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Konkubine

The Concubine



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BOOK I: The Concubine

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“My dears, as a professional storyteller I travel far and wide and am delighted that so many of you have come to the campfire. Save your coins, my reward is a good bite of your meat cooking over there. My name is Bo Teng, and the Master Bo Lai, who will appear in my story, was my father. He picked me up in a puddle when I was an orphan one and a half years old, adopted me as his son and trained me to become a warrior. He brought me to the royal court of Qin, where he was a highly respected man, and I served in the Kingsguards for 12 years. Many crooks wanted to rob the king’s famous treasury, we had to smash a lot of heads and of course nobody got to the treasure. A careless handling of a black powder charge led to an explosion that cost many lives and my eyesight. I became a storyteller and have been wandering the Empire of Heavens for over 45 years. Master Tschin of this town, who took me in hospitably, let me choose from his servant girls which one should warm my feet at night. The girls murmured as I uncovered them one by one and looked at them with my fingertips. I made, I hope, a good choice. But I digress, forgive me! Today I will tell you about the exciting life of a princess who, shortly before I saw the light of day and the heavens, closed her eyes and went to her ancestors. A life full of Emperors and concubines, murder and manslaughter, intrigues and poison. Battles are fought, both on the field and on the sleeping mat. Empresses will moan in lovemaking like the ladies of the court and the common Chinese women. Yes, let the young girls sit at the front, so that my old eyes may delight in their tender female flesh! A good sip of your thin beer to make my throat supple and my voice full, but also to remember the unfortunate brewmaster, who puts you through such a thing as beer.”

The old, half-blind man had already felt the girls’ bodies intimately and had chosen one. He made no secret of the fact that he was choosing a virgin, because he was still young enough to enjoy deflowering her. The other girls were to wear airy skirts and sit in the front row where they could be seen, because despite his partial blind-

ness he could still see a little and he wanted to see their naked pussies while he told his story! The girls nodded, that was perverse, but it was OK. He let the virgin lie in his lap and put her head on his arm. He unbuckled her belt so that he could caress her whole body up to her small, budding breasts under her dress. The spectators only saw this, because he only touched her clit very gently. He did not masturbate her to orgasm, he saved that for when she had taken him to her bed and lay down next to him. When he noticed that her orgasm was rising, he immediately released her clit and put his fingers on her breasts. The orgasm did not come, she closed her legs again because the orgasm did not come. After a while he got her going again, but he was careful not to trigger her orgasm. Those standing nearby only noticed her excitement because she spread her legs wide and her skirt glided up so far that her pussy and clit were visible. But the old man did not trigger her orgasm. She afterwards was already so excited from the hours of caressing that she was happy to let him take her virginity and fuck her until he was exhausted.

So, let the story begin!

* * *

Eight hundred years had passed since the first Emperor Qin Shi Huang Di had defeated the 7 kingdoms and united them to form the Chinese Empire. He had changed, improved and ordered many things. China was no longer a bunch of quarrelling princes and tribes, but a cleverly organized state that was in no way inferior to the Babylonian, Assyrian or Egyptian empires. One reform that survived a thousand years was his currency reform. Until then, there had only been bronze and newer copper coins of equal value, which Emperor Qin left as the money of the common man. He invented the small silver boats, a hundred of them yielded a silver boat the size of the palm of your hand, a hundred of them yielded a gold-plated silver boat weighing half a pound. In comparison, 10 small silver boats would buy a good horse, 15 a stallion. The imperial seal was stamped on the underside, but the people were not fooled. By God, it wasn't an imperial seal, but the young empress's little pussyhole, in which Emperor Qin's exaggeratedly large cock reared up to squirt. The Emperor had deflowered his favorite daughter at the age of 12 and she

gave him 11 beautiful daughters. She remained faithfully devoted and shy on his sleeping mat for 40 years, he was allowed to deflower his 11 daughters and fuck them in turn after having fucked their mother. He had elevated his favorite daughter to empress at 18 and he let her fuck everyone when it served his interests. She introduced the obligatory custom, that a decent, respectable Chinese woman had to masturbate while fucking. There was no record of this, but many scholars assumed that she was heavily addicted to masturbation and orgasms. Emperor Qin unfortunately fell into quackery and mixed mercury into his food to attain eternal life. Unfortunately, it led to madness and a quick death after 6 months. He went naked into the thorn bushes, cut them in two with his sword and victoriously fucked their wives. Of course, he injured himself with the thorny women and the horrified empress had her ladies-in-waiting, pillows tied to their backsides, receive the fighting emperor in the thorn bushes, who was now all the more convinced to fuck the wives and daughters of the vanquished, until one day he fell over at fucking one of the ladies and died. His daughter reigned for 10 years until she was poisoned. The Emperors had established the emergence of a puppet-like court state, but were no longer able to stop its tumorous growth.

The Emperor and the Maiden

The Emperor had the palanquin stopped. The chancellor ran forward and remained in a deep bow. The Emperor's white hand parted the curtain. "That girl there by the pond, find out all you can about her. She caught my eye." The chancellor ran to the pond, but the elderly chaperone lady blocked his path. "In the name of the Emperor!" shouted the chancellor, pushing her aside forcefully. A servant pushed a folding chair under the chancellor's fat butt, who beckoned the girl to get out of the water and come closer. She realized that he must be a high official at court and stepped closer until she was standing right in front of the chancellor.

She answered all the questions in beautiful words, which the chancellor noted favorably. Her name was Li, she was 15 years old and lived in the care of her uncle, who was an imperial official. She

pointed to the large estate with her hand. She could read and write, she had read many books about the former Emperors and her uncle had her trained in the manners of the nobility, she was destined to marry well one day. The white silk dress clung to her body and the chancellor scrutinized her closely. Despite his age, he was impressed by her beauty, for the wet shirt hid nothing. He waved his hand and the conversation was over. The chancellor walked to the imperial palanquin, did not look directly at the Emperor and gave his report. The Emperor, much younger than the chancellor, had not taken his eyes off the girl for a moment. He raised his hand, he had heard enough. He wanted to see the girl Li tomorrow in the palace. He tapped the palanquin with his gilded fan and continued on his monthly tour of the city.

Li had been collected the next day, she had been bathed, oiled, perfumed, coiffed and dressed in a beautiful gown. She was led into a hall, allowed to take a seat and sip her tea. She knew, of course, that the Emperor had summoned her and was accordingly excited. After an hour, the excitement had faded and she was surprisingly calm when the Emperor entered.

They had a very superficial conversation for the quarter of an hour at first, but it soon became very personal. Of course, Li had immediately recognized that the Emperor, a pleasant, educated man in his 40s, was in love with her. She knew that this was the big chance in her life and that she had to seize the opportunity. The Emperor talked about women's bodies with an enthusiasm that she found kind and friendly. He leaned towards her and lifted her dress over her chest. She tensed inwardly as he looked intently at her breast, but she called herself to order, for this was her chance. She raised her hand slowly and confidently, and then covered her breast with a shy smile. The Emperor smiled, he would have given her an even more beautiful dress, did she not want to put it on right away? Two silent servants approached and escorted her behind a totally transparent curtain. Li let them undress her and stood proud and naked behind the curtain. She was aware that a dozen pairs of eyes were focused on her nakedness, but only one pair of eyes mattered. She turned and twisted, smiling, in front of this pair of eyes, letting them look at every inch of her body for several minutes. The servants dressed her in

her new splendid robe and escorted her back to her seat opposite the Emperor. He smiled kindly, his ears and cheeks glowing.

He asked very quietly if she had any experience or was she still untouched? She looked him straight in the eye and answered quietly as well. Her uncle had made her his wife two years ago and taught her everything she needed to know about fucking. The Emperor nodded, glad that he hadn't gotten an inexperienced young thing. He wanted to know more and brought his ear very close to Li's mouth, not wanting to expose it to all those unseen. Li whispered softly that he had visited her every day for the first few weeks and months and years. It had not been easy for him, because he was already quite old. But he didn't want to dishonor her and let her be fucked by other, younger ones who might have found it easier. Her sexual training was over, her uncle had said, and he only visited her once a night. She had behaved as her uncle had instructed and had not fucked any other men. It would have dishonored her, Li said, to fuck someone other than her lovely teacher. The Emperor nodded with great satisfaction and whispered how impressed he was.

Whether she wanted to live with him, as one of his concubines, he asked rather directly. He would ask the Empress pro forma, of course, but Li sensed from his tone that he loathed the Empress and that it was just a formality for him. She lowered her eyes for the first time. He had to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage, Li said in a trembling voice, for she did not know whether the same applied to an Emperor. The Emperor laughed out loud and took her hand. "I could have his head chopped off if he says no," he said boldly laughing, and she shuddered. "Let me say goodbye to my household, my Lord," Li said, "I don't want to run away without a farewell like a thief." The Emperor had her brought home in a palanquin and ordered her uncle to appear immediately. The Emperor and Uncle Tschan negotiated behind closed doors.

Li only saw her uncle the next morning, he was beaming all over his face. "I wish you a good life, little daughter, take care of it yourself! Always remember that the gods have stretched out their hand to you and so take everything you can get! I know that you will not disgrace me. Despite my age, I have fucked you thoroughly every day

and taught you everything you need to know. The Emperor will be delighted with you, because you're really fucking fantastic now!" He hugged her for a very, very long time and kissed her on the forehead. Li said goodbye to everyone again and was taken to the palace in the palanquin. She was given a bunk in the large dormitory where the Emperor's 40 concubines lived. Only the Empress and two favorites had their own chambers; the 13-year-old heir to the throne still slept with his mother, the Empress.

In the evening, the Emperor had asked for her, two servants bathed, anointed and perfumed Li, who went from the bath to the Emperor's bedchamber covered only in a cloak. He lay naked on his bed and read reports written in ink on narrow strips of bamboo. Only when he had read it through and made any necessary corrections were the bamboo strips transferred to the new medium of paper. When she entered, he laid the bamboo strips on the floor and the two servant girls hid in the farthest corner of the large bedroom. She greeted him with exquisite politeness, looked at the young servants and looked at him questioningly. The Emperor smiled; there was always someone present in the palace and available for any request. You were never alone, the palace had eyes and ears, you had to live with that. He said you had to get used to the fact that if you wanted to keep something private, you could only breathe softly into my ear in a close embrace. She nodded. "This is new to me, but I'll get used to it," Li said.

He rolled to the side after fucking her, "let's take a little break, I want to fuck you again later." When he asked her quietly if she only masturbated while fucking as was customary, she replied just as quietly, yes, that's what the teacher had taught her, to only do it while fucking, otherwise it would be indecent. "Only, while I was still a little girl, I did it every night..." He put his hand over her lips, it was none of his business and shouldn't be spoken out, he whispered. He nodded and sighed, "you'll see for yourself how decent my concubines are." He asked if she wanted a glass of wine, but Li shook her head, saying she wasn't used to drinking wine and would rather have fruit juice. A servant disappeared and returned a short time later, bringing a glass of wine and a fruit juice. "That's how it works here, Princess Li," he said, "the servants are all well trained."

Li looked at her master. He was 46 years old, he had said so, he looked very athletic and healthy. His cock was a little bigger than her uncle's, the man fucked quite well and waited politely with squirting until she had finished masturbating, only then did he pull his cock out of her pussy. He asked what she had learned and she listed swan, pigeon and crane; horse, dog and monkey; camel and water buffalo, He interrupted her with a smile, "so everything our ancestors thought up about fucking." Li stroked his cock, which had become stiff, "Do you want to, my Lord?" Of course he wanted to, she let herself be fucked again and masturbated faster so that he didn't squirt before she reached orgasm. He squirted with a roar and rolled to the side with a big grin. "Aaah, you're really good at it, Princess Li!" he said with an appreciative look. She had to smile when she saw the two servants. "They will make their husbands very happy tonight," she whispered with a grin, pointing at the two blushing girls with her chin. The Emperor grinned wryly, "They will, I'm sure of it!" Li smiled even more as the two blushed heavily.

Li gave the Emperor time for a long pause. "Would you like some more, high Lord?" she asked softly and he nodded, "but the snake will have to help with that," he replied. She took his cock in her mouth and teased him like a snake's tongue until he was stiff. Then she swung herself up onto him. "The Crane," she breathed, lying with her upper body on his chest and letting her ass rotate. He grunted with pleasure. She rose up when he was ready to squirt and rode him fast as clockwork. He clawed his hands into her hips and held her tight as he squirted a few more drops. That was enough, he gasped as he struggled desperately for breath. They lay quietly next to each other for a while. "I'll have a new room made for you tomorrow, you'll be a favorite!" he said firmly. She teased him, "just a favorite or the favorite?" He didn't say anything in response, was she perhaps too demanding, too full of herself? He wanted to have her back tomorrow evening, he said. The two servants appeared next to the bed, they handed her the cloak, "Please, Princess Li!" It was a sobering departure, but the Emperor always slept alone, the girls confirmed as they escorted her to the dormitory.

How right the Emperor was! She lay down on the sleeping mat and everyone kept their mouths shut as if waiting for her to say

something. “May the gods lull you to sleep,” Li said half aloud, a customary goodnight greeting. The quiet noise rose again. Some women lay together on a mat and made love to each other, others sighed and gasped as they masturbated. Li turned on her side and tried to fall asleep.

Every evening, the Emperor sent for her, and four days later she had her own room next to the rooms of the other favorites. She had herself bathed, oiled and perfumed every evening. That was what the master wanted. A servant washing her pussy hinted at masturbation, but she immediately ordered her to stop. She wanted to remain a really decent girl. A few days later, the other two favorites knocked on her door. “Today we’re all going to the Lord,” they said. All three of them lay naked on the bed; strangely, the master wasn’t there yet. Then a fourth woman arrived, it was the Empress.

Li had never seen her before, she was a Mongolian woman, around 45 years old, despite all her make-up you could see her old, wrinkled skin and that she was surprisingly ugly as night. She dropped the cloak. Her breasts were small and hung down wrinkled and sad. Her luxuriant pubic hair had been carefully trimmed to resemble the Chinese ideal. The Chinese woman only had a small, slender bush above the pubic fold, but the Mongolian woman had an unappetizing, thick bush. She lay down in the middle without a greeting, spread her legs and waited. They all waited.

Li would later learn that the court had chosen the Mongol princess for the Emperor so that the Mongol barbarians would no longer raid the empire. The complicated marriage contract stipulated that she had to bear him an heir to the throne and that he had to fuck her at least once a month. According to the contract, she could have taken anyone as a lover, as he was also allowed to take anyone as a concubine. But the Mongolian woman only fucked her son, the heir to the throne. The favorites had already seduced him once and were impressed by his cock and the 14-year-old’s good techniques. He allegedly fucked the Empress 5 times or more every day, but that was surely just an exaggeration. This was in the marriage contract as a possibility for her, because it was the custom among the Mongols, whereas in China such a mother would be chased out of the village

with shame and disgrace. And so things stood, and the four women waited for the Emperor.

He came, visibly stressed. He lay down by the Empress, who didn't move, who didn't lift a finger. A favorite took his cock in her mouth and did the snake until he was properly stiff. The Mongol opened her cunt wide with her finger, so you could see, it was of black skin. She tried to smile and said with a liquor-filled voice, "ride me hard, ride me wild, dear husband!" He penetrated the Empress's pussy, but she remained stiff as a poker. With obvious reluctance, he thrust and fucked the ugly Mongolian cunt. Li was annoyed, didn't the Empress know that you had to masturbate while fucking or being fucked? She stretched out her hand cheekily and masturbated the Empress. She seemed to wake up now and shot her venomous looks, but then the lust was stronger than anything else and the Empress orgasmed with a suppressed scream. The Emperor squirted after that as quickly as he could and climbed off the Empress. "You have all witnessed me fucking the Empress!" he said solemnly. The Empress stood up, nodded to Princess Li and left, followed by her servants.

The Emperor smiled at first, then burst out laughing, the two favorites joining in. Li didn't join in the laughter as she didn't know why they were laughing. One of the favorites explained. Fifteen years ago, before the Empress was pregnant, a former favorite had dared to masturbate the Empress, but the Empress had her whipped five times on her naked body the next day in front of the assembled court. "So I wonder if she will have you whipped naked tomorrow, Princess Li!" Li straightened up. "She won't, otherwise I'll rip out her clit next time!" The Emperor raised his voice slightly, "That's enough, ladies, there will be no whipping or ripping anything out unless I order it!" Li lowered her gaze, "Forgive me, high Lord, for speaking so prole-like!"

The good humor was gone, they drank a glass of wine and chatted until the Emperor was visibly agitated. He mounted a favorite, leaving Li breathless. She had never seen anyone else fuck before, but the favorite made such a beautiful, quivering and trembling swan that tears of awe welled up in Li's eyes. The Emperor was exhausted and sent the three ladies home. They sat together for a long time in one of

the rooms and Li got to know the ladies Xchi and Chang better. They all three became friends. Lady Xchi said that they had been with the Lord forever, that they were actually already too old as they had to leave the palace at 30, but the Lord wouldn't let them go yet, he simply wouldn't release them.

Princess Li was not whipped, she masturbated the Empress with impunity every time and now she joined in the laughter because the ugly old woman obviously quite enjoyed being masturbated after all. Li quite liked the Emperor as a man and she wouldn't dream of giving herself to anyone else. The ladies Xchi and Chang had their silent, secret lovers who risked their lives. Li had no intention of fucking the heir to the throne either, although Xchi and Chang spoke of the young Lord with great enthusiasm.

Three years went by, Princess Li was universally loved and lay with the Lord four or five days a week. She had completely identified herself with the role of head wife and bid a very sad farewell to the ladies Xchi and Chang, who were richly endowed and began a new life. Li had learned the trembling, quivering swan and delighted her master with her act. Then, on a fine, sunny morning, the Emperor was found dead in his bed. The Empress announced that the heir to the throne was now the Emperor and that she would have to take over the affairs of the empire until he came of age, in accordance with the prevailing laws. A Mongolian woman on the imperial throne!

After just a few hours, rumors circulated that he had been poisoned and counter-rumors that he had not. The court gave no clear information and Li was not only unspeakably sad, as she had learned to love the Emperor a little during those years. No, she was upset because no one said a clear word. She sought out the chief court physician and put her knife to his throat. The steel scored his throat and her look told him that she would slit his throat without batting an eyelid. He pissed his pants, but the princess hissed for him to talk or go to hell in silence. He shrieked in agony that he had noticed all the signs of poisoning but could not identify which poison had been used, at least none of those known in China. The princess plunged the blade deeper into his throat. It was probably a foreign poison,

perhaps from Mongolia, the doctor hissed. But the chancellor had forbidden him to say a single word on pain of death! The princess had heard enough and lowered the bleeding doctor to the ground. On her way out, she told his colleague that the doctor was bleeding to death next door.

She immediately ordered 5 bodyguards to accompany her at every turn. Then she began her campaign of revenge, accepting that it could cost her her own head. The old chancellor was found floating in the pond five days later. He must have slipped and drowned. Two days later, the regent, the Mongolian Empress dowager, was found sitting on her throne in the morning. She had been strangled and murdered with several knife stabs in her abdomen. Princess Li still had a few things to do to finish the vendetta. The chancellor was dead, as was the regent, and a commission had to investigate. Li spoke to some high and top officials, confidentially of course, while walking in the garden where they could not be spied on. The Imperial Council had to meet today and declare the heir to the throne to be of age and elevate him to Emperor today. Today. He should then commission the investigation or not.

Princess Li had achieved everything. She sent for the assassin girl through her favorite eunuch, who will be mentioned later. 5 silver shuttles (silver boats) for the chancellor, Li reckoned to the assassin. "Ten silver boats for the Mongol, that's what we agreed. And another 10 silver boats for your eternal silence." Li paused for a moment. "Yesterday morning, I held a knife to the throat of the chief physician and he almost bled to death, as I'm sure you've heard. You're a good assassin, but I'm not squeamish either. You can use the money to buy yourself a big restaurant or a nice hostel. So be wise and keep quiet forever." The assassin girl nodded and disappeared as silently as she had come. Silver boats, the currency of the time, were worth a lot. Li had hardly any money of her own, but when her beloved had been poisoned, she had taken it all from his casket. The Emperor himself had once explained the mechanism to her when she needed it urgently. Now the time had come. And she commissioned an iron casket and stowed all the money in it. Small, large and gold-plated silver boats. A fortune.

A day later, the Imperial Council had already proclaimed the heir to the throne Emperor. People shrugged their shoulders, of age or not, was that so important? Li had put everything in order. She had gone to see her uncle to hear his verdict. He was a wise man. He didn't love violence. But he only thought until his teacup was empty. "Of all the bad solutions, you chose the best. If you had asked me before, little daughter, I would have advised you to do nothing and trust the Gods. But it would have been a bad advice."

The Emperor meets his favorite

Princess Li had inherited the favorite eunuch of the ladies Xchi and Chang. The new favorites were very pretty, very young and could fuck really well, but unfortunately they were as stupid as straw. Li claimed the eunuch for herself, the straw-stupid girls had no objection at all. His name was Bo Lai and he was about 35, ten years older than her. They had met when Xchi and Chang were still there. From their first meeting, the first glance, they both knew that their lives were intertwined.

Li spoke to Lai for the first time after the ladies had left. "How could it be that you were the secret lover of Xchi and Chang?" Lai looked at her calmly, though he wasn't comfortable with the subject. "Most eunuchs are emasculated like sheep when they are still boys. The scrotum is tied off very tightly and then cut off. They have no erections and can't father children. We Chinese learned this barbaric procedure from the Mongols. However, some are only emasculated at an advanced age, usually with the same result. A few, however, including myself, can still get an erection, but of course cannot father children. I did the stupid thing of impregnating the sweet little daughter of a rich man. He had me emasculated. When I recovered months later, the rich man had disappeared and was never heard from again. I ended up in the service of Lady Xchi, who appreciated my erections and knew how to keep the secret. She was the only person to tell Lady Chang, who is very secretive. That's how it was, they didn't even tell the Emperor, even though they both loved him very

much. They must have thought a lot of you, Princess Li, to tell you my secret and give me away to you.”

Li had grabbed Lai’s hand when he spoke of emasculation. She was still holding it when he had finished. “I don’t know what will happen to me. I’m seven years older than the new Emperor and I’m afraid he’ll send me packing with riches. I can only promise you that I will share even my last bowl of rice with you or let you go free. You choose!”

Lai was clever, educated and had a sharp mind. He made a suggestion. “Princess Li, don’t lock your door tonight. Perhaps the wind will carry a quiet spirit into your chamber, a good spirit that will fuck you so well that you can forget all sorrow and your revenge. And then ask me again tomorrow morning.” Li nodded in agreement, “So it will be!”

Li waited anxiously, preparing her clit for a fine ride, but she didn’t hear him coming. It was only when he lay down naked on the mat next to her that she saw him. In the pale moonlight, she realized that he had a pretty impressive cock. They fucked in complete silence, alternating between him on top and then her again. She masturbated at first, but even when she stopped masturbating, she had orgasms. No man had ever fucked her so well, not her uncle and not even the Emperor. She asked him to stop because she couldn’t breathe with the constant orgasms. When she had caught her breath and calmed down, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth. “I want you to stay with me. If I have to leave, I will buy your freedom, the former Emperor has given me enough money.” Princess Li noticed that he nodded in agreement. “We just have to be careful while we’re living in the palace,” he breathed. Lai was taller than her, broad-shouldered and very muscular. A Han, she whispered, and he confirmed. “I love men who kill for passion, be it for love or revenge,” Princess Li whispered. Lai hugged her. “My girl died in the abortion, along with our child, because her father entrusted her to the wrong women. He deserved to die, just like the corrupt chancellor and the Mongolian Empress dowager. Sometimes death is the right decision.” Li said she and he were connected, like

the tree and the vine entwined around him. They whispered for a while longer, then Lai disappeared as silently as he had come.

The young Emperor spent his first day appointing his ministers and advisors. Every night he spent with three of his father's concubines. He didn't say it, but they were all too old. Not old enough to replace his beloved mother, because he really missed her sexually. In the morning, each was given a small box of silver boats and a palanquin to take them into the city. Princess Li waited eleven nights to be called and sent away. Surprisingly, the Emperor asked her to come to him in the garden. She came immediately, she had never seen him up close before and had never spoken to him, even though they had both lived in the palace for years. She was surprised because there was nothing at all Mongolian about him. He was a really handsome Chinese man and reminded her strongly of his father, whose lover she had been. He looked around, he had had the garden closed off. They could talk freely and undisturbed.

He spoke lovingly of his father, whom he had only really learned to appreciate in recent years. Only when he had inwardly separated from his mother. He said whoever had murdered her, it was a release for him from her clutches. She had molded him into her sex slave. He had enjoyed it for many years because she had taught him everything and was always good to fuck. But she was a jealous witch who had beaten him up more than once for fucking another girl, and she didn't begrudge him that. He said he became aware of the princess when he learned that she masturbated his mother while she was fucked by his father every month. He did not show it outwardly, but inwardly he was pleased that a single princess, namely she, dared to do what was a fine Chinese custom while fucking. For a Mongolian woman, this was of course very humiliating, but he was already inwardly resisting.

Princess Li hadn't said a word yet, not because you had to wait until the Emperor asked you to. No, she let him speak because that was when she could tell how the wind was blowing. He said that he had spent a night with his concubines out of respect for his father and had dismissed them with honor. He laughed, "what am I supposed to do with 40 concubines?" The princess just smiled. He said he had

kept two. They were the father's last two purchases, exotic blonde creatures from the far west, brought from far away by the slave traders. They didn't speak a word of our language and theirs was unintelligible. But they were both young, younger than himself, exotically pretty with big blue saucer eyes and they were only inhibited at first. But once the evening had picked up speed, they came out of their shells and fucked quite well. He had indicated to them that they should masturbate while fucking. They asked twice if he meant "that", and when he nodded in the affirmative, they were ready to fuck like all good Chinese girls. They had been with him three nights already and he wanted to keep them. The only thing they somehow didn't get was that they had to go back to their room after fucking. They didn't seem to understand that an Emperor slept alone. The princess looked up. "They may not know what an Emperor is, high Lord!" He nodded, "You see, now we come to you, Princess Li."

Li waited for his explanation. "My father actually only spoke of one concubine, and that was you. He said you were much more valuable than any sexual blossom in his flower garden. He could have a really good conversation with you, better than with many a minister or advisor. He always listened to you carefully and most of it was right. He said that a woman had to be more to him than just one who bore him a progenitor or who knew how to fuck. I remember one remark he made in particular. Princess Li would have been the best wife for him if it weren't for reasons of state." The princess winced; the Emperor had never told her that, she whispered. "I grew very fond of him over time, but I thought it was just one-sided love."

The young Emperor mentioned that he knew her uncle. His father, the Emperor, had hired her uncle to teach him how to run the civil service because his father thought the uncle was very suitable. The prince was not enthusiastic at first, but he quickly realized that he could use her uncle's knowledge. He had invited his uncle to tea a few days ago because he wanted to have him around in a higher position. The uncle was not interested in the offer. He knew the imperial court very well and knew that it would crush his soul. He would rather complete his great work, a book on the history of China. Unfortunately, he was unable to change the steadfast man's mind. But he would ask him for advice whenever he needed it. "I was thinking

at that moment how closely our lives are interwoven. Do I take this as a sign, or is it just a coincidence?" Princess Li remained thoughtfully silent, for she did not know the answer either.

The young Emperor smiled. "I would like to know if you and I are a good match. One thing I already know, I don't give a damn about reasons of state, about the schemers at court who would put misfortune in my bed for a piece of land. I am the Emperor, I can make their heads roll!" Princess Li was not impressed by his emotionalism. "There are moments when reason of state is the right choice, perhaps the only one, High Lord." He was silent for a moment, for it was rare that anyone dared to contradict him. "I'm beginning to understand what impressed my father so much." He smiled. "Would you join me for dinner tonight, then for drinks and perhaps in my bed?" Princess Li murmured that she rarely drank wine, preferring fruit juice. But the servants know that.

"May I make a request, my Lord?" she asked. "I mean that we can feel freer and perhaps open up better if our servants don't stay in the room with us, but perhaps one or two rooms away? We can call out loudly if we need them." He swayed his head back and forth. "There are always two armed bodyguards next to the Emperor's bed at night." He thought for a moment. "I'll post them outside the room or at least put up a partition screen while you're with me. After that, they can come back in."

Li prepared for the evening carefully, both her own and Bo Lai's future depended on success. Lai did not leave her side and accompanied her to the Emperor's chambers. The young servants followed behind. Lai remained seated on the steps. "May the gods grant you strength and skill! Not beauty, for you are already beautiful, my Princess!" Li thanked him, bowing her head. "Get some sleep, my protector!" No one would have guessed from their words the deep affection they felt for each other.

The princess paid attention to every word, even though the servants were out of earshot. The palace has eyes and ears, she never forgot that. But it became increasingly clear that she was seven years older than the young Emperor. He was educated, inquisitive and

clever, that was how it was. He was still very attached to his father, even though he had only really gotten to know him in the last two years. He wanted to know everything and Li liked to tell him about his father, she had spent ten years talking to him, discussing or unraveling people's mysteries. She didn't hide from the boy how greedy his father was for sexual adventures, but nothing about his behavior could shake her respect for her master.

When they fucked together, she was pleasantly surprised at how well he fucked. She let herself drift in her lust and refreshed her cunt with her finger. She didn't have to pretend to him, she gave free rein to the pleasure her finger gave her. It wasn't an exciting fuck like with the old Emperor or Bo Lai, it was a pleasant fuck where she could sink into her own excitement and explode. During the breaks, they whispered about all sorts of things, he especially wanted to know how she saw and judged his future as Emperor. Above all, she reinforced his thoughts of being self-confident and only listening to the advice of the court as such. Listening, she repeated. He always had to make the decision himself, not a minister or general. They had their place and he had his. He must never let them forget that. He probed further. "The court is snooty, arrogant and stubborn. The court surely assumes that you are still a little boy whom they can mold, shape and use for their own interests. The court has the court at heart, not the people. The court doesn't care how the families, the craftsmen, the merchants or the farmers are doing, as long as they pay their taxes, do their work and don't revolt. It's as simple as that if you don't go into detail." Princess Li remained silent, because she knew that life was much more complicated in detail. Whether he knew it too, she did not yet know. He swayed his head back and forth. "In short, a pit of vipers, you mean to say," he said. "But they'll bite their fangs out on me, I guarantee you that, sweet princess! If I've learned nothing else from my mother, it's this: I am the Emperor, you are not."

They fucked again and again until the morning, she found it very pleasant and she took care of her own pleasure. She demanded, that he let his cock in her pussy even, as he couldn't fuck anymore, but she loved to masturbate for hours, orgasm after orgasm, until her wrist became tired the next morning. She wondered whether she

would like to be his concubine, whether she would like his way of fucking in the long run. She could say yes to both, he was certainly a good master and a good lover. As dawn broke, she slapped her hand theatrically over her mouth. "My poor bodyguard! He's been standing outside the door all night watching for me!" The Emperor looked at her with mixed feelings, who looked after the servants or the bodyguard? However, the princess had already clapped her hands and sent the servant to bring her bodyguard a glass of wine and a bowl of rice and fish.

"You care for him more than is usual," the young Emperor murmured. The princess straightened up and squared her shoulders. "He has earned his place, Your Majesty," she said very formally, "5 years ago, during the last revolt, the rebels advanced as far as here, as far as the concubines' house, the bodyguards could not stop them. They raped the Emperor's concubines and forced their way up the stairs to rape us favorites as well. Only Bo Lai stood broad-shouldered in the corridor, leaning on his cane like an old man. The rebels were soon to learn that not one of them could get past him. He beat them with his stick like the snakes. He piled the dead as high as a man in the corridor and waved at them with a grin, telling them to come closer. There were hundreds of them, Your Majesty, who faltered, stopped and when the big man took a decisive step towards them, they ran for their lives. He turned to us three scared-to-death women, pointed at the mountain of dead bodies and apologized for dumping such a pile of dirt at our doorstep. I will never take another bodyguard, he is the best, Your Majesty!" Li looked at him very seriously. She knew that he and his mother had been ironclad defended by the palace guards, just like the Emperor, and only found out about the night's revolt in the morning, long after it was over.

He immediately realized his mistake. Now he showed character and apologized, he had made fun of himself in ignorance of the events and he was truly sorry. Princess Li smiled kindly at him, the lad had character and a good sense for a mistake. "Don't apologize, high Lord, you couldn't have known." He bowed his head and murmured, "And what does your humble pupil learn from this, dearest princess?" She laughed involuntarily at this drama. "If you were indeed my pupil, dear friend," she said in a confidential and concilia-

tory tone, “I would point out to you that it is all too easy to give in to the automatisms of one’s own imagination and babble away instead of waiting carefully to see if the supposedly strange thing finds another explanation. Great generals have led their armies into the abyss because they made precisely this mistake. That’s more or less what I would say to you as my student if I were your teacher and you were not the Emperor.” Li remained silent, smiling, and the Emperor thought with his eyes closed.

When he opened his eyes, she asked him which of his father’s wives and girls had particularly pleased him sexually? He immediately began to sing her hypocritical praises, but she interrupted him gruffly. “I am aware that I am the best for a thousand miles, that between my legs is not a calm lake, but a volcano that explodes at the slightest touch of my finger.” She laughed infectiously. Becoming serious again, she repeated the question.

He looked directly at her, not having to think for a moment. “Hardly any of the concubines, they all fucked quite well or let themselves be fucked quite well. None of them were worth another night though, although they were all lovely and delightful to fuck. Only my father’s two favorites, the ladies Xchi and Chang, had deeply impressed me. They were masters of fucking in all variations, even better than my beloved mother, who was a real master of fucking. They bloomed like the most precious flowers and unfurled their wings like exotic butterflies, spread out before me just for my pleasure and admiration. Not to recognize them as the best would have shamed me deeply. I gave them three times what my father had promised them as a parting gift. But I strictly adhered to the custom that concubines and favorites could not be older than 30. At the time, I seriously considered changing the custom in this respect, perhaps I will do so one day.”

The princess took his hand. “I thank you, my lord, for answering so openly and honestly. I knew the two ladies well and am aware that I would have had much to learn from their art of fucking.” At a hint from the Emperor, a servant brought tea. They drank in silence and each of them dwelled on his thoughts. He thought about how he could persuade her to stay and she thought about how she could be-

come his concubine and one day his favorite. She picked up the cloak from the floor and pulled it over her shoulders. They both began to speak at the same time and both fell silent instantly.

She lowered her gaze. "You first, Your Majesty!" she said in a firm voice and only then did she realize that she was ordering him around like a student. She pressed her eyelids tightly together so that he could not look into her soul. The young Emperor cleared his throat and spoke. "I must thank you, dear princess, for the beautiful evening and the wonderful night. My father was right to consider you his First Favorite. I wanted to ask you to stay with me as my First Favorite, the two blonde girls are just concubines for the boring cold winter nights. And I would be happy if I sent for you once or twice with the news that the pupil needs the teacher's advice, that you would then fly to me like a bird, sit on my shoulder and whisper in my ear. That's all I want. Please, princess!"

Princess Li didn't let on how relieved she was, how happy she was about his decision. She now looked into his amber eyes. "Just as you command, high Lord!" He asked what she had actually wanted to say before. She lowered her eyes, not wanting him to discover the mischief in her eyes too soon. "I wanted to thank you for the excellent meal last night, the cooks gave their all and deserve my thanks." She fell silent in the way that demanded to be asked.

He looked at her critically. "Well, don't keep me in suspense, dearest princess!" She looked him in the eye with a smile and he smiled too, recognizing the mischief in her gaze. "Oh, I just wanted to say that the events that followed deserved a 3, no, perhaps a 4 on the scale of the ten fingers." Her eyes now laughed cheekily. "What, only four fingers!" he exclaimed with feigned indignation, "I work my cock off like a hard worker only to get a measly 4!" She laughed and took up the game. "Well, I rarely give a 5, and never to a man who can't handle the two hungry tigers perfectly." He laughed too. "And the fact that I spared you not only the lame tigers, but also the raging buffaloes, so that you, my delicate flower, don't faint, that should be enough for a 6 out of gratitude! So a whole hand and a finger of the second hand, in case you can't count, my honorable princess!" They laughed together and held hands. "But for a 7, my lord, the snake

would have had to twist, turn and twitch even after spitting in the grotto, the cheeky snake with the fat, obscene cock-shaped body and the spitting mouth!” He grinned all over his face. “An 8 would probably be appropriate because my little birdie was so scared of the big fish mouth when the fish mouth snapped, snapped and snapped so terribly every time it exploded.” The princess stroked his face, gently and delicately. “I would give you a 9 if the toothless baboon had bitten the greedy clam many more times, oh my master!” He laughed out loud. “I voluntarily renounce the 10! I give up, I beg for mercy before you make me work myself to death!” Princess Li took his face in both hands and kissed him right on the mouth, pressing her tongue against his and wrestling with him, whirling quickly and licking his tongue lazily, leaving him breathless. She let go of him and looked at him seriously. “I will be your favorite, fully and completely with all my arts! I promise you that, high Lord!”

So it was then. She went to him almost every evening and the blonde girls only when she was indisposed. She left the young Emperor, who had to sleep alone, and let the faithful Lai accompany her home. He slept next to her on the mat every night and was up first thing in the morning, shooing the servants into the kitchen to prepare tea and morning bread for the favorite and the two concubines. When the princess was too tired and languid, Lai went to the blonde girls and woke them up. They really liked being fucked by him or fucking him. He actually had a lot of stamina and the fucking toned his muscles. He practiced every lunchtime before lunch with his cane on a barkless tree stump in the middle of the courtyard. That was the time when Li wanted to rest undisturbed on her mat and intensely pleased herself with her clit like in the nights of her youth. She needed that, every day.

She had once asked Lai what he thought of the two blonde concubines. He had only found out that they came from a land where it was freezing cold and where wild dogs or wolves ate the little children. They apparently came from a fishing village and when he realized that, he often had fish prepared for them. He sometimes brought them into the kitchen, where they roasted the fish directly over the fire, so that the horrified cook ran screaming out from the kitchen. But that was how the girls liked to eat the fish. “So, do they

fuck well?” Li asked and he smiled broadly. “They’re really good, they fuck like Chinese girls in the meantime, rubbing their clits with their fingers masterfully.” Lai guessed that was not common in their country. He guessed that they were at least sisters, maybe even twins. He had often observed them making lesbian love, but they really liked to fuck men, lustfully and passionately, with the Emperor, with him, sometimes with the servants and, more rarely, with the soldiers, of whom they were very afraid. He had to stand by and nod approvingly as they let themselves be fucked hard by a dozen soldiers in a row. They actually quite liked being fucked hard by several men at a time. Then they smiled as full and satisfied as cats. They certainly didn’t understand what an Emperor was and that they belonged to him. They couldn’t write and he suspected they had never had a teacher or learned anything.

A hunting accident

The young Emperor died in the third year of his reign, not even 21 years old. He was out with the hunting party, he had fallen off his horse and broken his neck. As cries and wails rang out in the inner courtyard of the palace, the princess ran down, closely followed by Lai. They all stood in a circle around the corpse, which lay on an improvised stretcher. The princess threw herself on her knees beside him and wept in despair. Suddenly Lai stepped up beside her, felt the young Emperor’s neck and then stomped on the ground with his fighting stick so hard that Li flinched. He turned around and stomped up the stairs to the women’s house. Li looked again at the boy who had tried so hard for so long to fuck her as well as his father and had ultimately failed. The one who was madly in love with her and had kicked the courtiers’ asses when they brought in another chick. He made the girls realize they weren’t to blame for his trouble and fucked each of them all night long if she really wanted it. And there were quite a few of them who wanted to be fucked by the handsome, strong boy. Now he lay there, small, slight and pale. The princess placed a palm on his chest and silently said goodbye to her master. Then she went up, into the women’s house, up to Bo Lai.

They sat silently opposite each other. Li noticed how angry and upset her favorite eunuch was. She pondered and pondered, but it made no sense. Lai and the young Emperor were not close enough to justify his anger. She asked him. He glared at her with a fierce look, but his gaze softened as he recognized her.

“What did they tell you had happened?” he asked. She put her hand on his, but he pulled it away. “So, what!” he asked again, and he seemed to want to hear her say it. “He fell off his horse while hunting and ...” He waved her off. “Fell off his horse, like that.” He glanced at her. “Fell off a horse?” She nodded uncertainly, what the heck did he want to hear?

He looked at her seriously. “God knows I was a soldier for quite a long time, I’ve seen a lot of guys fall off their horses and most of them got right back up.” He asked her to tell him the injuries she had seen. She looked at him desperately. “What injuries? His neck was ...” He interrupted her rudely. “What injuries did you see with your own eyes? Seen?” he repeated insistently. She froze. “None. I didn’t see any external injury.” She felt a chill trickle down her spine, a sure sign that he was going to say something terrible.

“I saw a dozen men who had fallen off their horses. They had bad abrasions on their faces or knocked out teeth, some had broken arms because that’s an automatic defensive move. Almost all of them had scraped knees and all of them had more or less tattered clothing. Now it’s your turn again, Princess!” She immediately said that he had none of that. No injuries to his face, hands or knees. His jacket was dusty and dirty, but by no means tattered. She held her breath. “How can that be!” she asked, but she knew the answer. They were silent for minutes. He said very quietly, “The palace has eyes and ears. I felt his neck. It’s broken, but not from the front as in a fall, but from behind, as if someone had hit him in the neck from behind with a sand-bag. That’s what made me so angry. The whole hunting party is lying, lying outrageously. It shouldn’t be difficult to bribe the court physician, even though I don’t know him. I looked at the faces of the hunting party, it could be anyone or no one, the murderer may already be over the hills. Think about it, Princess, who would have him killed now, or just now? The murderer is unimportant, but who paid him?”

He rose quickly. "I'll go down there like I do every day and fight with the tree stump. I don't want anyone to think that you or I are thinking. And please be careful, don't ask around. Your neck is even thinner than that poor fellow's." He went to train and she brooded, going through everyone she knew. She didn't feel like playing with her clit right now.

