that great sin again, her fingers clutched the glans frantically and he spurted high into the air.

She cried briefly, her hand again resting haphazardly on his aroused wet cock and she left it there. They did everything, she continued tearfully, to have a progenitor. But she didn't get pregnant, even though they did everything one does in lovemaking. Jim looked at her questioningly. We did it a lot, often several times a day, whenever ... when his cock could get hard. Her face ran crimson as she blurted out the word cock. "So, what else?" asked Jim, who had slowly begun to masturbate again. She turned blood red in the face again and stammered that he had once explained the boarding school sin to her and let her do it herself. How she had to masturbate in front of him, high red with shame, over and over again, because she always stopped too soon because she was afraid to continue. He made her start over so many times until she did continue and was surprised by the explosion. It was the first orgasm in her life and the only one during her marriage, she would swear to God. She never did it again as long as he lived, although her husband kept asking if she was doing it to herself. The widow paused briefly and clasped the glans with two fingers as Jim gasped and spurted. She gasped, for she did not want him to sin.

Her husband never masturbated either, although she knew that from before, and never let him give her a hand job either. Instead, he very carefully taught her to masturbate him in her mouth, only there she was allowed to touch his cock and rub it vigorously to make it squirt into her mouth and swallow the semen. That was very important for him, she said, when I had my period, because the poor guy had to squirt every day. Does he do that too, squirt in her mouth, she asked, absently and as if quite by accident touching his cock, with the other woman you were hiding with? No, Jim confessed, and again gave a long, rambling account of what he had learned about fucking, and she felt his erection slowly growing under her hand. We

need to get closer, but only gradually, she thought. She lifted his erect cock, her thumb and forefinger forming a ring around his glans. I want to make the sin for you, she said, and rubbed the glans, faster and faster, making him squirt between her two fingers. But when he started talking again about how much he wanted to do it to her when she needed it, she took her hand off his cock and stood up. The goodnight kiss lasted very long and he felt her breasts and nipples on his face. She didn't close the door completely and he could hear her committing the boarding school sin aloud for a very long time.

When she sat at the edge of the bed and told or listened to him, he saw her fingers under the Negligé playing with the labia, usually a finger cheekily twitched to the clit, but only very briefly. She seemed indifferent to the fact that he could look directly under the Negligé. Her hand was no longer randomly groping for his cock, but deliberately. Since he no longer covered himself when she came in, she pulled the blanket up only to his ankles. Thoughtfully, she touched the cock, then went back to telling in great detail how she had masturbated her husband's cock in her mouth. She pulled Jim's foreskin back and forth with gentle motions, but it wasn't a handjob. Jim's hand slid up her thigh, touched her labia, and rested motionless on her clit as she stroked his foreskin. He immediately rubbed her clit, but she instantly grabbed his hand and stopped him, "No, please don't!" He kept his hand very still on her pubic cleft and sometimes he stroked the clit a little because she allowed it and stopped holding his hand back while she masturbated him. It excited him very much that her other hand played with her labia and clit as if absently while she put her fingers around his glans in a ring while he masturbated. When he came to squirt, she would pull and tug on her clit as if absently. But soon after he had squirted, she rose and the prolonged goodnight kiss followed, during which she covered his face with her large breasts. Would you like to play a little with my teats, she asked in passing. Instinctively he reached under the Negligé and with both hands on her breasts. They were big and soft and the nipples were hard and small. She liked that he touched and caressed her breasts and her pubic was exposed. She let him, for this was very fine for her.

From now on he lay naked on his bed when she came in. She caressed him all over his body and grabbed finally his cock. Silently, she moved her lips and gave him a very strange hand job that was quite different from Maria's when she had her period. Janet — he was too old to keep calling her Mom — Janet stroked his foreskin over the glans and back again, very slowly and deliberately, and murmured her bigoted prayers. This wasn't a hand job, this was just stroking, he could just feel his foreskin stretching over his glans and being pulled back again. Earlier, with the bath sponge, she had done it vigorously and quickly. Her hand, as light as the violinist's hand leading the bow at the *sul tasto*, pulled the foreskin over the glans again and again. He stroked her clit just as lightly and slowly, feeling it stiffen. The mutual stroking went on for a very long time until, unexpectedly, his semen slowly oozed from his glans. No thrusting, no squirting. It simply oozed out of his glans.