Emperor and General

The Imperial Council met on the same day. There was a clear heir to the throne, the nephew of the old Emperor, there was no doubt about that. He was a general in the imperial army, he sat at the headquarters and was in charge of the supplies. He was almost 49 years old, already with a small prosperous belly and lived in a beautiful house with three concubines and a number of servants. He was instantly removed from his post and proclaimed Emperor by the Imperial Council. He was not expecting it, but he was not wrong to be a general. He immediately rose to the new challenge; he was prudent, educated and clever. Neither the princess nor Bo Lai knew him, but she was summoned to see him on the very first day.

She knew from the first moment that she would never fall in love with him. But she also didn't have the feeling that he had ordered the murder. He wanted to talk to her privately, she was the First Favorite after all. The princess asked to have the conversation in private. He called the guard, wanting to be undisturbed and have no eavesdroppers. The guard, his own men and well drilled, closed the heavy wooden door.

"I will gladly answer any questions, Your Majesty," she said with the prescribed bow. She was to sit next to him on the bench and whisper. "The palace has eyes," he said and she added with a smile, "and ears!" They looked at each other and Li's first impression was the same as before, they will understand each other and maybe like each other, but fall in love?

How surprised she was when he asked her about the deceased's riding skills. She didn't ride, never had, and she only knew that the Emperor, sorry! the late Emperor liked to ride to hunt. She had never heard that he had ever had an accident. The new Emperor nodded in agreement, "I've already had the entire hunting party taken into solitary confinement and my 4 best investigators, 2 detectives and 2 military judges, will interrogate them very carefully. When I heard it, I couldn't believe that a guy who had already sat on a horse at the age of 7 would break his neck! That was bloody suspicious."

Li asked if she should bring her favorite eunuch to the investigators, he had suspected something similar, and he had been a soldier long enough to get the picture. Emperor Teng ("previously General Teng, now Emperor Teng") agreed, they would all three go to the investigators afterwards. But now he wanted to hear how she had become First Favorite. He listened with his eyes closed and asked in between, and Princess Li gave him a full explanation. He raised his head. "How old are you, First Favorite?" She replied, "27, I'll be 28 in 8 months." He nodded, he had been told so. He wouldn't be able to take his sisters to the women's shelter, they were almost 40, one even 41, and he knew the rule. She asked, "Sisters? I thought concubines?" Emperor Teng smiled mildly. "Forget all the rumors about me. I've always lived with my two half-sisters, and they've been my concubines since we were young, to put it bluntly. I will give them my share of my inheritance and let them get on with their lives. They would be very unhappy at court, and I want to spare them that." He stared at the desk top and said, "What a pity, I loved being a soldier, a general and I loved being in the field. As time went by, I was needed in the office, that was a hard goodbye. And now the gods and the courtiers have put me on the throne, damn it! I was used to giving orders and they ran! I banged my fist on the table and heads rolled!" He sank back into a dull brooding. The princess said softly, "You are more than a general now, Emperor Teng. You can command and they will run. You will bang on the table, because you are Emperor Teng now, and if it is to be so, heads will roll! I suspect what you mean, but let me say, the late Emperor didn't let the courtiers get him down. He disempowered a large number of them and sent them into the desert. The court had no power over him, even though he was very young. It soon became quite clear to the

court that although he listened to their arguments, he always made the decision himself. He cut out many rotten parts of the apple, braver than his father who had far too good a heart. I was only this young man's wife for 3 years, but I witnessed it daily, how strong he really was. I mourn him with a bleeding heart, even though I was only a concubine."

Emperor Teng smiled. "Let me try out if I can still command, alright?" Princess Li nodded with mixed feelings, this could easily go wrong. He looked directly at her. "I, Emperor Teng, order you, Princess Li, to remain the First Favorite! — Well, what do you say?" The princess smiled and bowed her head. "As you command, my Lord and Master!" Emperor Teng smiled. "You have given me good advice and you will not regret it. I like to drink, I like to eat and I will make the beautiful wives of my poor predecessor happy. I promise to always listen to your advice and consider it before I command."

"And now come, let's go to the investigators!" Emperor Teng shouted for the princess's bodyguard Bo Lai to be brought in immediately, then the door opened and Lai stepped in, bowed deeply and said, "Here I am, Your Majesty!" Teng struggled to hide his surprise, the guy was quick, "He's always near me," Princess Li murmured and followed the Emperor. He strode out strongly, he didn't need a palanquin for the few steps, he said to Li. The investigators jumped up and bowed deeply. The Emperor ordered, "Listen to this good man and question him, he may have something to say!"

Teng walked past the cells accompanied by Li. The prisoners had no opportunity to confer, although they certainly had done so long ago if they were guilty. Teng opened every window and looked at every face. He couldn't tell if they were guilty. He went outside with Li, into the barracks courtyard. His four bodyguards and his fellow followed them. He asked how the other two concubines were. "I'm sure you'll be very pleased, high Lord," Li replied, searching for words, "my last Lord was very pleased with them, except for their dumbness." Emperor Teng raised an eyebrow. "No, they are not mute, but they do not speak our language and we do not speak theirs. But my Master and others have told me they fuck very well, they like to fuck very much and they have also learned to fuck like us Chinese women.

I have never heard anything but praise.” Teng asked her, “they are light blonde and come from the far west?” The princess nodded in the affirmative and Emperor Teng summoned his boy, who ran off at his command as if the devils were behind him. Princess Li smiled. “Now I see what you meant, my Lord! You give the order and they run!” The Emperor smirked and smiled to himself.

He sat down on a stone bench and had Li take a seat next to him. “I was about 14 when my father came back from the Nihon Empire, he had been ordered there as an imperial ambassador just before I was born. He had taken a Japanese noblewoman there as his wife and my half-sisters are descended from her. Like my mother, this second wife also died in childbirth. I was absolutely thrilled with my new sisters and fell in love with them both. I used to sneak up to them at night and spend half the night with them. I deflowered them both on the same night, before they were even 13, and we’ve been sleeping together ever since. I didn’t have a serious relationship with any woman apart from them and they didn’t have one with any man either. On the outside, we kept up the façade that they were my concubines, not unusual for a soldier, for an officer. They brought two bad habits with them from Nihon. Firstly, unlike us Chinese, a Japanese woman is not allowed to masturbate while fucking, not to masturbate in front of another person, not even in front of her husband. She has to keep it completely secret, so I’ve only seen it very rarely with my sisters. And secondly, Japanese women make squeaking, squealing noises like kittens or piglets when they fuck. Essentially, it is the sound ‘I’ like ‘ee’, which is varied in the highest tones, it usually sounds full and satisfied, or even anxious, ashamed or tormented. It has absolutely no relation to the man’s fucking. I got used to it because they can’t get rid of it. Even after 30 years, my girls squeak and squeal as if they are being tortured or suffering God knows how.”

“My cousin Han-Qi, whom you call the old Emperor, was my best childhood friend back then and we fucked my two sisters together for years. We laughed so often when the two of them squealed louder and louder. As Emperor Han-Qi, he shaped the empire impressively and I cried for him a lot when he was murdered. I honestly felt a great sense of satisfaction when his assassin was killed shortly afterward. Everyone knew it was her, but no judge has ever indicted an

Empress.” He was silent, lost in thought. She was silent too, for she had nothing to say. Apart from Bo Lai, no one knew who had the Empress murdered.

The Emperor’s boy came, an ancient old man in tow. Princess Li had never seen him before; he had waist-long snow-white hair and a white beard that reached down to his belt. Emperor Teng greeted him with a friendly welcome as Master Guo. He introduced him to Princess Li, but the old man didn’t seem to understand what a First Favorite was. They went to the women’s house and Teng explained to Li that the master had lived in the West for many years and spoke many foreign languages. He had already written several dictionaries. Master Guo listened to the blonde girls and shook his head regretfully. He only had a rough idea of what language it was. He had a disciple who understood the language for sure. Emperor Teng said, then let him come. Master Guo, who persistently addressed the Emperor as General Teng, said that the young man — as it turned out, was already nearly 70 — so the young man had retired to a monastery to write another dictionary. The Emperor immediately sent a messenger with a horse, and the scholar was to appear tomorrow at noon. Li understood how the Emperor, the former general, had his boy carry out his orders as spokesman.

They left again and the Emperor explained to the old master that he was no longer a general. He had hooked the man under and the old man stopped, startled. “What have you done now, young Teng, that you are no longer a general? A wives’ tale, as usual, I suppose?” The Emperor smiled mildly, “No, not a wives’ tale this time, good master, now I’m Emperor, they say.”

The old man shook his head. “Emperor? And what about the other womanizer, the ... uh ... your buddy, the Han-Qi, I once heard he became Emperor. What’s true now, General?” Emperor Teng patiently explained that Emperor Han-Qi had been murdered by his wife, and ...” Master Guo stopped again, startled. “Do you mean the barbarian woman from the north that you and that sly Han-Qi fucked day after day in a race until just before she gave birth?” The Emperor confirmed, nodding in agreement. Master Guo cast an arrogant sideways glance at the princess, “That little rascal also made me fuck the bar-

barian a few times back then. Yes, yes, she really was an excellent fucker, I'll give her that, and the two boys laughed their heads off because I wasn't afraid to give the ugly woman a good fucking every day, the way I learned from the Mongols. And, as you said, General, that ugly barbarian woman killed the good man!?" Emperor Teng nodded, "That's right, the Empress poisoned the Emperor! But she couldn't rejoice for very long, a good patriot strangled her neatly. And her son Jie-Lin, the son of Han-Qi, was then Emperor Jie-Lin for over three years, but he too died a few days ago. This one, Princess Li, was the wife of the Emperor Han-Qi for a while and then of Jie-Lin, the poor young Emperor."

Master Guo stopped and gripped the princess's wide sleeves in accordance with custom. "You must have suffered a lot, young Empress!" the old man exclaimed, bowing far below his knees. Li grasped his hands gratefully and let him rise. "Just a very sad princess, dear Master," she said, "I have never been an Empress and never want to be one!" She looked at the Emperor to see if he had understood the message correctly.

Shaking his head, the Master shuffled on. "Nothing but murder and manslaughter at court! A spawn of Satan, this court! I'm glad, General, that you're in the army, my son! You only bash in the heads of your enemies, not your friends, don't you, General?" Emperor Teng waited a moment before making a final attempt. "Until now, I was General Teng, dear Master, and now they have placed me in the middle of the court as Emperor Teng, as the successor to Emperor Han-Qi and Emperor Jie-Lin, who are both unfortunately dead. And you're absolutely right, dear Master, the court is a goddamn snake pit. But now I am the Emperor and I intend to smoke out this nest of snakes!"

The old man stopped again, grabbed the Emperor's sleeves and bowed as low as he could. "Then you are now Emperor Teng, General! What a joy, for the court has made a grave mistake in elevating a capable man like you to Emperor, my dear general! My dear Emperor, I wanted to say, of course, but you know, the old age!" He glanced at the princess. "And she will now be your Empress, I suppose! She looks damn good and you seem to like her, General, Em-

peror Teng! But if you make her Empress, let me fuck her once too, like in the good old days!" Emperor Teng was speechless for the first time, Li realized with amusement. She jumped to the Emperor's aid.

"I can't wait, noble Master, to be fucked properly by such a manly fellow as you are. Oh, if you only knew how little the young lads know about the art of fucking these days! They have no idea what the swan is, or the raging tiger or the shy water buffalo!" The Master nodded musingly, he hadn't heard such frivolous words for ages. The Emperor punched a bodyguard in the arm because the poor fellow could hardly hold back his laughter. When they arrived back at the barracks courtyard, the general's lad hooked up with Master Guo and accompanied him home.

Lai joined them and the Emperor told him that one bow a day, as in the military, was enough. Now he should report back. Lai nevertheless looked around thoroughly before giving a very detailed account of his conversation with the investigators. "Excellent men, if I may say so," he said. All four of them had gone with him to the cool wine cellar, where the dead man, now cleanly washed and wrapped in cloths, was waiting to be buried. Lai showed them exactly what he had noticed about the dead man's neck. All four of them had palpated the neck and discussed it in a calm tone. They told him that he was *de facto* right and that it warranted an investigation. They split up, one would question the servants who had undressed and washed the dead man. Another would look for the clothes. The third would fetch the court physician for questioning with the fourth. First they would ask him whether he had paid tax on the bribe, as they were tax investigators. The Emperor could not hide his grin. "My best investigators, and if there was anything, they'll find it." Lai accompanied Li to the women's house and she told him about Master Guo. He smiled, "Don't give the old man the tiger, he'll fall apart!" The princess smiled, the good guy had probably forgotten everything by the time he got home.

Li had dressed up beautifully and fragrantly for the first dinner with the Emperor. The food was really excellent and the Emperor said how important a good meal was to him. He drank a whole bottle of wine, as Li stuck to the various fruit juices. The conversation was

relaxed and yet highly interesting. Li had to revise her preconception: Emperor Teng was highly educated and knew history and politics inside out. He had little interest in poetry, lyrics or tasteless fiction, but he knew the works of great philosophers, statesmen and religious leaders. Princess Li soon realized that he must have read much more than herself or her two Emperors. She decided to let him guide her in her choice of reading. The fiction she had been devouring for years was basically useless. Emperor Teng had read and thought about things she had never heard or thought about before. She was determined to pull herself out of this empty hole.

She had immediately noticed that he was wearing a military parade uniform. She brought it up in an aside and he said that he would attend the Emperor's funeral still in uniform, that he would only take off his uniform at the official ceremonies for his accession to the throne in two months' time. The introduction of his successor to the military leadership had not yet been completed, the weakening could not be noticed by anyone and supplies, procurement and their coordination were vital for survival. The military was not allowed to show weakness either internally or externally.

She embraced him joyfully and willingly, for the first night decided her fate. It was much harder than she had thought, but her heart still belonged to Jie-Lin. After a short time, she approached him, trusting his razor-sharp intellect. If he didn't pass, she would leave, because staying with a man just for the sake of wealth was too humiliating. But Teng passed the test.

He didn't let his tiger off the leash, he put an arm around her shoulders and they talked all the time about relationships, feelings, mansplaining and womanizing. He was the most understanding man she'd ever talked to about these things, and there weren't many. It made her dizzy that he had thought about all this even more deeply than Uncle Tschan. How could a man she had known for barely two days understand her so well? How could it be that he had taken her by storm without using his power, his rights? In the third hour, she kissed him, her tongue attacking him vehemently, she wanted him, she wanted him immediately, she wanted to feel him inside her right away!

He let himself be seduced, he let her take the lead, knowing that it was the right thing to do now. She liked his soldier's body, the small belly didn't bother her at all. She slid down him, exploring his cock, his foreskin and the glans with her eyes, fingers and lips as if she had never seen a cock before. She mounted him, inserted his cock into her pussy and rode him. He changed positions so that she was on the bottom, and they switched several times. His cock fucked so well that she gave up masturbating with lust in favor of the fierce finale together, clinging to him tightly and firmly as her orgasm erupted and he squirted just seconds later into her violent twitching and quivering.

Princess Li lay face down on his chest, gasping for breath for minutes. "It was so exciting," she said, "I've really missed it these past few days." He was silent for a very long time, his heart was still racing, she could hear that. He spoke, but he was talking about completely different things. "Will you remain my First Favorite until the court sends you away in two and a half years?" It was a straightforward question, straightforward as he was. She sighed, "Yes, my Lord and Master! And not because you command it!" He took a deep breath. She continued, "Two and a half years of happiness is more than I could ever hope for." He shook his head, that wasn't true. She lifted her head and looked at him. "I know for a fact you've been thinking about it today. Becoming Empress. I know it." She lowered her head again. He gently stroked her back and ass cheeks. "There are several things to consider, to take into account, to make a good decision. As Empress, the 30-year-limit no longer applies, the Empress remains Empress until death. The next thing I think about is that an Emperor and Empress are expected to bear an heir to the throne. I have never had children around me, not even in my childhood. If I have fathered bastards, I don't know and strangely enough, I have never cared. I don't think I want to have children, the succession can be better arranged than hoping that the brat will be a great and good Emperor."

"I have spent the last two days thinking very hard, Princess, about whether I want a marriage, a family. I have had so many beautiful fantasies about it that it has weakened my judgment. You are the first woman in my adult life who has dominated these fantasies. It took

me a little by surprise and knocked my socks off. I've known this woman for less than two days and I want to change my ways! — As a military man, I would say bad strategy, very bad concept, wrong tactics.”

“I have no role model for a family. My father never treated or considered us as family. He was a highly skilled diplomat and showed me by example how beautiful, good and important it is to serve the empire. When he was very, very old, we talked about it. It bordered on treason when he told me that he always served the empire and the Chinese people, but never really any particular Emperor. He was long dead by the time I realized the meaning of it. I will point out to everyone that they, that I, only have to serve the empire and its subjects. But I don't want to stray from the actual topic. I have observed families time and time again, and hardly any of them were really impressive. So I'm not thinking of starting a family at the moment.” He fell silent thoughtfully.

Princess Li lay with her back on his chest and said. “My Lord, you do not have to decide anything now, I do not expect anything from you in this regard, noble Lord. Although it does my soul good to hear you speak so beautifully, it is also true that we do not really know each other yet. In two days, one can hardly recognize more than the outermost mask of the other, the true self is hidden deep inside under many masks.” He held her gently from behind and caressed her round, firm breasts for many minutes. “We should enjoy the next two and a half years and try to recognize ourselves under the masks,” he said. “I will tell you in time if I can take you to be my Empress. We should love each other respectfully, as if this golden goal is right in front of us.” Princess Li nodded in agreement with her eyes closed and sighed, for she had been playing gently and lightly with the bud of her floret for a very long time.

The Emperor smiled and kissed her pitch-black, long hair. “I can feel the bud demanding you, urging you, longing for release. Give free rein to your feelings, my beloved!” Li immediately stopped stroking her bud. “I'm a really decent girl, my Lord,” she lied softly and full of shame, “I'm a decent Chinese girl who only does it in sexual intercourse!” He grinned slightly, “I always assume that you are a

decent girl. But at the same time, I can see how much desire is bothering you and I'm far too tired and tired to fuck you now. Just give in to the desire, you'll still be a chaste, decent girl for me!" The princess thought for a long time. "You want to see it, am I right?" she whispered softly and he laughed softly. "That's right, my princess, I want to see it openly and with your permission, because until now I've only seen it in secret and ashamed like an unwelcome spy." Li sighed deeply, on the one hand she desperately needed it and on the other hand it was a hurdle she had never overcome before. She sighed and turned around.

She wrapped her legs around his neck and rested his cheek on her lower leg. "Come and see, my love, look and watch with pleasure as I humble myself and cast aside all decency! I am full of shame to do something I was told to be not decent. I remained always chaste and decent all my life, but I like you and to please you, I would do anything, throw away chastity, decency and girlish shame!" He looked with a smile at her rose, whose petals she parted with delicate fingers. She saw how greedily he watched her and closed her eyes. She did it because he had allowed it. Her clit had been erect for a long time and protruded a few millimeters stiffly from its hiding place. She started very slowly and gently and only gradually increased the speed and intensity. In the finale, she also stuck her index finger into her hole and fucked herself hard in orgasm. As quickly as it had come, her orgasm ran away like a startled gazelle. She relaxed and remained sprawled out in front of him. He bent down and kissed her rose devoutly, making her flinch for a moment with his tongue. He picked her up and hugged her.

The Emperor kissed the princess's cheeks and lips in succession. "It was so exciting and beautiful to watch, my beloved, that I wish you would show it to me again and again, to let me experience the trembling, quivering and twitching of your body and your rose!" He really meant it, and from then on, when he wrapped her legs around his neck, she masturbated, cheering and whooping. Sometimes his cock would start to squirt from watching, then she would grab his cock, even though she had never masturbated a cock before, pulling his foreskin back and forth until he had finished squirting. He loved both watching her masturbate and admiring her face as she inno-

cently and unknowingly let his cock finish squirting. He never showed her how to properly masturbate a man, because he wanted to preserve her innocence, her astonished curiosity forever.

Lai accompanied her back to the women's house. "I could hear your every word, dear Li, but I made the Imperial Guards take 10 steps back, for it was not meant for their ears." They walked on in silence. "The fact that you showed him your secret surprised me at first, but I realized from his reaction that you did the right thing at the right time." They climbed the wide staircase in silence and at the top, she grabbed his arm. "Come on, Lai, come with me right now, fuck me until sunrise and show me your love. I need you so much!"

They slept closely together until midday. Lai rose silently and prepared tea for her. He could see from the window that the messenger and the scholar had arrived at the Emperor's palace on sweaty steeds. He woke Li gently. "The scholar has arrived, we should prepare the blonde girls." Lai quickly went over to the servants, naked as he was, and ordered them to wash the girls and dress them fresh, the Emperor was coming. "And put the short white shirts on them, the Emperor loves to see women's flesh!" he ordered and went back to Li with a smile. They had bathed, been oiled and perfumed and put on fine robes. They waited chatting until the Emperor and the scholar, Master Jin, arrived.

The blonde girls jumped up, ran to the Master and kissed his hands. He bowed to the Emperor, "the girls recognized me right away, I came then every night to fuck their mother She was the only one who could fuck like a respectable Chinese woman, the others fucked on all fours according to their custom and the man knelt behind her as a male dog." The Emperor nodded understandingly, "the spotty dog," and Master Jin confirmed. "But the married couples only fuck lying on their sides," the master continued, casting a side-long glance at the Emperor, who murmured, "the exhausted mare in the poppy field." The princess was not surprised that Emperor Teng obviously knew all 876 sexual positions. The Emperor resolutely jutted his chin. "Honorable Master, question the girls very carefully and report back afterwards!" Everyone listened in silence as the girls and Master Jin spoke animatedly to each other in foreign tongues. The

girls soon jumped up, threw themselves on the floor in front of the Emperor and kissed his shoes without stopping. He looked questioningly at the master. "There is no Emperor in their language and culture, so I improvised and called you the Great King, who rules over 127 Kings," the Master explained, "and that this is not a posh brothel, but the Great King's women's house, where his wives live." Emperor Teng smiled for a while, then kindly picked up the girls and shoed them back to their seats. The three continued chattering and the Emperor enjoyed the sight of their flesh and jewels, as he had not yet fucked the girls. But what he saw now was very, very appetizing. After endless talking, the Master turned to the Emperor, bowed again and asked to be allowed to give his report. The Emperor controlled his impatience and asked for the report.

"The girls are called Jutta and Inger, Jutta is 19, her biological sister Inger is 20. They come from a small fishing village near the royal town of Sundborgen, there were 6 kingdoms in the Danish lands in my time, and King Haraldur Grimmesson, a very brutal warlord, ruled Sundborgen at the time. When the girls were 12 and 13, their father was injured in a fight with an orca, a 10-meter-long predatory fish that doesn't exist here. The meat tastes delicious, but hunting them is even more dangerous than hunting the wild boar here." Emperor Teng smiled, but he said, "Go on, go on, what's the next move?" The Master was visibly offended, as he had lived with the Danes, Swedes and Jutes for many years and had written a travelogue of 80,000 words as well as three rudimentary dictionaries. But orders are orders, so he made haste.

"The girls nursed their father back to health, one took care of his aching leg stump, the other had for the first time learned to rub his cock. After a few weeks they decided to fuck him like the mother was now doing with paying men. He was very desperate because it was still far too early for the girls, but he still liked to be fucked. The mother drank a lot of poisonous tea from the devil's root so as not to get pregnant. The father soon felt better and taught the girls to make lesbian love and lick each other's clits. He took the girls to the weekly market in Sundborgen and people paid to watch the girls lick each other's clits. Whoever put a big chunk of money in his hand got to fuck one of the girls. This went well for about a year, but then an en-

vious person snubbed him to King Haraldur, who had the one-legged man thrown into prison for tax debts. The desperate mother, whom the Devil's Root would bring to her grave, sold the 14 and 15-year-old girls to slave traders from Russia and bought her beloved husband free. That's how the girls ended up here."

Master Jin looked grumpily at the ground and muttered, "That was far too short, but you wouldn't have it any other way." The Emperor acted as if he were deaf. Anyone was allowed to criticize him if it was fair, and somehow he understood that the good man was rightly proud of his world travels. He put an arm around the little scholar's shoulders, "You've helped me a lot, Venerable Master Jin, now come to my chambers, I dictated a list of important words to the scribe this morning and you should dictate the translation to him. I want to make myself understood at least a little. Then you will be given a feasty meal, your payment and an escort will accompany you back to the monastery." He left after the girls had kissed his shoes again, and the Master followed him. That's what happened, or almost. Princess Li had his banquet served in the women's house and he had to interpret. She wanted to explain to the two girls the most important rules, behavior and how they had to comfort the Great King in bed. After an hour, Li was satisfied, the girls had also understood that they had fucked the Grand Kings before and that everything was correct and decent. On the days when the Great King did not call them to his house, they were allowed to fuck anyone in the household, primarily Master Lai, the servants and the guards, if Master Lai accompanied them. The girls looked big, because in the last 4 years they had only been fucked by the Grand King and had to rely on themselves the rest of the time. The girls asked excitedly for details. The servants already knew around midday whether the Emperor wanted to see them in the evening or not. So they could go out at noon and find a partner. It was their private business whether they took just one or ten to the room, but they were not allowed to fuck anyone who lived outside the palace walls. Of course, the Master also had to translate that they were only concubines, that she was the First Lady of the Great King and that they had to obey her orders too.

The servants were bustling to and fro; the Emperor had ordered all three women to dinner. But how surprised Li was that Teng had

obviously memorized the entire danish list! The girls giggled as they corrected his pronunciation, and were delighted. This Great King was the first to return their French kisses with obvious pleasure. It was a widespread custom among the Danes, Master Jin had said. Li gave in to a spontaneous impulse and responded a French kiss with Jutta. Emperor Teng was visibly amused, but Li defended herself indignantly, she had never kissed a girl in this way before and had never fucked a girl. She remembered the ladies Xchi and Chang very briefly, but she couldn't remember how far they had gone back then.

It wasn't until days later that the memories came back, because of course Xchi and Chang had never left a job unfinished. But now Li knew nothing about the lesbian love that the Emperor now commanded the girls to make. They corrected his pronunciation and joked at length, for he commanded in Danish, twisting like two nagging market women and laughing at their jokes. Li sat with Teng, her back against his chest, and he put an arm around her shoulders so that his fingertips reached her nipples. As things got hotter, she clutched his cock like a joystick. That's how they watched the girls' lesbian display.

The girls cuddled and kissed, licking each other in the 69-er position we call the Chinese sleigh ride, the Emperor remarked. The girls went into fervent heat, now Inger grabbed Jutta's hair and pressed her lips to her pussy. With a tiny cry, she orgasmed and immediately pounced on Jutta's clit. The princess was astonished to see a little semen oozing out of Teng's cock. But he did not squirt, even though she innocently and unknowingly pulled back his foreskin completely. Jutta's tiny cry showed that Inger had also got her over the hump. There was silence for a few minutes after the Emperor said in Danish, "You have done very well. The cock is very pleased. My breasts are beautiful." The girls gasped and smiled. It was clear what he was trying to say. After a few minutes the Emperor said, "Inger, your cock is swell. Come fuck, come fuck me. *Kom kneppe! Kom bolle, knalde, Kom så at pule!*" Inger came to her Master with a provocative gait and lay down on her back, just as Li had said. She touched her clit with one finger, knowing of course how a Chinese woman should fuck. The Emperor cast a half-questioning glance at Li, who nodded encouragingly. 'They're your women, you fool, so get on with it!' The

princess watched Inger fucking, Inger masturbated very gracefully and with girlish shyness, she had great practice in that, obviously. Jutta came to Li, hugged her and let her slide onto her back. She lay down on Li like a man, pressing their pussies together and almost eating her up with her demanding French kisses. The princess felt strange and a little uncomfortable because she had never cuddled with a woman, a girl, before. Or had she? For a moment, Xchi and Chang shot to the fore and immediately disappeared again. She remained completely passive and let Jutta do it. It was a wonderful cuddle, the tongue kisses tasted of vanilla and Ingers pussy flavor. The Emperor coughed. The princess lifted her head. He smiled broadly, from ear to ear, the cheeky guy!

“Come fuck, Jutta, come fuck with King. Inger ready now, come fuck, Jutta!” The Emperor was visibly proud of how perfectly he gave the orders. Jutta rose quickly, she went to the Emperor and lay down ready to fuck. He stroked Inger’s hair and body gently and kindly and indicated with his empty hand that she could go to the princess. Without waiting, he penetrated Jutta’s pussy and began to fuck her hard. Inger came towards her, her eyes glistening slyly.

Inger didn’t take long to get the princess hot with French kisses. She dived down, her lips sliding down Li’s cunt. Li protested weakly and half-heartedly, how could she make the horny girl realize that no man, woman or girl had ever licked her clit before? The grinning face of Lady Xchi, whose lips closed around her clit. No, it wasn’t Lady Xchi, but Inger, who wrapped her lips around her clit in the same way as Lady Xchi, sucking, licking, smacking and kissing. The princess completely surrendered to her, she racked her brain as to whether Lady Xchi had really done it, had she really licked like the Danish girl so purposefully and knowingly? Had she? Had she really?

The orgasm was not unexpected, but it came with a brain-shattering force. Princess Li didn’t even realize that she was screaming at the top of her lungs and Inger, grabbed by the hair, was thrusting into her pussy, onto her exploding clit, thrusting Inger’s tongue into her pussy again and again and screaming. She woke up to the echo of her own scream and the soft pattering of the feet of the alarmed servant girls. The princess stared open-mouthed at Teng, Jutta and the

two servants, and only now did she let go of Inger's hair. Inger looked up at her, smiled triumphantly and gently stroked Li's breasts. There was a dead silence and Emperor Teng beckoned the servants to disappear. He leaned over and embraced the princess as a true lover should. She lay against his chest, her heart pounding and she gasping for air. How could this be? How could she orgasm so violently, lose her composure like that? And — damn it — what did Lady Xchi have to do with it?

The princess drank a glass of red wine that the Emperor had handed her. He had placed both arms over the sweet girl Jutta's shoulders and patted her breasts. "You did very well. The girl is going to the women's shelter. You did very well. Girl with girl, you did very well." He patted the breasts, grinning broadly. "Come here fuck you did good, you did good," he said to one and to the other. "Princess Li girl with girl, you did very well," he said to Inger and kissed her on the cheek. "The girl is going to the women's house, the girl is going to the women's house." He clapped and the servants immediately appeared. He pointed to the cloaks, "take the girls home." As the cloaks were placed on them by the delicate hands of servant girls, the Danish girls threw themselves in front of the Emperor and kissed his feet. They embraced the princess and went with the servants. The Emperor called softly, "Sweets, red wine!", then pulled Li to him on the mat and embraced her lovingly.

"It was a nice evening, very exciting and the two girls are really very good. Nevertheless, I sent them away, I wanted to spend some more time with you, clear up my astonishment and maybe fuck you too, if you like."

"As you command, high Lord," Li said half aloud, but he interrupted her. "I commanded nothing. You are my favorite, my only favorite, and I want to talk to you, drink a glass of wine and eat sweets. It's not family life, I know, but I need to talk to you. Did you enjoy the evening at all, because if I read your face correctly, some things were new to you!?" He waited quietly for her to answer.

"You saw right, my love, it was the first time I had seen two girls make love. It was very exciting how they made each other hot and

how they licked each other's clits. It was insanely exciting and I could tell by the flow of your semen that it excited you too." He nodded, not a little embarrassed. "Yes, that happens sometimes when something great happens. And I saw your innocent, shy look, I love that about you!" Li blushed heavily. "I've never been shown what I have to do. Should I be unhappy about it?" He smiled, "No, you're an innocent, decent and shy girl, and I'd give a lot to keep it that way!"

"When you wanted to fuck Jutta, you looked at me, noble sir! I don't want that, and you mustn't! It's not me who has a claim on you, it's you who has a claim on me. If you want to fuck some random girl from the servants or, for my sake, the windy chancellor's wife, then do it, damn it, and don't look at me! You're the Emperor and I'm just a girl from a fishing village." But now he roared and rudely interrupted her. "You're from a fishing village, because of me. I have spoken to your uncle Tschan about your origins, I know everything. You are of nobility, your father is not your biological father, but the Prince of Ma'ang, the famous warrior and womanizer who has been dead for years. He fucked your mother for years until she was pregnant with you. He gave her some little silver boats and never came back. Your father disowned you when he found out, that was his right too. The fact that your mother's brother took you in was an unexpected good deed for which the gods love him."

"He took my virginity immediately, on the very first night, at the age of 12," said the princess sadly, "I was angry with him for weeks because I didn't want to be fucked at first. But I got to know and love him, and with a lot of patience he taught me everything about fucking and let me try everything. He was my first and only man until the old Emperor, Emperor Han-Qi, ordered me to him when I was 15, barely 16. And I have Uncle Tschan to thank for turning me from a dumb fish into a well-educated young lady in three and a half years. I owe him everything, and the only thing he ever wanted in return was to fuck me." Princess Li was silent and thoughtful, she always liked to think of her uncle.

"I want to apologize," he said, "for actually looking at you. I wasn't sure how that fit in with our previous relationship. I consider you the most important woman I've ever met, and I don't want to ruin that."

No lovely daughter from Sundborgen or anywhere else would be worth that to me. You looked back at me and I felt how warm and protective your gaze is.” Li stroked his chest, for there was nothing more she could say in response.

“Sire, my beloved, you know that I will never lie to you. An Empress must never lie to her Emperor, I have that written brightly before my eyes. I have never kissed a woman or a girl before, I have never lain with one and I have never had my clit licked. I am very insecure because I have never felt a lesbian inclination and yet today I exploded like a charge of black powder. I am very confused, my beloved, because I don’t despise anyone who is lesbian, it just seemed completely wrong to me before, in relation to myself. I often have sexual fantasies, and lately it’s Lady Chang, in whose tongue kisses I almost drown, because at the same time Lady Xchi is licking my clit from orgasm to orgasm. I don’t know where the Spirit of Fantasies makes me relive this experience again and again and I wake up drenched in sweat in a real orgasm, my finger rotating on my clit in my dreaming. I light incense sticks and pray fervently to the Good Spirit to give me peaceful dreams.” The princess remained silent and the Emperor laughed after a while. “I also have to tell you something about a ghost.” Li snuggled even closer to him.

“From an early age, the wet nurse who had suckled me as a baby slept in my bed, that was customary. She was still quite young, maybe only 20 years old, and she could really do witchcraft, as I later experienced. I remember very clearly that she always masturbated every night, but as a child I didn’t know what to do with it. She always told me that a ghost came every night, her fallen fiancé Scheng, who shook and made her tremble with his love, or so she told the little boy. I watched her very carefully, I really wanted to see the ghost of Master Scheng. She stripped naked, lay spread-eagled like a frog, the soles of her feet pressed together and her eyes became milky and glassy, they turned upwards until only the whites were visible. She was no longer aware of her surroundings, I could poke and prod her, she wasn’t aware of anything, she was completely out of it. She began to rub the clit with a finger for twenty minutes until the ghost shook her wildly in orgasm and tore her around. Then her eyes cleared, she gave me another wonderful goodnight kiss, then we slept. But when I

lay down to sleep and stretched my little erection towards her, she rubbed the sleeping boy until the erection subsided or later on squirted. She nodded very contentedly, she really loved doing that. I watched this night after night for years. I could never see the ghost and when I told her, she smacked her hands over her head. "You can't watch me when the ghost comes to me, I have to hide my eyes myself because you can't look at a ghost! Got it?" Of course I understood, but I didn't believe the fairy tale about Scheng's ghost. I then watched my mother fuck a few times and asked my nanny honestly. She threw up her hands again, "you're still far too young to talk to me about fucking!" Alright, I waited until her eyes turned milky, twisted and only the whites were visible and she started rubbing her clit. I was really young and couldn't squirt yet, but I stuck my dick in her pussy and fucked her like the big ones fucked my mother until the nanny's orgasm woke her up. Of course, I pretended to be asleep and the nurse was very satisfied because I didn't watch her masturbate. She rubbed my cock very devotedly and made it squirt deliciously in a fountain. I did this every night for years. Because one day, I was able to squirt. I was as proud as a peacock, but I didn't tell anyone. Now, night after night, I squirted into her pussy while she masturbated absent-mindedly.

You have to imagine it like this. Every evening I lay in her arms like the babies she nursed and fed during daytime, even when I was 15. I suckled and drank her milk until her breasts were empty and pulled and sucked hard on her teats, which made her very horny. She sank back and whispered that I was not allowed to watch it. I nodded obediently, but I watched. She lay naked on her back, pulled her knees up like a frog and pressed her soles together. In this position I could see deep into her little pussy hole. She whispered that I was not allowed to look and her middle finger began to rub the hidden clit. The clit was hidden deep in her flesh, only a small hump revealed where the pea-sized head lay hidden. Her eyes became milky and glassy as she whispered to the spirit. "I'm hiding my eyes, as you ordered," and she rolled her eyes and lost touch with reality. She squinted briefly, then rolled her eyes upwards so that I could only see the whites. "Come on, fuck me, my darling Scheng!" she breathed after I had penetrated her. I fucked her for an endless time, she continued to masturbate without stopping. "Just squirt inside, my love!"

she whispered over and over until I really did squirt inside. “Yes, that’s good, just squirt inside!” she whispered and increased her pace. It wasn’t long now before the ghost grabbed her with all its might and shook her body. She pressed her finger to her clit in orgasm and her eyes slowly rolled back down again. “Aaah!” she exhaled and looked through me. “Have you seen him?” she asked and I nodded, “he’s a beautiful, friendly ghost!” I replied. “And you didn’t look or watch?” she wanted to know and I answered politely, “No, just a little bit!” That was the end of it, she gave me a big goodnight kiss and we fell asleep in a tight embrace.

After a few months I was able to squirt twice and I enjoyed fucking two times in a row very much. It must have been about two years before I was able to fuck and squirt three times in a row. But now time was running out for the little fucking knight and she woke up far too soon after her orgasm. I continued to fuck her doggedly and she protested vehemently, but she let me finish the task. So I fucked and fucked, I just couldn’t stop in the middle, only after I had squirted. I put up with her whiny lamentations and argued that I was already learning to ride a horse, shoot a bow and fence with a wooden sword like an adult, but she wouldn’t accept that. I waited patiently until her eyes were milky and glassy and she stared unblinking at the ghost, and then I continued to fuck her in her trance, every night. When I turned 12, she talked to my mother and got her permission. Now she was allowed to let me fuck her, umpteen times a day, and she taught me everything, the good soul. I fucked like a berserker as a teenager, she was always ready for it and it never occurred to me to fuck the neighbor’s daughters or the servant girls. When I was 12, I saw for myself that she really could do witchcraft. She had permission from my mother, who was only preoccupied with her affairs, to teach me how to fuck and to let me fuck the nanny. She came to me beaming with joy and told me that my mother had given her permission and that she was allowed to turn my cock into a more suitable cock. It was just silly women’s talk, I thought, and I was to be very wrong. She prepared a sour tea from many herbs and I had to drink two large cups a day. She took my cock in her hand every day to check it. At first it was a normal little boy’s cock. But I realized with amazement and astonishment that it quickly turned into a big man’s cock, a heavy, hard piece that wanted and needed to be fucked all the

time. She turned my sweet little boy into a monstrous meat cock that I could fuck for as long as I wanted, regardless of whether I squirt or not, and it has remained that way to this day. She was a real witch, god damn it!”

But when I was 17, she got pregnant and I had to fuck her day and night, she rarely wanted to masturbate and instead wanted to be fucked. My mother gave her a lot of money and sent her away. I never saw her again and I don’t know anything about our child, mother never answered that.

“Even as a little boy, I used to sneak into my mother’s bedroom in the afternoons where she had her affairs fuck her. I learned how to fuck adults theoretically there. I stood silently next to the servant girls, who stood motionless in the bedroom, watching everything but not allowed to see anything. The younger servants had all been deflowered by my father when he came home from campaigning for a night or two. As a secretly spying child, I found the deflowering incredibly exciting. The girl would lie with her back on my mother, who would stroke her from behind and whisper soothingly in her ear. Then the father came in, the Prince of this part of town and therefore rightly insisting on his right to deflower the servants. He rammed his spear into the tender child, deflowering and fucking her brutally, often leaving a bastard inside her. So I snuck off to the servants and was fascinated for a while by watching the fucking of the affairs, but that alone soon became boring. I started to reach under the servants’ dresses, I was amazed at how many different breasts they had. My curious hand slid lower to the wet, slippery pussies. I felt them curiously, they were not allowed to move and had to look straight ahead silently and see nothing. I found the buds in all the little roses, I rubbed them skillfully, as I had learned my nurse do, and they trembled and shivered very secretly. I did it again and again because I found it exciting that everyone had to let it happen defenselessly. I got older and lost interest.”

“Once my Mom was sick, I snuck over and lay with her because she was sleeping. My cock woke up, and at 15 you just have to fuck. My Mom was lying on her side, I fucked her the lazy mare way. I squirted inside and she didn’t wake up, only the two servants slapped

their hands over their faces. I was a pompous little prince and I didn't care about the servants' reactions. I came to my mother every morning and fucked her. She still wanted to doze off when I fucked her the second and third time. It's still common in the better families for the mother to let her son fuck her. After a few weeks she was well again, she gave me a good scolding and that was the end of it."

Princess Li smiled and murmured, "You're fibbing, my Lord, I can feel it all right!" He bowed his head, "Yes, you're right, Princess. In truth, I was allowed to slip into bed with her once or twice a week and it only stopped when my father, the great general, put me into soldiering at 17. My mother resumed her many affairs until everything fell apart."

"Now it seems to be true, my Lord, and forgive me for not believing you straight away," Princess Li said contritely, as it was probably the first time in his life that Teng had revealed so much in private. He nodded somewhat absent-mindedly. "Until I was about 13 or 14, I only fucked these two women. But when my mother was indisposed or imagining it, she would simply wave to the servants and one of them would lie down next to her in bed. The mother would teasingly unfold her robe with a nasty grin and then I would fuck the nameless, silent child or girl. If she was still very inexperienced, the mother would show her how a proper Chinese woman should fuck, namely by masturbating. I always thought it was someone I hadn't fucked yet, although that couldn't be the case in purely mathematical terms. But I loved most of them, because the servants weren't allowed to fuck anyone as freely as they are nowadays. They were often so enchantingly shy, so gracefully shameful and so sexually starved that I rarely found them on my campaigns when we fucked the wives and daughters of the conquered.

The princess said softly and with a subtle smile, "Your seed has been flowing all this time, my beloved." He joked for a while, what could be done? They hugged each other laughing and fucked with pleasure. Li put the cloak around herself and they said goodbye like lovers.

Lai summoned the palace guards and escorted Li home. She sat down naked on the veranda, the night was hot and the red wine made her cheeks glow. "Sit with me, dear friend, and take off that heavy robe, you'll suffocate!" He did as she said and sat naked on the mat opposite her, the stick within easy reach. "You're the best and most loyal friend I've ever had. You made the bodyguards take a few steps back so that I could be alone with my Master. You heard everything, my Lai?"

"Every word, dear Li. Only the Danish I didn't understand." Lai said with a smile. "Can you help me, dear Lai, why are the ladies Xchi and Chang haunting my thoughts?" He waited a moment and looked at her inquiringly. "You really don't remember?" She held his gaze. "They are fragments, confused and pointless. Help me, please!" He leaned towards her and spoke quietly.

The Lesbian Night

"It was the last evening of the ladies Xchi and Chang, the young Emperor had entertained them respectfully days before and fucked them just as respectfully. But he too had to respect the 30-year-rule. He gave them many more silver boats than his father had ordered and asked them to leave in a few days. It was now the last evening, they would leave tomorrow morning. There were four of us, you, the two ladies and me. The women's house was empty and I put two reliable friends on the stairs to watch."

"The ladies brought 4 bottles of Japanese liquor, the Sa-ke, to the table that the old Emperor had given them. I suspect that they were probably the only bottles in the whole Empire of China. They warmed the fine porcelain bottles over a small fire and drank the liquor hot. I knew you rarely drank wine and got a gallon of fruit juice, but you put it aside, you wanted to say goodbye properly with your girlfriends. I decided to look after you and only drank a little of the divine liquor and in the end the whole gallon of fruit juice gurgled cheekily in my stomach. But you had a lovely evening, I willingly obeyed and fucked the high ladies properly for the last time, again

and again. You've probably never been as drunk as you were that night, lying in the arms of Lady Chang, who made you so hot with her wonderful tongue kisses that Lady Xchi could lick your clit from orgasm to orgasm without stopping. Never before had I seen you so unleashed, drowning in tongue kisses and orgasming a hundred times while being clitlicked. It was the first time I had ever seen someone lick your clit. You held my hand tightly all night because you never wanted me to leave you. I promised you hundreds of times. You drank a liquor after every orgasm and the merry orgy lasted until dawn, you kissed me in one go with your tongue and asked me a thousand times if I really, really loved you? and I gave the most honest answer a thousand times. All three of you women drank four bottles and were as drunk as a company of archers."

"I put you on my shoulder and carried you up the stairs. You threw up over the banister into the courtyard and I held you in my arms so you wouldn't fall down. I put you on the mat and you didn't let go of my hand. You ordered me to fuck you without stopping or you would have my head chopped off. I fucked you until long after sunrise, until you were fast asleep and snoring." She interjected fiercely, "I never snore!" Lai cocked his head and didn't object.

She leaned against his shoulder. "And, dear Lai, do you really, really love me?" He gripped her firmly by her shoulders and gazed fixedly into her eyes. "I follow you like your shadow during the day, ready to strike an attacker dead at any time. I lie next to you on the mat every night and fuck you whenever you tell me to. If you still don't know if I really love you, then I've lived my life for nothing." She shook off his hands, hugged him fiercely and laid her cheek on his chest. "My body belongs to the Emperor, the third in the meantime. But you are my secret husband, because I love you with every fiber of my heart and soul. I belong only to you, you must always know that, even if I have to serve the Emperor as his fucking girl. I will die when you no longer want me. Bo Lai, that is the name of my husband, that is the name of the man without whom I would die."

They hugged for what seemed like an eternity and went to sleep, the fucking now unimportant. They slept tightly entwined, dreaming next to each other and of each other.

The Investigation

The investigators had done their work and they wanted to report to the Emperor in private, the matter was sensitive. It was a bit excessive, but they had the soldiers line up in front of the imperial city of Chang'an in a large square around the parade ground, with a tent set up in the middle so that the gentlemen could sit in the shade. Chilled lemonade and fruit had been provided and then everyone, including the servants, had to leave the square. The Emperor arrived, accompanied only by two bodyguards. Then the investigators reported.

They described at length how they interrogated the hunting party without using physical torture. The Emperor, who would have preferred a short, concise story with the criminal, drummed on the table with his gilded fan. "Gentlemen, I appreciate your scrupulous accuracy, but I am somewhat pressed for time. Please be so kind as to give me a brief summary. Who, how, why, who knew about it and who ordered it? You know my questions, please report, briefly and concisely." The investigators felt cheated out of their big show, but they understood the order.

One of them stepped forward. The specific murderer was already in custody, an ordinary contract killer who knew that he would be beheaded or strangled. How? Master Bo Lai described the murder to us from the outset as precisely as if he had been there. The hunting party had stopped, the murderer had emerged from his hiding place and had struck and broken the neck of the Emperor sitting on the horse from behind with a small sandbag. 23 of the hunting party had no idea and wanted to catch the fleeing murderer. But two of the hunting party pointed their arms at them and blackmailed, pressed them with the threat of murdering their family. They gave them the story, the text. So the two are in custody, as are the 23. The two insiders gave us the name of the senior state official who had instructed them to carry out the specific murder. We have him in custody. We dug up the buried blood money of these three and confiscated it. After uncovering the facts, this high-ranking gentleman finally told us

who had ordered the murder, the State Chancellor of the King of Minh. He could not tell us whether the king himself was in on it. Now, why? The chancellor of Minh wanted to avenge the death of the king's daughter in childbirth and her bastard, who was also dead, on the man who had dishonored and impregnated the princess for three weeks, namely the young Emperor. That's all the state official knows, not whether the King of Minh was personally responsible, and he wouldn't name any confidants, although we unanimously suspect that the official has at least one, perhaps several, confidants. We want to pursue this further, although it is irrelevant to the murder plot itself, but important for the safety of our Lord and Emperor.

We recommend to Your Majesty the course of action, firstly to summon the King and the Chancellor of Minh and hold court, secondly to entrust suitable members of the Council or the Court with the investigation of the confidant or confidants, since we, as well-known military officers, can hardly interrogate members of the Court in a meaningful way. With respect, Your Majesty, we await your further orders and are always at your service."

Emperor Teng slapped the tabletop with the flat of his hand. "Damn fine work, gentlemen, you will be rewarded after judgment day. I'll give you two instructions right now. First, continue interrogating the official, because of course I need to know who betrayed his Emperor by remaining silent at least. Secondly, you may attend the court in person and contribute whatever may be asked. I will do the rest myself, the court will inform you when the court convenes. Once again, gentlemen, excellent work, I will certainly not be stingy with your remuneration." The Emperor rose, the investigators bowed and he and his bodyguards walked hurriedly to the palace.

Court and Justice

A hundred splendidly uniformed elite soldiers hurried to the Kingdom of Minh. Messengers sent in advance said that they were coming with peaceful intentions, that one of the diplomats was to speak personally to the revered brother in office, the king, on a sensitive

matter. They arrived at the Minh royal palace two hours later, the ancient diplomat was admitted before the king and read out his message. The King of Minh was immediately ready to come to the Emperor with his court. The captain of the imperial troops had to check that the chancellor was with them, as he had orders to bring him by force if necessary. He was there, the devilish fellow, and of course he had to accompany and advise his king on a delicate, secret mission. Neither the captain nor the diplomat had any idea what it was all about, the king's palanquin arrived in the early evening, everyone was given princely accommodation, there was a banquet and a veil dance by the pretty actresses and everyone went to bed late. The King of Minh still didn't know what to expect tomorrow, but the sweet dancer on his mat was a wonderful distraction.

The chancellor wandered the streets looking for his co-conspirators, but they were nowhere to be found, no one knew where they were. He trotted back to the palace, lay on the mat without a dancer and brooded, he had a bad feeling in his guts and did not close an eye, plagued by unspeakable feelings.

After breakfast, the Emperor and the King sat next to him in the inner courtyard. The chancellor sat next to the King, the entire court and all the attendants sat around. The Emperor stood up and announced that they were all about to witness how his predecessor, the young Emperor Jie-Lin, had been murdered. The chancellor tried to escape, but two Imperials forced him onto the seat, stepped beside him and placed a heavy hand on his shoulders.

The King asked in confusion, what was going on here? The Emperor spoke softly in his ear, "My dear king, you have nothing to fear if you are not to blame for my nephew's death. But otherwise I tell you, there are also two Imperials behind you." The King looked around pale, then whispered, "I have nothing to do with anything concerning your nephew. I buried my daughter and her child, your nephew's child, months ago and assured your nephew, the Emperor, that I share his grief and pain. My daughter assured me how much she would have liked to be his Empress, but she made a cryptic remark that she was not quite sure if the young lord, the Emperor was the father of her child. I couldn't get anything out of her, but she told

me in tears that she had always been a decent girl and had got into this situation innocently. That's all I can think of about the young Emperor's death and it's been circling in my head for months because it makes no sense at all. I have done nothing to displease Your Majesty, Emperor Teng!"

The Emperor straightened up again and announced loudly that they would now hear all about the young Emperor's murder. He waved, and the assassin was led in by two imperials. He was not tied up. Emperor Teng beckoned to one of the investigators, who stood up and announced in a loud voice that this was the hired assassin and that he would give a true account of what had happened. He asked the hitman to take a few steps forward and speak in a loud voice so that those in the back rows could also understand him. He stepped forward and a murmur went through the crowd. So that was him, but he didn't look like an Emperor's assassin at all, more like a merchant. He seemed shy, but the investigator nudged him and he began to speak.

I'm a horse breeder and horse trader by profession, but times are bad and so I've taken on a few jobs to make ends meet. I described my first seven jobs to the policemen in detail and they wrote it all down." He paused, as a murmur went through the ranks when he spoke of 7 murders. The investigator nodded in acknowledgement and murmured that he should get to the point.

"Two noble lords hired me and offered me 3 gold-plated silver ships, with the money I could have bought 30 new mares and built a stable for them. That's a hell of a lot of money for a little man like me, so I agreed. I hid at the agreed place, the hunting party stopped and one of the noble gentlemen grabbed the reins of a horse, the other pointed to its rider with his hand, as agreed. I crept up behind him and snapped the man's neck in two with my club. I knew that sound very well, for I beat the butcher's pigs to death with this club, so I knew for certain that I had done my job well. I whistled to my horse and dashed off, nobody chased me." Another murmur went through the rows as he casually described the murder. He was now intoxicated by the tale and raised both hands and the crowd fell silent.

“I waited a day for my payment, I waited a second day and rode into town on the evening of the third. I sneaked into the house of one nobleman and politely asked for my money. His eyes almost fell out of his head when I suddenly stood in front of him, my knife on his throat. He whined for a while that the other man had the money, so I accompanied him to the other with my knife at his throat. He was about to call the guards, but when he saw the blood running from his buddy’s throat, he changed his mind.” He paused and smiled as the murmur of the crowd quieted. “Good man,” he said to me, trembling with fear, “it wouldn’t be wise to leave so much money lying around. Come tomorrow at the same time, you’ll get it all. We haggled like market women, he very reluctantly gave me three small silver boats and his buddy gave me another one, four small silver boats instead of three thousand such small silver boats. All right, I said, because I have a soft heart by nature,” the loud murmurs and groans from the audience silenced him briefly, “so because I am good-natured and soft in character, I took the money and disappeared. On the ride home I cursed at the rich toffs for not having my 30 mares in their heads. I stopped at the inn, I had to rinse the disgusting taste out of my mouth.” The guy paused as the crowd more or less agreed with him. The Emperor waved to the investigator that it was enough, but he wasn’t paying attention and waited anxiously for the continuation, had he received his payment?

“Oh dear,” the murderer continued, for the admiration, the lime-light, gave him poetic wings. “Oh dear, perhaps you’ve experienced this too, a glass of booze never comes alone. A few followed, and I invited the guests for round after round. The atmosphere was colossal, we screamed and shouted merrily until a big guy grabbed me by the jacket and demanded to know what great thing we were actually celebrating and where I little rascal had suddenly got so much money!” You could hear tense sighs in the crowd, the listeners sensed that the thunderclap must now follow. The horse dealer had certainly never attended a drama seminar, but it was clear to him that he must continue to build up the dramatic tension. “If we hadn’t all been drunk, by God, or if I hadn’t slept off my intoxication on the straw bales in the stables, I wouldn’t be standing here telling you about my most miserable defeat. May the most gracious Lord Emperor learn from my suffering!” He bowed low to the ground before Emperor Teng.

Then he continued. “Thus put to task and pressed by the blacksmith’s fists, I said, intimidated, that I had done a good job three days ago. These stupid drunks had never done anything themselves, let alone finished anything, and now they were shouting wildly, “What job!” I was far too drunk to come up with a good story and said I had killed an important young man. It immediately went dead quiet.” The narrator listened to the crowd, which was also dead silent. Now the thunderclap had to come, but the narrator opted for a protracted roll of thunder. Every minute meant another minute to live. Even horse traders became poetic bards who sang about heroes.

“Their cries grew shriller and shriller. An important youth, killed three days ago? He murdered the Emperor, he murdered the Emperor! Only now, when they fell upon me and tore me to the ground, did I realize whom I had slain, and far too cheaply at that! I was lying on the ground, they were screaming at each other to kill me, slaughter me and butcher me. One of them screamed, castrate him first! They tore off my clothes and wanted to castrate me like a sheep!” The ladies in the stands hid their faces behind their fans and sighed, the story was more exciting than anything else.

“I already felt the cold steel on my balls,” Oh! sighed the ladies, “I felt the cold steel, then a particularly clever one shouted that the sheep should be made hosing down before castration! I couldn’t have that, but any resistance was pointless. One after the other tried their luck, but I desperately refused. The squirting would be followed by the sabering of my balls, which was unimaginable and cruel. The big, fat landlady, the kind-hearted Mistress Wen, who weighed three times her own weight and had huge breasts like five women, had come out of the kitchen and clearly recognized the situation immediately. She locked the entrance, took the castrating knife from the tangle of scuffling bodies and pushed it to her husband, the slight Master Wen, who immediately hid the knife in the back of the kitchen.” He glanced at the crowd, they waited breathlessly for the thunderclap, which we know would not come.

“Sit down, you riff-raffs!” yelled Mistress Wen, the 21 years old owner of the said inn. The thugs actually backed away in a circle and she sat down on my cock, wide-legged and tons of her horny flesh,

and my cock, having been relentlessly rubbed by the thugs and standing upright like an Imperial Guardsman, disappeared into her soft, well-ridden cunt as if of its own accord with the highest expectations. She unfolded her top and brought her enormous breasts out into the fresh air. There was a loud murmur, because it was rare to see such battle melons of sheer enormous proportions! “If you want this guy to squirt, I’ll make him squirt for sure!” she shouted loudly and leaned over me. “I’m not going to have my best customer killed in my house,” she whispered just for me to hear, “you can rely on Mama Wen, they won’t castrate or kill you, you’ve already paid for the booze and fucking me in advance!” Mistress Wen shouted to her husband, “Booze for everyone!” and then she rode me with heaving breasts, slapping my face left and right.” He looked into the audience with satisfaction, even as an amateur actor he knew he had them in the bag. With a quick grab, he grabbed a cup of wine from a nobleman’s hand and drained it very slowly, he had to think things quickly through.

“She was a great fucker, Mistress Wen, so if you ever pass her pub...” he was interrupted as the audience rolled with laughter. He waited, grinning, because of course he had noticed His Majesty’s frantic waving, but he was in the flow that poured over the audience. Another minute of life gained!

“I can’t elaborate here on how well and violently Mistress Wen fucked me and must leave it to your imagination. Finally nature kicked in, I had to cum and the good Mistress Wen grinned and winked, I squirted every drop of my juice into her amazingly tight little hole and she told me to just confidently squirt it in. She straightened up and went from one to the other. Come on, grab it with your own hand, barely a few drops, she shouted to each one. I had no idea how she did it, so maybe ask the person sitting next to you how she did it.” He looked into the audience with a smile, where some fools were indeed whispering to their ladies. “Mistress Wen came to the blacksmith, who looked very doubtful. She grabbed him and ripped off his pants. “Come and fuck me, then you’ll see the difference!” She took off her dress completely and lay naked down on the floor. I don’t want to bore our Lord Emperor and all of you with a description of her body, but I will say this much: anyone who has thought

that a big, fat woman can neither look pretty nor womanly and desirable is simply a fool who has no eyes in his head.” He turned to Emperor Teng and bowed to the ground. Another minute gained, he thought with satisfaction and straightened up again.

“The blacksmith wasn’t used to fucking in front of an audience, but he set to work. I can assure you that this wasn’t the first time Mistress Wen had fucked the blacksmith and had a lot of fun with the big lad herself. She urged him on with her heels until the grumpy bear poured himself into her. She now invited everyone to see for themselves how the juice was running out of her cunt! They stepped in front of her and nodded, because that’s how it was. Mistress Wen looked at me and shouted, “He can do it again, but now I’m going to make him squirt!” She sat down on my cock again. She whispered in my ear, that I had paid for all the booze in advance with silver, when I arrived and came into her kitchen. She grinned broadly, I had grabbed under her robe her pussy and she had me promised to fuck me tonight three times, as I had paid with silver in advance. I couldn’t remember as I was drunk as a whole ferryboat, but she said, she stands by her word and now she fucks me for the second round! Again she winked kindly and fucked me with relish. And again I couldn’t deny my nature, I squirted everything inside to the last drop! Again she had the men line up and they testified that no juice came out.” The audience hung on his every word, they could imagine the situation very well, so vivid was his description. He knew he needed a thunderbolt, but he didn’t have one up his sleeve. He could only scrape out a few more minutes.

“The next one was actually a water carrier, but more and more canals were being created and that caused one water carrier after another to wander off. He dropped his pants and got lost in her mound of flesh. He finished far too quickly and made way for the sandal maker, who was already very impatient. It took him longer than the water boy, but he wasn’t satisfied yet, he left his cock inside and continued fucking after a while, panting and groaning with exertion. The gods were kind to me and whispered something in Mistress Wen’s ear, they would save me.” He glanced at the audience, they had heard enough, but were still curious as to how the gods intended to save the Emperor’s murderer.

“For the third time, the enormous masses of Mistress Wen pushed me to the ground. “When I’ve finished with you, I’ll put on a show to distract them. Sneak quietly down through the kitchen to the basement, there’s an exit there. Do you understand?” I nodded gratefully, my life was more important to me than Mistress Wen’s show. She probably had to fuck me for half an hour before she could coax the last sad drops out of me. She stood up and called out to the men, “Do you know the position of the three geese?” The men all turned to her as she began her explanation and I was able to disappear silently and save my skin.” The lecture was over, for the Emperor had risen now.

The Emperor now had 5 courtiers, all dressed alike, led in. The assassin backed away, white as a sheet, until he came upon the imperial guard. The Emperor asked in a loud voice if he recognized anyone? The assassin pointed to the group with his hand. “Yes, Your Majesty, the last one and the middle one, they bought me and didn’t pay me!” Emperor Teng ordered him to drag both of them out of the line so that the right ones could be recognized. The assassin pulled them both out with little hesitation. An investigator stood up and confirmed that these were the two according to their research, they had to kneel down. The assassin was led away by the guards, but he shouted, “the inn of Mistress Wen, 2 miles outside on the south road ...” and his voice trailed off.

Emperor Teng paced back and forth in front of the two, then raised his voice. “You were involved in this cowardly murder. What did you hate so much about this friendly, kind young man that you had him cowardly murdered?” The two began to stammer and the Emperor shouted at them indelicately. “Speak loud and clear, you first!” The man addressed pulled himself together and explained that he didn’t know the Emperor personally, but the minister had paid us both with a box of silver and claimed that the Emperor was incompetent, treacherous and had to go. He was very convincing and we needed the money!” The Emperor pointed to the second one, who said loudly that this was absolutely right and that he didn’t know the young Emperor either.

The Emperor walked up and down again, then stopped. “You spoke of a minister, is he here today?” The two looked up at the tri-

bune, then said simultaneously, "Yes, Your Majesty!" The Emperor acted astonished and shouted: "Then bring him here!" The two jumped up, ran along the tribune and stopped at the investigators' table. They dragged out a man who no one had noticed before. They grabbed him roughly and dragged him in front of the Emperor. He threw himself to the ground in front of the ruler and shouted loudly, "It was me, I hired those two! Mercy!" The Emperor pretended to be surprised. "You are my Minister for the waters, the canals and the bridges! Have you taken leave of your senses? What has the poor Emperor done to you that you had him murdered?" The minister stood up. "The previous Emperor passed me over for promotion and accused me of being venal in front of everyone. That offended me, but I wouldn't have anyone murdered for that!" The Emperor leaned against the tabletop and drummed his fingers. The charade had gone on far too long and was not yet over. He ordered the Minister to confess everything in front of the assembled court without any ifs or buts. And not to waste any time. The minister nodded and began. "I am venal, Your Majesty, I am venal and I am very ashamed. I was given a box full of gold and a justification to have my Emperor assassinated. The Chancellor of the Kingdom of Minh gave me the gold. The King of Minh had buried his daughter and her child and had sworn to punish the unscrupulous man who had impregnated his daughter. Of course I knew all about it, the young Emperor had the king's daughter as his guest for three weeks and lay with her every night, then sent her home. I did what was expected of me."

The fat King of Minh had immediately jumped up, the two Imperials approached him, but the Emperor stopped them. "Slowly, my faithfuls. Let us hear the King first, for these are serious accusations. Speak, brother King!" The Emperor could not tell that he had for long known the truth. "Speak, my dear King!"

"I have never given such a stupid order to anyone. That is my first point. My second is that I believe it quite easily and reasonably that my chancellor ordered the murder, and I do not doubt the word of your venal minister, however much I dislike venal officials. My third point is that after the death of my beloved daughter and her child, I wrote a sincere, sad letter to the young gentleman in my own hand, as I had to write to a son-in-law-to-be." Emperor Teng raised his

hand and interrupted, “I have read your letter again and again with respect and reverence, but it is not suitable for publication, dear King. Please continue speaking!”

The king pointed a finger at his chancellor. “I think nothing, absolutely nothing of this gentleman, that is my fourth and final point. I would have banished him to the woods long ago had not all the Lords of my council, each and every one of them, vehemently appointed him chancellor and publicly elected him. I had a very ugly argument with him about two years ago, I let him have his head and I regret it every day. My daughter confided in me. He took my daughter’s virginity two years ago when she wasn’t even 15, disgraced her and fucked her for many months without telling anyone. That alone would have cost him his head. My daughter told me it wasn’t right, she had no feelings for him, she called him a toad. He must have bewitched or enchanted her somehow, she said crying. We talked about possible husbands, because she had been fucking everyone at court ever since, driven by her disgraced body, and she knew herself that it was high time to get married. So we came across the Emperor, whom she had already seen several times and could well imagine herself with him. I sent her to him, I wrote a friendly letter without mentioning her disgrace of rape or the toad. I can see it clearly before me today, it was the toad, as your minister said.” The king sat down and scowled at his chancellor.

Emperor Teng had become very serious at the King’s speech. He pointed at the scowling chancellor. “Speak, Chancellor, your presentation please!” It was not a request, but an order. The two Imperials removed their heavy hands from the chancellor’s shoulders and allowed him to stand up.

“My first point is, my Lord and King ordered me to assassinate the young Lord Emperor, he assured me a free hand and his protection if necessary, and he didn’t even want to know the details. I obeyed the order. My second point is that nothing about my king’s tear-squeezing story is true. I did not rape the princess or anything else. I never once saw the princess naked, never lay with her or anything else. Her servants were always present and would have raised the alarm imme-

diately. That's all, Your Majesty!" The Emperor did not miss the chancellor's confident, victorious and cheeky look.

The Emperor paced up and down a few times, then turned to the court. "The laws of our fathers and forefathers dictate that in this case, as one statement stands against the other, I must ultimately decide for myself whom I believe. Otherwise, I must cut off the heads of both, as this is the only way to ensure that the guilty party is punished, even if the other is innocent. Yesterday I ordered my armorer to sharpen the old sword of judgment, I would probably have to cut off two heads myself today. Bring me the sword!"

The Master-at-arms stepped forward, bowed and handed him the heavy sword. The Emperor asked, "Master-at-Arms, did you listen carefully?" The Master-at-arms played the game well, as the Emperor had ordered. "Every word, my Lord and Emperor!" Teng smirked, "and did you notice a word, a single word, Armsmaster?" The Master nodded, "Someone said that the servant girls of the Princess of Minh could have raised the alarm!" The Emperor stifled a laugh. "Well, what word then, Master, what word then?" The Master-at-arms had his facial expressions well under control. "Not a single word, Your Majesty, not a single word of it is true!" All eyes turned to the chancellor, who looked around smugly and victoriously, despite the heavy hands of the guards resting on his bony shoulders. The Armsmaster stepped back.

The Emperor stepped in front of the King of Minh. "Forgive me, my brother, for putting you through this charade, there is only one culprit, and I have known it for about two weeks. It is not you, and now I can prove it to you and your court. However, I had to send two of my best spies to your kingdom, and I alone am responsible for crossing the border secretly. Now listen carefully, everyone!"

At his signal, two young women were led in. As they passed in front of the pale chancellor, he snapped his fingers, snapping and snapping without anything happening. It was very conspicuous and everyone was puzzled as to what he was doing. The Emperor said to his guards, "On the knees with the criminal!" They twisted the chancellor's arms and made him kneel. He looked at Teng and the two fe-

male servants with bloodshot eyes. Anyone who was close enough could hear his teeth grinding, for he was furious with rage.

“Well, my dear brother and King, I sent for the evidence, here you see it. These are the last servants of your poor daughter, perhaps you will recognize them. They have been in my palace for a week. I had them examined by my best doctor because they were behaving so strangely. My doctor is one of the best in the kingdom, it took him less than 5 minutes to make his judgment. He told me that some of what people call witchcraft and sorcery are actually scientifically known phenomena, in this case hypnosis. The sorcerer can bring many people, but not everyone, under his control and give them orders that they must obey and not refuse. He can order a girl to lie with him, even though she would never do it in her right mind. He can order someone to remain mute and rigid and not to see, hear or say anything. He can order someone not to talk to certain people, police officers for example. Or to remain silent about a very specific matter, whatever the cost. I don’t want to lecture you unduly, but you need to know these few facts in order to follow the conclusion of our little play. I have set up this hoax to expose the real murderer and rid you of a cancer. Just another word for the toad that was perched invisibly on your shoulder. And now curtain up for the last two witnesses. Good woman, speak to us all and speak freely, the chancellor will never get you in his clutches again!” The older of the two, who was certainly not yet 30, took a few steps forward, took a deep breath and spoke loudly.

“Your Majesty, this man,” and she pointed at the kneeling chancellor, “this man is a despicable criminal, a vile abuser of girls and a diabolical warlock! I have spent the last two days thinking about everything after your personal physician released us from his spell ban. My first point is that the chancellor has bewitched many girls, as well as honorable, faithful and chaste wives, so that they lay with him with all passion and sexual devotion. I am ashamed to say that my girlfriend and I were also among his prey, although my girlfriend had to lie with him much more often than I did because of her particular beauty and her greater experience in sexual matters.

My second point is that he bewitched us both to such an extent that, contrary to his witchcraft, we could see and hear everything, but stood by paralyzed by his abominations without being able to intervene. We witnessed how he brought beautiful, chaste and shy wives to his mat and fucked them mercilessly or let fuck himself with shy and loving passion. It was impossible for us to talk to each other or to anyone else about things. We both even tried with signs and sign language, to no avail. We carried this burden in our bosom until three days ago without ever being able to talk about it with anyone.

My third point is that he made the princess, who was in our care, give herself to him like a naughty love servant before her 15th year, offering him her childlike virginity. He fucked her several times a week for years. Like the two of us, he accompanied her to the young Emperor, he brought her into the arms of the good young man and had her say that she wanted to stay on his mat for another three weeks and only return home when she was carrying his child. Every night he was furious with jealousy that she was in the Emperor's arms to pursue his perverse plan for conquering the throne of Minh. As soon as the princess returned from the Emperor, he fucked her every two hours until breakfast, mercilessly and furiously. Pregnant, his magic seemed to fail for minutes at a time. The princess wanted to talk to us, but our gazes glazed over and we couldn't get a single word out. She asked details that we could answer with nods or silence, even though it gave us terrible migraines. The princess saw through things a little and cried her eyes red, though she didn't know everything yet. She tried to talk to her father, the King, but she was bewitched like us, she stammered and couldn't actually say anything to the King.

My fourth and final point. The King has told you the truth. We both witnessed the bitter quarrel between the King and the chancellor. He was very confident that he had the princess in his pocket and asked, no, demanded the Princess as his wife. The King was not to be taken in by his witchcraft and insulted the chancellor, saying he would have him beheaded if he came even one step too close to his daughter. The King threatened him with death if he so much as laid a finger on the succession to the throne. The heir to the throne had already been chosen and this nephew was also immune to witchcraft. A

servant, friend and lover of ours told us confidentially that the King had ordered the beheading of the chancellor into his estate letter when he took office. He did not conceal in his estate letter that his death was perhaps the work of the chancellor. Please forget the last, we only have it from hearsay. That is all, Your Majesty and you gentlemen of the court.”

She stepped back and the Emperor asked the younger girl if she wanted to add or correct anything? The girl thought for a short while saying, that everything the other maid had reported was correct and true. “Maybe,” she said unexpectedly, “maybe I should be ashamed of the fact that I fucked that miserable guy like my dearest lover, like he was my everything! I presented and showed this devil’s bastard all my sexual secrets, which I never told anyone else. He ordered me to masturbate in front of him, once and again, again. I had to follow his order and did it, what I never did after my 10th year, but in my heart and mind was nothing but shame and desperation. I’d like to forget it, but it was real and true at the time!” She lowered her eyes and bowed to the Emperor. “I’m very sorry, Your Majesty!” she whispered softly.

The Emperor walked to the tribune, and called on the chancellor to give his version. He began to twist the servants’ tall tales with a great flourish, but the two unexpectedly stood directly in front of him and stared bravely into his eyes. He stuttered and stammered until he couldn’t get a word out. But he suddenly straightened up, despite being held down, and began to scream until he was foaming at the mouth. He cursed the King, who would not bend to his will, he cursed the servants, who could not keep all secret, and he cursed the princess, the bitch, who was gradually slipping from his tight grip. But now it was too much for the King, he beat the chancellor with his fan until he was bleeding from the mouth and nose.

The Emperor allowed the King to beat him until his fan was nothing but a scrap of silk and broken pieces of wood. The King flung the thing to the ground. Now Emperor Teng raised his voice. “Wretched wretch, Emperor’s murderer, rapist and violator of the lovely princess, incapable usurper! I sentence you to death, your ashes will be dumped in the river. That is my sentence, that is my verdict!” Em-

peror Teng would never forget the chancellor's bloody, malicious and arrogant grimace when he saw him pick up the heavy execution sword. He made eye contact with the soldier, who then pressed his knee into the chancellor's spine and bent his arms backwards. A powerful blow from Teng severed the head cleanly from the neck and the skull rolled down a few steps. Teng stomped his foot on the torso, causing it to fall over. The King quickly stood up and spat on the chancellor's torso. The Emperor gave the sword to a guard, "Burn him on the riverbank and throw the ashes into the river, nothing shall remember this criminal!" He seized the King's arm and escorted him back to the palace.

The Emperor and the King sat in the garden, no one was allowed to disturb their conversation. The King spoke tearfully of his daughter and the Emperor comforted him. It was then that the beautiful and respectful bond between the two was recognized. Teng said he would renew the Emperor's tombstone and have the story that led to his murder carved on the back. The descendants should remember him. He promised not to mention the name of the murderer, but to speak of the chancellor, the nefarious criminal. This conversation did the King good; they had a banquet every evening with musicians and dancers, who later warmed the king's mat.

The Emperor lay with Princess Li, they talked about the court and the possibilities of working more closely with the Minh Kingdom. Teng kissed Li's hair, he was full of joy to have her with him.

The Flash of the Heavens

Time flew by, Li lay down with the Emperor when she was ordered to. She lay in Lai's arms every night like a wife fiercely in love, because that was exactly how she felt. She gave herself to the Emperor so that he could be truly satisfied to have her as his First Favorite. Every two or three weeks he made all three women come and the princess gradually became accustomed to Jutta and Inger taking turns licking her clit well, the girls were true masters in this immoral vice. When he was alone with her, he would put her legs around his

neck and watched her masturbate. She knew how indecent and immoral it was, but he was the Emperor and he didn't care how ashamed she was.

The princess had decided to train in swordplay and was also training with the Emperor, who was very proud of his Favorite. The three fencing masters had strict orders to train her like any officer. She learned quickly and in her third year, the fencing masters struggled to fend off the princess's fencing cane.

At the end of her training, the Emperor presented her with a rare ceremonial weapon, and it was on this occasion that she met the Emperor's favorite general, Pyi. When their eyes met, a flash of foreboding ran through her clit. Pyi presented her with a beautifully crafted, small sword in the presence of and on behalf of the Emperor. It had belonged to a prince whose head Pyi had cut off to prevent the little fool from taking over his father's kingdom one day. She raised the sword to her eyes; it was a beautiful, light steel blade that the Emperor of Nihon had given to his neighbor with the best of intentions. Lai weighed the blade carefully in his hand. "Best Japanese blacksmithing," Lai said reverently, "our Chinese steel blades are much heavier and clumsier. We must learn from them one day!" The Emperor and General Pyi did not respond, Lai was just her bodyguard. Lai took another step back as was proper. The princess thanked Lord Pyi and the Emperor. She girded the sword and drew it several times, examining it. "I will always carry it with honor, General, and I thank you for giving me such a valuable, richly decorated spoil of war. I know how important and valuable the spoils are to the victors. Thank you!" She turned to the Emperor. "Emperor Teng, I was allowed to learn how to use the sword at your side and I will carry it with pride and joy!" She bowed deeply and recalled how the Emperor had been given a valuable sword by the Emperor of Nihon six months after his accession to the throne.

The Japanese Emperor, the Emperor of the Empire of Nihon, gave the Chinese Emperor Teng a very valuable sword, richly decorated and made by the best swordsmith in his empire, on the occasion of his accession to the throne. It was in an exquisite wooden case made of rosewood, the inlays of light elven wood read: 'May this Lightning

from Heaven protect you at all times', and Emperor Teng was visibly moved by the fraternal greeting.

Deviating from protocol, the Emperor stepped down the steps and (unheard of!) embraced the Japanese ambassador. "Bring my embrace to my brother, the Lord Emperor of Nihon," he said to the stunned diplomat, then had the wooden box opened. A beautifully crafted sword, 4 feet long and glistening with lightning, this was the 'Lightning of Heaven'. Princess Li, who was standing quite far back with the noble ladies, had to stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of it. The Emperor dismissed the court and sent for the three fencing masters.

He handed the sword to the first. "Your Majesty, I have never seen a more beautiful sword. Keep it safe, for many an envious person would attack China and smash it to rubble just to get his hands on this sword."

The second took it in his hand, swung it artfully a few times and said: "Your Majesty can send a single swordsman into battle with this sword and he would pile up a mountain of enemies in front of him."

The third seized the sword and swung it even more skillfully than the first. The bystanders fell silent in awe, for this sword did not make the familiar, typical whizzing and whirring sound, this sword sang! The fencing master raised the sword and elicited beautiful sounds from it. He put the sword back into the velvet cushions, bowed to the Emperor and said. "Your Majesty, only one man in the whole world could have forged this, the swordsmith of the Emperor of Nihon. I was allowed to visit him three times, a mountain of a man who knows how to swing the hammer like no other, but whose fingers could also play the most elegant melodies on the harp. The Emperor had the huge caves in the Iron and Coal Mountain set up as a forge for him, where 15 master blacksmiths worked for him at the same time. He only whispered his name in the Emperor's ear, everyone called him the Three-Horse-Blacksmith. Look under the hinges of the box, you will see three tiny horses stamped into it." And so it was!

The Emperor had become curious, sat down and asked the fencing master to tell him everything. “You know, venerable Emperor and Lord, that I am the son of a swordsmith and the grandson of one just like him. I too first learned the swordsmith’s trade and was to supply the imperial court with the best bronze swords, iron swords and, more recently, steel swords, just like my father and his father and his forefathers. I am pleased to see that many of your men in this hall carry swords from my father’s hand. But my father wanted me to learn the trade from the best.

So I went from blacksmith to blacksmith for two years and ended up at the Three-Horse-Blacksmith in the Nihon Empire. I applied as a student, because the Master only accepted 100 students each year, and the best 30 were allowed to work alongside him and equip the nobility of Japan and their warriors with the finest weapons.

He took my hands in his fists as in this way he decided who was allowed to study with him. “I see you have an imperial letter of recommendation, drawn by my Lord’s own hand,” he said to me, “but know that I never interfere in my Lord Emperor’s business and,” now the Three-Horses-Blacksmith laughed merrily, “and my Lord Emperor never interferes in mine either. I read that you brought a splendid sword from your father’s workshop to the Emperor, and that impresses me, for the Emperor knows swords like few others, and when he writes ‘splendidly’, it is no empty praise.”

The blacksmith only touched my hands and fingers, he was not interested in the muscles of my arms. He looked directly at me, “Young sir, may I speak frankly?” He didn’t care whether I agreed or not, he just kept talking. “Your hands are not suitable, young man. Your hands tell me that you can become an excellent swordsman, but never an excellent blacksmith. I wish you to make the right decision, to find your way. Stay the night and lie with my wife, for that is the custom here.” Emperor Teng raised his eyebrows.

The fencing master continued, “I sailed home immediately the other day and consulted with my father for nights. I immediately entered the service of the penultimate Emperor, the magnificent Emperor Wu, and actually became a fencing master to serve you now,

Emperor Teng.” The Emperor nodded graciously, “So, were you lying with the blacksmith’s wife? Tell me!” The fencing master looked down. “Yes, Your Majesty, unfortunately!” But now the Emperor had become curious and shooed the courtiers away from his hall.

“Speak frankly, Master, and don’t keep me in suspense!” The fencing master thanked him for shooing away the useless courtiers and told him the private part. “I accompanied the blacksmith to his private little cave in the evening, and his lovely wife received us with an excellent dinner, which you wouldn’t expect from a blacksmith. We went to bed and both of us took turns fucking his wife. He was a master at fucking too, he was never satisfied with second-rate things. The next day I was taken to the harbor by the imperial attendant, and on the way he made the remark that the blacksmith’s wife was actually his daughter, whom he had fathered with his sister. I was taken aback, but this imperial official made a good impression on me and he had no reason to send me to the dwarf giants, in other words to cheekily lie to me.

I came back, served my Emperor faithfully and dreamed of nothing but the blacksmith’s wife, who was his daughter. I was madly in love with her, Your Majesty, and I was no longer an inexperienced young child. I have never lain alone on the mat on my travels, I have lain with the most beautiful creatures of China and the Nihon Empire. But this woman had something very special about her way of fucking. Don’t ask me, Your Majesty, I could never put it into words. Perhaps 4 or 5 years had passed, I was allowed to choose a companion from the court every night, because Emperor Wu loved me, not only because I led his men into battle and brought them back victorious and unharmed. I could become a general, Emperor Wu said, but I declined with thanks. I was a fencing instructor with all my heart, but by God I was no general. What did I want then, gold, silver, precious stones? I said, summoning up all my courage, “Two months’ leave, Your Highness”.

He told me to join him at the table. He shooed everyone out of the hall when I didn’t answer straight away about what I intended to do on leave. “So, soldier to soldier, what do you have to tell me?” I knew how much Emperor Wu appreciated me and told him everything,

and really everything, about the wonderful, divinely fucking wife of the blacksmith who had fathered her with his own sister and was, as we understood it, actually his daughter. I absolutely had to see her again, or “to put it bluntly, I had to fuck her, even if my head had to roll because of it, Your Majesty!”

Emperor Wu only thought for a moment. “I cannot give you leave, my dear friend, for the court would ask questions upon questions, foremost of course whether you are not an enemy spy after all, and I have no time for the follies of my court. I will send you to my brother in office, the Emperor of Nihon, with the official order to teach his swordsmen our Chinese fencing tricks. At the same time, I will give him a secret message that you are to be brought to the Three-Horses-Blacksmith on your way home so that you can commission a very special sword for me personally. Now, how does that sound, my friend?” I was dazed with gratitude and kissed his hand, but he waved it away. “That’s why I’m the Emperor, because I can pull things like that off the cuff. So, deal, pack your bundle and travel quickly to your lotus flower! It would be unacceptable if the sword teacher’s hand trembled with longing for love!”

So I came to the Emperor of Nihon for the second time, quite officially and as a man of honor, with an imperial commission. I taught his men basic things and, on leaving, I humbly told the Emperor that I wouldn’t even attack highwaymen with men like that. This saddened him greatly and he gave me a secret message letter that my Lord and Emperor should send me to teach again the following year. The gods forgive me for my little fib.

At last we set off, on the ride to the harbor we stopped at the Three-Horses-Blacksmith and I gave him the order for my Emperor’s sword. He tilted his head and asked how quickly it should be made. I said I would come back in a year and that would be soon enough. I accompanied the blacksmith to his private cave and inquired about his wife, as a very young, lovely girl was serving us food. The blacksmith, who remembered my remark from the first time about how much I liked fish and seafood and had had a fish feast prepared for me, swayed his head sadly, saying that his wife had died in childbirth two years ago and their child had died too. I expressed my condo-

lences, but he blossomed, his wife's first daughter was now nearly 15 and had been warming his mat most gracefully for two years. She had learned everything about the art of fucking from her mother and was very eager to refine this art. Then we went to bed and took turns fucking the blacksmith's lovely and graceful granddaughter. I didn't dare to feign indisposition in the morning just to fuck the wonderfully horny girl again.