He was irritated and even more so when she leaned down and took his cock in her mouth. It was such a nice feeling, warm and loving her lips played around his cock and her tongue licked the glans. She licked his cock and swallowed his semen. He still had an erection, she took his hand and put it on his cock promptly. He masturbated and watched her as she nervously tugged at her labia and clit. When he began to cum, she put her mouth over the glans and swallowed his seed. She licked his glans until the cock softened. Unexpectedly, she stood up and the goodnight kiss came on his forehead. She didn't mind her cunt being exposed as he slid his semen wet hands under her *Negligé* and lifted it. You like to play a little breast, don't you? she asked purely rhetorically. He fondled her breasts and nipples for minutes, as he always did, before she left.

Evening after evening she rubbed his glans with patience and slowness, licking, slurping and swallowing his seed. As long as he remained restrained and she didn't try to masturbate, he was allowed to caress her skinny labia and clit. He enjoyed the play of her tongue and lips. When she stopped, he rubbed quickly and she sucked and lapped up the semen. A few times he was too lazy to masturbate himself and let her masturbate his glans three times in a row. She was proud that she could do it so well that he preferred to let her do it, even though it took so much longer. She made it as piggish as she

could. As always when she masturbated him, she played with her labia with her other hand and the closer it got to squirting, the faster she tugged and tugged at her clit. She didn't seem to be rubbing the clit consciously, it almost happened on its own. More than once he had the impression that she winced when she paused in the rubbing after rubbing her clit for a few seconds as if she were foolish. He wasn't sure how far she had gone, because she immediately continued with his cock. She was glad that her innocent boy never noticed her little secret orgasms, she would have been ashamed to death otherwise. And always she ruefully took it upon herself to stop rubbing her clit when she masturbated him. Yet she did it more and more often, more and more obviously. She didn't want to masturbate him the way he did himself, but the way she wanted him to. Her thumb and forefinger formed a ring, which she danced up and down quickly and firmly on his glans. We're getting closer, she thought each time she made him squirt and swallowed his seed. She crossed herself and whispered Amen! "Like to play with the breasts, don't you?" she said kindly and willingly left her breasts for him to play with for a few minutes before giving him the long goodnight kiss on the top of his head.

We are getting closer, she thought, because now I want it soon! The next evening she came again, dressed only in the Negligé and sat on the edge of the bed. She ignored the blanket and immediately bent over his naked cock. He should tell about fucking again, she said, licking his glans and taking it all in her mouth. While he was telling, her hand played with her labia under the Negligé and plucked the clit incessantly, she deliberately pushed the Negligé higher and higher and let him watch quite consciously. For minutes she pulled, tugged and rubbed her clit, at the same time sucking and sucking his glans. He stared transfixed at her finger relentlessly rubbing the clit and gently groped her breasts. She rubbed the clit and surrounding flesh with abandon, at the same time licking and sucking his glans with her tongue. The steady, stroking movements of her finger made the clit get all hard. He stared steadfastly at her clit, ignoring the fact that his cock was only half erect. She mewled gurgling deeply and contentedly as he rubbed her teats quite firmly. She put her mouth so deep over his cock that she almost choked. She didn't seem to care, the rapid rubbing took her completely. She wrenched her mouth

open in desperation when, after a few minutes, her abdomen heaved and twitched violently, she moaned loudly, and her finger froze in midair over her clit. For seconds her abdomen rolled and her plaintive moans faded softly. Abruptly she stood up and walked to the door, no squirting, no goodnight kiss, no extinguishing of the light. She stopped and seemed to want to say something, then went and left the door wide open. Jim got up to close it, but she had left her door ajar and was pulling the Negligé straight over her head.

Jim understood immediately and went to her with a bobbing erection, hugging her from behind and kissing her neck. Then he pushed her onto the bed. I've never had anyone since my husband again....., she lied unabashedly, crossing herself as she willingly spread her thighs. Jim regarded her closely. She was, after all, very tall and slender, almost scrawny. Her breasts were much larger than Mary's, but not as firm and pendulous. The dark triangle of her pubic hair ended above her cleft, her labia were not as fleshy and soft as Maria's, her vaginal opening was very tight and firm, you couldn't see her little hole right away. Her clit was a bit larger than Maria's and obviously still aroused. He bent over her and leaned his face against hers, then asked what she had said. I pray, whispered the deeply devout Widow Plunkett, I always pray, so it won't be a sin! and went on praying almost silently. Jim, who was used to Mary inserting his cock into her vagina with her hand, waited in vain and then reached down himself. The widow's vagina was quite tight and firm, not as soft and inviting as Maria's. He searched for her tiny little hole for a long time and very carefully guided his cock closer, she had clenched her vaginal muscles very tightly and made plaintive sounds when he finally found the little hole. She abruptly stopped muttering prayers when his fingers found the clit. It was all hard and firm. She drew in her breath sharply as he palpated her clit. He searched the little hole again with his finger and tried to put a finger inside. When his thumb happened to touch the clit, the tension in her vaginal muscles briefly eased a bit and he was able to very slowly insert his finger into her vagina. He slid his glans along his finger to the vaginal entrance, then pulled his finger out and was now able to press the glans into her small vaginal opening. She took an excited deep breath and the vaginal muscles gripped the glans tightly. As hard as he pressed forward, she allowed his glans and cock to penetrate only millimeters

at a time. Her bigoted murmur was mixed with plaintive gasps as he continued to penetrate, very slowly and very deeply, until he felt the cervix.

Since Jim had masturbated extensively the nights before, there was no danger of him squirting too soon. Her vagina was very tight and only a little wet, so that his cock was tightly embraced by her cramped vaginal muscles. Do you like to squirt already? she asked again and again. He fucked her very slowly and persistently, his glans pushing firmly against her cervix. Not yet, not yet? she asked in between and he grumbled, we still have a long way to go. Again and again she interrupted the murmured prayers and whispered if he was already squirting. He shook his head and she fell silent. She held him tightly, praying silently and making no move to rub her clit. So he reached down between their bodies and rubbed her clit. She clawed her fingernails into his back at the first moment and stopped praying in shock. What is he doing, what is he doing, she whispered. But then she murmured one prayer after another aloud the more aroused she became. Before orgasm, her loudly breathed yes, yes, yes! relieved the praying, and in orgasm she gasped small, pointed sounds into Jim's ear. He gave her and himself a little breather before continuing.

The second orgasm, on the other hand, was very violent and Jim had to take good care not to be shaken out by her convulsions. He couldn't hold back any longer and was now fucking wildly and rapidly while she gasped her prayers and had to swallow tiny climaxes over and over again. Just before he squirted, he kissed her on the mouth and his tongue sought hers. Then he discharged explosively, she could feel the squirting very clearly, with each thrust she felt a solid jet spurt into her vagina. He left his cock in her vagina until it slowly softened. Amen! she breathed in awe. Exhausted, he slid to her side, gasping for breath.

After that, it bubbled out of her, this would be very different than with her husband. She knew no orgasms, she claimed, and had only one in their years of marriage, when he showed her the boarding school sin. He never touched my clit while fucking, she said reproachfully, we could have had it so much nicer! She had believed

then to lie there godly and hold out her vagina to him until he had cum, that was right. But he always fucked and squirted very quickly, so that the duty lasted barely a minute. She found it more and more interesting to take his cock in her mouth and then rub his cock. This lasted much longer and always gave her a sense of power to make him squirt quickly or late. Her husband kept wanting to know if she was doing it to herself, if she was rubbing her clit? But she swore to him that she would never do it herself. No, not even a little bit! Jim found it very strange that she was so secretive about her masturbation. He had always noticed during the past weeks when she secretly played with her clit and orgasmed inconspicuously during handjobs or cock sucking. Now, too, just before they fucked, she had done it quite openly and without hiding it, out of sheer horniness. She was obviously very ambivalent about this matter. On the one hand she did it quite openly in his presence, on the other hand she kept claiming not to do it. He did not understand her ambivalent behavior with the best will in the world. Then they lay side by side in silence until he went back to his room.

Janet did not think for a second about contraception. On the contrary, she was 36 now and could get pregnant for maybe another seven or eight years. She longed very much for a child, fucking Jim made her hope again. He was a tall, wiry Celt and certainly had good genes to pass on. She firmly resolved to let him fuck her every chance she got and maybe get pregnant by him.

The other day he biked to Maria's and they wrestled, fucking, on the new, big bed. During a break in the fight, they drank liquor from the bottle, though Jim held back because he didn't like the liquor. Maria, who smoked only very rarely, blew the smoke cheekily in his face and grumbled that masturbating was bland without him. He said he had fucked the widow Plunkett, Janet. Mary, who had no idea of this, moved closer with flashing eyes and he had to tell her everything in great detail. That Janet had rubbed him and made him squirt during all those years, he never told Maria.