The following year, Emperor Wu sent me to Nihon for half a year to train the Japanese Emperor's warriors. In fact, I credit myself with being able to hand over a squad of 200 well-trained swordsmen to the Nihon Emperor after the hard training. Every week I rode to the Three-Horses-Blacksmith, who of course immediately realized that I had only come for fucking his pretty horny granddaughter, and he good-naturedly let me stay with her for two nights and a day in between, fucking our souls out in insane manner. He wasn't the youngest anymore and left her to me with a grin, "youth to youth," he said, smiling broadly and contentedly, because his enamored granddaughter was obviously talking about my fucking in the best possible way.

I visited this bestfucking flower of Japan week after week and drove the men of the imperial guard like a buffalo driver, beating them with my cane regardless of what aristocratic scion they might be. Some of them, whom I had already sent away on the first day because they were at best fit to be gardeners, attacked me one day in the forecourt of the imperial palace as I was about to ride to the smithy. It took less than a quarter of an hour before 25 guys were lying unconscious or really badly beaten up in the sand. I had deliberately not drawn my sword, but chastised them with my stick. I looked up and saw the Emperor and his courtiers standing on the terrace. They had unexpectedly witnessed the beating, for which I never had to account.

I made my bow and rode off to meet the sweet girl. In short, I spent the best six months of my life, brought my Emperor Wu his glorious sword and then it was over. The good Emperor of Nihon had been succeeded on the throne by a good-for-nothing nephew and the Japanese ambassador took me aside at a banquet. The new Em-

peror was one of the good-for-nothings I had refused to teach and had then beaten badly up in the courtyard. The ambassador knew from the Emperor himself that he had forgotten neither the beating nor his wounded pride. I thanked the ambassador and have never been back to Nihon since, even though the third bloodthirsty usurper now sits on the throne.” He thought for a moment. “Emperor Teng, I am not called upon to give you unsolicited advice and I will not do so. I only know that many of your courtiers would put their wives and daughters on your sleeping mat to gain your special favor. To judge this shameless attitude of the courtiers is also far above my position. However, I have taught your favorite maid three years of swordplay and your blonde concubines have also had me as a guest. I know all the wives and daughters of the courtiers, and lying with them requires no great art of seduction. You can call yourself a lucky man to have three such splendid creatures as concubines and you are right to devote yourself to the real business of government and not waste your precious time with three-copper-coins-women.”

The Emperor looked at his old fencing master with a smile. “Don’t you want to join the diplomatic service instead of torturing recruits?” Now the old womanizer was smiling too. “I was hoping you wouldn’t need my advice, because I’m only good with my stick and my sword, I know next to nothing about women, although I’m just really good at fucking.” Emperor Teng smiled sweetly, knowing full well that the old man had never spent a single night alone in the palace.

However, he followed up. “So the blonde girls had you as a guest?” The old man looked him openly and honestly in the eye. “Do I have to take a defensive step backwards now, like I teach your warriors? Or do you want me to lie stupidly about how splendidly we’ve been talking? The very question of how well these magnificent creatures parley in Chinese makes me feel the cold steel of the executioner on the back of my neck. No, my Emperor, I will not hide anything from you. I have followed all their gestures and hand signals because I do not speak their language. And not to follow the gestures and hand signals of such desirable creatures immediately and without contradiction would unmask me as an uncouth barbarian. So it is, Your Lordship, I am most certainly not a barbarian, but your most devoted servant!”

Emperor Teng looked at him for a long time. “May your loins give you pleasure for a long time to come, old friend! And don’t forget what I hinted at earlier, there are very few who are fit for diplomatic service. So come to me immediately and confidentially if your arm is lame from beating my recruits.” The Emperor thanked him for the good conversation; the fencing master had never heard that before! He stood up and bowed to the ground. The fencing master had told his story and was now allowed to leave.

Reigning from the Balcony

The princess always liked to go to Emperor Teng for dinner in a good mood, only when she was bleeding or otherwise unwell did she send Jutta or Inger to the Emperor. If he wanted both of them, he had to send for her himself. Li had become accustomed to Emperor Teng ordering his three wives to dinner every two weeks and Jutta and Inger licking the princess to insane orgasms every time. The girls loved the licking more than the fucking and Emperor Teng was one of those men who loved to watch. She was often licked to orgasm twice or much more, she had developed a positive attitude towards it and concentrated on her own orgasm. She had never licked either Jutta or Inger, at least not until today.

Teng sent the girls to sleep, he loved the long talks with the princess, and not every time they fucked afterwards. He always had ink, brushes and bamboo strips ready and sometimes made notes of important things. As the princess was not part of the court in the narrower sense, she could not sit among the councillors and take part in the debates. Even in the early days of his term of office, he was annoyed to hear her wise, cool commentary only at night, which is why the court considered him a weak regent who usually postponed decisions until another day. He had a small balcony built and told her to at least listen in on important meetings. She had ink, brushes and bamboo strips ready at hand and sent her note down to the Emperor with a little boy. He no longer presented the image of a weak regent.

No matter how annoyed the courtiers were, he read through her scribblings calmly and took time to think while one of them offered his ideas. The Emperor always tucked the bamboo strips into his robe and left the councillors in the dark as to what the princess meant. He did not accept everything Li wrote to him, he always found a formulation that suited his nature. They discussed disagreements when she leaned back against his chest at night. But he was quite sure that he ruled better now, with the princess at his side. And

almost every day he wondered whether she could have supported him even better as Empress. Whenever he started talking about it, the first thing she told him was how many months it was until her 30th birthday. In those moments, he was annoyed that he had postponed the decision until that day. He was annoyed from the start, because it would have been better to make her his Empress right away and if he wanted to get rid of her, he could have her head chopped off, she wouldn't be the first. Or banish her to a distant province.

Emperor Teng knew full well that Master Bo Lai had posted his palace guard out of earshot because the princess wanted to be alone with him. He had talked to her about it, of course, and it wasn't sexual prudery, but she wanted to talk to him freely and informally without the whole court overhearing. He thought her arguments were right and therefore allowed it. And Master Bo Lai had enough natural authority to make himself heard and obeyed. Unfortunately, Princess Li did not relinquish her personal bodyguard; the Emperor would have immediately enlisted him as a general.

Teng especially respected the solitary warrior's absolute discretion. He envied the tenacity with which Lai beat the tree stump every midday. The man was more effective with his stick than a swordsman in armor and sword. More than once he had eyewitnesses tell him the story of how Bo Lai, armed only with his stick, had prevented a horde of rebels from entering the favorite's chambers during the reign of the Mongol Empress dowager. The number of dead that he piled up above the staircase varied between 20, 25 and 30. Even if it was only 20, all respect! No one should piss this man off, by all the gods!

Emperor Teng saw the day of decision approaching. He really couldn't explain in detail why he couldn't marry the princess, couldn't make her Empress. It just seemed wrong to him. Sexually, she was a real bombshell, he had no doubt about that. She was smart, educated, clever and very empathetic towards the people. She would rather bite her tongue off than ally herself with the snake pit of the court. Which was not to say that she was not clever at the game of snakes and excellent at lying and deceiving in order to lure an enemy to the abyss and send him tumbling into it with a single kick. Teng

admired her, for she soon had no enemies worth mentioning, she had destroyed them without poison or dagger. She even won in his eyes when she doggedly and not at all squeamishly learned sword-play for three years. But Emperor Teng was not afraid of the day, he had thought of a way out, at least he thought so, and he whistled a little song with a smile, our smart Emperor, our clever Teng.

A Farewell

“Tomorrow is our last night, Princess,” said Teng, giving Princess Li an emotional hug. “I will miss you very much and think to myself time and time again, oh, if only I had made you my Empress!” Li fell silent and snuggled into his arms. “You had every chance of giving me an heir to the throne and getting me to make you Empress. But you weren’t, it’s not in your character to force someone to love you.” He wondered whether he should say the following. “Your heart belongs to someone else, whoever that is. I’ve always felt it and held you close to me anyway. You gave me my three most beautiful years, you were my warming body, my fiery lover and my wisest advisor. You have made me a better Emperor and my people owe you their deepest gratitude and respect.” He embraced her warmly. “This night and one more, and I will bid you a tearful farewell. Master Jin, who visits the blond girls for a day and a night every month as ordered to teach them all the rules, events and the state of our people during the day and makes a real manly effort at night, told me that the girls were heartbroken and called us barbarians because of our 30-year-rule. I helped Master Jin onto the horse myself, as the good man was completely exhausted from the night with the girls. The girls keep crying and hitting me on the upper arms for rejecting you, I may say what I like. They don’t know that you can’t hit an Emperor, they cry and insult me in their own language.” The Emperor was very thoughtful, “Perhaps I should pull myself together and take you as Empress, even if my soul is reluctant, because it knows that I could never fulfill your soul.” The princess stroked his cheek and wiped away his tears. “I have loved you, noble Lord, as you deserve. I have always been yours, for I have felt and enjoyed your love with my whole body. Do not be sad, you will take a beautiful, graceful and

passionate 13-year-old as your next favorite, as you and an Emperor deserve.” They both fell silent as the night drew to a close.

The next day, the Emperor led the princess into a vault where the three chests of the three Emperors were kept. She opened the fourth, her iron box in which she kept the fortunes of the dead Emperors, while he unlocked the other three. They took a step back from the open boxes. “You are rich, my princess, gold, silver and rare jewels. You can build a palace half the size of mine with them!” Li smiled and took his arm. “I would only build myself a palace half the size of your half palace, high Lord. But I would run a real stream through my bedroom, so I wouldn’t have to walk naked and indecently across the courtyard to the stream. No, I would let my hand glide in the water and caress the trouts, I would clean myself in the clear water before and after fucking and drown my lover in the stream if he fucked me miserably.” Emperor Teng said he didn’t know about this thought, otherwise he would have tamed a stream for her. Princess Li laughed finely, “My Lord, you would have denied your guards the most beautiful sight, they would not have seen the naked princess pining and coveting as she walked across the courtyard every morning, the most covetous among them would not have run after me to the stream where I had them fucked in the water, laughing and full of pride. No, this love to water came from my uncle, Master Tschan.” Teng looked at her questioningly.

“My dear mother, who some called the princess with outspread wings because she was available to any man, taught me from an early age the indecent vice of masturbation, to which I fell hopelessly addicted as a child. Every night I would lie next to her warm body, whether she had a lover or not, and masturbated with lust until I fell asleep. I learned how to fuck while watching and experienced my father’s rage when he learned that my father was the Prince of Ma’ang, one of your noble family, my Lord! I came to Uncle Tschan and first learned from him that it was very indecent to masturbate alone and for one’s own pleasure only. Decent and modest girls only masturbate while fucking, and never alone, just for sexual pleasure. Therefore, old girls and older women who could not get a man on their mat were considered immoral and indecent because everyone saw them masturbating at the roadside. How often do you see old girls and

widows masturbating sadly alone on the side of the road, which wasn't offensive, yet only rarely did someone bend down to fuck the unfortunate woman out of pity. Uncle Tschan was horrified that I only bathed once in ten days and immediately had a stream diverted through his garden. I learned how important it was to bathe in the stream at least once a day, he would happily fuck me in the stream when I was bleeding or he wanted to be careful on my fertile days. I got my love of water from my time with Uncle Tschan."

Emperor Teng considered her assets. She would need two pack mules, tomorrow, he thought. The princess asked if he would keep it faithfully for her, she could no more use it now than the pack mules. He nodded and later, when he was in his study, he had the scribe draw up a document. He would be as bound by his word as his successors, he said as he handed Li the document. He was an honorable man, the Emperor Teng.

He drank tea with the princess in the rose garden. She shrugged casually, not yet knowing where she was going tomorrow. She was much more concerned that he chose a good favorite. She knew most of the girls who had been presented to him and she spoke her mind openly and bluntly. Most of them could be safely discarded because they were just puppets of calculating parents or puppeteers. He smiled and nodded at each name because he had already guessed it and was reassured and confirmed in his judgment. He listened very attentively as the princess spoke of the last handful. They were noble mares from good stables, one more special than the other. Some would have ties to other high-ranking families, and an Emperor had to keep an eye on such political interests. There were also some whose sexual reputation preceded them like sparks in a forest fire. The princess had no preference among them; it was ultimately up to the Emperor to decide which one he preferred. She would wait a while, a trial period, before making a decision and shortlist several. The Emperor smiled, "I have already decided to accept all of them you have counted on your fingers into my women's house. I will fuck them all, without exception, if only for my pleasure. They will help me get over the fact that I sacrificed my favorite and not this stupid law. My attitude that I do not need an Empress has not changed to this day."

The princess smiled politely when he talked about her. She, of course, had no lover that she was even considering. He smiled and raised a finger. "One," he said. He didn't have as many suitors on hand for her as she had for him, there was only one whose courtship he took seriously. Just one. "Don't keep me in suspense, my love," the princess said in a flat voice, "the term courtship tells me that you have already spoken to him. I cannot, for the life of me, imagine who would dare to speak to the Emperor and Lord of his love for me, or even ask for my hand in marriage." She paused, startled, and put her hand over her mouth. There was only one man during these four years whose gaze had struck her heart and clit like a bolt of lightning. Teng watched her very carefully. "You know it, you know him. You don't want to say his name. Write his name in the sand with the fan and cover it with the fan. Let's play this as a guessing game, we both like it!" Li wrote in the sand and put the fan over it. "You can't possibly know," she said, but her heart was racing like a dozen gazelles.

The New Lord

Teng waited until she had finished, took her hands and looked her firmly in the eyes. "General Pyi, the prince of Ma'ang, asks for your hand." The Emperor saw in her eyes that she had guessed. He bent down and picked up the fan. He looked into her shining eyes. "Can I tell my friend that you're accepting it?" he asked, knowing at the same time that she needed time. She didn't have time, she would be leaving the palace tomorrow.

"I read in your behavior that it is fine with you too," Li said in a flat voice, clutching his arm. He stroked her cheek and kissed the top of her head. "I've known Pyi since childhood, we were best friends until he became general and I became Emperor, after which we each had our hands full. But he's worthy of you, I couldn't think of anyone better." Everything was said, and after a while she said she now knew where she was going tomorrow. He nodded, "I'll let him know that he'll give you a proper reception tomorrow!" They chatted for a while as all these threads intersected. He and Pyi were distant cousins, Pyi was related to Uncle Chan, and he was her late father's youngest

brother. She said that Pyi couldn't take her as his wife because of their close bloodline, but she could become one of his concubines. He smiled, "Pyi was not and is not married and has no concubines. He is a soldier in heart and soul, he has had enough with the wives and daughters of his enemies and the vanquished. He has even less experience with marriage, and you will have to teach him a great deal. I would never leave you to a wild tiger like Pyi unless I was sure you could ride that tiger. And I hope you don't turn him into a purring kitten, I need every general."

The princess said goodbye to any and all of the court, the councilors and the servants, anyone she liked. She said goodbye to the blubbering Danes, probably the most emotional farewell ever. Bo Lai nodded to her that the general's palanquin was outside the gate. Two servants were leading the two packhorses with their belongings. She looked from the door to the empty, swept-clean room where she had lived for the last 16 years. Then she followed Lai to the gate. The Emperor had come to the gate and pulled her into a door alcove. Hugging her in public would be unseemly, they kissed long and hard. He wished her well, and anyway, she was only 5 streets away, they would meet at will. The palanquin was accompanied by around 20 cavalrymen, but they did not stop under the gate, but in the courtyard garden. Pyi, dressed in festive attire, helped her out of the palanquin and led her under a parasol. She waited anxiously, Lai had ordered the servants to take care of the luggage and sat down on a stone bench a little apart. He didn't take his eyes off Li and her new Master for a second.

"My heart wanted to burst with happiness when Teng sent me his messenger, dear sister." Li realized that he knew about their close relationship. "Teng had added a handwritten note to the scribe's impeccable handwriting, perhaps he didn't want to entrust it to the scribe. He wrote that if I wanted to make you my Princess, he would set everything in motion." General Pyi, about the same height as herself or Teng, athletically fit and the same age as the Emperor, around 40, had a pleasant appearance, a friendly face and yet radiated the aura of a strong warrior. Li immediately felt these signs, the jubilation of her heart, the heat in her pussy and the longing in her clit. She smiled very kindly at him. "The Emperor didn't say anything about

princesses, he just thought I would fit in quite well with your wives, concubines and conquered cunts.”

The general’s mouth was open in confusion, only then did he notice the mischief in her eyes. He laughed amiably. “Teng warned me about your amiable little pranks months ago. I’m sitting there with my mouth hanging open, seriously wondering what kind of prank my cousin has been playing on you.” He slapped his thigh, laughing, then poured some chilled fruit juice. They drank and he continued. “There’s a reason why I’m receiving you here in the garden. I want you to get to know me a little and be able to decide for yourself whether you enter my house, our house, or get back into the palanquin after a friendly visit. That decision is yours, dear sister. I’m not buying you like a pound of meat at the market. That’s not who I am, that’s not how I see you.” She liked his words. She asked him to tell her about himself.

He had grown up in the princely house of Ma’ang, surrounded from an early age by teachers who diligently trained him in writing, literature, history, flora and fauna, astronomy, the laws and governance, because his father, a great commander who commanded 100 generals, wanted to open his eyes to the whole world, as he did for every son. He could just as easily become the Emperor one day or end up as a bookworm. At 12, the princess with the open butterfly wings turned him into a man, which made a great impression on him. “So, my mother, General!” interjected Li. He nodded knowingly and continued. The eldest brother, her biological father, had got him teachers to teach him the craft of war. He was good at it, he trained hard and after his father died with honor, the new prince, his brother, brought him into the military. He climbed the ladder without using his connections, he wanted to earn every promotion himself. He was tough as steel, invincible and his men loved him and followed him into the thick of battle with wildly determined shouts. He had taught the robber gangs in Wu-Dan-Shan to fear him in the last 10 years. But there were still many gangs on the move, harassing the country folk. He was all the more saddened that Emperor Teng had not entrusted him with fighting the gangs months ago and had asked him in private to prepare for the post of Minister of War. He had bowed deeply and obeyed his Master without argument. They had

known each other since their earliest youth, they were best friends among the princely sons who had been trained together by the best teachers in Ma'ang. Teng was with him at the court of the princess with the open butterfly wings, who made the two tots a man, one after the other. "We treated your mother with great respect because she was the first to take us seriously, she patiently and magnanimously taught us how to fuck all afternoon, even though she was so exhausted by the evening that she could no longer stand." After that he and Teng had fucked all the girls together and they had fraternally fucked all the servant maids, all the neighbor's daughters and every honorable Lady, even the most faithful, shy and chaste, together, that was a matter of honor! They didn't give a damn about the rumors, they laid every girl, every respectable wife and every sweet woman and widow in town on their mat. They only broke up when he joined the military at 17 and Teng was ordered to the palace. He was only a few months back from the last campaign, he had fallen in love with Princess Li like never before when he gave her the prince's sword.

She was just as straightforward in character as Pyi, she told him everything that didn't expose anyone else. She had slept with her mother, the princess with the open butterfly wings, until the age of 12, and her mother had taught her to masturbate when she was about 4, without telling her how immoral and indecent it was. She had always watched them fuck, because her mother made no secret of it. She also had several good teachers who mainly taught her to read and write and spent hours debating philosophical and fictional works with the child. At 12, there was a terrible row and the previous father raged because her biological father was the young prince of Ma'ang, your brother. Her mother saved her life and gave her to Uncle Tschan. He deflowered the sweet 12-year-old on the very first night and fucked her daily until she was ordered to become Emperor's maiden at the age of 15. Uncle Tschan, a great scholar, trained her 15 hours a day in many spheres over the 3 years and she became the Emperor's concubine for ten years. He was poisoned, the murderous Empress dowager and her murderous companion chancellor were assassinated by patriots within 14 days and the 17-year-old prince became Emperor. He kept her as his concubine, but he too was murdered. The new Emperor Teng beheaded the murderer, Minh's chancellor, with his own hands. She remained with Emperor Teng to this

day. The Emperor loved it from time to time, when his concubines showed him lesbian love, and she liked to join in only to please him. He wanted to watch her masturbating and she obeyed, knowing well that it was her shame to masturbate in front of him. General Pyi was silent for a long time and thoughtfully, then thanked her for her openness. She didn't know if there was a hint of irony in that, but she didn't think it was important to mention every little flirtation or the fucking with the guard soldiers at the morning bath, for example, it didn't say anything about her, her life story or her character, sexually it certainly didn't.

Pyi looked over at Lai. "Your servant won't let us out of his sight for a second, don't you think?" She placed her hand on his arm. "Pyi, my dear brother, this is Master Bo Lai, he's my personal bodyguard and it'll take at least an earthquake engulfing us or the sky falling over us for him to look away for a second." The general smiled. "Here we are in one of the safest houses in the city, what am I saying, the whole kingdom, talking about mothers getting fucked to exhaustion by 12 year olds and teachers trying to explain to the spoiled bastards of rich families why the apples always fall to the ground and never up to the clouds, but your faithful servant won't budge an inch and guards us." The princess laughed and the prince joined in.

She beckoned Lai to come over. He glided over. "Lord Pyi, I would like you to meet my bodyguard, Master Bo Lai." The prince nodded in greeting. "Bo Lai, I can see that you are a trained fighter and will not let your Mistress out of your sight for a moment, as a good man should." Bo Lai looked briefly into Li's eyes and she noticed the mischief in them. "My Lord, that's right, I do my duty with all seriousness, as I have learned to do. I am like her shadow and never leave her side, except when she is pissing, pooping or crouching behind a bush to masturbate in between!" Lai's expression was unmoved and Princess Li burst out laughing. The prince took a blink longer and also laughed out loud. Lai smiled at him. "Forgive me, noble Lord, you were both so serious in your conversation, I wanted to loosen you up a little bit." The prince bowed his head again briefly, "You are no ordinary servant, Master Bo, I can see that. Tell me, may I take a closer look at your cane, just out of curiosity?" Lai bowed and handed

him his fighting stick with downcast eyes. "My stick, my Lord, my little stick!"

Pyi took the stick and whistled through his teeth in surprise. "I've only ever seen fighting sticks like this one in the Kingdom of Qin, the Kingsguard carry them. They are better with them than others are with swords." His fingers explored the weapon very carefully. He looked at Lai who was still bowing. "Rise, Master Bo, am I right?" Lai straightened up, "I come from the land of Qin, I was trained for the royal guard and I made my weapon myself like everyone else." This was news even to Li. The prince nodded approvingly. "Stone wood, hollowed out and bronze cast inside. Both ends are edged with two iron rings, but this one has four. And the two ends are not common either." Lai's eyes lit up, an expert at last! "I have carved soft pieces of porous oak cork bark at the ends, so it can't be heard on the smooth marble floor of the palace. However, the King of Qin wants to hear where his men are standing. Emperor Teng knew where I was at all times, and if others don't know, it's a strategic advantage." Pyi swung the stick a few times and Lai grabbed the stick in flight. "Don't hurt yourself, my Lord, the blows can be fatal!"

Pyi laughed loudly and handed the stick back to Lai. "Emperor Teng once had a courtier tell the anecdote at table that during the riots at the time of the Mongol Empress dowager, the rebels stormed up the stairs to the women's house to ravish the favorites. However, a man with a stick stopped them and chased them away, leaving 20 dead bodies behind, which the man piled up in front of him, laughing loudly. The criminals took a dozen injured people with them, who didn't have a single unbroken bone left in their bodies. Haven't you also heard of this legend, Master Bo?"

The princess nudged Lai in the side. Lai put on a troubled expression. "I was always allowed to accompany my Emperor to the countryside when the princess traveled with him. Of course, I always sat on the lowest steps leading to the bedchambers and sang my throat hoarse when the screams had to be drowned out when the princess drove the poor Lord mad with her pussy or her lips. I heard the peasants and servants tell each other the story that the Emperor's women's house was guarded by a terrible monster who killed 37 men

at once and piled up their corpses. Come on, the monster roared, come on, these few people are still too few for my breakfast. They had fled headlong, leaving 37 dead men behind. And what did I learn from that? On the one hand, that courtiers can't count and, out of sheer envy, belittle the deeds of an honest man so as not to look too bad themselves. And on the other hand, that farmers and servants can count their cattle accurately, even when they see monsters and evil spirits where there are none."

"I know exactly what you're talking about, brave Bo! My enviers rush to the Emperor and report that I have driven off a handful of robbers. I once brought the robbers' corpses to the Emperor in a long line of horse-drawn carts and demanded that the false messengers bury them with their own hands. How I and my warriors laughed when the fine gentlemen scratched their delicate hands bloody with pick and shovel! I appreciate the fact that a warrior does not allow his victory to be belittled, Master Bo! You should have seen Emperor Teng, Master Bo, he almost fell off his folding chair with laughter, because seeing his high-nosed courtiers sweating gave him immense satisfaction. We drank wine, Master Teng and I, and cheered the weaklings on to carry on diligently, the dead would no longer threaten them. Never again did the Emperor receive and accept reports other than mine."

The princess drank her fruit juice and asked Pyi how things were in the palace at the moment; she had accompanied the Emperor months ago, who borrowed some of the general's weapons to give gifts to out-of-town guests. The palace was practically empty and deserted, with no furniture, tables or cushions to linger on. And the dust and dirt revealed that only soldiers lived here. The general was devastated. He knew how neglected the beautiful palace was. However, he had had a wing prepared for the princess, the servants had spent weeks scrubbing everything and 50 beautiful cushions and some new mats had been hastily borrowed from the imperial palace. He hoped that the princess would make the rooms as comfortable and cozy as she wanted. He was a soldier and his only luxury was sometimes a tent and a campfire, that was all a soldier needed. The princess nodded, "Open your coffers, my lord, for I will certainly not live like a beggar!" Pyi assured her that she could order the best and

most expensive things; if necessary, he would rob the robbers in the Wu-Dan-Shan when his silver ran out. Lai had withdrawn again and the prince and princess continued chatting. She said he could let the palanquin return to the palace, she was ready to enter his house. Pyi breathed a sigh of relief and spun around in a dance of joy.

She had a few more requests, not to say demands. She had brought her own servants with her, two girls and two small boys. A room was to be prepared for them, for all four of them, as the girls were used to the boys warming their blankets. She had asked Emperor Teng to let her keep the two cooks she had borrowed. The Emperor had reluctantly granted it for the first few weeks, because good cooks were hard to find. Pyi nodded in agreement to pay the Emperor a reasonable sum to buy the cooks and to set up the kitchen according to the cooks' instructions. "You don't know how much I've been looking forward to you taking charge of the house and turning it into a comfortable, luxurious palace where I can entertain Emperor Teng myself, dear sister." The princess asked if she was dealing with a housekeeper or a house dragon, but he smiled broadly. He had paid off the three old women and thrown them out; a new general should not have to deal with old, grumpy sergeants. He had set aside the largest bedroom for her and had followed Teng's advice to prepare a room in the anteroom for her bodyguard. She beamed, because it was perfect. She noticed his look and said blushing that if she was cold, Lai would warm her mat, and that is so, by the gods, my dear brother. He thanked her for her honesty, he would have no objection to her rewarding her faithful servant. She nodded mutely, then murmured that only true love could reward his service.

A servant appeared, the cooks were ready and asked for the meal. She stood up, took Pyi's hands and looked him in the eye. "I enter your house, our house, and will serve you faithfully, dear brother!" He hugged her and escorted her into the great hall. It was indeed clean and the marble gleamed; a few tables bearing the imperial stamp had been found and fine cushions laid out. The general liked the food and said that the cooks were now engaged on duty, period. He knew that Li rarely drank; they sat together for a long time over wine, fruit juices and sweets. She was impressed by how educated the fierce warrior was and let him escort her to her bedroom.

She enjoyed his hugs and kisses, he was certainly no slouch. They fucked greedily and passionately and she whispered that he reminded her of Uncle Tschan, who also had a magnificent meaty cock and was a great fucker. She nodded as he continued to fuck her in her orgasm and asked if she wanted to masturbate herself to another orgasm. He fucked her hard and with powerful thrusts and only squirted after her second orgasm. They embraced tightly for a long time and assured each other that they would devote enough time to love and passion. He would be traveling a lot during the day in the palace and preparing for the Ministry of War, the current Minister of War had already served five Emperors and was completely exhausted, he helped Pyi wherever he could. She would begin restoring the palace immediately and furnish it later. It was already around midnight when Pyi left. She called Lai to her and snuggled up to her lover. "I have poured the Lord pure wine that you will lie with me at night and guard my sleep. A loving servant was a thousand times more valuable than one who was only paid. I am 30 and want to lie with my lover, whether in the palace or in the stables." They whispered for a while longer, she reported that Pyi had a nice big meat cock like Uncle Tschan and fucked just as well. She was very confident that they would be fine with Master Pyi. Lai said serving a true warrior and professional was easy for him, he would keep all the fake courtiers away from her.

She began restoring the palace like a whirlwind. Two weeks later Ayla, Pyi's youngest sister, arrived, all his brothers had fallen, Pyi was now the prince. The princess invited Ayla to tea and took the time to get to know her master's favorite sister. Ayla was a pretty girl, 23 years old, delicate and shy. But she was a woman who knew that she had to take what she wanted. She was open and honest with Li from the start, they came from the same blood, they were little sister and big sister.

Ayla slept with her servants until she was 12 years old, they taught her to masturbate immorally and indecently without a husband and the child fell into the sinful vice lock, stock and barrel. She had a sharp steel fingernail made which she put on her finger when masturbating and during orgasm she pricked her hymen so that it became scarred and hard as leather. When she was 12, she decided to

lie with her beloved brother and let him take her virginity. He failed because of the leather-like hymen and a servant had to cut it away partially with scissors and Ayla shooed the servant away. Now Pyi took the little sister's virginity and since then she fucked him every night when he was at home.

When Pyi was on patrol or cutting off the heads of enemies, Ayla let the young pages, aged 12 and 13, into her bed. Three or four boys frolicked on her mat and took turns fucking her while she masturbated. She had obeyed Pyi that this was the only legitimate way to masturbate. They frolicked on her mat and grew older together. At 16, she took worshipper after worshipper to bed, but she forbade them to squirt inside under penalty of punishment. She set up an hourglass and anyone who could fuck her for 30 minutes received a gold coin as a reward. Many strong boys barely made it, they pulled their cock out in time and were allowed to fuck and squirt in the servant girls pussy who was lying with them, masturbating Ayla. Princess Li and Ayla laughed at the top of their lungs when Ayla described how her lover, eyes wide with fear, pulled out his cock after the first full jet and squeezed it with his fingers so as not to squirt to the four winds, but instead searched for the servant's pussy hole, panting. Ayla, who had a fierce lesbian inclination, forced him to fuck the servant again properly and masturbated the girl very hard, she loved to be dominant.

The story with the 7-finger-stallion was funny. This admirer fucked Ayla to the point of madness, but he squirted all his juice into the screaming girl. She had one of his fingers chopped off as a deterrent. The 9-finger-stallion tried his luck again, he fucked great and the princess screamed in orgasm, but again he failed and squirted his juice in wide, firm jets into the screaming girl. He had to sacrifice another finger without losing his fighting spirit. The 8-finger-stallion entered the competition, he fucked the masturbating girl to madness again, squirted and lost another finger. However, the servants never allowed the 7-Finger-Stallion to compete again, Ayla had forbidden it. Princess Li wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes.

Ayla took up silk embroidery at the age of 16. The ladies of the court wore plain-colored silk capes or ones with hideous geometric

shapes that spilled Japanese fashion into the realm of Heavens. Ayla, on the other hand, fantasized about dragons, the revered Fire Spirit of Heavens while masturbating. She practiced for two years and burned the designs. Then she created a cape for a Lady-in-Waiting that blew everyone away. A fiery red silk cloak adorned with a Three-Meter-Tall Fire-Breathing golden dragon. When the lady wrapped the cloak around her body, the dragon clutched her naked breasts possessively. A murmur now went through the court, all the ladies, young and old, wanted such a magnificent dragon, they were determined to bare their breasts and to have the dragon's claws dig deep into their bare breasts. Pyi recognized the artist, she employed 4 or 5 embroiderers to do the large-scale work. Pyi set the hefty prices, at least the embroiderers were to be paid handsomely.

Ayla climbed to the top, using her masturbation fantasies in the embroidery. The dragon fucked the wearer of the cape. His head no longer nestled tenderly against the wearer's neck, he arched his mighty fire-breathing head back into her neck, roaring in orgasm. His mighty human-like cock was twitching in a lifelike cunt, which could be seen under horny ass cheeks made of white clouds. When the wearer of the cape moved, the dragon moved too and fucked the clouds. The ladies paid astronomical prices at the auction of the dragon capes, which Ayla had invented and which still exist to this day. Her treasure chest filled up and overflowed. The best embroiderers were allowed to decorate the edging, all 827 sexual positions adorned the edges as miniatures, tiny dragons fucked tiny naked girls in passion. Even Emperor Teng ordered a sinful cape 5 meters long as a gift for the Empress of the Emperor of Nihon and the ambassador reported that the Japanese Ladies-in-Waiting almost fainted. In Japan, they were not so permissive with fucking and the waves only gradually smoothed out when the ladies of the Japanese court also wore fucking dragons around their bodies, their claws digging into their shamefully exposed bare breasts.

The Japanese ambassador often visited Ayla, as the distinguished Japanese ladies secretly gave him designs or descriptions of kinky embroideries. She made everything possible and secretly rejoiced when she could make it just that little bit kinkier. She had learned that the wealthy Japanese women were not naked under their

dressess like even the noblest Chinese women, but wore a kind of loin-cloth as a last line of defense. The ambassador gladly brought her some as samples. The longer ones were for everyday wear, the shorter ones for love rendezvous. Ayla sent for the youngest embroiderer, who had to strip naked and the young attaché tied several loin-cloths around her, one at a time. Ayla understood the function. The attaché said that the longer ones were made of cotton or coarse linen because the ladies wiped themselves with the ends after pissing. The shorter ones were made of smooth linen or silk, but fashionably cut.

Ayla told the attaché to undress and stay in front of the pussy, she knelt next to the embroiderer with the measuring stick. He, like all the Japanese men she had fucked, had a boyishly shaped little cock. Ayla rubbed the cock briefly to make it hard. The ambassador looked at the wallpaper, it was unseemly to look openly. Ayla pretended to measure the correct lengths and distances, in reality she had been bickering with the girl that very morning because the girl came to fuck far too rarely. It was a rogue play that Ayla had come up with spontaneously. She pushed his cock into her pussy hole, fast, faster and really fast. The Attaché squirted comfortably. Ayla measured back and forth again, then grabbed the cock and pushed it in and out vigorously. He was obviously very hungry, as was the girl, but she didn't dare to masturbate. She trembled and quivered towards her orgasm. Ayla tried to delay his squirting until she was finished orgasming, then she did it very quickly and made him squirt.

His cock remained stiff and she pushed it in deep to give him a minute's rest. Ayla had long since put the measuring stick aside and was only concerned with pushing the cock in and out. The ambassador was distracted by the wallpaper and Ayla sensed that the young man was about to squirt. She let go of his cock and murmured, "you can keep going or stop, as you like!" The attaché whispered to the girl, "do you still want to?" and she whispered back, "can you still?" He hurried to whisper, "yes, of course, I haven't squirted yet!" She breathed, "do you want to squirt?" Ayla looked up, his thin cock was still in her pussy. He whispered, "I want to squirt again, absolutely!" The girl was actually already satisfied after her orgasm, but she breathed, "We can't make any noise, so hurry up and squirt, it's not dangerous today!" He didn't seem to notice her refusal and fucked

silently, only his ass cheeks swinging back and forth. The girl became hot and aroused again, but she didn't dare to masturbate. Ayla was annoyed by this and rubbed her clit. As he gripped the girl's ass cheeks tighter, Ayla triggered the girl's orgasm, seconds later he squirted with a pleasant smile. The two got dressed, the young lad made a Japanese bow, just from the hip joint, and the blushing girl ran out at a hint from Ayla. She asked the ambassador to give her a month time.

The Empress of Japan cried out in surprise when she saw Ayla's erotic, sometimes kinky loincloths. The ambassador brought a batch of orders every other day, with kinky and very kinky designs. 50 embroiderer girls toiled away, it had paid off to give the empress the horny pieces. The news spread like wildfire through the Japanese court, to the patrician houses and to the other cities. Ayla paid the embroiderers even better and the tills were ringing, Japan paid in gold and silver.

Ayla became pregnant by Pyi, she almost exploded in sexual hunger. She masturbated incessantly while her lovers were now allowed to fuck her unreservedly. She lay with Pyi every night and begged Big Sister not to exhaust Brother Pyi completely. Princess Li hugged her with tears in her eyes, she was so proud of Little Sister who bore the fruit of her dear Master. Princess Ayla gave birth to a beautiful, healthy boy and named him Long, the dragon. Prince Long was recognized by imperial decree as the legitimate progenitor and heir to the throne of the House of Ma'ang. Emperor Teng wrote in the decree that an unnamed prince of Ma'ang and Princess Ayla of Ma'ang were the legitimate parents. Ayla bathed Long and took his big meat cock of the Ma'angs into her mouth, she sucked and licked the baby, the child and the boy until he learned to squirt into her mouth at 9. She made him a man at 9 and he fucked her every night until he was appointed to the palace at 24. At 30, he ascended the Throne of Heavens as Emperor Long, he was a good and popular Emperor who reformed the legal system and promised justice to all Chinese regardless of their origin. He ruled for 50 years, brutally destroying the robber gangs of the Wu-Dan-Shan and having half the population wiped out. Only a few robbers remained as pirates on the coasts, but they were disempowered and insignificant. The people

called Emperor Long the Emperor of a Thousand Maidens, and the court archives counted 834 bastards when he died. But let's turn back the clock and let Emperor Long still be a baby.

The Minister of War

Pyi was very happy with Princess Li, who made his palace shine like the imperial palace. He held banquets just to be admired and envied for his favorite. Emperor Teng embraced his friend Pyi in public and was happy to appoint him as the new Minister of War. The Emperor organized a lavish banquet to bid farewell to the old, ever faithful Minister of War. The entire court and their wives or favorites were invited, and the marble Hall of Heaven was full to bursting. With the old, almost deaf guest of honor beside him, Emperor Teng stood up and delivered a four-hour speech to the guest of honor. Everyone fell silent to catch every word, or broke into thunderous applause when the Emperor smiled and uttered a kinky line. The old man just nodded, waved gratefully and sent kisses to the very revealingly dressed ladies, who undressed rather than dressed on the orders of the court. Let us listen to Teng's speech.

The Minister of War had made a name for himself as a young aristocrat when, fighting as a general in the front line, he defeated the Mongols in the north so devastatingly that they went into hiding for a hundred years. He triumphantly entered the imperial city of Chang'an and was appointed Minister of War just days later, serving under 5 Emperors. A young man of 23, he quickly became the favorite of the court ladies, invincible in duels, knocking jealous husbands unconscious and slaying serious enemies and ill-wishers with his sword. That was fine with the Emperor, they were all his enemies too, but an Emperor was not allowed to fight a duel except with a fencing master. The Emperor was happy with him, the cabinet members were happy with him too, because despite his youth he was as wise and clever as a scholar, the military were happy with him too, because he looked after his men as if they were brothers. And the ladies, Emperor Teng smirked and muffled his voice, the ladies tore around him, not infrequently there were more than just scratches

when they fought like furies for his mat. It was clear that he could not only bring Mongols to their knees, no, even the most chaste, faithful and graceful wives went to their knees to lick his baton. He got them all, the Holy Women and Nuns as well as the wives and daughters of ministers and court officials. Even in the imperial women's house, he was allowed to scurry about on the mats when the Emperor had no time for his ladies. He was, Emperor Teng said with a kinky smile, the good spirit of the court, who put a dreamy smile on the ladies' faces and populated the court with many bastards. The audience leapt to their feet in loud applause and the last ladies bared their breasts as the Emperor spared no expense with his hearty words and salted jokes. The Emperor raised his voice and continued.

The third Emperor was in over his head and asked him to join him in a private audience. Only the old Imperial Chancellor was allowed to be present. The Emperor forbade the young man to fuck the Holy Women and he nodded in humiliation. He was no longer allowed to fuck the Nuns either, he nodded humbly. The Emperor cleared his throat, the ladies in the imperial women's house had only him as their master, the young man became sad, but he nodded humbly. The Emperor drank a cup of wine to clear his throat at length. The Empress, the graceful one, was his wife and consort, she was completely taboo for him from now on, the Emperor stammered. She was not there for fucking, the lovely Empress, she had given birth to a progenitor and the heir to the throne, so, as he had already said, she was not there for fucking, she was a sacred symbol for the people, so she was not there for fucking, at least not any more, not again. He had to stay away from her bedchamber, no matter how much he itched to fuck the Empress. He was no longer allowed to cross her door threshold unless she called him, because that would be an imperial order. Tears streamed down the young minister's cheeks, but he was an obedient soldier and promised the Emperor before he was allowed to leave. He obediently avoided the Holy Women, lowered his eyes before the Nuns and walked past in silence. He avoided the imperial women's quarters and looked down humbly when a concubine tried to seduce him. He no longer visited the horny Empress and she anxiously asked the chancellor if the handsome boy was ill? Emperor Teng looked sternly around, one can become a traitor, even with the

best of intentions. The court ducked their heads, what was the Emperor trying to say?

He saw their confusion and continued. The Chancellor bowed to the Empress and reported the Emperor's order. "If it is nothing more!" she exclaimed and sent for the young man. Here I must tell you more about this Empress, dear friends, said Emperor Teng, she was quite wrongly described as the Fucking Booness of Heavens. But she was a saint, I say. She had been taught from an early age that modest and decent girls do not masturbate alone, just for pleasure, but only when fucking like honest and modest Chinese women. The child nodded and ordered her playmates to fuck her, because she loved orgasms and masturbating. She became Empress according to the program, gave the Emperor a progenitor and heir to the throne and the Emperor dropped her, she was locked up in the golden cage. She didn't care, many many lovers fucked her when she felt like masturbating. She was in the mood every long day. She resided in her bed, on a hundred silk cushions and palavered with her affairs, admirers and lovers.