The first days, how she sat down at his bedside. That he showed her his erection. The panties and bra left off. The hand that rested on

his hard-on, tentatively stroking the foreskin. The oozing semen that she licked off and took the cock in her mouth. That she swallowed his seed and sometimes masturbated clitorally with her clit while she did him. Last night. Their stories and fucking. Maria wanted to hear everything about his four-week joyride in detail, laughed uproariously at the word boarding school sin, and wanted to know what she did afterward. Jim said she claimed to have done it only once, when her husband showed her. Never again after that, the widow claimed. That this couldn't be true because she always secretly rubbed her clit during handjobs or cock licking and had an orgasm almost every time, although she tried to hide it coyly. Jim mentioned that he had heard her masturbate very noisily every night since she had taken him in. Only he had not known then that these sounds, as well as her sighing Amen! were masturbation. Maria was also very puzzled by Janet's secrecy and said that all the girls and women she knew did it, that it was natural! She even mentioned two ancient women they both knew, and they were still doing it, even though they were older than 60 and their husbands had been in the ground for ages. In response to his question, she said that women were less shy about talking about it among themselves when they knew each other a little better. Mary could get delightfully excited at his stories and he had to keep telling her about sex with the widow.

So the weeks passed, he told the widow Plunkett nothing in detail about the sex with Maria, only that he spent the weekends with the woman who had heroically hidden him away and taught him how to fuck. The good-night kissing ritual was no more, and when she stood naked in his doorway each night, he happily followed her. He never thought about whether it was right to take turns fucking two women, and they never brought it up. He was too innocent and naive, and the women guessed that they both could only lose. Janet was happy to have sex at all, and Maria probably had someone to fuck too, he guessed, but he never asked.

Still rubbing Janet's clit, she whispered in his ear that she had only done it once, back when her husband showed her how to do it herself, and that she had never done it in front of anyone else, she just couldn't. Jim was completely confused by their differing statements and wisely kept silent. It was actually a sin, Janet

whispered, but if you needed it badly, she breathed, you had to sin. She repeated this over and over, pleading for him to rub her while they fucked. Jim whispered once after months, since your husband is in heaven, you do it every night, but she kept silent. It took several days before she finally admitted it, that she did it every day, sometimes more often. And after several more days, when Jim had stopped masturbating her while fucking her, she timidly and uncertainly felt for her clit herself. Afterwards, she asked uncertainly if that had been okay, and he answered in the affirmative. From that first hesitant time on, she always masturbated herself while fucking, to Jim's satisfaction. He was allowed to sit between her thighs during his recovery breaks and watch her masturbate up close. The spell was finally broken. But she was always terribly ashamed that she masturbated and always looked sad and pained when she orgasmed. When she had her period, she gave him a good handjob and he was allowed to cum in her mouth.

The Widow's Secrets

Twenty years later, as she lay dying from cancer and had transferred all her possessions to him in her will, Jim sat by her bedside almost daily. I've had a wild life, she once said. They both knew what she meant. After he moved in with Mary for good, she gave up bigotry altogether and screwed her way across the county. There was probably no one between 14 and 80 that she hadn't fucked. The men loved her tight vaginal entrance more than anything, she went along with everything and was soon considered an insider tip. Another time she looked at him seriously and said that when she was dead, he would own this large city apartment and her not inconsiderable fortune, so he could easily renovate the apartment. It would be better for the children to live here and attend good schools. School education was one of the most important things a father could give his children. He promised to discuss it with Maria. Her voice was quiet and weak a week later, but she still wanted to say something important while she could. She insisted and confided in Jim two secrets she had never told anyone and asked him to keep quiet about them until she was lying in the cemetery. Her virginity and her husband's death, she told Jim, she wanted to confess to him.

At the girls' boarding school, Janet shared a room with Phyllis. They were both outsiders, spoke no Gaelic and were not involved in any girls' clubs. And they were the only ones who already had real breasts, really nice breasts – an important attribute among 16 and 17-year olds. Janet's breasts were large, firm and full like a nursing woman's. Phil's breasts were much smaller, but with noticeably large, stiff nipples that were clearly visible through all the blouses. Phil had already slipped into bed with her the first night and they talked and fondled each other under their nightgowns, especially their breasts, until they fell asleep. The next night Phil joined Janet in bed again. Janet took off her nightgown, Phil hesitated for a moment, then she took off her clothes too. In the dim light Janet realized that Phil had a cock, a little boy's cock.

Janet could appreciate it, because when Uncle Jack needed her to masturbate and she had to show him her naked cleft under her skirt, there she saw his adult cock, from which it squirted at the end of his masturbation. To her, Phil's was a little cock like she had seen many times before in young boys. Phil told her that she only had a blind vagina, but no uterus or ovaries, but she had a real, functioning cock, but unfortunately she could not father children. She said dick, not cock, Janet thought. Phil, she said, had let dozens of boys fuck her since she turned 13, but had never fucked a girl herself – however, Janet didn't believe everything. Now she showed Janet how she masturbated and squirted. Over the next few days, she taught Janet to give her a handjob. She also showed her how to French kiss, they cuddled and kissed until they fell asleep, Janet gave her quite a few handjobs. Phil had no idea about female masturbation, she stroked Janet's pubic and labia that her heart beat up to her throat. They both thought that was it.

Then, one night, Phil wanted to fuck. Janet shook her head vigorously and said, my hymen! That wouldn't do! Phil examined her closely and said there was a big hole in the hymen. Janet said because of her period, so the blood could leak out. But Phil didn't want to get only the handjobs. They could try it out. So it came to pass that she carefully put her little boy cock through the hole and assured her that she would take care of the hymen. She was careful, and it worked. Janet got a strong palpitation at the end of being fucked and Phil was blissful to squirt very gently in her vagina. Janet said after some time the fucking was too dangerous for her hymen, they would have to do it differently, the hole was already getting bigger.

Phil was only allowed to keep her little cock in Janet's vagina completely still, but not fuck her, then they French kissed deeply and stroked each other intensely until Phil's little cock started to throb and cum deep in her vagina. But that only worked for a very short time. Janet was very concerned that Phil might further damage her hymen, and out of this distress she devised the method they used to fuck until school ended. She formed a tunnel with one or both hands in front of her vaginal entrance where Phil's cock could fuck as hard and as fast as she wanted. This way she could make sure exactly that

only the tip of the glans entered the vaginal vestibule, especially when Phil went wild and cum.

A second method Phil also quite liked. Janet held her glans with one hand and moved the glans back and forth, up and down and in circles in the vaginal vestibule with slow and faster movements. With the other hand, she rubbed the shaft of Phil's cock just as she did with the handjob. With either method, her hymen was no longer at risk.

From now on they fucked every night until the end of the school year, as often as Phil could, but only in the tunnel of hands in front of the vaginal entrance. Janet made sure Phil's cock only fucked in her hands and of course allowed the glans to rhythmically bump against her labia, this made her heart pound. When Phil squirted, Janet held the glans tightly and squeezed out the last droplets of semen at the end. She always looked forward to the fucking and the heart pounding, Phil could fuck quite wonderfully. Most of the time they had to take breaks because Janet almost couldn't stand the palpitations. Often, however, they would cuddle during the breaks and rub their bodies together. Janet dipped her fingers into Phil's vagina and fucked her until she squirted. She moved on to teasing Phil's vagina and reaching forward for his cock with long, erotic strokes. It worked best when she grasped the shaft and rubbed it like a handjob while simultaneously finger-fucking Phil's vagina. Phil loved to cum while doing this and wanted a second one right away. Janet was reassured because Phil was no longer actively fucking her and her hymen was not at risk.

Phil told in great detail how fucking with the guys was and that very few dared to attack her cock (Janet corrected with herself: little cock) and rub it until she squirted. Mostly she had to do it herself. At some point Phil admitted that he had already fucked three girls. One could already fuck guys and was curious to do it with a half-woman. They did it a few times, then the interest faded. The other two were very, very young and Phil deflowered them (which Janet didn't believe her). One came to her more often after the first time and they fucked for weeks.

Janet saw through the cunning girl's reasoning and shook her head vigorously, she had to keep her virginity, no matter what. Still, she enjoyed the narration during the lulls and when she closed her eyes she saw it all in front of her, the boy thrusting into Phil's vagina to the hilt while Phil masturbated. Or how Phil was squirting hard into the vaginas of the young, blossoming girls. No, she kept saying, my hymen is very important to me! She kept her virginity, even though the hole in her hymen had grown larger and larger. So she went into marriage as a virgin, even though she had been fucked for a whole school year and was certainly not an inexperienced virgin as she was expected to be. She never told anyone.