The gods fought among themselves, they pelted the land with hailstorms, cloudbursts and floods. The spirits with the pitch-black souls rubbed their hands as the game fled from the forests, the hail killed the cattle, the whirlwinds tore the barns apart and the wheat was swept away by the floods. The people went hungry and starved, pine cones were eaten, pine needles were boiled and children chewed the leather of sandals. The good spirits and the peaceful gods kissed the goodness in the Empress's heart awake. If she had lived a very superficial life up to now and only cared about being fucked and masturbated, the goddesses opened her eyes. She was horrified that the people were starving, that they were dying like flies. She stamped her foot, shouted her throat hoarse and shook up the sluggish servants. She bought up all the rice reserves, she set up canteen kitchens in the imperial city and in the suburbs. She sold all her jewelry and sent her people across the borders, to the end of the world on the Mekong River, and they bought wagonloads of rice, poultry and fish so that the starving could have a bowl of rice and a piece of meat or fish. She went to the Emperor's treasury. "If your people starve out there," she shouted at the shivering Emperor, "you will soon have no

people left, then you will be the Emperor of nothing, the Emperor of nothing at all!" The Emperor obeyed his enraged wife, opened his coffers and bought rice and poultry from the Mekong and beyond. The canteen kitchens smoked day in, day out and after half a year the famine was over. The country got back on its feet and the Empress devoted herself to her vice with satisfaction. But now we return to our dear minister.

He served 5 Emperors, he looked after the welfare of the soldiers and could justly demand that they bring the heads of our enemies to us on pikes. He was a good minister who used his resources wisely. He never accepted even the smallest copper coin, he was never corruptible, even the pleasures of fucking he acquired only as a private citizen and never allowed himself to be bribed with sexual pleasures, which I cannot say for too many of you.

I release him into his well-deserved retirement and now ask all the ladies to approach him and offer him their beautiful breasts so that he can say a proper farewell to your bodies, which he already has in sweet memory!

This was the Emperor's command and an unheard-of event in the Hall of Heaven. The women surrounded the old man, he had hundreds of breasts to fondle and kiss, and those women who were honest about their deeds offered him their pussies so that he could touch them for the last time. The Emperor had sat down and poured the wine down his dry throat. He had fulfilled the old man's last wish. He had added an annex to the old man's favorite brothel, where he would be bathed, oiled and perfumed every day before the sweetest girls in the establishment lay down with him and entertained him with music, dancing and raunchy poems and stories, doing everything that girls do. His greatest wish was to close his eyes in the arms of the most graceful odalisques and rush off to his ancestors.

Princess Li had sat next to Pyi and the Emperor, she had nothing to do with the old minister and offered him neither breasts nor body. But she had submitted to the ruling of the court and clad herself in a truly transparent nothingness, delighting in the approving glances of the gentlemen as well as some of the ladies. She had enjoyed the Em-

peror's lecture more than she had for a long time. She looked at her Lord Pyi, shining proudly in his new ministerial robes, and on the other side she held Ayla's hand, who had little Master Long on her knees. Inconspicuously and secretly, Ayla's fingers had followed the hem of her skirt, Ayla had not put on a top and her stiff nipples quivered with excitement as she secretly, carrying Li's hand with her, surrendered to the play of her fingers, quivering only slightly and trembling invisibly in climax. Li did everything she could to keep Ayla's secret. None but Ayla dared to masturbate in secret at the Emperor's banquet and only the death-defying Princess Li dared to caress Ayla's jewels in secret too. Only the Emperor noticed and smiled, he had to have Ayla for once!

Two years passed in silence, a debarked tree stump had been planted in the courtyard for Lai, where he fought with the stump for an hour every day at midday with his upper body bare. Li fought next to him, her upper body also bare, and practiced with her small sword, the Lightning in the Moonlight, as Pyi had named it. She believed Lai that only constant practice could familiarize one with the weapon, make it a real part of one's body. Day by day, Li felt the sword becoming one with her arm.

Ayla had grown up with her pregnancy and motherhood. She had set up four rooms as a workshop where 25 to 30 embroiderers produced the expensive silk capes. More than half of them went to the Nihon Empire; the fine Japanese woman of today owned at least one. Ayla paid the embroiderers very well and filled her own coffers. Who knows, maybe one day she would need money to buy Long the best teachers in the empire. She still lay with Pyi night after night, the boy at her breast. When Pyi was not there, her admirers and worshippers lay with her. Although she had been barren since her difficult birth, she had blossomed into a beauty like no other. Even Emperor Teng had invited her to dinner. Ayla may not have been as refined as his concubines, but she was full of graceful naturalness and unspoiled passion at fucking and clearly loved to masturbate all night.

The Campaign

Pyi conferred with his childhood friend Teng, who was his Emperor and Master. The dashing generals set off full of fighting spirit and returned as plucked chickens. The cheeky gangs from the province of Wu-Dan-Shan formed real armies and drew ever closer to the imperial city of Chang'an. Pyi was bursting with anger. The imperial army could not fail in the face of a bunch of filthy highwaymen! The brigands only wanted to rob, rape and collect tribute, they wanted no state, no Emperor, no peace. Pyi had made his decision, although Teng was against it. He left the ministry to a deputy and would lead his men, the imperial troops, against the gangs. He was exactly the right general for the job. Emperor Teng couldn't talk him out of it, the facts were all in Pyi's favor. He made him field marshal and let him choose the troops. Pyi observed the soldiers for 5 days and formed 3 detachments of 1,000 men each. He would call up the second and third divisions when he deemed it necessary.

Pyi had a private troop of about 40 men, all battle-hardened warhorses who followed his word and could command the first troop in pairs. The 40 men arrived at the palace and Princess Li objected. She was not prepared to wait here in the palace for her Master and brother. He was her only Master and her place was at his side and his place was on her mat. If he imagined she would take second-rate lovers as substitutes, he would be wrong, miles off the mark. Pyi hadn't imagined it this way and tried to escape it somehow. Oh, gods!

She would go with him, she would sleep in the tent like everyone else, eat bean stew and fight like all the soldiers when she spotted a raider. She had a sword and she would learn to ride. Pyi was perhaps a little arrogant when he was cornered by her. Okay, he said, if she could ride in 24 hours, she could come into battle. He knew how useless the city's riding instructors were and was sure of himself. Princess Li stormed out with flashing eyes, past his warriors, who couldn't explain why their general was getting involved in a shouting match with a girl. Li acted on impulse and dropped the apple she was holding. An old graybeard grabbed the apple in a flash and handed it to her. She didn't thank him, but grabbed him by the sleeve. "You're coming with me, we're going to the horses!" She set off, dragging him with her. Pyi had seen everything and knew immediately that she could ride tomorrow.

Pyi grabbed Lai by the sleeve. "Let her go, Master Bo, she's safe with him and I need you right now!" Lai hesitated only a blink of an eye, Master Pyi was right, the princess was in safe hands. He had already realized that these 40 guys were made of hard wood, maybe even steel. He followed Master Pyi, who led him to his famous weapons collection. "You will go where the princess goes, and I know that she will have learned to ride tomorrow. I alone know how deadly your stick is, but my guards do not. They will take you for a servant and have no respect for you, at least not until the first fight. My guardsmen all carry two swords, at least one dagger and a lance when mounted. They are steel hard murderers, Master Bo, and I would trust my life to any one of them. I beg you with all due respect, Master Bo, please choose a sword. Even if you don't use it, do so for the sake of my men's respect." Bo Lai immediately nodded in agreement, "You're right, General, I need a sword. May I choose it for myself?" Pyi nodded and went ahead. They walked past hundreds of swords and other weapons, Lai stopping here and there to cradle a sword in his hand. They had reached the end of the hall and Pyi looked at him questioningly. Lai said with a smile, "I have found a very good sword, but it has no weapon belt and no whetstone. So I need both to go with it." Pyi nodded in agreement, "Take, Master, take everything you need!" If he had thought that Lai had picked up the sword, he was mistaken. Lai moved quickly, "I don't want to waste your time." He picked up one or two weapon belts. "They're all gone," and put them back. He pulled out a weapon belt and unhooked the sword. "It's a cheap copy, the sword, but the weapon belt is solid, the leather firm and relatively new. The gemstones are frippery, should I break them out?" Pyi shook his head, that would be a waste of time, think of the stones as money that could be put to good use on a long ride. Lai put on the belt, it fitted him well. He opened the compartment for the whetstone, but it was empty. He stepped up to the wall shelf where hundreds of whetstones lay. He quickly found one that was still good and stowed it away in the compartment. Now he stepped out and walked purposefully to a shelf. He picked up the sword, which was light as a feather and of modest length. He drew it from the ornate scabbard, it was a Damascus blade. Pyi whistled through his teeth. "A good choice, a very good choice" he said, "it belonged to a mercenary from Constantinople who fell by my hand, but I cannot tell you where that kingdom is." Lai said he had read of the

glorious imperial city in his youth, it was on a distant coast to the west where our ships could not go. "Blades like this, which are as if streaked with dark clouds, come from the kingdom of Damask, they are considered the best blades in the west. Flexible, razor-sharp and they rarely break." He examined the blade closely. "A day or two will be enough to sharpen it clean. It doesn't fit the belt exactly, I'll go to the weapons master with your permission and swing the hammer. It will be ready tomorrow morning." General Pyi nodded and turned to leave. Lai remained standing. "Didn't you say your riders carry lances?" he asked. Pyi remained standing. "I don't have any lances here, those back there are just ridiculous flagpoles." Lai took a few steps and came back with a spear. "I know it's for hunting wild boar, but when I've worked on it at the armorer's, it'll spread fear and terror and scatter guts, by God!" Field Marshal Pyi nodded enthusiastically, "I think so too, and none of my men will take you for a cutlery polisher! Ha, this is going to be fun!" He hooked up with Lai and accompanied him to the weapons master. He gave instructions to support Master Bo in everything. He left, because departure was in five days and there was still a lot to do.

Li let the old warhorse teach her how to ride. She threw the dirty horse blanket to the ground, she wouldn't sit on something that dirty. The man picked up the blanket and placed it on the horse again. "Put something between your legs, otherwise your lover will only find minced meat tonight!" She wondered if he was right. She took off her shirt, that should be good. "What," she shouted rudely, "has Your Grace never seen a girl's breast before or should I bring you a spittoon, you drooling peasant!" She immediately regretted her vehemence, but he only grumbled about what a pity it was for the magnificent melons to lie dead on the battlefield. He helped her onto the horse. She let herself slide down again. He nodded, satisfied that she should be able to mount on her own. She learned, tucked her shirt between her legs and practiced. She rode until the evening, drank a cup of water and got back on the horse. She rode all night, she rode alone and rode with him. She had the torches renewed, drank a cup of water like her teacher and rode out into the night with him. "There are no torches in the forest either, so follow me if you have guts!" He led her over paths, fields and through the forest. She stayed on his heels and refused to be shaken off. She spurred him on,

what else do I need to be able to do? Riding round bends at full gallop! Stop! Jump off and leap onto the speeding horse! They returned at sunrise, both riding like devils, and brought the little Mongolian horses to a halt a hand's breadth from the steps. Pyi waved the dust from his eyes. The old man shrugged his shoulders. "She can ride, General, damn it! Look at those pugs, do you really want to take her with you?" The princess shouted: "For once, it's not up to our Master, it's up to me!" She dismounted and ran past Pyi, up to her room. She fell onto her pillows and fell asleep instantly.

Lai woke her up in the morning, took off her dirty clothes and took her to the bathtub. "Is something hurting you?" he asked worriedly and she said in a weak voice that she couldn't feel her ass anymore even though she had put her shirt under her ass and pussy, plus her feet hurt from the leather nooses. He nodded, "Your ass will have to get used to it and you'll have to put a thick pillow under your pussy or it'll hurt like hell. But it doesn't have to hurt your feet. The Chinese use leather straps, but they squeeze your feet together. We in Qin use wooden stirrups like the Mongols. I will carve some for both of us, I don't know if the others use them, but I don't care. You and I, that's all that matters." He called the servant girls and left.

Princess Li was ready, Lai had made a wooden stirrup that fitted into the leather loops. He looked martial, with the gem-studded weapon belt, the very sharp hunting spear and the magnificent sword, he was no different from the 40 swashbucklers, they also each had their own dangerous-looking weapons. Field Marshal Pyi, whom everyone called the General, divided them into groups of two. Only he had four bodyguards, the princess and Lai with him. The thousand imperial troops were divided into 19 squads and the campaign began.

It lasted not three weeks, not three months, but a full three years. Individual villages or districts were surrounded, all the raiders were killed and a functioning administration took over within a day. It was tedious work, Field Marshal Pyi would have preferred to face a front of gangsters, he would have beaten them to a pulp in three hours, at the latest in three days, and ridden home to his beautiful palace. He knelt in his tent and marked out villages and districts on a map. The

robbers were far too poorly organized to see through his plan. He surrounded the smallest areas and killed all the robbers in them. The areas formed two semicircular crab claws that were only open in the direction of the Wu-Dang-Shan Mountains. The scissors closed in slow motion, Field Marshal Pyi had to call for the second troop because the imperials were dying far too quickly. He had to cremate one swashbuckler after another, they got drunk and marched on the next day. Pyi, his bodyguards, the princess and Lai fell on the encircled raiders from behind like a thunderstorm and slaughtered them.

The princess slept with Lai in Pyi's tent. She decided which one she fucked tonight, usually both in turn. Pyi held Lai in high esteem, appreciating his clever ideas and assessment of the situation. The two of them were always the first to get up and bathe, then Li and her four bodyguards Jin, Chang, Fei and Jü went to bathe; Pyi had assigned these well-rehearsed graybeards to her for special protection. She watched and learned how they masturbated in the stream. She nestled her naked body against the lucky man from behind or from the side and rubbed her pussy lustfully against the muscle-packed man, she rubbed his cock and let it splash into the water. Fei was the only one with a little boy's type of cock, but it was quite big. She usually masturbated him on the shore, because he always wanted to squirt in her mouth like the neighbor boys did back then before she came to Uncle Tschan. She never let them fuck her.

Princess Li killed the first man after the first few weeks, Pyi left her well guarded behind, not wanting to put her or his command center in danger. But one day the spies hadn't been paying attention. The 10 robbers they raided had put another 40 in a coal mine, with no ulterior motive. But they came out of the mine screaming and shouting, and suddenly Pyi's small squad was faced with a fivefold superior force. Pyi ordered them to dismount and hide behind the horses. Then he burst out with a handful, rode through the ranks of the raiders and slaughtered them from the outside, circling like sheep in a paddock. Lances stabbed out from behind the horses from the inside, wild riders rode in circles from the outside, killing man after man. The princess had to duck behind Lai, who slashed the robbers with his spear and rolled heads with his Damascus sword. He stood like a rock, the robbers ran at him as the supposed leader and

could not get past his spear and sword, as he fought with both hands. The princess suddenly spotted a giant approaching, he was aiming straight for her and Lai could not see him. The giant reared up and Li drew the lightning bolt across his throat in a movement practiced a thousand times in the courtyard. The steel cut deep as she shifted her body weight as practiced and cut with all her might. She felt and heard the steel cut the spine. The giant did not let go of his heavy bronze sword as a lance tip protruded from his chest. The princess was immediately back in attack position, focused and not thinking for a moment that she had killed a man. The giant flipped to the side in slow motion, and as he fell, his head came loose and fell to the ground. A familiar face appeared behind the giant, the swashbuckler yanked his lance from the giant's back and yanked him up. "Hey, oh girl, what a cut!" he shouted with a grin, brandishing the blood-soaked lance. A moment later, Lai jumped to the side, dropping the spear like a wounded man, his walking stick twitching like lightning and splitting a disheveled skull. He tucked the stick into his belt in a flash and picked up his spear. He had succeeded in deceiving his opponent, who was only focused on the spear. Lai glanced around and jumped to Li when he saw her blood-soaked sword in her hand. "Are you hurt?" he shouted at her and she flinched. "No," she screamed, "No, but I decapitated him!" Her throat choked and she fought back tears. Lai shouted to the other swashbucklers that everything was done here, that the four of them were unharmed. Swashbuckler after swashbuckler shouted that his area was clear, no one hurt.

Pyi and his men stopped their agile little horses. "All down, all 50 of them! None of us hurt." He dismounted and embraced Li, taking the bloody sword from her hand and wiping it on the shirt of a dead man. "Always clean the sword right away and put it in the sheath, you'll hurt someone!" She absently sheathed the sword. "We killed him, Fei plunged the lance into his heart and I decapitated him." Pyi stepped on the dead man with his boot and turned him to and fro. "A single blow?" he asked and she nodded, "Of course!" Pyi said, that was a great blow, that sword is damn sharp. She nodded, "The fencing master made me practice that strike a thousand times, but only with the stick. I've never killed a human before." She began to tremble unsteadily and tears ran down her dusty cheeks. Pyi took her by the hand and pressed her to Lai's chest. "Take her away and give her

a cup of wine and then another.” Lai took her by the hand and led her 30 meters away, he sat her on the ground and gave her a cup of wine. “Drink, my love, it was a vicious fight. Drink and look no more, look over at the forest, deer are grazing there. They ignored the fight, that was a good thing. Maybe you’ll go hunting with me later, roast venison for dinner.” Lai stroked her face and hand, watching the battle companions.

They looked at all the dead, gathered up the weapons and carried them behind a barn. Villagers approached, Pyi went to meet them and led the palaver. A warhorse crouched beside his horse. He had had to kill his faithful four-legged friend, the robbers had slit open the horse’s belly. He got up and went to the paddock where the robbers’ horses were standing. He chose a big, strong one and led it to the Mongol horses. He spoke to the big one and the little Mongolians. The animals sniffed at each other and snorted. Li smiled for the first time and said in amazement, the man speaks the horse language? Lai nodded, many good riders talk to horses and teach them vital tricks. Horses are much smarter than we think.

They were taken in by the village, Lai and one of the swashbucklers brought 4 deer from the edge of the forest. The villagers had some rice and flatbread as well as two barrels of wine that the robbers had snatched. They ate their fill around the campfire and drank wine from large wooden cups. The villagers gave them places to sleep, and a bodyguard and two boys, who fed and watered the horses, took over the night watch. An old farmer with wise eyes poured Lai some wine and murmured that there was plenty for a good hunter to do here. There was plenty of game, but apart from a few hares, we hunted nothing, we are just hard-working farmers, not hunters. Lai smiled into the wise eyes. “My place is at the princess’s side,” he said kindly, “but thank you for your trust, grandfather!”

They moved on, they had many battles ahead of them and Li did not want to hide, she wanted to defend the round of horses and baggage at Lai’s side. Lai wrapped a horse blanket around her hand and tied it tightly. He unsheathed her dagger and pressed it into her untrained hand. “Fight with the sword, defend yourself with the horse blanket and only use the dagger in an emergency. Show them that

there is a tiger in you. They'll think you're a kitten, that's an advantage." Li fought like a tiger at Lai's side, not counting the fights or the men she killed. The warriors had a huge respect for Lai and the princess, they didn't need to leave any of the precious warriors behind to protect the horses and luggage and attacked the raiders like a well-oiled clockwork. The warriors no longer stared at her when they bathed with her naked in the stream. She was taken in, accepted and respected.

Pyi welcomed the messengers from the other combat units, gave them a hearty snack and chased them off again with hastily scribbled instructions. The crab claws slowly closed, he sent his couriers to send for the third troop. Three years had passed, the raiders fled head over heels to the gorge that was the entrance to the Wu-Dan-Shan. Pyi and several troops were already so close that they rode through its clouds of dust. They joined up, Pyi rode around the troops and counted, they were a good 500 men. The third troop was still nowhere to be seen. Pyi had the generals and captains ride alongside him and they held a council of war on horseback. Two hundred men on both sides could catch up with the fugitives, overtake them and hold them on, well before the gorge. That was the best solution. Letting the raiders go and besieging them and fighting them uphill in their own terrain was not a good idea. The fighting spirit was good, the generals shouted, the troops could see the prey and wanted to attack. Pyi gave the order, 200 left, 200 right and he led 100 from the rear. The horses of the fugitives slowed down, they could never keep up the pace for the remaining 20 miles. "Let's go!" roared Pyi and turned back.

The plan worked. They caught the fugitives and brought them to a halt. There were four thousand raiders, eight times as many as imperials. Pyi shouted for them to ride in a circle, but many captains and generals were either inexperienced, unreasonable or stubborn. Pyi sent messenger after messenger, but it was too late. The imperials attacked stupidly head-on and suffered heavy casualties. The sun set, interrupting the slaughter. The messengers returned from the troops, 300 had fallen or were incapacitated. Pyi ordered them to ride in a circle around the robbers, who had also been decimated, before sunrise. There were an estimated 1,000 raiders, the scouts reported that

they were killing their own wounded, they were just ballast. Pyi took 2 of his guards with him and ordered his last 4 swashbucklers to stay with Li and Lai, the horses and the baggage. If the situation became hopeless, they could not leave the princess alive to the robbers, she would die miserably like a dog. Pyi shook Lai's hand in farewell, "Take good care of our princess!" Then he gave her a long kissing hug and set off with the 50 imperial troops he still had to lead the attack from the east tomorrow, with the sun at his back. Lai held the princess in his arms all night and kept watch. While she was still asleep, he crept to the twenty or so horses and tied them together. Together with a warhorse, he piled the baggage into a half-open fortress formation. He woke Li and the rest of the warhorses. They watched the battle all day from the improvised fort. Night fell and some messengers arrived. The general had fallen, the surviving 70 men were facing 160 to 180 raiders. They would attack the remaining bandits at sunrise. The oldest of the four warriors consulted with the others, Li and Lai stayed in the background, as the old warrior decided that they were all safest here in the fort. They went to sleep after a scant supper, one warhorse keeping watch for the night and Lai would relieve him.

Lai woke them at dawn as the battle began. At noon, the last of the imperials fell. The 4 warriors, Lai and the princess lined up in a semi-circle, about 30 brigands running towards them. Li had taken a second sword in her untrained defensive hand, they awaited the screaming and shouting mob calmly. The 4 warriors threw 4 lances and felled 4 opponents. A moment later they threw another 4 spears and again 4 fell. They held the last lances in their hands, for close combat. They moved away from each other inconspicuously and as the raiders rushed up, they were suddenly surrounded by 6 armed men. As if on cue, the six leapt at the confused dozen and cut them down man by man. The robbers lay shredded on the ground, the 6 heroes were still standing, covered in blood, but they stood. Then Lai's legs buckled. "An arrow, just an arrow," Lai stammered and fell over.

Li jumped to him, caught the unconscious man. The warriors came closer. They looked watchfully around to see if another enemy was approaching. Two knelt beside the princess, looking at Lai's

wound. She picked up her sword again, which she had dropped. The warrior fell into her arm, "Leave the arrow in, otherwise he will bleed to death immediately." She nodded, "I know!" With a decisive blow, she cut the arrow above the wound. Thank goodness he wasn't bleeding heavily, she took off her shirt and wrapped the wound. A warrior had picked up a weapon belt and tied it tightly around Lai's thigh to stop the bleeding. "There is a large village to the east, they may know where we can find a surgeon."

The princess looked at two warriors. "Tie horses together, we need to transport him." Resolutely, she stood up. "I'm looking for the general, I'm not leaving him here." She rode along the battlefield, followed by two warriors. She didn't have to search long, she dragged the dead man out from under a mountain of corpses. The warriors helped to hoist the corpse onto the horse. They lifted the bodies of two other warriors onto their horses, who had obviously defended the general to their last breath. Li looked at Pyi's face, he seemed to be asleep. She turned away, for his body was horribly mangled. They had cut him to pieces, full of hatred, for he had mowed the grain like a reaper.

They rode the two miles into the village, it seemed deserted. Li spotted a girl, maybe 6 or 7 years old, hiding under a house. She bent down. The child looked at her defiantly. "I'm hiding here because the others say what I'm doing is indecent." She didn't seem to know exactly what the word meant. Li smiled kindly at her, saying she didn't mind, all little girls do it to themselves and it certainly wasn't indecent. The girl smiled shyly. "You have blood on your face, Mistress Warrior, you're covered in blood everywhere!" Li smiled, trying not to think about the fact that she probably looked like the filthy, bloody mask from a horror story. "We need a doctor really quick, my friend is badly hurt." The girl nodded and stared at the horses the bodies were tied to. She crawled out of her hiding place, took Li's hand and ran off purposefully. The horses trotted after her. The girl stopped in front of a house and pointed to the door. She ran off.

The Healer

Princess Li knocked on the door and raised the alarm. "In the name of the Emperor, open your door!" She heard that someone was there and drummed on the door with both fists. "In the name of the Emperor!" she shouted at the top of her lungs. A tall old woman with gray hair opened the door, a heavy hammer in her hand. She listened impassively and nodded sullenly for them to bring him in. She wiped various blankets and rags from a mat where they laid Lai. The warriors helped her undress Lai and she beckoned to a warrior, "Grab the arrow with both hands, soldier, and pull very carefully a finger's breadth when I give you the signal!" she ordered, taking a clean rag in her hand. She pressed the flesh around the wound and nodded to the warrior. He carefully pulled a finger's breadth. She slowly let go of the wound and nodded in satisfaction. "Not a serious wound, the blood doesn't gush out. That's good, damn good!" She told him to pull the arrow out carefully. She handled a kitchen knife and held the blade in the fire. She asked how it had gone. The warrior said that Master Bo had seen the arrow coming, flying straight for the princess's melons. He had jumped into the air like a bat and caught the arrow with his stick, but it pierced his thigh. He shouted that it was only an arrow, then he fainted and never woke up. When was that? she asked and he thought about it. Five or six teacups ago, roughly. So an hour and a half ago, she said. She nodded and asked if the arrow was feathered. The warrior thought for a moment. No, definitely no feathers. "I thought so," said the old woman, "the robbers from the mountains hurl their poisoned arrows with a throwing stick, a terrible weapon!" The warriors were silent, they didn't know what a throwing stick was. She ordered two men to hold him tightly and stabbed the white-hot knife deep into the wound, it smoked and stank of burnt flesh. "Sorry, young man, either an ugly scar or an ugly death. I think you want to live!" Of course, Lai heard none of it. She smelled the bloody arrowhead and let a warrior smell it. He looked like the ox at the barn door. "You're right, good man," she said to the bewildered warrior, "the typical vanilla smell, the poison from the mountains. But don't worry, I have the antidote!" She rummaged on the cluttered shelf and picked up a small clay container. "I've had this in my hand more often than my teacup in the last few weeks," she muttered grimly, spreading the ointment thickly over and into the burnt wound. "A little fire, a pinch of ointment, no mumbo jumbo!" She bandaged the wound with white linen. "He'll

wake up in three days, he will walk around and fuck you good, little girl!” Li blushed, “Three days? Oh, the poor guy. I’ll lie with him and watch over his sleep.”

The warriors went out, they looked for firewood and tore down a barn, then they had enough firewood and placed the general and the two warriors on the improvised pyre. Princess Li put on a clean dress, washed her upper body and provisionally arranged her hair. The old woman watched over Lai’s sleep, Li and the warriors stood silently by the fire, which graciously but slowly devoured the corpses. Li let her tears run free and stood by the fire until sunset. The warriors wandered through the empty houses, they found large pieces of ham, lots of flatbreads and one rolled up two barrels. Rice liquor, he grinned. They brought everything into the good woman’s house and one went out to Li, put his arm around her shoulder and brought her inside.

They ate and drank in silence. One began to talk about the general’s past deeds. Another continued and then the others. They filled the large cups with liquor, stood and drank to honor the one warrior. Li struggled with the cup, but she drank it down. The warriors filled the cups again and drank to the second warrior. Li thought she could fly and drank the second cup like a thirsty woman. They filled the third cup, raised it to the sky and drank in honor of the general. Li tore off her dress and spilled a little liquor. “To my Lord, the Prince of Ma’ang!” she shouted intoxicatedly and drank so greedily that the liquor ran out of the corner of her mouth and over her beautiful melons. It didn’t matter, she was drunk as a field howitzer and staggering around. Two warriors grabbed the naked princess and dragged her to a sleeping place at the back of the house. One warrior lay down with her, she splashed his cock exuberantly and screamed, “Go ahead, my best, let’s fight!” and let herself be fucked, laughing loudly. The old woman shooed away a love-struck warrior, “My well has dried up, my dear!” and pushed him towards the princess. Li didn’t count how many warriors were fucking her, it must have been a battalion. The lights in her head went out, the sky turned pitch black.

She woke up with her head buzzing and humming like a beehive. The old woman sat next to Lai and looked up. In a voice that could

not be hers, she asked how her beloved husband was doing. "He'll be fine, the fever is normal. He has nightmares, but he'll be back with us the day after tomorrow, healthy." Li nodded gratefully and stood up. She stared at the four naked men. "They fucked me too, the wild guys!" the old woman said, "All four of them fucked me, even though I'm not really young anymore," the old woman giggled and took the kettle off the fire. Li put on her dress with a groan and slumped onto the chair. The first cup of tea woke her up. "My name is Jasmine," the woman said. "Jas-Min? Flowers waterfall? A very unusual name!" The woman smiled, "no, pronounced Jasmine, my name means a beautiful flower, it's from my homeland, India. The kingdoms beyond the Mekong, my girl!" Li pulled herself together. "My name is Li, Princess Li from the princely house of Ma'ang. The general we buried yesterday was my Master, Prince Pyi of Ma'ang." Jasmine pointed to Lai with her chin. "This is the Lord Bo Lai, the Lord of my heart." Li bowed her head, ashamed that she hadn't told the whole truth, but it was just as true.

"Don't worry, girl Li of Ma'ang, I took a good look at your eyes yesterday, the irises, and you certainly won't get pregnant from fucking tonight. You'll always be childless, I can read that in your eyes. Did I already tell you that your guys also fucked me really hard, as if I wasn't already well over 90? Yes, I did tell you, yes!? Well, I lived here for 45 good years with my blacksmith as if we were man and wife, a good man he was. He just wanted to stop the robbers from the mountains, they rounded up all the girls and women from this town, a good 750 of them, and all their children. They led them into their mountains like cattle, the poorest of them! But they have a great shortage of women, these savages! And they only have themselves to blame, what normal person would slit their girl's throat because she can't fuck well yet? They just throw the carcasses out of the window, into the ravine. And these are not legends, I've seen it myself, I was with them once, in the mountains. Their chief had a thumb-sized tumor in his spine that was causing him great difficulties. The one-eyed man could no longer lie lazily on his back and let the girl do all the work, the poor guy was condemned to do push-ups while fucking like all the other men. He had me kidnapped a year ago because supposedly his favorite horse had a tumor. So I pack my bag full of everything I could possibly need with a horse and ride off into the

mountains with them. So he grins cheekily at me with one eye and grins like a macaque, his competition shouldn't laugh at him because he can't fuck lying on his back anymore. The first thing I told him was to get his hands off my ass, I was already 92. Of course he didn't believe it and it was a lie, because I was already over 94, but what woman doesn't comb her hair and make herself look a few years younger? So, I look at the tumor and death smiles cheekily at me. So I say I have to cut it out so that the horse can still walk in the spring and then I cut it out with my sharpest knife. How easily I could have cut out his heart, tempting as it was, but who would have benefited? I gave his errand boy a small jar of horse ointment, which is good for flatulences, and told him to rub it firmly into the wound every morning, really firmly, until the horse screams in pain. Sometimes you can be a bit mischievous. I refused the gold and negotiated the healing ointment instead, the antidote that will heal the boy of your heart."

Li drank a third cup of tea, the spirits returned. "How did you become a doctor, Jasmine?" The old woman leaned back, "it was 90 interesting years, do you have that much patience?" They both smiled. Li put her cool hand on Lai's hot forehead. "He's feverish!" Jasmine nodded, it must be so. "I was named Jasmine because it's one of the most beautiful flowers, my father said. Because it's a powerful medicinal plant, my mother said. "And Jasmine will be a healer," my mother said emphatically, sticking out her tongue to tease him, "as I am, as all my mothers were before me, and a holy woman, as I was before you picked my flower, you dearest wretch!" My parents loved each other very much, my mother admonished my father every night that he must not fuck me because I was destined to be a Holy Woman. She stroked my hair when I was allowed to make him squirt before going to sleep as she had taught me, she stroked my hair because as a Holy Woman I was not allowed to fuck, not even with the best Daddy in the world.

My mother kept a strict watch to ensure that my sexuality developed in the right direction. I was to become a Holy Woman, I was never allowed to rub my clit long enough to reach orgasm. She taught me to rub Daddy's cock and make him squirt. I took his thick, plum-shaped glans into my little mouth and let him squirt inside. I learned to suck his juice out really hard so that he didn't squirt too much into

my mother's pussy. She didn't want a baby anymore, I had torn her pussy all up when I was born, I licked and kissed the scars on her pussy and cried. Daddy played with my clit rather clumsily when I rubbed him with all the strength of my small fist and let him squirt in my mouth. Mom watched me very closely to see if I was getting hot. I had to wrap my legs around his neck and she admonished me not to let the orgasm explode sinfully and lustfully, but to experience it like a Holy Woman, trembling lightly and gently, shyly and full of shame, then she masturbated my clit hard so that Daddy's eyes fell out of his head. I felt the quivering and trembling and shyly and ashamedly had my orgasm. It wasn't until I was 10 or 11 that I sometimes exploded, my mother shook her head disapprovingly, but I was getting older. She would run the tip of her tongue over my clit to check whether I was hot, because from the age of 10 I was hot every night.

I obeyed, I never fucked and never touched my love bud too long. I lived as a Holy Woman, I learned everything about plants and herbs, about illnesses and healing, about fucking and masturbating.

From the age of 14 we all had to sit in a circle around one healer or another who was no longer a Holy Woman and watch her fuck, with our eyes and fingertips we virgin girls had to learn to anticipate the squirting or recognize the orgasm in advance when the healer masturbated alone. We girls lived chastely like no one else, we were allowed to hug and caress our naked bodies at night, provided we didn't touch our buds. Many of my bedmates secretly played with their buds, I felt with my fingertips the way they each rubbed their buds and I felt their orgasm with my fingertips, but I never betrayed any of them. Some also rubbed my bud because we didn't know exactly whether that was allowed or forbidden. But these girls were all very strong and dominant, they got me all hot with tongue kisses and wrestled me down until I was defeated and tentatively opened my thighs. I always felt a deep shame because I felt I shouldn't have allowed it, but I enjoyed it as well as the orgasm, which I tried to suppress out of shame. Some continued with the French kissing, biting my tongue bloody until I was completely defeated and no longer resisted. Are you even listening to me, girl Li?" Li nodded eagerly, what next?

“At 16, I was tested on plants and herbs, diseases and healing and officially became a healer. Then at 18 I had my final test, I had to lie down with a girl who was then fucked. I was blindfolded and had to press my pussy and clit firmly against the cock of the boy to feel the fucking up close. I was allowed to have an orgasm, and I got a shy orgasm with all 4 couples, because we had practiced this every afternoon with the healers last year. I had to predict to the second, with just my fingertips on the guy’s cock, when he was approaching the squiting and the girl’s orgasm as well. I passed very well, I think, because the examiners liked the fact that I had vigorously fucked the cock with my clit very skillfully and passionately while he was fucking and had orgasmed four times. The Holy Woman, who taught me how to fuck and also how to read irises, embraced me with motherly pride. “I knew it! How wonderfully you fucked the cocks! The boys were completely perplexed, like oxen at the barn door, they looked stupid as their juice flowed into the other girl as if by magic! I was so proud of you, 4 cocks, 4 orgasms and 4 happy girls!” Because you must know, girl Li, that the girls who came to us to be fucked were all newlyweds, but had men with lame loins or ancient men, so they wanted to get pregnant with us Holy Women. I was overjoyed, now my education was complete and I was allowed to practise immediately. Unfortunately that only lasted 6 years, at 24 my life was over.” Li asked with wide eyes, why over? The old woman closed her eyes. “Because my flower was picked.”

“It was an ordinary day, I was working in my pharmacy and a man came in like thousands before him. It was just strange that he locked the door. I looked into his eyes as I did with everyone, because I had the gift of reading eyes, but the guy was missing nothing, nothing at all. And how wrong I was! He was a royal official, he announced, and he was checking the pharmacies on behalf of the maharajah, the King. No feeling, no premonition, none of our numerous goddesses warned me. He pulled a wax tablet out of his pocket and read me three of the rarer medicines. I nodded and fetched the large ladder. Of course we had it. When I was at the top, he lifted up my sari, my dress. He looked at my jewels quite unashamedly. Annoyed, I said, “If that’s why you came, no problem, although the men only come on Saturdays before they walk to the temples.” I came down from the ladder and lay down on the table. You have to know, girl Li, that the

men come to the Holy Women to cleanse themselves of semen, they squirt their semen over our pussy or we rub it, that is the sacred custom. But the semen must not simply be wiped off, our young schoolgirls and slaves lick the sacred juice from our pussies, the mischievous ones among them continue to lick the bud, giggling, until we quiver and tremble, but they are not allowed to trigger the orgasm or they get a punishment. So he sees me lying there and lifts my sari, but I look to the side and think about what work remains undone. I can feel his cock in my pussy entrance, but only very dear regulars who take good care of my hymen are allowed to do that. I'm about to protest when he pushes his cock in, deflowering me, desecrating my body and destroying my career. He fucks me greedily, it was too late to stop him. It's strange, girl Li, to be fucked for the first time! I know in advance he's about to squirt, I've felt a thousand times how the sacred juice jerks and twitches through the urethra and claps into the girl! Often and often as schoolgirls we had to stick our fingers into the girl and explore the squirting with our fingertips. If I had thought it was over now, it would have been another mistake. He began to lick my bud. I grabbed his turban to stop him from this terrible impropriety because ..." Li asked excitedly, "what's a turban?"

Jasmin lost the thread. "Originally, the turban was the man's shroud, he was supposed to think of death every day and be ready for burial. But in the unholy and superficial days of our time, it has degenerated into a headdress, a fashion accessory that was supposed to reflect one's own status and glory to others." She had finally lost the thread and asked Li. "He licked your clit, Jasmine," Li murmured.

"Oh yes. He licked my clit, I pressed his face to my clit by the turban. He licked me as hard as some mischievous girls. He kept going, making me quiver and tremble like the most indecent of girls, but he didn't stop! I felt my orgasm rolling in powerfully, a thousand times we experienced and explored orgasm as schoolgirls. I screamed with all my might, because the first orgasm of my life threatened to crush me, from my clit to my heart, to tear me apart, to make me cramp. He didn't stop, he continued to lick relentlessly and knowingly, he let me orgasm without end. I felt him wrap something around my neck without interrupting the wonderful licking. I wish, girl, that you too could experience these amazing orgasms one day, because your life

will never be the same again, Li! I didn't know what he was wrapping around my neck, what it was that was taking my breath away and making me scream and shriek like a lunatic in orgasm. I couldn't breathe, I didn't need it, the orgasms caused fireworks to burst behind my eyelids and sparks to fly in a thousand colors. You get crazy orgasms when you're being strangled, my dear girl! Suddenly he let go of the silk cord with which he wanted to strangle me and I was able to take a deep breath. Outside, the bronze nails of the royal patrol's boots banged on the pavement and my unholy benefactor murderer disappeared like a weasel out the back. It was dead quiet, I could no longer hear the girl screaming out her lust, up to the lovely goddesses."

"Oh, I know what you're going to say, my clever girl! Of course, I went straight to the palace and asked to see the maharajah. What was it about, the bored official asked. Rape? Second door on the left. Rape? The exalted maharaja himself? A spark of interest flared up for a moment, that makes headlines. No, not the maharajah himself, you fool! One of his officials! Ohhh, he glanced at his paper in disappointment. Rape, royal official, okay, we'll get to that in a minute. Where is it ... one moment, ... yes, there it is. Room 211, up the stairs to the left, two floors. Finally at the very front on the right. The clerk wrote 18 more lines and looked up. Name? Jasmin, I say, Jasmin. He looks straight at me and pushes his paper aside. Not what your name is, nobody here cares. His name, the official. No idea, Master Official! Which department, where is he employed? He inspects the pharmacies on behalf of the king. You're a joker, girl, there hasn't been a department like that for over 450 years, the king has other things to do. I didn't know that, Master Official, I am, I was a Holy Woman in the pharmacy in the peacock street. All right, he says somewhat mollified, I have great respect for Holy Women, healers and pharmacies in general. But how am I supposed to find him, I have all 73,000 of the King's officials neatly listed here, if I subtract the women and the people in the provinces, and that could be fatally wrong, then I still have 49,000 here, in the capital Jaipur. 2,000 women, mostly girls of the moonlight dances, I can subtract, because you said rape, royal official, and I'm thinking of a man. He wears a turban, Master Official. A turban, you say? Well, that's probably unique ... Oh no, all the men in Jaipur wear a turban, you cleverest of all pharmacists, and they all

have one nose, two eyes and a beard without exception, because they are devout Hindus. So? He wears a conspicuous number of rings, and not cheap ones, Master Official. Here, girl, you see, my ten fingers, and 23 rings, all different and none cheap. What do you learn from this, girl and pharmacist? A scar, a birthmark, a wooden leg — for heaven's sake, girl, you've got to offer me something special, I can't summon 47 or how many thousand men here? That you look at their cocks and get the right one to whip, that would suit you so well! He stood up and pulled out his cock, my girl, a veritable King's official's cock. Look closely, pharmacist, I'm pulling back my foreskin especially for you so that you can judge my glans! Now I'll rub it so you can see it when it's hard. Was he like that, or wait a minute, he's about to squirt! Ahhh, that feels good, but look closely, maybe you'll recognize the special squirting! I was perplexed at first, dear girl Li, really perplexed! Master Official is standing behind his desk and rubbing his cock for 15 minutes, then he squirts his juice into his other hand. I stand as if nailed to the floor and open my eyes. He's squirted, the horndog! It was a real cock, Master Official, I stammer out, a real man's cock! Thick, long and worth a second look. I turned to go, but was called back from the door, my greetings to your poor daughter and my heartfelt sympathy, because she only gets such a little bit of a cock! I quickly closed the door and ran out of the Exalted One's palace. I was almost bursting with rage, as you can imagine, you laughing girl, you! I came into the palace to see the bastard dangling from the gallows, but the only thing dangling was a thumb-length boy's cock!" Li couldn't help but burst out laughing, the laughter rolling across the floor and infecting Jasmine. "Forgive me, Jasmine, your fate was terrible, but you tell such a lively and cheerful story that I have to laugh, even though we only buried my prince yesterday and my beloved is fighting for his life here in a fever!"