The end of her marriage was terrible. Her husband hadn't wanted to fuck her for months and had moved back to his parents' house three months earlier. He said he had to think about everything, but came every week to check on her. His visits lasted barely 10 minutes and he wouldn't talk. He fucked her every time in his hurried way. She complained about her senseless loneliness and he said that if she missed it so much, she should do it herself, that's what all lonely women did. After his visits, she suffered greatly from the rejection. She played with her clit for hours, of course, at all hours of the day—and night, but she stopped at the pounding of her heart. She found it oppressive when she was surprised by the explosion. It meant loss of control, the body twitching and writhing of its own accord, and she could do nothing about it for seconds. She much preferred it when she rubbed slowly and it came without explosion — a quiet, pleasant wriggling and then the satisfied gasp and exhale. So the clit play gave her a lot of nice moments, because meanwhile she could forget about her unhappiness and fantasize horny and voluptuous all the time. She enjoyed it much more than his short fucking.

On his last day he came as usual, but after fucking her he said he wanted to go out with her and talk about everything. She immediately agreed and also admired his new American car, a DeSoto. He headed for the vantage point above the cliffs and after parking he wanted to fuck her again in the new car. She obediently climbed into the back seat and flipped up her skirt. He took a long time and took his time before he bent over her. He didn't seem to care at all that passers-by walked by, stopped and looked inside the

car. Janet's heart went cold as she realized that he was about to publicly humiliate her. She pulled her skirt down over her face and lay there with her abdomen naked, but he kept touching her sex and making his clitplay in public. It happened for the first time that he touched her clit and he was good at it!

She gasped and moaned under her skirt, orgasming once and again as it was almost as pleasurable as she made it herself. When he paused satisfied, she cried out from under the skirt that it had not gone! He got mad and masturbated her again that she lost sight and hearing, so violent orgasms she had. But she shouted again that it didn't work and he had to go on and on. With each orgasm he spread her knees so that everyone could see the undulation and rocking of her abdomen, so that everyone could see the grinding of her vaginal muscles and her labia very clearly. He rubbed her clit again, making her quiver and tremble. People pressed their noses against the window panes and some let their tongues dance obscenely. She hid her face under her skirt and spread her legs very wide, because being masturbated did her a damn good. And exposing herself naked in front of strangers made her insanely horny. She pressed her pubic and throbbing hole forward as hard as she could as her abdomen undulated. She rocked her abdomen back and forth, moaning almost silently and restrainedly as she orgasmed. She was churning inside, did the idiot really have to seek humiliating publicity to masturbate her so wonderfully? Or did he have to shatter her expectations and talk about divorce? Her wretched husband was sweating with exertion as she cried out loudly after each orgasm that it didn't work again, driving him relentlessly to continue rubbing. Later she would not remember that he masturbated her in public for at least an hour and she had orgasm after orgasm. She felt only contempt for him, not letting her arousal show as well as it could. She stayed down and endured him fucking her intermittently for a surprisingly long time, and at one point stood up groaning. There was no love in his features, only I-fuck-my-wife-when-I-want to and a contempt with which he exposed her nakedness and sexuality in public. She was seething inside with rage at the perverted coward.

They silently followed the narrow path that led along high above the cliffs and he cautiously began to talk about the divorce. He was

now dating Charlene, he said, and she was pregnant. Of course Janet knew who it was, his cousin, with whom he had been screwing since they were children together. Charlene could fuck much better than she could and always let him watch her masturbate, he said, to hurt her and put her on the defensive. He had always been faithful to her, Janet, until three months ago, he lied. And now he wanted a divorce, he said, because of the pregnancy. They had stopped because Janet had hit herself on a rock. He jumped over to support her, but she had taken a step sideways and he tumbled past her into the depths with a horrible scream.

Or, he leapt toward her to push her over the cliff? Or, he leapt toward her, but she dodged and pushed him into the depths? Or both?

She never wanted to find out, she had no real memories of it at all. Deep in her memory lay hidden how it really was, but she never thought of it again in her life, until today.

Janet coughed and took a sip of water, then continued her story without looking at Jim.