"I should learn in no time at all that anger is just as bad a rater as arrogance, so pay attention now!" Jasmine drank a good sip of tea and checked Lai's forehead with the back of her hand, then sat back down next to the fireplace. "My last husband, an amiable gentleman and blacksmith, was incandescent with rage when all the girls, women and children of our district were taken away by the robbers. He stood in the middle of the street with his best hammer and shouted at the robbers that he would not let them go as long as there

was still a spark of decency and a breath left in his throat. Oh, how I loved him, this man of a man! A single arrow tore his throat and he was dead before he crashed to the ground.”

Jasmin stared into the flames. “There I stood, a 24-year-old healer, no longer a Holy Woman, on the cheap marble in front of the palace of the Lord of Jaipur, the ruler of a thousand dancers willing loins. I stamped my foot, suppressing the tears of anger. A couple approached from the palace, the young woman detached herself from her elegant husband’s arm and tried to comfort me. It warmed my heart, I had been through some real shit today and these lovely people couldn’t leave me in despair. I even latched on to the young woman when she said that there was a nice teahouse up ahead that not only took tourists’ coins but also gave them homemade sweets for free with their tea. They may not be rich, but inviting a girl in tears for tea and sweets was a matter of common decency. I hooked up with her, we walked left, right and straight ahead and I suddenly tasted the sweet smell of chloroform, which the elegant gentleman pressed onto my nose from behind with a cloth.”

Li sat leaning forward and clung to Jasmin’s lips. “Do you know, Miss Li, how it’s going to go tonight? No? I can tell you. Your four soldiers will come home from looting, because the robbers were far too perfunctory in their plundering. We will eat well like yesterday and then fuck until the rooster crows. We’ll just decide whether to get senselessly drunk or fuck with a clear mind. They definitely won’t care that I could be their grandmother at 95, soon to be 96. They love the fact that I can orgasm while fucking like a sow without masturbating, squealing like a young girl and kicking my legs up in pleasure. What do you think, missy?” Li thought about it. “I’ve already made up my mind, I’m only going to drink very little booze, and as far as fucking is concerned, I’ll beat your hump in the morning if you’ve only made my pussy hot with a big mouth!” They both laughed out loud, then Jasmine recollected herself, “Damn, where were we?” Li said immediately, “an elegant man, definitely not a gentleman, has put chloroform on your mouth.”

“Yes, exactly, I got lost in the dark nothingness and came to in a damp cellar vault, the headache only came a blink of an eye later.

There were three barred compartments, in two of them girls' bodies were sliding over each other, some were making love to girls, which made my stomach rebel with the chloroform. I threw up in the big bucket in the corner, only to soon find out that it was for peeing and shitting. Twice a day a mute or secretive slave came with a heavy chain around his neck and brought drinking water in a bucket from which we drank like pigs, and twice a day he brought a bowl of rice with gravy and a piece of meat. We had to eat from the wooden bowls with our snouts like pigs, the other two groups of girls had no shackles like the four of us. They had all the freedom they wanted, some of them started fucking the girls in the morning. We weren't able to do that with our hands shackled behind our backs. But I watched the two who had obviously already figured out how even bound girls could quench the heat in their pussies. The fourth was a young girl, Jie, who claimed to be 13 but was more like 15 in my opinion, but never mind, I was the grandmother of the twelve of us at 24. The slave sometimes went into a cell and fucked one or two girls, and he didn't care that some of them swapped cells. There had to be at least one more cellar vault, we could hear the slave there."

"The sexual heat was unimaginable. I'd never seen two girls fucking clit-to-clit before, but it was madness when one dominant fucked the soul out of the other. They were insane orgasms, the inferior really didn't have to masturbate while fucking. I would have sold the shirt off my back to get just one finger free to masturbate, but the slave didn't seem to want to fuck us or give us freedom of movement."

"I'm sure you've already guessed, girl Li, that my only choice was heat death or girl Jie, we could see how the other two bound girls did it. All I had to do was open my mouth and she fell around my neck with excitement. From that moment on, we did it with only short breaks. We had nothing but our fingers and tongues. We had already given each other dozens of orgasms by lunchtime, hundreds, maybe thousands of orgasms. One day the slave untied us and tied only one wrist to the other. From then on he fucked us as well as the others, he usually fucked 4 girls a day. I saw that someone had slit his throat, he hid the scar under the leather strap of the chain. He didn't fuck very well, unfortunately. Jie was able to wriggle out of the bondage and

made the most passionate lesbian love to me. When the slave came back, she slipped into the shackle. I was completely over the top and had become a hardcore lesbian like everyone else. Unfortunately, we were locked up together for far too short a time and one day the whole caravan set off.

We traveled for months in four sedan chairs, carried by two camels. We were 40 girls, in 10 sedan chairs on 20 camels. We only traveled at night, we never encountered any controls or patrols. They had organized everything perfectly, during the day the caravan hid itself as if it were invisible. We were allowed to swim in rivers and ponds chained together, we were given very nutritious food and could indulge in our vices, held together in chains by one hand in a group of four. Like everyone else, I was addicted to the vice of tongue and finger play, with skin and hair. The girl Jie and I were chained together for almost half a year, she gave me everything. She awakened in me the highest desire for the vice, like none before, she made me whoop and cheer as if I were the little girl of old, obsessively giving herself one orgasm after another. Not shy and full of shame anymore!

The camel drivers were daring guys, they fucked us all until they were completely exhausted. But us girls, we couldn't stop. A short break, a cup of drinking water and we kept going, rubbing our own clits or someone else's, licking each other's clits as if we'd drown like drowning men without the female vapor on our tongues. I was herbalist enough to understand that our drinking water was laced with stimulating essences to let the tiger, the tigress in our pussies and clits off the leash. I knew at least 30 substances that were suitable for this, but I didn't care at all. Better to burn up in a love frenzy than brood over the damn situation soberly. We had no idea where we were or the name of the river whose ford we were crossing. After many weeks, we reached our destination."

"Guang City could boast of being the most vicious kinky city under the Heavens. There were all kinds of vices, no matter how outlandish. You could get anything here if you plonked enough silver and gold on the counter desk. I soon sobered up enough to estimate how much gold you had to fork out for 40 sex-addicted young Indian

girls, including the immense travel and bribery costs, but you wouldn't do it if the string-pullers weren't raking in a hefty profit. I stayed in this den of iniquity for 20 years, fucking thousands of rich gentlemen and kinky ladies from the imperial city of Chang'an, which was only a day or two's ride away. The court left us alone, we paid crates of gold as tax and the Emperor didn't need to know every detail. I overheard a confidential conversation between two court officials who laughed themselves silly because the Emperor didn't even know that the city of Guang existed. It was neither on maps nor in documents or papers. The few pirates, robber gangs and highway-men disappeared silently into the ocean as if their mother had never given birth to them. After 20 years, I had amassed a modest fortune and one day disappeared invisibly with a caravan to freedom. I spoke fluent Chinese, dressed like a noble Chinese woman and fled to this area. I met my blacksmith by chance and fell in love with the dear fellow at the age of 45. I buried my gold in safe hiding places, no one ever discovered any treasure. When we had to tighten our belts, I, but mostly my good-natured husband, found a gold boat in my clothes chest by chance. "Oh, there it is, our wedding present from Aunt Jie!" I exclaimed every time. My husband was really good-natured, but he was by no means a fool. He said it was funny about Aunt Jie and the gold. For the first and last time in our 45 years of marriage, I pressed him against the wall and held him three feet off the ground. He was perplexed because he always thought he was the stronger one. I made him squirm like a bug and said seriously. "Dear man, best husband, sweetest lover! Please don't ever ask again, because I never, never, never want to lie to you! If I had to lie to you, I wouldn't be around the other day!" He cried because he suspected me of cheating. I took his head in my hands. "My darling, I'm the only doctor far and wide, I've held all the cocks in the entire province in my hand or rubbed them to squirting or fucked them to test the cocks! You may have already forgotten that because you are so generous and it never bothered you. But I told you every morning that you had the best and most beautiful cock of all and that you were the best fucker in the whole area. You have no reason to be jealous, scared and naughty like a little mouse. You are my husband, that must be enough for you!" That's how it was, that's how my husband was, he let me lie with whoever I wanted and he never held a grudge. He knew very well that the tiger between my legs had to be fed every day

and that he wasn't satisfied with just one little rabbit. My girl, I was always a good doctor, but I had to fuck everyone, from the 12-year-old to the old man, I had all the men of the province in my pussy, thrown to my hungry tiger. It wasn't unusual for the young lads to simulate a stomach ache to show me their cocks and cheekily challenge the tiger. When my husband caught me from time to time, he would wave me off with a smile. "You're still testing to see if you can find a better cock than mine!" Alas, that man was a treasure of gold and I sent messengers to the robber gangs after his death, "Never come back, I am no longer your healer. And if you do venture here, I'll send your ashes to your wives, you goddamn murderers!"

"I think they understood, because not a single one has come to me since they made me a widow." The princess thanked her for the story, that really was an eventful life! Jasmine smiled, she still had many years ahead of her. Her grandmother was now almost 125 and worked day in, day out to teach her great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren the art of love. As far as anyone could remember, the mothers in Jasmin's family lived to be between 120 and 130 years old and were all, without exception, holy women, healers and then the most cock-eating tigresses.

The men returned with bulging bundles, smoked ham, flatbreads and rice wine and booze. They emptied the bundles onto the table and divided the silver and gold into seven parts, because the old woman was also part of it. The princess only drank a little rice wine and spring water during the sumptuous dinner in order to enjoy the night sober. In the morning, she smiled at Jasmine over the rim of her cup as she drank her tea. Over the next two days, Lai's fever subsided and he woke up in Li's arms. His first question was whether she was unhurt. He took a breath, but was sad to have leaved her unprotected in his unconsciousness. Li smiled and said that the four men had protected and fucked her perfectly during the seven days he had been unconscious and that she had sent more than 25 robbers packing herself. The prince and his men had fallen except for the four, they had received an honorable funeral pyre. Not a single robber had escaped, but a large group had fled into the mountains before the battle. Lai could stand it no longer on the mat, he kissed Jasmine's hands and thanked her for healing him. He leaned on his

stick, hobbled around and explored the house and its surroundings. He put on hot water, dismantled his stick and cleaned it carefully. He smiled astonished, when the warriors fucked the old woman one by one until the morning sun. He couldn't take his eyes off the old woman's bony, wrinkled and used-up body, as she thrust herself towards the "young" warriors while they fucked her or when she rubbed her clit, which was as long as half a little finger, very intensely and expertly while she masturbated. Lai ate well and was full of energy, but Jasmin kept him for another 4 days, he didn't want to wait any longer. They rode off on the 5th day.

The third troop of a thousand men arrived two days late, they had passed dozens of battlefields and had counted a good 5,000 corpses on the last one. A scouting party had ridden up to the ravine, but apart from a few helpless wounded, they found no raiders. After interrogating the wounded, they gave them a reprieve blow and turned back. The thousand men hurriedly marched to the imperial city of Chang'an without having discovered the princess and her men. Emperor Teng sat in the garden all day, no one was allowed to disturb him in his mourning for Pyi and Li.

Home again

Three weeks later, the princess and her five men arrived at the Emperor's palace. Teng trembled with emotion as he embraced her. She introduced him to the roughnecks Jin, Chang, Fei and Jü, they had fought bravely like lions and had given their Lord, Prince Pyi, an honorable burial. They were the only survivors of the field marshal's 40 and two thousand Imperials. Master Bo Lai had been seriously injured while saving her life. The Emperor invited all six of them into his garden, entertained them and listened to their stories. He listened to the brave warriors and at the same time dictated to his scribes, who had to record every word. The men reported in minute detail, but with military precision, on the three-year campaign and its sad end. They were not present at the general's death; he had ordered them to protect the princess and the horses. They recounted the last battle and how Master Bo saved the princess in hand-to-

hand combat. Emperor Teng stood up and drank red wine with Lai, “You are a remarkable and loyal man, Master Bo, you have protected our princess with your life!” He dictated it to the scribes; it should be written word for word in the minutes. The audience lasted four hours and the Emperor promised to send their rewards to the prince’s palace tomorrow. The scribes had to put aside their brushes when the Emperor thanked the men for their precise report, because it was better than anything the generals and captains had told him in flowery language about their non-battles.

They arrived at Pyi’s palace. Ayla was in deep mourning for her brother Pyi, had been for weeks. But she had run the house with an iron fist for three years, sending the last of the loafers into the desert and hiring good people. Li held Ayla in her arms as she told of Pyi’s last battle and his burial.

Ayla had had her mat warmed by good lovers and had licked Prince Long’s cock every night and caressed it with her mouth so that it would grow big and strong. Of course, he was far too young for more. Li was happy that Ayla had kept her bedroom clean, she herself had combined two rooms next to her bedroom and now 30 embroiderers worked until sundown, the business with their cloaks, capes and festive robes for ladies and gentlemen was running at full speed. Most of the production went to Japan and the royal courts off the Mekong. Ayla beamed modestly and had Li read the reports of the ambassadors and attachés. At each of the lavish festivals, the ladies, addicted to the new fashion, now stood out bare-breasted in their festive cloaks. The Empress of Nihon had now bought more than two hundred cloaks of her dragons, but she was the only one at the Japanese imperial court who was not allowed to bare her breasts in public. The ambassadors and attachés were the only ones allowed to see the naked, flawless body of the very young Empress during the fitting and mention it in their reports. The young Empress, who had developed a preference for young attachés precisely because of her almost eighty-year-old husband, sent everyone out of her chambers to have a young diplomat help her with the long fittings. Mentioning the fittings at court was forbidden on pain of death; only the attachés could tell everything, really everything, in their secret reports. Li and Ayla read the kinky passages to each other, giggling and laughing;

the 80-year-old God-King was apparently deaf to the cries of pleasure from the horny Empress.

Li had dressed Jin, Chang, Fei and Jü in splendid uniforms and called in the best girls from the brothels to bathe, oil and perfume them. And more. She wrote a report to the Emperor in her own hand, giving an account in her own words of the three-year venture with Prince Pyi. She felt that someone had to tell the Emperor about the loyal and meritorious nature of his general and friend. She didn't care if Teng left it to the archives. Twice a week, the six of them rode slowly through the city, leaving Jin, Chang, Fei and Jü to rest in a tavern and roaming the streets, alleys and stores of the district with Lai at her side. She couldn't have said why she was doing it, except to curiously soak up life outside the palace walls. She thought about her future, something she had never had to do before.

The princess felt in her heart how nice it was to fall asleep in Lai's arms at night and wake up next to him in the morning. He respected the tiger in her lap when she lay down with one of the 4 guards. "You need a peacock leg in your rice bowl sometimes," Lai smiled, kissing the top of her head when no one saw. "Girls like you eat their bowls of rice well every day, but rice alone is not enough," he smiled lovingly and accompanied her to the rendezvous. He let the sweet girls bathe him too, because Princess Li undoubtedly embraced him as her husband, but they did not strangle each other.

The House of a Thousand Earthly Delights

The year flew by. Li gathered her five men in the garden, entertained them and asked if they wanted to stay with her and join her in a new venture. A company where she was the boss, where she had to rely on their unconditional loyalty. The five of them looked at each other briefly, and Master Jü, who had had the utmost respect for her since he had taught her to ride in one night years ago, stood up awkwardly. "Wherever you're going, Princess, ride ahead and we'll follow you wherever you go." He sat down and the others hummed in agreement, only Master Chang pinched him on the side with a grin. "A

simple yes would have sufficed, old man, but one of us loves to make big speeches.” Everyone grinned, Jü and Chang bantered amicably as usual. Li drank a large gulp of fruit juice and clutched Lai’s hand under the table. “I want to build a brothel within sight of the imperial palace. The best, most exclusive and of course the most expensive under the Heavens. Anyone with a well-filled purse of silver boats or goldfish is free to come in. My first target group is the court and they will find a luxurious Japanese-style house. There will be musicians and dancers, readers and jugglers, drinks and snacks. The prettiest, most graceful and horniest girls will pamper the gentlemen or ladies like nowhere else. The only thing I don’t want is boys love, that doesn’t suit my character, that should be offered elsewhere. What I expect from you is supervision until completion and opening, I have seen your boots, how you teach them to work. I restored this palace for my Lord Pyi, but for the new project I need four pairs of rough boots. Asses to kick, gentlemen! Secondly, so after the opening, I’ll need you for protection. Robbers and highwaymen will try to borrow our coffers and our guests’ purses. Your clubs and sticks, and if necessary your sword, should show them the right way. Thirdly, some other brothels will want to harm us out of envy. And fourthly, no guest should enter armed or with malicious intent, your sharp eyes will see through them or search them if necessary. I would rather send a good man home than admit a single assassin in. The rule is simple, only the 6 of us are armed, everyone else is not. Period. How you want to handle fistfights between guests is up to you. Some recruits get or deserve a thrashing or a bucket of cold water, do as you see fit. Remember that we are the most exclusive house in town, not a cheap dive where drunks fight for the landlady’s favor.

And now to business. I’m building the house out of my own purses. The staff and everything that goes with the business will be paid out of the income. What’s left over is the profit, you four get half and share as you like. Master Bo and I share the other half. Of course, Master Jü and Master Chang get the third half, as they also bring the water with the butterfly net.” The men grinned and patted them both on the shoulders.

“Any more questions?” asked Li and sat down. Fei shifted his ass back and forth. “Speak up, dear Fei, ask cleverly or endure the laugh-

ter of your friends,” Li said kindly. Fei finally pulled himself together. “Everyone knows how clever you are, princess, but isn’t it downright foolish of you to leave the panthers to guard your meat supply and to entrust the thieves with your silver and gold?” Master Fei ducked his head and waited for the laughter, but no one laughed, only Li and Lai. Then Lai took the floor. “You are a clever man and you think quickly. But have faith, our general, the princess and I as her captain have of course considered it. It’s unwise to chew over every little detail for the sergeants, that’s what you are. The sergeants should just put their heads together and solve things practically.” Lai glared at the men, but they had accepted his hierarchy without protest. He raised his voice. “When the first rush at the entrance dies down and all you hear is the groans, moans and grunts of the guests, maybe the chirping of crickets from the pussies of the busy girls, then you don’t have to kill time with four people. Of course, you can also do it in threesomes or twosomes, while the lucky guy has his hump scrubbed by a girl or something. There are only two pitfalls with this story. Firstly, who’s on today and didn’t just do this yesterday? The second pitfall is also obvious. The girl doesn’t earn a single copper coin at this time, and maybe a rich golden pheasant has to pluck the feathers with his own hand because the girl isn’t free right now?” Lai grinned all over his face and sat down. Li stood up. “Gentlemen, I’ve fucked you all with pleasure and I know how good you are at this duel, I’ve never had cause for complaint. But I will not interfere, it is also your loss if the golden pheasant plucks its own feathers, as my Lord and Master Bo liked to describe it. It is your contribution, whether the profit should swell or your dick. Four years of riding with you have shown me that none of you are enthusiastically plucking your own feathers, to remain in Master Bo’s wonderful painting. Bear in mind that we will have some female staff who don’t earn their money with their kittens, they make tea, they prepare snacks and they sweep the rooms. If they’re put off their work by your strong, powerful thrusts, it’s not so bad for the bottom line, they can probably work even harder afterwards when they’re well fucked. I think my captain is right, put your heads together and undo the button. I have to put my head together with him too, the guests’ horses need a stable and grooms, someone has to make sure that the suppliers fill up our larder and don’t charge fancy prices, someone has to chop the wood

and fire the stoves so that the bath water is warm, the laundress has to make sure the towels are clean. And much more.”

“We all need to think about this venture and I ask you to let me know within 14 days if you don’t want to come along for this exciting ride. Thank you, my friends, and ask whatever is keeping you awake, Master Bo and I will always listen to you!”

The princess collected her treasure chests from the Emperor and explained her plan to him in great detail. She had brought a wooden model with her from the architect. Emperor Teng whistled through his teeth and looked at the magnificent model. He summoned two councillors, who also had no objections. They just didn’t think it would be a good deal. The princess shrugged her shoulders, “When you go into battle, you can’t predict victory with certainty. But any general will advise you to plan and prepare well.” The Emperor dictated his approval to the scribe. “This is your business, your money alone,” said Emperor Teng. “The treasury will not come to your aid. I can always offer you shelter in my women’s house, that’s what I want, because my loins burn hot when I stand next to you.” “I am almost 36, my lord and Emperor, and Master Bo has me firmly in his arms.” The Emperor smiled, “I wish you the best of success! I would rather know you near me, in a house of pleasure, than somewhere in the woods where you could lose your life in battle. I have never told you that I have worried about you every night for three years! Honestly, I would be very offended if you lived just two minutes’ ride from me and didn’t spend the evening and night with me once or twice a month! Master Bo Lai is one of the most remarkable men I have met and I respect your cordial relationship. He should be able to give you one or two evenings off without me having to flaunt the Emperor. And one more thing. I currently only have a temporary Minister of War, my friend Pyi is unfortunately never coming back. In a year’s time, if your pleasure house is going well, I’ll ask Master Bo and you to join me a few times to dinner, because I’m always on the lookout for good men. Just as a hint, as the wife of an alderman or minister, you can listen in the balcony like you used to, and I’ll have anyone who asks stupid questions beheaded.” Li kissed Teng on the lips as she left.

Li rode with Lai around the area, it was an abandoned parade ground that the Emperor gave them for the local price. She examined the stream with a connoisseur's eye, she would run one channel through her bedroom and another through the Rooms of Delights. She had visited the Japanese ambassador several times with Lai, because her den of iniquity was simply to be called 'The Japan House' or 'The Japanese House' and she didn't want any diplomatic upsets. Once that was settled, she took every hint and piece of advice from the ambassador. An architect who had some experience in Japanese construction thought long and hard and Li was delighted with the extravagant design. The roof construction was so originally Japanese that the ambassador's mouth fell open at the opening. Li and Bo were given their own wing, where they had access to the business, but the guests, girls and staff did not have to walk through. The layout of the inhouse canals was ingenious! Their bedroom-stream, running in gentle curves through the room, irrigated the courtyard and gardens. Each girl had her own clean inflow and no girl had to wallow in the neighborhood's used water. The drains ran under the wooden floors into the three gardens. Four communal rooms were planned for the guests, where musicians, dancers and jugglers offered their performances. The fourth common room was intended for quiet reading, with large paper doors leading out onto a terrace and the gardens. The work areas such as the kitchen and pantry were housed in a pretty pagoda, while a symmetrical pagoda opposite was for the stables. Much to the annoyance of the architect, Master Bo talked him into it, but he had to place the four sergeants in a strategically favorable position to his great displeasure, so no amount of whining and gnashing of teeth helped. The architect had designed the fence according to military criteria and also built the main gate according to Bo's specifications. In an emergency, thick beams could be rattled down on one, two or three ropes; it would withstand any onslaught by insurgents. Emperor Teng had the gates of his palace secretly refitted in the same manner. The inner courtyard of the Japan House was landscaped like the gardens, with pretty winding gravel paths inviting visitors to take a stroll. Gardeners and tools were housed in the horses' pagoda, and the main wind direction had of course been taken into account so that the pungent odor drifted away from the house. There were 40 discreetly screened, spacious bunks for the girls who slept there and received the guests. The princess had found

a smart woman who could calculate and handle money. She was well paid, so she was not particularly susceptible to corruption or fraud. She took care of booking special girls and got paid handsomely for it, she kept a record of it and passed this bribe money on to Mistress Li.

Li and Lai were able to move into their new apartment three weeks before the opening. The architect showed them the two rooms, a small one that was suitable as a study, dressing room, guest room or anteroom. The other was the huge bedroom, it was about 15 meters long on all walls. It was clad in beautifully polished wood, with Japanese silk tapestry doors out to the gardens. Part of the roof could be raised so that the sun peeped in from above, or the stars at night. The beams were visible, it had been left open at the top and a small, well-hidden staircase led up to the gable. The gable could be opened and you had a panoramic view from a height of 12 meters. A small wooden panel could be placed on top to serve as a tabletop, so that you could comfortably take tea at a clear height with a sensational view.

But the water landscape clearly dominated the room. The stream could be regulated by means of a sluice, allowing the flow speed to be infinitely adjusted. The stream meandered through the room, the room floor was made of smooth polished wood and the stream was lined with black and gray polished marble. The architect wanted to leave the cladding smoothly polished, but the princess was able to decide later to add vegetation. The pièce de résistance was a widening that the architect called a bathtub. A hidden rod could be removed from the floor. Li looked questioningly at the architect. There was no name for it, the whole structure was unique and there was no other like it in the whole world. “A girl called it a fuck stick when we were testing the bathtub,” said the architect, “a charming thing.” He saw incomprehension in Li’s expression, “the girl, I meant charming. You put the fuck stick in these hidden notches and it holds. We’ve tried it dozens of times. There are also two notches on the side where you can rest your elbows and forearms, which is great for safety in some positions and when masturbating in the water. There are also two deeper recesses, which we used for the girl’s toes for the floating dog, for example.”

Li let her dress fall to the ground and slipped into the water. She walked the entire length of the stream, whooping and hollering in surprise. “Master Architect, a masterpiece! I was actually expecting a dead straight channel in the ground, but you surprised me with a wonderfully curved, snake-like stream!” The architect said that he didn’t want any fish etcetera in the stream, which is why the inlet was fitted with two tight grids. But if you wanted fish, you only needed to move the grids to pre-planned places, the fish could be trapped in the stream with a different arrangement, but he only preferred fish in the rice bowl.

Li went into the bathtub and picked up the fuck stick. She called the architect to come into the water and demonstrate everything. He hesitated, but she insisted. Li was surprised, she had never seen a cock like his before. It was only as thick as a finger, but it hung down like a paintbrush almost to his kneecaps. She couldn’t imagine fucking it, it would break in two. He stared at her melon breasts and she at his cock. It didn’t get any thicker or longer, it gradually stiffened and stood out like the branch of a tree. He got into the water, took the fuck stick from her and put it down properly. “Put your neck on the stick and let your legs float up. Do you see? You lie almost weightless in the water and your husband only has to take one step and can do his job!” She pushed her butt up and pissed in a high arc in the air. She laughed and he grinned. Lai, who was sitting up in the lookout and admiring the panorama, looked down briefly and grinned. He knew Li would now sink her claws into the architect’s flesh, for sure! He grinned and knew he wouldn’t be getting away from up here any time soon.

Li let her legs drift apart and egged the architect closer, closer, very close. His glans had emerged from under the foreskin, he rubbed his cock greedily and his glans touched her labia. “The demonstration can begin,” she called out to the shy guy, “I’m hanging from my neck, now it’s your turn!” He gaped. “Do you think I can, I mean, may I?” he stuttered. She grinned. “You’ve already practiced with the girls, now I have to learn it!” He saw that she meant what he was thinking. He grabbed her hips, his cock slid into her pussy. Slid indeed, like porcelain on silk. She realized that it was just going to be a sliding fuck, and so it was. He slid in and out, in and out. She be-

came only slightly aroused, but she didn't masturbate, she concentrated on the perfectly smooth porcelain cock. "I'm about to squirt, princess!" he said, and she nodded, "go ahead, good man!" It felt strange. He gripped her hips tightly and pushed his cock deep inside. The glans hit her cervix, more cock kept coming in and it felt like it was bending, spiraling. He pushed more cock in, then more and it rippled inside her. When he had pushed the entire length in, he gripped her hips even tighter. "I'm going to squirt now, princess!" he said excitedly. He thrust only very lightly, he now had no more cock to put inside. He smiled and squirted. "I'm squirting, dear princess!" It felt very strange, but not unpleasant. He lowered his head onto her melons and squirted for ages. "I'm squirting, Princess, I'm not quite finished yet!" He pressed himself firmly against her melons and squirted for ages. Then he straightened up and withdrew, his cock sliding out just as smoothly as it had slid in. Li thanked him, that was a good thing, a very good thing.

The architect later also made her the floating dog, he brought her toes and the balls of her feet into the recess and she braced her arms on the fuck stick so that her ass protruded quite desirably. She only knew the dog on all fours, but this way it was much more pleasant and hotter. Of course he had to fuck her, the extra-long cock was easier in this position. "I squirt, princess, with the greatest pleasure!" and the guy squirted again forever, but a little more laboriously. She didn't torment the good man any further and they got out of the water.

She curiously took his cock in her hand. It was thin, but very firm. She pushed back the foreskin, his glans was no thicker than the shaft, it was small and flat like the head of a snake, the little hole was tiny and the urethra was not on the underside like most, it obviously only ran inside. The smooth, straight shaft was completely round in diameter. She rubbed the cock for quite a while and it became really hard. "I'm afraid I can't squirt a third time, Princess, I can't again until tomorrow!" She smiled and said it was quite an amazing cock, she had never seen one like it before. She had rubbed many cocks on the banks of a stream or river on the campaign and was quite good at it. They sat on the bank of her bedroom stream, dangling their feet in the water. From time to time, she would take the little glans into her

mouth and then continue diligently. “Is that all right with you?” she asked and he replied, “just pull the foreskin back firmly over the glans,” he said, “the girls and boys pull so hard that it brings tears of pleasure to my eyes!” She tore with all her might and the glans jumped like a puppy in her fist. “I especially love fucking the little boys in the ass, they squeal and squeal like little girls!” She continued to pull at his foreskin and couldn’t get the image of his slick cock thrusting into the little assholes of the boys out of her mind. She smiled as Lai’s semen cascaded into the stream. “Thank God I don’t have to do it alone and for myself, there are always girls or boys around who put in a good effort.” The princess nodded with a smile, that was what this architect was known and famous for. Many parents from humble backgrounds brought him their boys and virginal girls, because people whispered about how tenderly and gently he deflowered the virgins. The princess rubbed him for an eternity, she never had masturbated a dick for so long, never needed to lick it as many times as now. But she never let a job unfinished. She felt his semen rising. “You’re going to squirt,” she gasped with exertion, “do you want me to keep ripping hard?” He nodded from far away. She aimed the glans at the stream and he squirted a wafer-thin jet into the water. She pulled his foreskin back firmly each time and let a thin jet splash into the water. The thin jet squirted out of the little hole in a high arc. When he had finished squirting, he continued to rub his cock himself for minutes, because she hadn’t ripped it all out, so he did that himself and squirted until nothing more came out and his cock became soft. She washed his cock with clear stream water. She looked at him beaming and nodded with satisfaction. He was totally exhausted and tired. She told the architect again how masterfully he had designed the water landscape. Lai came down from the lookout, showing no sign that he had seen the fucking from a bird’s eye view.

Was everything prepared? Had nothing been forgotten? What had been forgotten? Was the staff complete? The princess hardly slept for the last 10 days before the opening and only briefly when she fell asleep from fatigue. The Japanese ambassador and his gentlemen were the guests of honour; he would give a speech on the brothels of Japan, their history and organization. A message of greeting from the Japanese Emperor and Emperor Teng would be read out. There

would be music and a performance by the dancers as well as a buffet for everyone.

The opening day dawned, Li and Lai had sat down on the highest gable, holding each other close and silently greeting the morning sun.

The two of them had finally arrived.

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BOOK II: The Lover Of The Empress

by Jack Faber © 2023

The old, half-blind storyteller was expected in the town, he came every year. And when he arrived, the same spectacle always took place. He was led into the only inn by a group of cheering children. The landlady, a tall, pregnant woman, was already waiting for him with a bowl of rice and mutton. She sat on his lap and fed him with chopsticks. When the bowl was empty, she lifted up her skirt and the children cheered because they clearly saw her grabbing his cock and inserting it into her pussy hole and she grinned broadly. She loved showing herself to the children because she was quite perverted. She had no pubic hair, just a sparse downy fluff. She laughed at the children who pushed forward to see the cock in her pussy hole. She rode him briefly until he said he was still hungry. She brought one bowl after the other, inserted his cock into her pussy hole and was allowed to fuck him briefly. Finally he said he was well fed. Now the landlady laughed happily and sank back. The old man grabbed her hips and half rose. He fucked her hard for a few minutes and the children hooted and screamed as he squirted inside her pussy hole. He went to sleep until the evening. He had to recover until the evening, then he told his story around the campfire in front of the assembled people, while a girl lay on his lap and let herself be secretly masturbated under her dress.

Then he told his story around the campfire in the village square.

* * *

The Earthquake

The earthquake lasted less than two minutes. Chai, who was currently sitting on the folding chair at the table studying the reports

again, remained calmly seated, watching the 2 torches that illuminated the tent. The greatest danger was that they would tip over and start a fire. A few pieces of equipment as well as his spear and his two swords fell over, but nothing else. He sat for a while longer, but the earth had calmed and the heavens had not fallen. Chai picked up a torch and the short sword, just in case.

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

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

Chai took a cloak from the hook and covered the naked girl. He ordered one of his soldiers to fetch two women with water and cloths to wash the girl. He sent everyone out except Haraldur. He sat down on the folding chair and Haraldur on his trunk. "We combed through the village, we left the dead lying around, took the wounded to the village square. There are enough villagers to take care of everything. I heard a soft whimper and found her there. She was riding her old man, his cock still in her hole." Haraldur grinned. "What a pleasurable death! Your girl rides you, you squirt and the house slays you! What a horny death! Bleeding to death in the dirt of a battlefield with

a spear in your belly is definitely not so hot.” They chatted for a few more minutes, then two women came to wash the girl, Haraldur left.

Chai remained seated and looked at the girl. She had a beautiful, slim body, a flawless Chinese face and waist-length black hair. Her breasts appeared virginal to him and there was a very delicate touch of downy black pubic hair above her sullied pubic fold, which he loved. He watched with great interest as the women washed her clean with cloths and spread her labia with their fingers to clean her pussy. The women looked indecisive, they hadn't brought any clothes with them. He nodded, he was sure he had something and rummaged in his trunk.

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

Chai stayed up all night on the folding chair, working through all the papers, which was actually very satisfying. He wrote a page in his war diary, Emperor Long was very meticulous and read through the logs of all the commanders after the campaign. The emperor had reformed the military ranks, Chai was a captain and commander at the age of 34, he would be a general in 4 or 5 years and receive a good salary. That was enough to get married and start a family. So far he hadn't had a steady wife, he was constantly on duty and picked flowers by the wayside like all soldiers.

The girl mumbled in her sleep and struggled out of the warm blanket. She lay there with her legs bent, her pussy exposed. Her fingers gently stroked the clearly visible clit without masturbating for hours.

He noticed her slight trembling and quivering when she had a slight orgasm in her dreams. She smiled and murmured and continued to stroke the clit until the early morning. He had rarely seen women masturbate, only the noble women at court masturbated while fucking because it was considered proper and desirable. The common women and girls did not masturbate while fucking, they only masturbated afterwards or when the man had already fallen asleep. Chai's head sank onto the tabletop and he slept with his face on his forearm.

The clatter of breakfast dishes woke him up. "Bad weather, General," said the prisoner who had brought his breakfast, "they say the rain will continue for three or four days, the roads are muddy and impassable for the carts, they say." Chai knew exactly who this 'they' was, she had overheard the group leaders' conversations as usual, that was okay. He told her to bring a second breakfast, every day, until he was alone again. She glanced curiously at the half-naked girl and nodded in understanding. The woman could be relied on, she had been with the troop for months now and seemed to have no interest in being released.

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

There had been an earthquake during the night, there were 20 dead and many destroyed houses in the village. "Your house collapsed too, it hit your husband just as you were fucking him. I'm glad you were unhurt." She stopped in mid-chew. "Grandfather is dead? Sure?" Tears rolled down her cheeks. "How beautiful she is," he thought. "Yes," he said, "I thought it was your husband because you were riding him when the earthquake hit." The girl looked at him inquiringly. "He was everything to me. Grandfather and my biological father and my husband. I'm very sad that he's dead. He was only 64

years old, far too young to die. And the house, that was our only possession, he was a trader, a good and hardworking man.” She remained silent and he said that an old, white-haired woman had also been found dead in the house. “That was Aja, my nurse, who has been living with us again since my parents died in the gorge.” He bowed his head. “You lost your whole family.” She nodded and he poured her tea. “Finish eating first, then tell me everything from the beginning.” She nodded and ate everything, he poured her some more tea and said, “We’re stuck here for three or four days in such bad weather. Take your time and tell your life from the beginning.”

Who are you, Mulan?

She talked for a long time and didn’t leave anything out. “My name is Mulan, named after the warrior princess from the fairy tale. I just turned 22 a few weeks ago, we had such a wonderful party...” She paused to wipe her tears. “Grandfather prepared me to take over his business one day, he taught me reading, writing, arithmetic, accounting of goods and stock and Mandarin, the official language, he was a very good and conscientious teacher. On my 20th birthday, he said I had now learned everything well and I was allowed to run his business for a while.”

“My parents died when I was four years old, they crashed their horse-drawn cart into the big ravine, a day’s journey from here. I was their only child and grandfather took me in lovingly. My mother was his daughter, whom he had fathered with his sister. My father was unfortunately infertile, so every night she lay down first with my father, whom she loved with all her heart, and then with my grandfather, who became my biological father, but she lay down with both of them every night until the last day. My grandfather took Aja, who had breastfed me as a baby, to live with us. She became my surrogate mother. She wasn’t very clever and very simple in her thinking, but she gave me the motherly love I was missing and lay with my grandfather every night, because he needed a woman to fuck.

I was only 4, I watched the two of them fuck and grandfather told me to take good care and learn, one day I would be old enough to fuck and a girl who couldn't fuck well would be old and lonely. She would piss by the wayside and masturbate in public, as you could see every day, if no one took pity on her and fucked her quickly and hastily by the wayside. Only rarely could they scrape together a few copper coins for some adolescent who clumsily fucked them by the side of the road, in public. I saw these unfortunates every day and I learned how to masturbate from them as a little girl.

Grandfather liked to see me watching them fuck and masturbate, he kept saying that it was very important as long as I was too young to fuck. Aja never masturbated, she only had orgasms while fucking my grandfather and if it didn't work, she would squeeze her clit very, very quickly and trigger her orgasm.

I was never a virgin or I don't remember. Even as a young girl, the favorite game among us neighbor kids was to play fuck and squirt. Sometimes Aja would catch us and ask if he had squirted yet and would wait calmly until the boy had squirted and lead me into the house by the hand. When I turned 12, my grandfather told Aja and me that he would really take me as his wife. I was arrogant and pompous and didn't think about poor Aja, who now had to sleep in another room and who only came to us once a week and had to beg to be fucked. But all three of us got along, Aja had an orgasm once a week because she didn't masturbate and her sexual tension was released once a week in a mighty orgasm when grandfather fucked her hard.

Grandfather and I fucked all night until dawn in the beginning and he taught me to orgasm without masturbating. That was quite normal for us in the country, only in the city was it fashionable for a woman to masturbate while being fucked. Grandfather checked that too, but it was easy. He said that if I got a husband from the city, I had to be able to do it perfectly. All the fucking would wear off one day, he said, his greed and his loin strength would diminish over time and so it was. In the end it was enough for him to get fucked once or twice a week by me and I always had to ride him because he was getting older and older. I never gave in to temptations, I didn't

have to promise him anything because I thought it was right to just lie with him only. We lived like husband and wife for 10 years, I loved being his wife with all my heart. And now he's dead, Aja is dead too."

Chai called for the breakfast lady to bring tea. Mulan and he waited in silence until the woman came with the tea. She smiled at Mulan and said it was very sad that she had lost her husband. But everything would be all right again, after the bad weather the sunshine would definitely come back. Mulan said her name and thanked her for her nice words. When the woman had gone, Mulan asked if he could tell her a little about himself. He said he wasn't a gifted storyteller like her and he didn't have much to tell. But he would make an effort.

I am Chai of Qin

"I come from the Kingdom of Qin, I was given a decent, average education like you received. In addition, my father, who was a captain in the army like his father and his father's father, had me trained in the philosophical works of old masters and sages, as well as in natural sciences and astrology. From the age of 14, I became a cadet and learned the trade of war from the bottom up. I actually wanted to join the famous Royal Guard, but then my father was transferred to the Empire of Nihon, in the country of Japan, as a military attaché for the embassy. As I was well trained, I was allowed to serve under him. My mother, my little sister and our adopted brother Haraldur also came along.

In accordance with local custom, my mother taught me to squirt only with her hand and mouth until I was 12. From the age of 12 she taught me to fuck, although she wasn't very good at it. But for my sake she started fucking again, because she had long since given up with her husband, she always liked to be fucked when I could and wanted to, and she was glad that in our society women had to masturbate while being fucked. At some point I found out that she had been masturbating enthusiastically and very often since childhood.

We lived in the city of Edo in Japan for three years, but I hardly saw anything of Japan, hardly spoke the language and only rarely got to fuck a Japanese girl. As I shared my room with my 13-year-old sister, we fucked each other until we dropped. She couldn't masturbate or fuck back then. I took her virginity and taught her everything and she loved to masturbate and fuck. Our mother knew about it and agreed because, on the one hand, our father couldn't possibly take care of my sister's sexual development and, on the other hand, she loved to give up fucking.

I was hard-working in the service and was incredibly lucky that we were allowed to choose whether we wanted to learn and train with a Chinese or a Japanese fencing master. At first it was just curiosity that I could learn from the Japanese fencing master. But I stuck with it and trained harder than others. I learned how to fight with the long and short sword, the katana and the wakizashi, and especially how to fight with both. It impressed my sternly judging father that at the end of my training I was appointed a samurai, in line with the higher rank of warrior, so to speak. I kept these two swords from then on and nobody smiled at me after the first few fights. They weren't just bent blades that you could make fun of. They were terribly effective weapons that put any Chinese sword in the shade. — Oh, I'm boring you, Mulan." She shook her head no, that was highly interesting, even for someone who had never held a sword before. He continued.

"My father recognized the opportunity immediately and pulled many strings, so I was appointed to Emperor Long's Imperial Guard in the capital Guang'an for 4 years. It was a very honorable, exciting job and was well paid, in the end I was able to apply to the army as captain and commander. The Imperial Guard trained a lot and hard, we literally smashed invaders and robber gangs to pieces. The original doubters were impressed by my swordsmanship with the strange swords and serious consideration was given to equipping part of the guard with Japanese swords and making me their fencing master, I wasn't even 25 yet! It didn't happen as many hated me since I was the favorite of the very young Empress.

We in the Guard were on shift and had a lot of free time. Dice- and card games didn't interest me any more than roaming the brothels

drunk. There are girls and women at court, lots of them! You were just not allowed to get caught, otherwise there would be a fight, a duel. I only ever wanted to fence with sticks, but many a pompous peacocks rejected it as child's play. No, armor and sword, to the death! I only killed very few, most of them gave up after a serious injury at the latest. I never put on armor, without it I was fast as lightning. I won hundreds of duels, never lost a single one and was never seriously injured. This brought me a certain amount of fame, even Emperor Long let me go alongside him on risky ventures. Only once did the emperor turn to me with a smile. "In your duel with XY, you should have cut off his head and not just two fingers! Now I have to put up with the idiot and hope that I have his head cut off." I was totally perplexed and must have made a face like a sheep in a thunderstorm, because the emperor slapped his thighs and laughed out loud. Later, I asked him to please tell me before the duel, but he just smiled good-naturedly. "That's what I pay my executioners for," he replied. Still, he always had me assigned to the four when he only needed a small guard. It was whispered that he would watch my duels, but I never saw him.

Although I naturally benefited from the character inadequacies of the girls and women at court, I wouldn't call them venal or prostitutes. If I was keen on a particular one, I rarely had to waste much time and energy. A deal was struck in no time and then nothing stood in the way of sexual adventure. Most of the time, however, I wasn't the driving force, but the ladies made more or less direct demands, within the bounds of manners. I don't want to bore you with anecdotes now, dear Mulan, just this much. In those four years, I rarely or never slept alone on my mat, even when fighting against invaders or bands of robbers, there was always a commoner's wife or daughter willing to share my bed with me."

Chai poured more tea. He looked at Mulan with the eyes of a man. She really was a beautiful girl, even in that oversized man's shirt. He had an idea. "Mulan, look outside! The rain has let up a bit, let's hurry and buy you some clothes, I want my shirt back!" Mulan looked shyly to the ground. "I have no money, Lord Chai. I have nothing." He stood up and took a cloak from the nail. "Put this general's cloak on, otherwise you'll freeze to death. You don't have to pay

anything, I'll be happy to invite you, or if you don't want to, the emperor will invite you. You are his subject and he certainly doesn't want to see you running around naked in the rain!" Mulan put on the cloak. "You've already saved my life, Lord Chai," he interrupted her, "Haraldur saved you, not me. We'll meet him for dinner, you can thank him there if you like. Now get going before the rain changes its mind!" He told his guard he was going to the back streets, to the merchants, to buy clothes for the girl.

Finally, he bought a large sack from the merchant so Mulan could store everything, shirts, two long dresses, sewing kit, soap and brush so she could keep the clothes clean. They went to the merchant opposite and bought a pair of short boots and bandages to tie around her feet for long walks. Everything was functional, no superfluous trinkets. Chai was a soldier, every gram too much was too much. He refused to accept anything as a gift, he was stiff-necked and narrow-minded. He accepted a discount, but he paid. Period.

Haraldurs story

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

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

Chai rode through the villages with his father to buy horses. At the blacksmith's they saw Haraldur and were told he was a slave and not

for sale. The father said, not for sale, so-so, but how much? The blacksmith negotiated not unskillfully and got the price for two and a half slaves. The father asked Haraldur which horse he would take for a long ride? He knew which of the new horses he would take and Haraldur unerringly chose exactly that one. He could ride bareback, he said cockily, but Chai's father had his doubts. The horse had not yet been broken in. The ride ended at the end of the village.

Now something mysterious happened, a spectacle that Chai's father would talk about for the rest of his life. Haraldur dismounted, held the horse by the reins and stood in front of him. He slapped the horse a few times in the face and shouted at it. More slaps, punches and screams followed. Then he calmed down, pressed his face against the horse's and yanked it by both ears. He mounted completely calmly and for the next three weeks, until they were back in Qin, the horse was as docile as a kitten. Chai's father watched the new man very closely and asked him if he wanted to be trained in sword fighting or go out into the wide world, he was free. Haraldur looked down at the commander. He wanted the license to be free as a certificate, and he wanted to learn the swordsman's trade with him, but with his own sword. The commander said that would be fine, and so it was. Haraldur studied and trained hard. He became friends with the commander and Chai, he traveled with them to Edo and always proved himself. He had become a master in close combat, he swung his sword as if it had no weight and he cut down his opponents like a reaper cuts down wheat. He served in the commander's unit, and when Chai returned from the imperial palace as captain, he joined Chai. They had become close friends, almost like brothers, and they covered each other's backs in battle. Haraldur had found a home, a family and a brother. But also a good captain, a well-paid job and a crew that loved, feared and fully respected him. He didn't get involved in duels, he went up to his opponent, punched him in the mouth and picked up the unconscious man, the duel was over.

Mulan laughed at the top of her lungs. She gripped Haraldur's biceps in admiration. Chai said with a grin, if she would rather lie with Haraldur, but gladly! Mulan blushed and let go of her lifesaver's biceps. She shook her head slightly and Haraldur protested loudly. He still had the twins in his tent, "No offense, Miss Mulan, you are in-

deed very desirable, but the twins haven't shown me all their tricks and secrets yet." Chai laughed quietly to himself, Haraldur had let his little sister lie with him for years, the little girl raved about her lover's cock and great fucking and she missed him dearly now, for he was not one to change horses quickly.

They had eaten great food, drunk a lot and talked a lot. The guard poked his head in. "Master Haraldur, your wives have sent for you. They are expecting you immediately, immediately and immediately!" The guard grinned. "Women!" Haraldur finished his drink calmly, said his goodbyes and went out into the rain, towards the double womenfolk. Chai said they should go to bed. Before dinner, he had swapped the small mat for a larger one, taken several silk cushions from his trunk, from the trunk of loot and laid down a larger blanket. He did it thoughtfully, preparing himself for the night, perhaps Mulan would notice.

Sleep near by me, little Mulan!

She could put on his shirt or sleep naked like him, Chai murmured. She hesitated briefly, then put the shirt aside. He quickly slipped under the covers and watched her undress. She lay close to him, but she was trembling slightly. He called out to the guard that he had gone to bed and they could go. The guards whispered for a while longer, then trotted off in the heavy rain. Chai had extinguished all but one of the torches, making sure it could burn safely all night.

He put an arm around Mulan's shoulders and laid her face on his chest. Tears were dripping, but she was silent. "You are not a captive, not a prey woman, and not one who would be obligated to fuck me. You are welcome to stay with me if you like or go out in the rain if you detest my naked body," Mulan shook her head firmly. "I know you lost your grandfather yesterday, you lost your father and you lost your husband too. I can feel how much you grieve for each of them. I have no one to mourn, but I feel your pain very well. Stay on my

chest and grieve!” She nodded and snuggled up close to his body. It was very peaceful and quiet.

His fingers found one breast, caressing the nipple without demanding desire. She stroked his chest, his arms, her fingers slid over his stomach. Her fingers searched for his cock. “My God, it’s big!” she whispered and she explored, grasped and understood the cock in every sense of the word. “Originally, I didn’t want to fuck today,” she whispered, “you understand that, don’t you, Lord Chai?” He nodded, of course he understood. She had been feeling his cock for ages. “I think he’s ready to fuck some poor, sad widow,” she whispered. He was old enough to see through the girl’s strategy. “But no, not at all! He’s stiff, simply because his lord and master got to look at a beautiful naked girl. But he must obey me, I am the master and I don’t think to shamelessly exploit the despair and grief of a poor, grieving widow!” He was, damn it all, prepared to follow her step by step in this smear theater, but not to take a step ahead.

Mulan wasn’t at the end of her lines in the charade. “It really is a huge thing,” she whispered, shuddering, “I only know the cute little dicks of the neighboring kids we used to playfully fuck 20 years ago and grandpa’s dick, but it was much smaller and he still fucked very well and diligently. Do all men have such big cocks, Lord Chai?” He pretended to think hard. “Many have smaller ones, some have one just as big and a few have even bigger fighting cocks, but they would fuck you mercilessly unconscious.” She flipped the lid fully open. “So your cock would be in the top third?” He shrugged his shoulders. “I think right up in the top third, just below the monstrous fighting cocks! And I have no doubt about that! I bring most of the girls to orgasm, not a single one has complained until yesterday.” He thought there were only a few pieces left on the chessboard and the poor queen was haphazardly dodging the inevitable left and right.

She was an unspoiled girl from a small village, talking about grief one moment and fucking the next. Her hustle wasn’t elaborate or deceitful like the messed up ladies-in-waiting he knew inside and out. She led herself along the path in all innocence and straightforwardness, following the light without looking directly at the lamp. Among the hundreds of girls, he had perhaps had a handful who followed the

light with similar innocence and trust in God. Without exception, these were young girls who had been married off to barren men and now lay down to the famous Chai, seeking help and full of trust, all they wanted was a baby, just their motherhood, just redemption from the curse that had overtaken them through no fault of their own and condemned their lives. He changed the horses daily in those days, but he treated these soft, delicate creatures with chivalry. They lay in his arms several times a day, for a whole month, until they covered his face with a thousand grateful kisses because they were finally pregnant.

Mulan let go of his cock, startled. “Why are you crying, Lord Chai?” she asked, wiping his tears away with her hand. “Your innocent, loving nature reminded me of a handful of girls who had moved me quite deeply.” He took her hand and placed it on his cock. He ventured a step forward. “Out of the thousand girls who have laid with me, there were only a handful who moved me in a way that still moves me to tears today. Fate screwed them over and laughed at the poor girls. Their husbands, all fake silver boats, robbed them of motherhood, which they considered part of their happiness in life. I gave these wonderful girls my juice until they were pregnant. Spitting in the face of deceitful men and heartless fate is more beautiful than any orgasm.” Mulan, rubbing his cock purposefully and gently again, smiled. “You are a good man, Lord Chai. I can’t have children yet, I’m 22 and I’ve never had the bleeding. I’ve thought about it for the last few years, but if it’s the will of the spirits and the gods, then so be it.” She thought for a moment. “I’ve been stroking my clit for 20 minutes now to soothe it. It’s been screaming for an orgasm like a willful child. The straight fibers of my body are screaming along just as cheekily, they too want to fuck, fuck and orgasm. The odd fibers, however, are against it, I have just lost my husband. Lord Haraldur was against me pressing a last kiss on grandfather’s lips, for this mighty warrior has the heart of a lamb! The earthquake crushed his face so badly that there were no lips left for me to kiss. He buried him after ordering me to come here. I have just lost my husband and must mourn him, say these fibers of chastity and chaste decency, mourn according to custom and don’t be so outrageously happy and horny to fuck!”

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

"So, once you've thrown a big hunk of meat to your ravenous clit, how would you continue, or was that the end of it?" Mulan laughed so that her pussy grazed his glans hard, up and down. "Lord Chai, you may be a great warlord, but now a girl from a village in the forgotten valley must devise the tactics and strategy for you!? Well, I will be gracious with you, Lord Chai, and lay out the basic framework without sparing you the detail work." She paused theatrically and continued.

"I'd ride your cock after my first massive orgasm, because I'm really very good at it, and you'd be breathless, I tell you! If you need a break in between, I would masturbate, because I love to masturbate, orgasm after orgasm. I would also lie on my back if you like it and let your monster give me an orgasm, and I would curtsy and say, 'Thank you, Your Lordship, the gift is hereby accepted!' I would trade places with you, Lord Chai, whenever you wish, for I like showing my ass to the heavens as much as to the underworld. I'd cheer you on like a racehorse or kick you like a water buffalo to keep him going in God's name. Only when the sun rises and the guards come on duty yawning would I let you go, dear Master Chai, and give you a little rest. But I really wouldn't care if I fucked you to pieces on the very first night." Mulan took a deep breath, "That was a long speech, wasn't it, Lord Chai?" He had to laugh until tears welled up in his eyes.

He hugged her lovingly to his chest. "Come, you dear girl, feed your snarling tiger before he mauls you and then ride me for all you're worth! You would be the first to fuck me to pieces, but dying a thousand deaths in your arms would be my pleasure!" Mulan let her

tongue wrestle pleurably with his and slowly and exploringly placed her pussy over his cock. He felt her pussy with his cock, it was insanelly tight but velvety soft. She straightened up, bent back until her head was resting on his legs. She masturbated greedily and voraciously, it took a few minutes before her body began to tremble. She continued to masturbate very deliberately, trembling all over and only jerking once in orgasm. She lay still for a moment and gasped for air. She straightened up in a sitting position and rode him, she was really good at that. He wouldn't have been able to tell later how many times he squirted that night, they kept changing positions and Mulan orgasmed time and time again. She masturbated during the short breaks and he could see how much she enjoyed masturbating. They didn't care about the dawn, the morning mist or the sunrise in the heaviest downpour. Only when the two guards took up their posts, weapons clinking, did he let go of her. She whispered in protest that she wasn't finished yet and he covered her with his body from prying eyes until she came to the violently twitching end, whooping and cheering silently. Later she walked beside him to the stream for their morning bath, they had breakfast and he read the reports that had arrived. Haraldur came in dripping with rain, glanced briefly at Mulan and Chai and grinned; they were both still pale around the nose and had obviously slept very little. Haraldur said, "Come on, gird yourself, there's something strange you have to see!" Chai girded himself with both swords, put on his raincoat and ordered the guards to keep a close eye on Mulan. He trotted through the rain beside Haraldur, who reported to him.

The Ogre fight

It was now the fifth night that an evil spirit had visited the camp. He chose a tent in which there were at least 2 or 3 girls or young women. He paralyzed the occupants of the tent, who froze as if turned to stone, and then the fiend fucked both or all three girls one after the other. Hard, merciless and grinning disgustingly, that's what everyone reported. He squirted his poisonous juice into their pussy holes and disappeared. The pussy holes burned like hell and it took some time for it to go away. Chai wanted to tell his friend and

brother not to tell him such a shit, but the words stuck in his throat. Haraldur was deadly serious, he had interrogated not only the victims of that night, but all of them, and he had to call in the commander now. Chai didn't think much of ghost stories, he was definitely a skeptic, but Haraldur was certainly in no mood to pull the wool over his eyes. They entered the tent.

Everyone was talking, yelling and screaming at Chai and he had to shout loudly until they were quiet. Chai let one of them tell him the story, all ten of them had witnessed the three rapes. Everyone confirmed the statements, some said they had noticed a pungent smell, the description of the monster was very different. In any case, it was human-shaped and had a big dick, the bastard! The 3 women had to lie down, Chai inspected the pussies thoroughly and smelled them. It was a disgusting sulfur smell, that was for sure. The last of the women was a pretty newlywed and he asked if her big clit was hurt. She hid her face shamefully and shyly, saying she didn't know. He rubbed her clit and asked if she felt anything. "Yes, General, it's coming up as usual." He continued rubbing vigorously and people gaped over his shoulder. "Yes, it's coming up, General, just like when I was a little girl, actually." Chai laughed, rubbed her clit and let her continue. "When I was a little kid, I did it just like you, General! I did it ten or twenty times a day, my mother and sisters laughed, but in a friendly way, and were astonished how diligently I did it. Only when my husband turned me into a woman and fucked me to orgasm quite often did I stop doing it so often, because he was always ready to fuck me when I needed again. A little harder and faster, Lord General!" Chai grinned broadly and told her to finish it herself. She did, her finger bouncing the inch-long clit from left to right, the clit finally bouncing back and forth in a wild staccato. "I'm ready, Lord General, can I let it come now?" gasped the beautiful child. He nodded in agreement and ordered her to let it come really hard. Her face contorted, she jerked her clit back and forth and twitched wildly in her brief orgasm. The flatmates murmured that this was how she always looked when she let them watch her, thank God her orgasm worked as before. She called her flatmates together when she wanted to masturbate and then they were all allowed to watch her whip her clit to orgasm time and time again. Chai was satisfied with the performance, but he was no closer to the fiend. The women were to go

straight to the stream and sit in the water for a good while until the sulphur was washed out. He went out with Haraldur.

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

He handed Chai a large bow and a single arrow. “I’m only giving you one arrow, that’s all you’ll need, because you’ll listen to my advice and you certainly won’t miss, because otherwise he’ll eat you, the evil spirit. I told you at the end of your training that I would give you one more piece of advice in the distant future. Now that future is here, and you are hearing my last piece of advice, the last secret. During your training, you shot at a standing target, standing, lying down, in a race and from horseback. I could teach you nothing new then, and hoped you would use your unerring eye as a master archer.”

“Now hear the last secret, for you must hit it the first time. When you face an opponent, he will fix his gaze on the arrowhead. He will jump to the side at the same moment your arrow flies off, and the arrow will miss a fast opponent. With a tiny movement of the arrowhead, however, it is you who determines the direction of his jump. So you will aim into the void and shoot, he will jump into the arrow. Don’t be confused by the fact that some masters have to spend a lifetime working on this trick. You are a master, you only have one arrow and you will not let it eat you up. Have faith in yourself, because I have already seen it in the future that you will hit!” Haraldur and Chai looked up as the old man pointed to a hole in the mountain.

They looked at this hole and wanted to thank the old master, but he was nowhere to be seen, having disappeared into the crowd.

He and Haraldur looked at each other, nothing more was needed. Haraldur waved his chin at his warriors and the six of them strode towards the hole in the mountain. Chai remembered a trick he had learned and practiced back then. He tucked his short sword, the wakizashi, into the sleeve of his bow arm. As soon as he dropped the bow, the wakizashi slipped into his hand, ready to strike, giving him two precious splitseconds of advantage.

He entered the cave, drew the bow and fitted the arrow. What a folly to start with only a single arrow! Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Haraldur and his men were two or three paces behind him, weapons drawn, fearlessly ready for anything. Chai walked slowly towards the rock face. He stopped when a shadow detached itself from the rock, an ugly 2 meter tall man, half human, half ghost. The ghost laughed loudly and gruesomely. He sniffed the air. "Aah! A person of royal Qin blood! Are you the king of Qin?" Chai suddenly felt calm and strong. "No, I am not a king, but I sentence you to death! You defile our lovely girls, squirting your disgusting, poisonous juice into their cunts! That's what death is for!" The black giant laughed out loud. "He has a single arrow, a single longsword! And you want to defeat me!?"

He grabbed onto his huge cock and splashed onto the ground. "After I kill you, I will burn you with my juice!" His juice splattered on the ground and fizzled. Chai was not fazed. The monster sprayed his juice in a high arc in his direction and Chai jumped to the side. He knew all at once that this was the best position. He made the slight deceptive movement with the arrowhead and aimed at nothing, letting the arrow fly buzzing. Even before the monster jumped, Chai knew that the arrow would hit exactly. He dropped the bow and the wakizashi slid into his hand, ready to strike. The arrow pierced the ogre's chest and heart and protruded three inches from its back. The monster gripped the arrow and stared at it in amazement. "You hit me!" were his last words. It slumped to its knees, its body spraying sparks and shriveling up, smoking. Chai took three steps closer, his wakizashi ready to strike. The monster shrank, was only 50 centime-

ters tall and shrank into a small dot, smoking and spraying sparks, and bent the arrow. The arrow flared up briefly and disappeared, also sparking. Chai looked at Haraldur and his warriors, they had seen everything and lowered their swords. Chai searched the ground for the precious bow, but could not find it anywhere. He sheathed the wakizashi and stomped out of the cave with a liberated laugh.

The rain lashed down heavily on the camp for another three days, and the story of Chai's victory over the ogre grew flowery and even more flowery, becoming a legend. Chai spent every spare minute on the mat with Mulan, impressed by her passionate fucking and silent masturbation. They were a perfect match, there was no doubt about it.

She scratched his chest hair and asked about the mysterious adventure for the hundredth time. Unlike her, he was much more down-to-earth than she was; of course, he couldn't understand the mystery any more than she could. But ancient teachers suddenly appearing and disappearing, a magic bow and a magic arrow, the shot into the void and the smoking, sparking end of the ogre monster were not easy to understand either. Had it really happened or had he only dreamed it? There was no doubt in Mulan's mind, Haraldur and his men had seen it all with their own eyes, Mulan had questioned them herself. "It wasn't a dream, Lord Chai," she contradicted, "warriors like them, who have seen a thousand deaths, don't just imagine it!" Mulan was told three times how he had masturbated the newlywed girl in front of the curious and horny village community and how willingly and exhibitionistically she masturbated herself to a violent orgasm.

The Tale of Lin Po Po

How they came up with the topic, Chai didn't know later, it was about the ancient children's fairy tale of Lin Po Po, where a girl gets lost in the forest and she awakens the good in the heart of the dragon man Lin Po Po and he lets her go home. Chai said every child knows the story. Mulan looked at him with wide eyes. Chai knew that look,

it promised contradiction, belief in spirits or legends from the Otherworld. “Grandfather had a small room full of forbidden scrolls. I learned to read with them, they were stories that the emperors had burned and whose possession cost you your head.

But even in this, Grandfather was stubborn and stoneheaded. That’s real life, he used to say, the castrated fairy tales only confuse you, my little one!” Oh, how I loved grandfather, how he must have loved me! “Just read and decide what was of this world and what was set in the otherworld.” I read all those books over and over again, the stories from the real world were deceitful, not a word about sex and everything was just planned to raise the children to be good, obedient subjects. How much truer and more genuine were the stories of the otherworld, there was masturbation, fucking, seduction and rape. Only a few emperors were good people, but most were bloodthirsty, pleasure-seeking men of power who took whatever they wanted. I read this legend a dozen times as a kid because the sexual stuff was written in such an exciting and smutty way that I had to masturbate all the time. “I’ll tell you the story for a minute, do you want to hear it?” Chai was still tired from fucking, dozing off half awake. “Go ahead, my love, and wake me up, if you have to, if it gets really dirty!”

“Three things are the same, the Wen girl, the forest and the dragon man. But the girl Wen was not a good and chaste child, she masturbated from childhood and no one had told her that it was considered unchaste and indecent at that time. Day after day, she sat by the wayside next to the old girls and widows, because she had learned to masturbate from them and masturbated nonstop like them. She plucked the lonely walkers or the adolescents by the sleeve and asked them if they wanted to fuck. The widows weren’t allowed to do that, they weren’t full-time prostitutes. The men and boys looked stupid when she lifted her little skirt and showed them everything. “But not me, you snail man, I’m far too young!” She invented the word snail man, because many people think slowly so as not to say something stupid too quickly. Snail man and snail woman were her own creations. She dragged the men to the widows and bent down really low, because she loved watching them fuck.

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

Now the dragon asked the girl Wen why she was looking so sad? Wen said that this pond was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, but she couldn’t swim. They both thought for a long time and the dragon proposed a pact. He would swim out onto the pond and she could sit on his belly, which was not as prickly as his back. In return, she would teach him to fuck so gently that the girls would no longer scream, unless it was with pleasure. Wen said she was still far too young to fuck, but she would stay with him until she could fuck him, I promise! He should just never blow on her with fire, because we humans burn very easily. And he would always have to retract his claws when he wanted to stroke her. He said that was a good deal and retracted his claws first when they sealed it with a handshake.

So he swam on his back to the middle of the pond and Wen cheered because it was even more beautiful from here. She had left her dress on the shore so it wouldn’t get wet. He grinned that she wasn’t the first girl he’d seen naked, but probably the youngest. She spread her legs wide apart and he lifted his head to take a close look at her pussy. “You’re not a virgin anymore, even though you’re so young,” he said with a connoisseur’s look. She said, “Of course not, because when someone with a small cock showed up at the Widows, I liked to get fucked. So that’s why, my dear man!” He nodded very, very wisely and then asked what she meant by the widows? She held on to his face’s fishlike scales and gave him a few friendly slaps on the mouth. “So you snail dragon, you don’t know anything about us humans!” she laughed, holding on to the scales and explaining the

widows fate to him in a whisper. “Why are you whispering, Miss Wen?” and she whispered that the secrets of the old girls and widows were secrets and they were not to be revealed aloud, she had to promise them solemnly. He nodded wisely, because dragons always looked wise when they nodded, even if they didn’t understand a word.

“Have you ever seen us girls masturbate?” asked Wen, as her clit swelled and came forward demandingly. He swayed his head, “yes, sometimes from a long distance, but never up close, not directly, so no, sort of.” the dragon lied. Wen asked if he wanted to see it, he nodded and nodded and nodded. He looked very wise, the dragon. Wen said she would sit very close to his face so he could see it up close. But he had to watch his breath and not burn her. If he retracted his claws, he could hold her sideways so she wouldn’t fall into the pond in orgasm. He nodded wisely and so they did. She masturbated with her legs spread wide and he watched from close up. He had never seen anything so exciting, he lied mischievously, and he turned his head to the side because he had to cough up a few flames. After the orgasm had subsided, he asked if he could lick her juice? She nodded and he ran his forked tongue deep into her pussy hole. “Mhh, that tastes good,” he exclaimed and she decided to teach him how to lick her clit so he could slurp up lots of her juice.

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

As he said, she sat on his balls, which were the size of baby heads. It was a good perch and he honestly thought it was pretty horny.

Then she rubbed his cock, just like he said. But she took the time to look at his beautiful giant cock very closely, because it was constantly changing colors. His large eggs, on which she sat, were a bright light blue, and when she sat on them, they turned light blue, almost white, under the pressure. Seen from below, his cock was flesh-colored like that of humans. Viewed from above, it was dark green to light green and merged into the flesh-colored one. Its foreskin was bright yellow, completely concealing the glans and forming a twisted, crumpled, flabby tip in front of the glans. Unlike in humans, the foreskin could be pulled back completely to the beginning of the shaft and rolled up like an orange condom, because the inside of the foreskin was bright orange. The glans resembled a pale red ripe peach, pointed at the front like a rocket tip for penetration, so the dragon man could penetrate even the smallest, tightest pussy. Once he had penetrated, however, it deformed into a huge peach that changed color from pale red to crimson depending on the state of arousal and glowed reddish-purple when he squirted, at every jet. Miss Wen was very impressed by the colorfulness of the cock, which changed color when being rubbed. He had said to roll up his foreskin completely into an orange collar after a while, because it would only get in the way at masturbating or fucking. She didn't have to rub for very long before he told her to crouch down and at least take the glans in her mouth. She felt the juice shoot through his cock, he groaned and coughed fire, but was careful not to cough directly at her. She drank as if from a fountain, it tasted of wild berries and red grapes, sweet and only slightly salty. She sucked and sucked it all out, then she bounced her bottom up and down on his balls as he had instructed her and he continued to squirt for a long time. His juice was mostly pale white to yellow, the longer the jets squirted out. She was full, she said in amazement and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, perhaps she would drink his juice several times a day, but he waved her off. "I can squirt at least 15 times a day, so that's not a problem and that settles the diet issue. After all, I only eat a cow, that strays to my pond, every two or three weeks. Pretty thoughtless women, these cows! I leave their finely nibbled heads on the bank so that the farmer knows that a predator has eaten them." One day she asked him if he didn't want to lick her clit and she wanted to explain it to him, but he laughed out loud. At the time when Emperor Qin Shi Huang Di united the king-

doms, he was a prisoner of a centuries-old witch. She had trained her prisoner to lick her clit with his forked tongue, which he obediently did five times a day, or more. So he still knew how to do it. Miss Wen held her pussy out to him until it touched his mouth. “Your clit is much smaller than the witch’s, but it’ll be fine!” He clasped her clit with one half of his split tongue and pushed the surrounding flesh down very firmly so that his tongue could hold the clit as tightly as a fist. The other half of his tongue licked, sucked and rubbed the tip of her clit in his fist so that she had a great orgasm after a short time. She patted his mouth lovingly, he was much better at licking the clit than the widows on the roadside. As a reward, he was allowed to suck her fuckhole very hard and lick out her juice like a child a pot in which his mother had stirred sweets. “Strawberry and mango,” he said in awe, “the juice in your cunthole tastes like strawberry and mango!”

Lin Po Po asked Miss Wen, if he should tell her about his imprisonment by the witch. Like all dragon people, he loved to tell stories in his sonorous voice, it was one of the perks of being a dragon person. Although Miss Wen wasn’t listening because she was concentrating on the magnificent play of colors of his cock, he began with a carrying voice. One day, the witch brought him a female dragonhuman into his cage. Her name was Lin Ha Hu and she was his youngest biological sister, the witch said in a bad mood, because all the cages were already full. “You can fuck her as much as you like,” the witch’s deep bass-baritone voice croaked, “she won’t be sexually mature for another 220 or 230 years.” Lin Ha Hu and Lin Po Po embraced for the first time in their lives, because the witch separated the dragonpeople’s children immediately after hatching and experimented with them. She amassed a great treasure trove of gold, because the whole world wanted to buy her dragon products. Lin Po Po fucked Lin Ha Hu day and night, like all female dragon people, the little girl purred booming in orgasm. They fucked day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, sleeping only one night a week, always on Tuesday. The other prisoners had no females in the cage, they pressed their mouths against the bars, scratched their cocks with their claws while masturbating painfully and breathed fire while cumming. The horny brother and sister were an exciting and horny diversion from the prisoners’ daily routine for

centuries to come. One day she was gone, the witch had sold her to a king who had to eat a dragon cutlet over and over again to keep his loin strength up. Lin Po Po's mouth was watering, because of course he also loved dragon meat. On the other hand — Lin Ha Hu!? It took years for his grief to turn to anger, dragons take a little longer. He pondered for years until he came up with a good plan. As always, he fucked the witch five times a day, but in the end he put all his weight on the witch. She was immediately flat, flat as a flounder. Her eyes had popped out from their cave and stared at him angrily and reproachfully. "Yes, look at that!" he roared in rage and spat fire at her until she was burnt to a pile of stinking ashes. The rats and mice devoured the ashes in no time at all. All the cages opened, as the witch's spell disappeared in an instant. The dragon people, the bat-goats, the wolf-chickens and everyone else rushed out. In any case, he had everyone congratulate him, only the bat-dogs were as angry as ever, why had he waited so many decades, centuries even, for this, huh!? He shrugged his shoulders and trudged off into the forest. "Miss Wen, did you like my story?" he asked, she took his glans out of her mouth and said, "what a tender, tearful love story!" After all, he usually told love stories. Lin Po Po nodded wisely as always.

Mistress Wen immediately had to try out whether his cock would go into her pussy hole. "A meat cock, okay," she commented. With a lot of effort, she got the glans into her pussy hole and sat down on it with all her weight. "It doesn't go in properly, but it has to go in lightly to fuck!" He opened his eyes wide, he had never fucked such a tight pussyhole before, he said. She nodded. "I'm going to sit on your cock all day now, so my pussyhole can get used to it."

So they did. He slid around in the pond all day, she sat on his cock from morning till night and masturbated to her heart's content. She tried each time to see if the cock went in easily, but it was still too early. She could of course insert the whole cock and sit on it, but it was still too tight to fuck. She drank his juice three or four times a day, after two weeks her nipples tightened and gradually her beautiful, plump boobs grew. Only once in those first few weeks did she have to jump into the pond because he had an insane orgasm and spit fire as if he were mad. He immediately pulled her out of the water and grinned wryly, her new breasts bouncing so lustily that he

had to squirt hard again. She tapped him amicably on the mouth, “No problem, my horny friend, then I’ll stay hungry today!” They laughed and she drank his juice minutes later.

She sat on his cock for a whole month and tried and tried. One day she fucked him so hard that he was breathless and he squirted her whole meal into her fuck hole as if out of his mind. He was amazed and relieved. Now they fucked to their hearts’ content and she soon got the hang of diving down to his squirting at lightning speed and drinking his juice. Soon she no longer needed to masturbate him when she wanted to drink.

Six months later, she directed him to the shore. She showed him how to fuck her from the front while she was lying on her back. That was the most common position for human women. First of all, he had to be careful not to crush her with his weight. Secondly, he had to know where to rest his clawed paws. That was the main reason why the girls sent him packing. And thirdly, he had to thrust his cock in and out like a featherweight chisel without putting a pound of weight on the girl, and that was the hardest exercise for him. She didn’t let up, she let him practice day after day. She drank his juice until she was full, of course, and made him practice long into the sunset until he had squirted out all his juice.

She had been living with her lover, the dragon man, for over two years and they usually lay on the shore, still practicing. He was so good at fucking that she almost always orgasmed. He could squirt much more than 15 times, and he enjoyed it very much. He had also learned to stop spitting fire while squirting. One day, the imperial chief huntsman stood next to the two of them and threatened them with a bow and arrow. She shouted at him in protest that they were in the middle of fucking and that he should come later. The hunter made an unhappy face. “The emperor had ordered me to procure dragon blood, the only way to prolong his life” the hunter said. Miss Wen realized that he was only following an imperial order. But she asked him to let her finish fucking her, they were in the middle of it, he could see her lapdog’s backside ticking up and down tirelessly. The hunter said angrily that it wasn’t a lap dog! Yes, she said sadly, the big one here had eaten her little lapdog just as she was letting the

little one fuck her to her fourth orgasm. “The little one was so sweet,” she whispered and gave the dragon a slap because he almost burst out laughing, “the little one was sweet and hot and could fuck for 5 hours straight.” The hunter screwed up his face in disgust. He despised women, he said, who let themselves be fucked by their puppies or dogs. A true Chinese woman let herself be fucked by her husband, her stable boy or the imperial chief hunter, like his beloved empress, for example. Miss Wen agreed, everyone in the city knew that he fucked the empress day or night, the steadfast hunter. His chest swelled with pride. She wanted nothing more than for this despicable dog-eater to finish the work he had started, as he was still in the middle of paying off his debts. The dragon bit his tongue to keep from laughing out loud. But Miss Wen had whispered to him that he should divide his juice well up in order to hold out for a very long time. An hour passed and the hunter’s arrow trembled slightly. The second hour passed and the arrow trembled more. In the third hour, the arrow trembled like a squirrel’s tail. At the end of the fourth hour, the bow and arrow fell from the hunter’s tired hands. Miss Wen waited until she had reached orgasm and the dragon had also squirted well, then she slapped his flanks, “Now is the right time to leave, my dear lover, be quick and have a long and beautiful life!” The dragon man let out a stream of fire, scorching only the feathers on the hunter’s hat. Then he jumped into the pond, swam to the other shore, ran into the forest and was never seen again.

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

Chai had never heard such a shitty nonsense in his entire life, but Mulan’s cheeks glowed with excitement. Mulan had made up this

story as a child while masturbating, and she delighted in the way her lover hung on her lips. Chai smiled. "I'm still waiting for the unofficial part, Mistress Mulan!" She smiled finely.

"There was a rumor that the dragon had slain the fat emperor, mounted the throne as well as the empress, night after night." Mulan looked to him. "But the legend of Lin Po Po ends quite differently," he said. "Lin Po Po died in the forest and the little girl went home to her worried parents." Mulan smiled mysteriously. "Would you like to hear what it said in my grandfather's scrolls, Lord Chai? Because I always thought that grandfather wrote the last bamboo strips himself." Chai was dog-tired, yet he nodded.

"Nothing about the rumors was true. The fat emperor didn't believe the hunter because he had heard from the court gossip that the handsome hunter was fucking his empress. He had him beheaded, of course. But he never dared to enter the empress's bedroom again. He assured his councilors behind closed doors that the empress had allowed herself to be defiled for years without escaping humiliation. So he never went to see her again. He was the first and only emperor who did not lie with the empress, as was the custom, nor did he sleep alone, as was the custom later, but he got drunk every night in his women's house and slept in the arms or between the thighs of the concubines, for he loved to lick the concubines' clits. No one shed a tear when one morning he no longer woke up between the thighs of a concubine. The empress ruled like a good mother for another two years until her son came of age and could become emperor. Only the empress's closest servants knew who was hiding under her bed. It was Lin Po Po, whom the hunter gave to the beloved empress as a gift long before his death. The empress had been married to the old, fat emperor when she was very young and sexually inexperienced girl. He was already far too fat to fuck like a man back then, he licked the clits of his concubines, because the court had selected them precisely according to this criterion. The emperor licked the clit of the young empress, who cheered and whooped, the poor thing knew nothing else. Until she was told that an heir to the throne was needed. The loyal servants explained the fucking to her and demonstrated it with some pageboys. The servants rubbed the emperor's cock for months and inserted his glans into the empress's little hole

to make him squirt inside. Naturally, she became pregnant and had an heir to the throne. Gradually she pushed the emperor-clit-licker aside and the faithful servants smuggled pageboyss and stable grooms, fencing masters and head huntsmen between her love-hungry thighs. And so it was that the head huntsman diligently stamped the imperial labia and poured the blossom between them. The heir to the throne was now old enough to sleep with her in the imperial pool sinfully and take his first awkward sexual steps. The loyal servants showed him and later the empress how a boy should be made to squirt. But the boy was impatient, the faithful servants sighed and showed him how to fuck them and he was so enthusiastic that he fucked both servants and the empress every day until he had squirted all his semen. One day the head huntsman brought a large sack, which two men had to carry, as a present for the empress. All but the two loyal servant girls had to go outside, then the head huntsman unwrapped the gift. "This is Lin Po Po," he said, "he's a dragon man, he speaks like us, and he's the best fucker under the heavens." They had a great chat, because the chief hunter had made friends with Lin Po Po. The empress felt the dragon man's cock and balls with curiosity. "I'll probably faint, but this dick seems to be a real pleasure-giver. A magnificent meaty cock, a straight shaft and a glans like a juicy peach. You will have to assist me, my dearest huntsman!" The first time, the head huntsman showed the empress the best way to get fucked by Lin Po Po. The empress played it smart, Lin Po Po fucked her really hard without lying down on her. Only when she came to orgasm or he had to squirt did he push his magnificent cock into the empress's pussyhole with two to two and a half pounds of pressure, something he had practiced with Miss Wen for years. The empress was totally enthusiastic and when she had had enough orgasms while fucking and was tired, the loyal servant girls were allowed to lie down with her and Lin Po Po fucked the good girls so hard that they no longer knew which way was up and which way was down. Lin Po Po fucked the pretty empress night after night until she was exhausted and no longer knew which way was east and which way was west, for many, many years. When Lin Po Po felt her death approaching, he disappeared one night and was never seen again."

Chai applauded quietly. "Your grandfather must have been quite a man to empathize so finely with a young girl's emotional life!" Mulan

blushed with a hot face, had Lord Chai seen through the true origin of the lyrics? She wouldn't find out for a long time.

The Fight with The Emperor

Chai talked about his first meeting with Emperor Long and Mulan couldn't stop laughing out loud. He had only been in the Imperial Guard for 4 weeks and the Emperor led him into the garden. He took off his cloak and said to him, "Chai from Qin, the entrance examination. Not to the point of death, no injury, not a drop of blood. Fight with me!" Chai was somewhat surprised, but he placed his wakizashi on the stone bench. "A sword against a sword," he explained. The emperor attacked. Chai realized that the emperor fought in traditional Chinese. He adjusted himself; the emperor was slow, stolid and old-fashioned. They struck each other traditionally, the sparks flying and the reverberations filling the silence of the garden. There would be no winner, but the emperor made a feint that had been out of fashion for decades. A tuft of Chai's hair fell to the ground and the emperor smiled arrogantly. Chai threw away his sandals, he fought in socks and was determined to give the emperor a lesson in Japanese fencing.

The emperor couldn't keep up with his rapid pace, his sword no longer making well-aimed strikes, for Chai was no longer where he had been just before. The emperor's jacket went to shreds, the buttons falling to the ground, his sleeves slashed from wrist to shoulders. The lapels and front parts flew far into the grass. A shadow flew past his face, a shock of hair touched his hair and Chai was no more! The emperor turned around, the same shadow flew over him and Chai was no longer there. The emperor felt the cold breeze, his back was exposed. He turned again, Chai was kneeling in front of him, his longsword pressed hard against the emperor's neck. One cut would fell his head.

The emperor spread both arms, "rise, I have lost!" Chai rose and bowed deeply. "Damn you, Chai from Qin, you're a son of a gun! I've never seen anyone fight like this before, and I don't like to lose and

very rarely do!” He sat down on the stone bench and let Chai sit next to him. He asked Chai and learned that this was the swordsmanship of the Japanese swordsmen. Yes, he was a real samurai, Chai said proudly, he was one of the almost 100 foreigners who had become samurai. He had performed the ‘Flight of the Bat’ twice in a row, which was rather unusual, as it was used to fly over the opponent and decapitate him in flight or on landing. “I only decapitated your braid, your majesty, no injury, no blood, you said!” The emperor was stunned when Chai’s sword tip touched the 20-centimeter-long gold-strings-inlaid end of the imperial braid, complete with gold brooch, on the ground.

“Such a goddamned devil of a man,” the emperor exclaimed. They debated the fight at length, and Chai had to answer the emperor honestly. “I’ve only been in your guard for four weeks, Your Majesty, but I’ll give you one thing in writing: if the Emperor of Nihon wanted to harm you, fifteen of his guards would wipe out all of your guardsmen in twenty minutes!” The emperor asked thoughtfully, “Is my guard, my elite, that bad?” Chai didn’t answer, he had just said exactly that before.

Chai asked to see the emperor’s sword. “So this is the famous ‘Lightning of Heaven’ that Emperor Teng had given you,” Chai said. He said that it had been forged by the same weaponsmith as his katana. He showed the emperor the embossing with 3 horses. “Your sword was probably forged by the master himself, mine was forged only 3 years ago, by which time the master, the Three Horses blacksmith, was long dead.”

The emperor became official. “I hereby order two things, Chai of Qin. First, from now on, you are one of the Four who will accompany me on delicate ways. Second, you are relieved of routine duty to train my guards in swordplay and ensure that they receive the best blades in the empire. I will give this order in writing to the Guard Leader today!” He called out, “Servant!” and he immediately appeared. “Pick this up from the ground and give it to my personal servant. Tell him to fix my necklace by tomorrow morning! And bring us some tea!” The emperor grumbled quietly; the devil had knocked his necklace off his neck without a scratch! He had been so proud so far, not even

half a year ago he had been ambushed in the forest with his bodyguards and had single-handedly slain 8 highwaymen with his invincible blade, and now this guy says his guard isn't invincible! He calmed down. "I knew a cavalry captain from Qin," and gave his name. "That's my father, Your Majesty, he's now captain of the king's cavalry and is very respected!" The emperor took a sip of tea and said he would be happy to tell the story.