The humiliation in the car, when he played with her naked pubis, her labia, her clit, even though curious strangers were watching, even though she had pulled her skirt over her face in shame and looked on in horror at the gloating, horny gawking underneath. He played with her clit for at least half an hour while people stood around grinning and watching and taking photographs as she orgasmed, moaning and twitching. Her heart grew colder than the icicle her heart had become. She felt victorious as she shouted and screamed orgasms to him. She felt nothing, absolutely nothing, even though he was doing everything he could to arouse her, to wring an orgasm from her clit. During this humiliation, a hatred grew inside her like she had never felt before. This wretch of a man asked for a divorce to make his mistress from youth days an honorable woman!

As she screamed at him that she would never divorce him and bumped into the stone in her rage, he lunged at her with his face contorted in fury, pure murder in his eyes. She dodged him and he

braked at the last second, stopping unsteadily at the edge of the precipice, wobbling and trying desperately to regain his balance. Stones came loose from under his feet and rumbled into the abyss. With an angry yell, screaming and with all her might, she pushed him backwards with both hands. As he desperately searched in the air for a foothold, she pushed him again with both hands, with all her strength and full of hatred, so that he plunged into the abyss with a horrible scream. She had his long-drawn-out death scream in her ear for months to come.

For everyone it was suicide in a hopeless situation, everyone knew about Charlene. He had at least left a legally valid will, already anticipating divorce. Janet got the big city apartment and a decent monthly bequest for life, Charlene got the big rest and was content. One eyewitness swore on the Bible that he had seen it all. The husband, who first raped his wife in the back seat of the car, then ran toward the precipice and jumped into the depths with a ghastly scream. And no, the wife had certainly not seen anything, she was lying half naked on the back seat and had pulled her skirt over her face. Janet said nothing about it, the police noted this statement meticulously. The solemnly sworn testimony was court-proof and not to be doubted. Janet left it at that, she was terribly tired and saw no reason to contradict. Everyone around her believed this version, no one blamed her. She wept bitterly for allowing this lie and not insisting on the truth. She did not shed a single tear because of her husband.

The day he died, Charlene stayed with her to comfort her and they both wept for her husband. Janet all at once felt only pity and sympathy for this girl who had reached for the stars and succumbed to the sweet talk of her unfaithful husband. They cried together and Charlene told how she succumbed to her husband's charms at 13 and spent her life dreaming of the man to whom she had given her virginity. If she paused, Janet embraced her and they shared long, comforting French kisses. Janet had always kissed like a man with Phil and now she kissed Charlene as intimately as she could. Charlene blurted out that he had fucked her continually during his marriage, too. They didn't fuck often because he had usually already spent himself with Janet. But when he did fuck her, it usually took a

long time for him to cum, but she loved it very much and greedily sucked up his seed in her vagina. His main fetish was not fucking, but watching Charlene masturbate. No, Janet could not be angry with her, she felt a sisterly bond and her contempt for her husband was indescribable. Charlene comforted her by tearfully recounting every little detail of the lovemaking with him over the next few hours. She closed her eyes and visualized each orgasm, describing it in great detail. Janet held her hand and shuddered comfortably as Charlene so beautifully described her own feelings, the intensity of his squirting, or her masturbation. She was young, completely naive, and never considered for a moment that she was talking to the wife who had been cuckolded a hundred times.

When they went to bed, Janet stripped completely naked, she wasn't done for the day. Charlene took off her pajamas as well after a moment's hesitation and Janet curiously looked at the younger girl's beautiful naked body. They turned out the light and clasped each other, pressing their naked bodies together comfortingly. Janet caressed and kissed the weeping Charlene, thinking of Phil and burying her fingers in Charlene's wet cunt. She caressed her body for hours, leaving no spot untouched, even the most intimate. She didn't stop when Charlene almost jumped out of her skin with bliss and horniness at every sexual touch. Very intensely she teased Charlene's cunt, stroking her clit and labia, feeling the girl's large, fleshy vagina. Charlene's vaginal entrance and vagina were much larger, fleshier and softer than her own. In contrast, the clit was much smaller than hers and so small that she had to search at first. Again and again her fingers slid over the girl's clit without masturbating her. For many minutes she teased the tiny clit without masturbating her, bringing the girl to the brink of exploding time after time. Immediately she teased the clit again, making the girl moan and squirm with pleasure when she was about to orgasm. Only when Charlene pressed Janet's hand on her wet clit again and again demanding with horniness and desire during this ordeal, she let go of her, stirred up inside. She kissed the aroused girl with long French kisses and tenderly on the mouth before she fell asleep.

She was awakened again by Charlene's wiggling as she began to masturbate. Charlene stroked her body incessantly and sighed

longingly. It took a very long time before Charlene, deep in herself, began to orgasm. In the dim light Janet couldn't make out many details, but she was wide awake and got to see firsthand how Charlene started all over again, getting closer and closer to orgasm each time. She seemed to notice very late that Janet's fingers were curiously touching her labia. Charlene went into greater and greater rapture, pressing Janet's fingers inside her with her hand before gasping loudly as she came to a great orgasm. Only then did she come to and pull Janet's finger out. Janet embraced her hot, steaming body and kissed her like a man with intimate French kisses. They embraced for a long time and Charlene gently groped Janet's cunt. Janet lay down on her back and slowly began to masturbate. She was immensely aroused by Charlene pressing a finger into her tight, cramped vagina and making slow, subtly soothing humping motions. Janet took a very long time and only stopped when she triumphantly orgasmed herself in the very highest ecstasy. They hugged and kissed for a long time before falling asleep exhausted.

Charlene often stayed overnight with her after that, they cuddled and kissed, caressed each other's bodies and aroused each other's cunt. But the main event each did for herself, they masturbated themselves and the other only helped with finger fucking. Charlene's belly became rounder and rounder and her sexual appetite became insatiable. She preferred to be penetrated with a huge rubber penis while masturbating. Janet soon found out when to fuck Charlene soft and when to fuck her hard. Most of the time Charlene wanted it hard and fast, and Janet fucked her so hard and wild that she got scared of hurting Charlene. But Charlene laughed and wanted it harder, harder, faster day after day. Janet would have been very embarrassed to use the rubber penis too and blushingly refused. One evening she taught Janet how to lick her. Janet almost passed out in sweet pain as Charlene pulled her clit out with her lips as never before and floated her tongue from climax to climax. Janet just couldn't find Charlene's clit between her fleshy labia, Charlene only had a tiny one after all. Still, she licked the labia and the spot where the clit had to be and Charlene always got a nice orgasm. They both put their hands on the roly-poly belly and felt the little one wriggling happily after Charlene's orgasm.

After the birth, Charlene never came again, though they remained good friends.

Janet had later also bought a large rubber penis, which she always used when she wanted to have the fast and powerful in-herself-thrusting while masturbating. She had to masturbate for a long time beforehand until her vagina unclenched and she could insert the rubber penis. She let the rubber penis slide in and out slowly as she masturbated. Just before she orgasmed, she grabbed it with both hands and pushed it into her vagina with increasing speed, hard and wild, until she orgasmed. She had never been fucked so hard, so fast and so intensely as she was now, when she fucked herself in and out of her vagina with the thing at breakneck speed. No man could do that, she knew. Only she could do that, with her rubber man.

... and how it should be

Jim immediately noticed at Maria's the little pot of the Wise Woman's contraceptive ointment. In response to Jim's question, she freely replied that during the week McGillian kept showing up and she didn't want to get pregnant. I get it, Jim replied, but that he would dare come here? You're not here during the week, Maria said, the shepherd quickly found out. It's okay, she said, when he started to flare up. He comes to fuck, not to kill me! After a pause she continued, he was my first and he fucks damn good, better than the fucking commissioner! It's all right with me, here in my loneliness, that someone comes over to fuck me. She bit her tongue in time before it slipped out that she was sometimes so horny that she would have fucked anyone who came along the way. She pulled herself together and continued. I've already made it clear to him that at 54 he's too old for me and I don't want a child with him! A little calmer, she continued, he came every week, sometimes more often. In the meantime, she no longer had any anger in her and enjoyed it. Since she started using the ointment again, she let him squirt in her vagina as often as he wanted. Yes, he was very good at fucking. But, she added mischievously, you are my favorite!

Jim tried to put himself in her place and understand her point of view. Her loneliness. McGillian, who didn't hurt her anymore. Who could fuck well. Who was not a rival. Who was there when Maria needed the fucking. And Maria much preferred him, Jim, to the old man. He was the most understanding and generous person Maria had ever met. She told him so, too, not without ulterior motives.

One beautiful Sunday morning they were lying side by side in the grass, when he said that when they came of age they would marry and have children. Maria smiled and said, but sure, but until then we have to practice a lot! She nudged him chummily with her elbow and jumped up, then ran laughing to her little house and tore off her clothes as she ran...

...