The Cavalry Captain

"Emperor Teng, whose heir to the throne I was at the time, asked the King of Qin to send him the famous cavalry captain for three weeks to train the guards. When the scouts announced the ride master's arrival, I rode out on my best horse with all the pomp I could muster. He came alone, leading two small saddled horses. He rode past me without giving me a glance, stopped and turned around. "You must be the heir to the throne Long, Your Majesty, and I greet you warmly. I was confused, it seemed to me that a sack of turnips was coming towards me." I fumed with anger. "A sack of turnips!" He grinned cheekily, your father. "You sit like the aforementioned sack on your magnificent parade horse, Your Majesty. A fine horse, but not a good one, by the way." You can imagine how offended I was. I rode silently beside him and decided to wait three weeks before making my judgment. A wise decision for a 26-year-old, I can only say. The day was filled with pomp, flattery and greetings, your father was as safe on the slippery marble floor of the palace as he was in the saddle. In the evening he said he'd see me at sunrise. I was still in the middle of my breakfast when I saw him, ready to leave. He was waiting for me and said, "You can keep the cavalry captain waiting as long as you like. But you can't expect the horses to take it, they'll treat you with contempt." I ducked down, the cavalry captain was not to be trifled with! He drilled us from sunrise to sunset, he treated me just like my guardsmen. He said that if he had to kick my ass, it wouldn't be for the majesty, but for the stupid recruit. I nodded bitterly, because he didn't give me any special treatment. He drilled us relentlessly for 3 weeks, he told us that you could learn more from the Mongols than just how to fuck. The small Mongolian horses, the

flat saddle, the wooden stirrups and perfect riding. In the end, sweeping along behind the necks and bellies of the horses in the sharpest ride, we were able to hit every opponent with our sticks. On the last day, he bowed his knee to Emperor Teng and me and said how grateful he was that the heir to the throne was a shining example to his guardsmen. I have never forgotten your father, Chai from Qin. He taught me much more than how to ride a horse. He laid with my mother Ayla for three weeks and made her feel like a young woman instead of an old woman. I smiled haughtily at first, but in the end I was very grateful for her pleasure.”

The emperor and Chai chatted endlessly and he stood up, satisfied. “I’m freezing, my friend, lend me your jacket, I look like a plucked chicken!”

Mulan’s Temptation

Two days later, the rain was over. Chai rode out at the crack of dawn with two of his best scouts to get an idea of the situation. He returned on the evening of the second day, tossed his bundle to the guard and immediately climbed into the stream to greet Mulan clean. He washed off the dirt from two days’ riding in a minute, bundled up his filthy clothes and threw on his dusty cloak. A commander never went naked. He threw the dirty bundle and the cloak into the corner of the tent. He noticed Mulan sitting at the table fully dressed. He kissed her on the crown of her head and lay down naked on the mat. It was immediately clear to him that something was wrong with Mulan. “If you have to leave, go ahead! You’re not a prisoner, you’re not a girl just for fucking, but you’re a free girl. If you don’t want to go away, lie with me as usual and we can talk about everything. Shall I send the guards away?” Mulan shook her head, “no, Lord Chai, the guards are doing their job, they are not interfering.” Her voice sounded thin. He waited until she had laid the clothes over the folding chair and he folded back the blanket invitingly. She pressed herself naked against him as usual and gripped his cock as always. “Let me talk, my lord and master, please wait until I’m finished.” He nodded silently. He realized how much she had grown on him as his guts

tightened. She collected herself. “You rode away yesterday morning. I lay under the covers until noon, I put my fingers on my clit, but I didn’t do anything, I just thought, I was alone for the first time in a long time. Where am I, why am I here, who am I and who do I actually want to be? I got up at midday, bathed in the stream and went into Lord Haraldur’s tent. “Send everyone away, please,” I said to him, looking at him clearly. When we were alone, I stripped naked and lay down on his mat. Lord Haraldur treated me well, he didn’t ask anything and when I said that I owed him my rescue 10 days ago, he was really angry. “I got you out because you needed help, not because I needed a girl to fuck.” I said that I would be grateful to him for the rest of my life. “A hundred people passed by, you alone stood still. That makes a difference to me. I was wrong to let you fuck me out of gratitude, please forgive me. I’ve been lying next to you because I’ve wanted to fuck you for 10 days, today I seized the opportunity. Please fuck me in whatever way you want. I want to feel you, I want to be close to you and look under your masks. I came without a mask, I want to lie in your arms, whether as an adventure or as a person, I’ll leave that up to you. Please come, take me in your arms and don’t squeeze me as hard as you squeeze the girls of the vanquished!” We fucked the afternoon, the evening and the whole night. In the morning I respectfully left with a deep bow. I knew I didn’t want to take him as my master and Lord, I wanted you and no one else. He knew it, we didn’t need to talk about it. If I had chosen him, I would have told him and I would have told you. The fact that Haraldur’s heart was set on a woman in Qin would not have stopped me. But I had my answer. To do Lord Haraldur no injustice please let me say that he is excellent at fucking and I have not a single note of complaint, he is a very good man and fucker, that is so.”

She fell silent and Chai felt her tears on his chest. He groped for her face and wiped her tears away. “Don’t cry, dear girl, I thank you for your honesty, your openness. Has my brother Haraldur told you who the girl is that his heart is set on?” She thought for a few seconds. “Her name is Lin, her father is a retired general and she would normally be out of reach for him, but her family knows him and likes him very much.”

Cherry Blossom Festival in Edo

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

“In Edo, Lin was my roommate and my bedmate for a long time. She was so young, shy and delicate that it was only after a long time that she confessed to me that she had fallen in love with our brother Haraldur, because we had always considered him a brother. I immediately smuggled him into our room and the three of us fucked happily. I knew from then on that he was “the” man for her, she wouldn’t look at anyone else. Of course I know they belong together, but Haraldur and I are soldiers and soldiers better not have a family. I’ve asked Lin again and again, she’s known that from day one and is his wife when he’s in Qin, but she doesn’t hold him back. It’s important for her to be in his heart and for him to be in hers. Marriage is a luxury, for the day he returns home a cripple or his ashes are brought to her. She has grown up a lot. She knows that most men, at least Haraldur and I, love sexual variety and that it has nothing to do with who you have in your heart. I know that Lin has fucked a lot of men too, mostly to support our father’s career, but she only has Haraldur in her heart.”

“In Edo, I attended the Cherry Blossom Festival with my father. An imperial palace, the White Crane Fortress, an imposing 17-storey fortress that towered over the imperial city like a white cloud, belonged to the women in the first week of May; all men had to leave it until the cherry blossom. Only the top official, Sten Zel, and his guests, father and I, were present. Sten Zel was from the West, he had come to Japan as a young man to study this closed empire and had risen to become the highest official.

A handsome, imposing man in his mid-50s, his white hair tied back in a ponytail and his athletic body wrapped in a magnificent kimono, greeted us in an extremely friendly manner. "The cherry blossom will be a few days away," he said, "so you'll probably be staying here for several days, maybe a week." After we had settled into our accommodation and freshened up, he led us into the large hall of the women's house so that we could take a look at our task. The women that Sten Zel and my father had to satisfy lay on their mats and smiled at us.

Sten Zel removed the blanket from the first pair. They were the 18-year-old twins, the eldest daughters of the young empress. Father and I stared at the beautiful naked bodies. They had small, virginal breasts and a narrow, tiny downy black bush above the pubic fold, like many Japanese women. My mouth was watering, I must confess. The next was the Empress herself, a beauty in her late 30's. She had been twitching orgasmically the moment we entered, she had, we learned, been shitting on the Japanese tradition of secret masturbation from an early age on and masturbated whenever the clit demanded it. Like her twins, she had a slim, beautiful body, but she had her pubic hair plucked every day. You couldn't tell from her childish-looking bare pussy that she had given birth to four daughters. The next was her mother, in her mid-50s, who had surprisingly large breasts that sadly obeyed the laws of gravity. Her pussy and prominent clit were still very red, she had masturbated until a few moments ago and would continue right after. The Empress's grandmother was already in her 70s, but she looked excitedly at us men, for she had little opportunity to fuck anymore. Sten Zel mentioned that her mother, the great-grandmother, had celebrated the Cherry Blossom Festival with cheers and whoops until her death two years ago. Sten Zel poked my father in the side like a buddy, "That's the noble game we have to fuck to death in the next few days! We'll share them fraternally and have enough to fuck! They will suck us dry to the last drop, because the Cherry Blossom Festival is the only official occasion where they are allowed to be fucked to unconsciousness. So, let's get started!" he concluded with a grin. I was dismissed and trudged to my room. Sten Zel didn't mention that he had introduced this new form of cherry blossom festival himself. Previously, the

highest official had been at the mercy of the then old empress alone, and the empress, who was locked up in the palace all year round without being fucked, had a corresponding sexual congestion. Sten Zel, a very loin-strong guy, was so beaten up by the 70-year-old during the three days and nights that the following year he secretly smuggled in bodyguards, hunters, cooks and pageboys, thus satisfying the empress. The empress died at the age of 74 in the arms of the court's blacksmith, still smiling lustfully and happily in death. From then on, all of the empress's female relatives had to be fucked really hard and in return, Sten Zel was allowed to invite esteemed friends to fuck all the ladies properly.

Two little naked angels were waiting for me in my bed. I spoke very little Japanese, but I understood the gestures of the Empress's 11 and 12-year-old daughters. The servant who had led me made the clear, obscene gesture of fucking with her fingers, index finger in the hole of the other fingers. She grinned really hard and left, giggling. I sat down on the edge of the bed shaking my head, what was I supposed to do with two adolescent children? They undressed me in no time, the 12-year-old took my cock fully in her mouth and the 11-year-old masturbated me, chattering and babbling. I squirted deep into their mouths and they both shrieked with pleasure and childishly-devious triumph. For the next 7 days and nights I fucked them both to the edge of my strength and watched them masturbate in competition during my recovery breaks. Father and I drove home in the carriage in silence. He sighed deeply just once. "We have three more years in Edo. We've been invited to the next three cherry blossom festivals. May the gods have mercy on us, my son!"

Whispers

Chai noticed how attentively Mulan was listening. He pressed her lovingly against him. "I have no problem at all with the fact that you fucked Haraldur. You are a free woman and I am quite touched when you said that you chose me. I'm very fond of you too, but it takes a lot of time to take someone into your heart. That applies to you just as

much as it does to me. Time will work for us or against us. One day, when you realize how much I seek sexual adventures, you will either despise me or understand me. One day, when you marry a rich merchant, you will discover, like other decent, chaste and faithful wives, the secrecy and pleasure in the arms of many lovers. And I hope to understand you then and not despise you.”

Mulan protested. “I will either be a decent, chaste and faithful wife or have many lovers, but not both. I’m not a rich merchant’s wife yet, I’m a very simple girl from this village in the forgotten valley, I still have a very naive, straightforward view of all this fucking. In the village it was unimportant to me when one lay with another, it had no deeper meaning to me than my sexual arousal when I watched them. I realized early on today and decided to have only you as my master and Lord, without any ifs or buts, and that carries a lot of weight for me. That was the answer I was looking for. When you came home, I was determined to tell you everything truthfully and leave, because I thought I had dishonored you. How grateful I was that you ordered me to your side and let me hold your cock again. I am only beginning to realize how the threads of life are woven between you, Haraldur and Lin. I have listened to you well and I hope that one day I will understand how little weight it carries between you and Haraldur that I fucked him. How grateful I am to you and my fateweavers that you did not chase me away. I want to be with you until time defeats us or divides us. Let me stay with you, warm your cock in my hand and sip my happiness from your lips, for that is what I thirst for.”

Chai was deeply moved, holding her tightly in his arms. He could not deny, at least to himself, that Mulan was already deep in his heart. “I can feel how delicately you are warming my cock in your hand. What do you think, are we going to sleep now or later?”

The Treck

The next day, the camp was buzzing like a beehive as everyone prepared to leave. Chai sat at the table all day and added the additions to the large and small maps. Before dinner, the 8 group leaders

came into his tent and he explained the next few miles to them. He set off at the head of his party just in time for sunrise, the trek winding in a long snaking line behind him. They made very good progress, the group leaders kept a firm grip on their troop, and after three weeks they reached the next camp site near a larger village. They only camped for three days, Chai had to move on. The stocks of the village were bought up, girls and women were released and new ones requisitioned. After two more stages of three weeks each, they camped within sight of a small town. Chai was still served by a few women in terms of food and washing clothes. Mulan had no interest in these things, she rode beside him when he explored the terrain or sat next to him and read the reports with him. There was no job title for it, there was no precedent for an army commander discussing military matters with his mistress. She was his mistress, that was all there was to it.

Chai was already preparing to leave when messengers arrived with good and bad news. A general he knew very well had taken the rebellious province, that Chai and many others were on their way to, in a coup d'état, had hundreds of leaders beheaded and, together with other generals, had set up an administration loyal to the emperor. This was also reported by a dozen generals and Chai could rely on these reports. He had the camp rebuilt and released his men in shifts to go into the town. That was the good news, he would wait here for the imperial order, presumably they were ordered back to the capital. But there was also bad news. In the kingdom of Qin, his homeland, there was unrest, open confrontations that went far beyond a few smashed heads and everything pointed to a civil war. As expected, the emperor's messenger brought the order to retreat. The imperial city was a good 10 days' ride away, and at the time they had no idea what was looming in Qin. Chai wrote to the emperor immediately. Qin was only a day and a half's ride away, so he gave a daily report on the situation. His unit was the closest to Qin and he could assume that the emperor would send him to Qin in this situation. He asked the emperor to accept his assessment of the situation. He would leave for Qin tomorrow morning, there was no time to lose. The messenger grinned and asked only for a fresh horse, he would not dawdle and would kneel before the emperor in as little as 8 days.

Uprising in Qin

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

They rode off at sunrise. Mulan was not persuaded. She had bought a short, light spear from a merchant and had this or that soldier show her how to use it. She had been training quite diligently for four weeks. She rode with him to Qin, right at the front, not at the back with the slow supply carts, as Chai wanted. He didn't argue with her, he just whispered briefly to Haraldur they would look out for her.

They rode like devils on the road that the messengers also used. That was how they got the freshest news. They only gave the horses very short rests, the mob had surrounded the palace after slaughtering thousands of citizens. One wing of the palace was already on fire. They reached the city limits at sunset, from the hill they could see the burning palace and the clouds of smoke. Like deadly locusts, they invaded the city, slaughtered all non-uniformed armed men and broke into the palace in long-trained formations. They massacred everyone who was not a soldier, the soldiers joined them in their revenge. Chai reached the throne hall with Haraldur and Mulan. The old king was sitting on his throne, covered in blood, his head had rolled down the stairs. Around him lay horribly mangled corpses, presumably the queen, the heir to the throne and other noble figures. A good 40 guardsmen surrounded the throne, twisted and destroyed by a bloodthirsty mob. Chai heard the clatter of weapons from the rebels in an adjoining room. With his katana drawn and spear thrust forward, he ran into the room and mercilessly slaughtered the surprised

mob one by one. Then he heard Mulan's protracted scream. He let the bandits go and raced back to the throne hall.

Mulan near death

Two dozen rebels surrounded Haraldur and Mulan. Haraldur lay senseless next to Mulan, who sat twisted on the floor, holding the men at bay with her spear. He hurled his spear and fell upon the surprised rebels like a dancing dervish. He cut into flesh and bone with both swords, not taking the time to elegantly decapitate the murderers. The aim was to fell, kill and injure 25 men as quickly as possible. The last one fell, holding the severed arm in his other hand. Chai didn't think about whether he was still a danger and chopped off his head. They were all finished, all 25 of them. He looked around, but no one was to be seen. He knelt down next to Mulan. Her side was covered in blood, a short spear stuck under her armpit. Chai tore open the side of her dress. The blood ran sparsely, thank God, it did not gush or splatter. His wakizashi sliced through the shaft of the spear with one swift stroke. The blade had penetrated halfway under her armpit. A weapon like that should not be torn out, she could bleed to death. He tore a long strip from her dress and wrapped it around the wound, pressing firmly to stop the bleeding. Mulan woke up and recognized him with a smile. Then she frowned. "Haraldur, knocked down from behind," and closed her eyes. He held her tightly, kicking Haraldur's side with his boot. Haraldur's blond mane was drenched in blood, Chai kicked him savagely, Haraldur groaned and moaned. He half sat up and felt his head. "Mulan?" was the first thing he asked, "Mulan?" Chai roared, she has a spear in her chest! A jolt went through Haraldur's body. "Nothing broken, just a scratch!" he shouted to Chai and looked around, searching for his sword. He found it immediately; it was stuck in the chest of a dead man. He pulled it out roughly and cleaned the broad, heavy blade on the dead man's doublet. He leaned on his sword and stood up, swaying. "A cup of wine would be good now," he grinned wryly and beckoned a few soldiers over. "A doctor, a healer, a feldsher, whatever, and run and get me one now, it's a matter of life and death!" They ran off.

Chai asked how his head was feeling. “Oh, nothing major. Nothing broken, thank God. A scratch, it’s not bleeding anymore. I sunk my sword into a guy and there were five or six of them holding me down and then one of them put an iron bar over me. Mulan was next to me, she swung her little spear very skillfully and if someone was careless, she slit his throat. She killed a dozen guys, I would never have believed her capable of that. A cute kitten with deadly claws!”

Chai said, “Enough talk, my brother, can you still fight? I’ll stay with her until she’s safe, then I’ll join you. We’ve only got half the palace.” Haraldur nodded to him with his chin, shouldered his sword and ran with sweeping strides towards the din of battle.

Mulan woke up. “Haraldur?” she asked, unable to see him. “He’s only slightly injured and has gone to fight. We’re waiting for a doctor, he should be arriving soon. How did it happen?” Mulan shrugged her shoulders. “He and I fought side by side, back to back against 30 or 40, he stood like a rock and just mowed them down, cursing. I was soon surrounded, they didn’t see me as a threat and they wanted to stab Haraldur from behind. I crouched down and indiscriminately slit throat after throat as your warriors had taught me. I must have gotten a few, but then a dozen bit into him and a big one that looked like a blacksmith slammed an iron bar over his head. It happened very quickly, but I was able to dash to the left and slash the blacksmith’s throat,” Mulan looked over the pile of corpses, “there he lies, the coward dog. I crouched again and stabbed with my spear, your warriors told me that was the best position. Then a spear hit me and I screamed, and then you came. I have never seen such a way of fighting. I could barely follow you with my eyes, you just slaughtered them before they even saw you. I should probably learn your technique too” Her voice trailed off, she had passed out again. Chai shouted his throat hoarse. Then two uniformed royals finally arrived, dragging an old man with them at a run, an ancient man.

A doctor’s fight

The old man grumbled and protested that he had long since retired, and ... Chai shouted at him. "Silence!" The old man ducked down and felt Mulan's wound. He took down the bloody rag, he nodded and nodded and nodded. Chai shouted at him, "and, what!?" The old doctor ducked his head and then said there was a rest room back there and a medicine chest. Chai ordered the two royals to carefully lift Mulan and take her into the chamber with the doctor. He picked up his swords and accompanied them. He swept the cups and plates off the table with the katana and they placed Mulan on the table. The doctor pointed to the medicine chest, but he couldn't reach it. Chai tore the heavy box from the wall forcefully and placed it on the table. He was glad to be able to shred something, he felt a burning pain in his chest, even though he was completely uninjured on the outside. He covered the door broad-shouldered, ready to strike.

The old doctor was now wide awake. He ordered one soldier to put on hot water and the other to put a knife blade in the fire. He ordered Chai to lay Mulan on her side and pull out the spearhead. Chai did as ordered. The doctor placed a damp cloth on the wound and examined it carefully. "Nothing vital," he murmured. Then he asked Chai if he had ever used a wound staple before. Chai replied in the negative. "Two sharp Japanese swords and no idea about wound care," the old man growled. Chai had Mulan firmly in his arms, she weighed nothing. "My opponents haven't needed a surgeon to glue their heads to their necks yet," he sneered at the old man. He asked, "Have you never been injured?" and Chai laughed out loud. "I pricked my finger once when I was embroidering silk," he laughed and the doctor smiled a little. "Invulnerable and deadly, and we doctors don't gain a single copper coin." Chai became serious. "I've been fighting for 25 years and the gods had more fun with me when I wasn't dead. I've always been lucky, I don't have a single scar. The first scar will be on my heart when she dies." The doctor nodded and said, "We'll get around that!"

He took a staple from the medical kit. He was too weak, he couldn't bend it. He demonstrated with his bony little fingers how to use the clamp. Chai picked it up and bent it effortlessly with two fingers. "There, at the end, you have to bend the top one and let it snap into the notch, Master." Chai tried it, no problem. The doctor said

that the staple had to be placed half a centimeter below the edge of the wound, it prevented the bleeding and made the flesh grow together. Chai nodded, he had understood.

The doctor laid down the procedure. "You have to hold your daughter really tightly on her side, she'll want to scream in pain and run away, no way! Then this soldier will pour hot water into the wound and I will wash it out thoroughly. Then the soldier will give you the red-hot knife, I will guide your hand, but you must cauterize your daughter's wound deeply as I show you. She will scream, but you must hold your child tight. Finally, you take the staple, I will put the edges of the wound together, you fasten the staple as we discussed. Are there any questions, does everyone have our dance in mind?" Chai was glad, the man knew how to do it and discussed the mission before the battle like a good general.

They set to work without a word. Mulan didn't scream, she had fainted. Hot water, the glowing knife blade, the clamp. The doctor rummaged in the medicine chest, he brought out bandages and a small jar. He looked inside and cursed under his breath. He showed Chai the jar, it was empty or rather the dried up remains of an ointment could be seen. "They should be beheaded, the young doctors! When I was the boss in the palace, this wouldn't have happened!" He cursed like a coachman. Chai asked what he needed. The doctor said that without the ointment, the wound would become infected and his daughter could die. Chai asked, where can we get it? In any pharmacy, Sir, but they burned down the palace pharmacy! Chai picked up the jar. It says what it is, what's in it? Yes, said the doctor, on the verge of tears. Chai ordered two royals to run off immediately and get the ointment "in a fresh jar," the doctor shouted between them, "from a pharmacy, on the double!" The royals bowed briefly as if he were an authority figure and ran off. One shouted over his shoulder, there were several pharmacies nearby.

The doctor said he could lay the daughter gently on her back. Now that they were alone, Chai introduced himself by name and rank and he would have to correct something. The doctor was all ears. "Her name is Mulan, she's not my daughter, she's my lover. She's 23, I'm 37, I just wanted to set the record straight, doctor." They had a con-

versation. The doctor was stunned when Chai told him that the old Lord King had been beheaded and the barbarians had put him back on the throne. He described the other corpses and the doctor slapped his hands over his face. The heir to the throne and his bride, the queen, her two brothers and the 14-year-old princess. "The whole royal family wiped out," the doctor exclaimed, "what is to become of our Qin?" Chai let the old man cry, he had never known anyone from the royal family. "The emperor will decide, the emperor is wise and just, I served with him for years!" The doctor nodded, crying. Chai had heard footsteps and crept to the door with his swords drawn. He knew the four men, they served under Haraldur. He greeted them, Teng, Fei and the other two. "The gods sent you, here lies my Mulan, the doctor here is waiting for an ointment that two royals are getting at the pharmacy. Can you stay with Mulan and protect her with your blood? The door is easy to defend. Haraldur is waiting for me, I must see him!" The men nodded, he could rely on them. He was reassured, he had seen Teng and Fei fight, they could handle even 40 men. He had Haraldur's last position described to him and ran off. He had no spear left, he would have to take one on the spot.

The Fight ends

From some distance away he heard Haraldur roar happily, heard his sword clash along the marble. He charged into the hall like a tiger and mowed his way to Haraldur. He stood with his back to him and they slaughtered the rebels. Chai took a quick look around, there were a good 150 guys in an advantageous position above a long, wide staircase, but they were disorganized and not well led. Chai informed Haraldur between heavy blows how things stood with Mulan. Haraldur cursed, he had sent Teng and Fei off with two men to bring a few mugs of ale and something to bite on. Chai just grinned.

The battle in the palace lasted another two hours. It must have been past midnight when the last of the insurgents dug themselves into the women's quarters. Chai, Haraldur and their men caused an unparalleled bloodbath, the piles of corpses piling up in the corridors. Eight ringleaders had entrenched themselves in the back room.

Haraldur and Chai had fought their way to the door and were greeted by a horrific sight. Haraldur raised his fist to stop his men. Five naked female corpses lay on the floor. They had obviously been raped and murdered, some had been slashed from pussy to throat. It was impossible to tell who was a mistress or servant. There were 7 insurgents standing against the wall, they had put gold- and pearl necklaces around their necks and had stuffed their pockets with jewelry. One little muddlehead shouted that they had defeated the king, that he was now the king and he was in charge! Chai and Haraldur looked at each other, the guy was completely out of his mind! “You’re the last seven we’ll behead, all your co-conspirators are already dead!” said Haraldur, raising his sword. In a few minutes, he and Chai killed the gang. They breathed a sigh of relief, the rebellion was over. Chai let the 7 groups roam the city, they found some but took no prisoners.

They had gathered in the throne hall. Chai had run to his father’s house, the doctor had Mulan taken there, but she was still unconscious. The doctor would not leave her side; he would not leave until she was able to stand again. “I am retired,” the centenarian said, “but since I know your rank and learned that you are the son of this brave general, I am back on active duty, Lord Chai!” Chai was relieved that Mulan had come through the operation well and was now in the best of hands. Lin stayed with the doctor and gave him a hand. He ran back to the throne hall.

In the Throne Hall

The councillors were all uninjured because none had been in the palace during the revolt. They listened to Haraldur give a report. The royal guard had been poisoned, all 170 of them! Poisoned! Only a handful of officers had survived because they had been given another meal. They had fought on the front line. 427 royals had fallen, 12 of the imperial troops. 430 were wounded on their side. Of the insurgents 3,710 dead, no wounded, no prisoners. It was fairly certain that no significant number of insurgents were left. They mourned 3,405 dead citizens, most of them girls and women, who were first raped

and then killed. Chai spoke up. First, the council should send out patrols of local soldiers to find and kill or capture the rest of the insurgents. As the council was complete, they were to continue to govern until the emperor had settled the succession. One councillor stood up. Was it true that he had commanded the imperial forces and put down the uprising? Chai introduced himself by name and rank, and yes, he had led the imperials here. He did not yet have a written order from the emperor to show, because he had only sent the messengers to the emperor yesterday morning. Another councilor stood up. "Is it right, General Chai, that you rode off as soon as you knew about our situation?" Chai was a little embarrassed. "I was the only one in the immediate vicinity and there was no time to wait for the emperor's written order, or you were all no longer sitting here!" The same councillor stood up again. "My questions are not meant to question your credentials, General Chai. On the contrary, I just wanted to make it clear in public that you made the right decision at the right time and left immediately to rescue us. I must make it clear to everyone here how decisive your decision was and how brilliantly your men had fought." He looked around and saw everyone agreeing. Another councillor stood up. There was a dead silence, for he was an important man and his word carried weight. "We all have you to thank, General, you have shown foresight and determination. The insurgents killed our king and his family in cold blood hours before you arrived. We all know that if you had arrived earlier, you would have defended the king and his family with your life. Thank you, General, and thank your men!" The councillors applauded spontaneously, and soon the whole hall was applauding. Chai took a long bow, not because of himself, but because the applause was due to his men. The clever councillor continued, the applause died down. "Nevertheless, we are faced with a problem that we must solve quickly. Running the day-to-day business is not a problem. Electing a king is. On the one hand, we have always elected a king from our kingdom of Qin or confirmed the heir to the throne for a thousand and how many years. We no longer have an heir to the throne, he was also murdered yesterday." He bowed his head, the heir to the throne was a damn good and popular prince. He continued. "For the first time in our long history, it falls to the emperor to appoint a king, such is the law. Emperor Long is a good man, he will certainly think carefully about whom he chooses. No matter how well chosen, he would not be a Qin man. I'm

not offering you a solution, I'm just asking you to think about it." A voice called out loudly. "But it is also written in the law that we, you councillors and the assembled people, may proclaim one as king, that is called 'per acclamationem'." Chai jerked his head up, recognizing his old father's voice. Lin pushed his father in his wheelchair to the center, to the councillors. "I request the floor, gentlemen," he said. The councillor who had just spoken looked around and nodded, "Go ahead! The general has the floor!" He sat down, Chai's father stood up, held on to the table and raised his voice. General Chai, whom they had just applauded, was his own son, as most of them knew. He described Chai's career as a father and as a military man. He meticulously detailed how Chai had risen through the ranks without benefiting from his father's illustrious name. He had earned all this through his own efforts. His training in the royal guard of Qin, his service in Japan, his service as the emperor's personal bodyguard. His long and successful service as captain, commander and general in the imperial army. And finally now, his decisive action against the king's enemies. For his part, he knew no one better to lead than King Qin, he had proven his qualities and qualifications enough. He proposed General Chai as king, he asked the council and the people to proclaim him king, according to the laws it had to be unanimous. He sat down and exhaled deeply. He had given his all.

A King is declared

The wise councillor stood up. "We thank you, dear General, for your intercession for your son! I know of no higher honor than to hear a father sing the praises of his son! I now officially present your acclamation to the council and the people. We will take an hour, no? a half-hour break so that you can discuss the proposal. So we will meet here again in half an hour to hear counter-proposals or to vote."

Chai shook off everyone who was talking at him and fought his way halfway across the throne hall to his father. He knelt down next to the wheelchair, for he only wanted to talk to his father. "Thank you for your praise, dear father! But I have become so accustomed to the lazy life as a commander, I already had the general staff in mind and

was looking forward to a lazy, comfortable life as a general! But as king, I can no longer be lazy, as king I have to work more than ever, seven days a week! Oh father!" The father squeezed his hand even tighter and smiled. "As you get older, your eyesight diminishes, but you become more clairvoyant. I knew this was the time and I pushed Lin to bring me here. I see my thread of life thinning, but I saw clearly as now your eyes, how the weavers of destiny spin your thread with golden yarn. I know what I have seen. Be a good king, my son, increase the prestige of our family!" Chai looked to the ground. An image from a mystical moment slid before his eyes. What had the fiend, the evil spirit in the cave, said? He had royal blood in his veins? How could the evil spirit have meant anything else? Had he simply looked into the future, seconds before his death? Chai squeezed his father's hand. "I will serve, with all my strength, I will increase the reputation of your family, our family! And you, please, stay with us for a long time to see it with your own eyes!" He stood up and the councillors sat down again.

The councillor, who not unjustly saw himself as Primus, raised his hand until silence fell. "If there is a counter-proposal, then speak it now!" He waited for a while, but no one spoke up. "Then let's vote on whether General Chai should be our king. Raise your hands, councillors, if you are in favor!" He looked around, one hand went up, a second, a fifth. The councillors obviously wanted to make it as exciting as possible. Into the breathless silence, a strong voice from the people called out, "Long live King Chai!" some joined in and now everyone chanted, shouting and yelling, "Long live King Chai!", "Long live King Chai!" Now all the councillors raised their hands, not a single one remained down. The Primus stood up and waved his arms until silence fell. He looked at the old general and at Chai, who stood thunderstruck next to his father and held his hand. He raised his voice. "The vote is unanimous, no dissent. It is my great honor to declare General Chai our new king!" Applause broke out, people shouted "Vivat!" and whistled with enthusiasm. Chai walked quickly to the Primus, bowed deeply to the people and raised both arms, wanting to say something. Gradually, silence fell and he raised his voice.

“I thank you all from the bottom of my heart, it is a great honor and a great task. I am truly touched. But I must make one condition before I can accept it, before I can give you my oath of allegiance. I will ride immediately to Emperor Long, for I am still bound to him by my oath as an officer. It is for him to decide. I’ll be back here, in the throne hall, in 20 days or three weeks. Until then, the council will continue to conduct business. Thank you!” Another round of applause broke out and Chai left the hall to wait for Lin and his father. Half an hour later, he sat in the saddle and rode off with 12 companions.

Mulan in Treatment

Mulan had said goodbye to him without being properly awake and didn’t understand why he had to ride off and where immediately, then she had slipped back into her feverish dreams. The doctor took care of her and stroked her naked body under the blanket. “She probably doesn’t realize it consciously,” he said to Lin, “but her body does, it registers these positive signals, which also tell it that she is safe and that everything around her is all right.” Lin nodded, that seemed right to her. “The doctor’s work is obviously not finished when the bandage is applied.” The doctor nodded. “It is fortunate to be able to physically and sexually accompany the patient in this necessary fever.”

Lin was taken aback. “Sexually?” “Why yes,” he said, “girls and men in a fever get very strong, violent sexual feelings and impulses. Come, sit opposite me and put your hand under the blanket.” Lin did as instructed. His fingers guided her fingers along her pussy to Mulan’s clit. A slight shiver ran down Lin’s spine, she had never touched another girl’s clit before. Mulan’s clit was erect, hot and very stiff. “I’ve been wondering all along why the doctor puts his hand under the blanket,” Lin said with a smile. She felt with her fingers how one of the doctor’s fingers rubbed the tip of the clit, the little knob, lightly and very quickly rotating. Mulan trembled slightly and quivered for a moment. Lin felt the clit relax a little.

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

Lin felt Mulan’s clit throb and swell a little more. Lin nodded to the doctor, then gently rotated her fingertip on Mulan’s knob. Mulan trembled slightly and twitched almost imperceptibly just once. The doctor nodded in satisfaction, “Just like that, little Lin.” He pulled out his hand and rubbed his fingers. “Quite exhausting,” he said with a smile, “I’ve been doing this for hours, so I’m quite happy if you take over from me and I can relax a little.” Lin smiled and blushed deeply. “I usually masturbate very intensely and this is nothing in comparison.”

She was blushing deeply now. “Are you judging me?” she asked and he looked at her in amazement. “Why would I?” he asked. “Because I masturbate a lot every night and because it’s considered indecent and unchaste, my Lord.” He shook his head. “I’m already 104 years old, Miss Lin, and I’ve probably experienced every variety of how people want to put down their fellow human beings. Today it’s considered fine to burp after a meal, 15 years ago you’d be looked at askance. Today, fucking a woman from behind like a dog on all fours is totally frowned upon, twenty years ago it was totally posh. It’s like hats, which are really just headgear, and now look around you. The crazier, the fancier, the more it boosts the ego. And if you wore a hat like the one you wore three years ago, the gloating cackling would be endless. Don’t let anyone tell you, Miss Lin, if and when and how often your clit wants to be masturbated, it’s nobody’s fucking business. It’s a matter that only concerns you and your clit. And my opinion is, get along with each other! Not getting along well would be indecent and unchaste, in my opinion.” Lin smiled with relief. “What a wise man you are!”

Lin did it very sensitively, all days long. He said a woman can do it much better than a man. Men are not that good or skillful at masturbating a woman, however much they may love the woman. A woman can masturbate any other woman perfectly well because she already knows how to masturbate her own body very well.” Lin looked astonished. “I’ve watched a girl masturbate another girl a thousand times, but I’ve never seen a man do it,” she said thoughtfully. She paused, then asked him.

“Most of the time, when I watch a girl masturbate another girl, my clit gets hard and demanding. I often think, what would it be like to have a girl masturbate me? What I want to ask, am I maybe a lesbian?” He swayed his head back and forth. “You like getting fucked by men though, don’t you!?” and she nodded immediately. “Yes, especially the one in my heart. With others I fuck with physical pleasure, of course, but I miss the love that makes it so special.” He smiled kindly. “You’re probably not a lesbian, just like most girls aren’t lesbians if they like being masturbated by other girls. Usually women discover that they are lesbians when, first, they like to be masturbated by other girls and second, when they are attracted to girls from the heart and third, they aggressively seek sex with girls. You can immediately tell for yourself whether you are a lesbian by these three things. I’ll tell you two more things. Firstly, don’t be afraid to let a girl masturbate you. It’s physical pleasure, not a drama. Second, it’s the gods who thrust us into life opposite-sex or same-sex at birth. So berate the gods and not the humans, because it is only the thoughtlessness of the gods that decide our lives, because we are probably nothing more than ants to them. Keep that in mind and you will be less unhappy in your life.”

Poor Mulan had already been in a feverish sleep for ten days, but the doctor was satisfied. Lin wanted to take her finger off her clit, but Mulan said she should leave it there, it felt really good and in her feverish delirium she often dreamed of having a nice orgasm. “I know,” Lin said blushing and Mulan fell asleep again. She woke up and looked at Lin with a horny expression. “Would you masturbate me, please?” she asked, whispering, and Lin nodded. She masturbated a girl properly for the first time, Mulan whispered “Thank you, thank you” after her orgasm and fell asleep again immediately. Lin

wasn't sure if Mulan was even really awake when she masturbated her, probably not. Mulan usually only woke up for a few minutes, she asked about Chai and Haraldur and if Lin could find time to sink into his arms. "Of course," Lin said, "the doctor often relieves me and then I fuck my Haraldur with the greatest pleasure!" Mulan did not know how to tell Lin that she had spent an afternoon and a night in Haraldur's arms and did not know then that he belonged to Lin. She ate a bite and drank a sip of tea and went back to sleep.

At the Emperor

Chai arrived at the imperial palace and sent his men to the Japan House, where they could spend the night and so on. He didn't have to wait long, the emperor had all meetings and appointments canceled or postponed. He had the snack served in the garden and ordered the bodyguards not to let anyone in. Emperor Long sensed that Chai had not come to chat. He waited on the stone bench in the middle of the garden, where it was difficult to overhear them. Chai approached him, bowed and threw herself at his feet. Emperor Long did not like these gestures at all and picked him up. "Yesterday your messenger came, Captain, that all was quiet except for unimportant rabble-rousing in Qin. So what brings you here?" Chai took the hint and sat down next to the emperor. "Emperor Xingyung Long," he began, and the emperor jerked his head up. "Only my mother used to call me that when she wanted to be official. Xingyung Long, lucky dragon, yes, that's how she saw me!"

Chai began again. "The messengers need 10 days, and a lot can happen in 10 days. And a lot has happened, Your Majesty! There will be another messenger from me in a few days, but I am faster than him, his message will be out of date." The emperor was all ears. "Don't keep me in suspense, Brother Chai, we've known each other for half a lifetime!" Chai replied quickly, with military precision and without the slightest flourish. "That's right, my lord and emperor, they have proclaimed me their king and I told them, fine fine, but I am still in the emperor's pay and secondly, the emperor must decide

whether I may become your king or not.” Chai remained silent, as did Emperor Long.

The emperor stood up and walked up and down for a while. Then he stopped in front of Chai. “The answer is simple. I don’t like losing one of the best in my army. I’m sure you understand that as a strategist, you would think the same if you were me. The kingdom of Qin had been doing well for decades, trade was excellent and the king ruled well and with a good hand. He was old, but always a true friend and brother. By God, he didn’t deserve to be beheaded by a miserable mob. I am again confirmed in my assessment that you are one of my best, you did not wait for my answer in 20 days like other armchair farters, but realized that there was not a minute to lose. Please remind me to promote Haraldur to general with immediate effect! And as for the King of Qin, I am a lucky man, truly the Happy Dragon Long, for I appoint you King of Qin, if only out of self-interest. A good man on the throne, one I know and appreciate. One who knows how I think. One who can think and act like a general. I am saddened that the old king and his family have been murdered miserably, but I am the luckiest dragon because a good man has succeeded him.” The emperor straightened up and then shouted in a loud voice, “Scribe, come to me at once, at the double!”

The emperor dictated to the scribe a simple document stating that the commander Chai was asking to be dismissed because he was to become king of Qin. A large, ornate document that Chai is appointed King of Qin. And make a magnificent document, lad, for that will grace his throne hall.” Chai whispered, Haraldur, general, full emoluments. “And then a certificate of appointment, that Haraldur is appointed general with immediate effect. So three certificates, they must be ready for breakfast tomorrow!” The scribe made a rather sloppy bow, muttered, “it will be done, I will cheer the scribes!” and then he ran into the palace. The emperor said they had time to talk to each other about private matters, they hadn’t done that for years. He beckoned a servant over. “A good, hearty snack and tea, a room for the new king and Miss Ling should make herself beautiful, she will lie with the king tonight!” The servant hurried off. “Miss Ling,” Chai began, but the emperor cut him off. “That’s an order, damn it!” and slapped him amicably on the shoulder.

The Second Empress

“And now, my friend Chai, let’s talk openly, man to man, let’s leave out the emperor and the king! I really and seriously want to know what it was like with my second empress, I only mounted her once, on my wedding night, then my prejudices were confirmed and I avoided her mat. Of course I knew from day one that you were lying with her, every night for almost 4 full years. I let her return to her family along with her 4 daughters and gave her rich gifts. She must have gotten her three other daughters from you, because neither I nor anyone else has ever lain with her. So tell me, but from the beginning!”

Chai thought for a moment and began. The emperor had had his first empress beheaded for treason. One of her lovers was an enemy spy and was beheaded two minutes after her. The court naturally had a new empress in mind, she would bring a whole group of islands with her as a dowry and that would give the empire a strategic advantage. The emperor agreed, she was very young and sexually completely inexperienced, but the Emperor was in a bad mood and urged to hurry. The girl was of course in seventh heaven, she was empress now!

The emperor only realized on their wedding night that she was exactly the kind of woman he didn’t want. He had the long-known problem that he immediately squirted when he took her virginity.

Emperor Long slapped his thighs and laughed, “I still remember. I later only deflowered girls who knew exactly how to fuck.” Just a year ago he had such a virgin on his mat, but the girl had been watching her parents, her mother’s guests and relatives fuck for years and she pleasantly surprised the emperor because she fucked like a world champion. The emperor had kept her for almost three months, usually a girl didn’t stay longer than a night or two. But you better keep getting, Chai.

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

"What," Emperor Long exclaimed, "she wasn't pregnant at all!?" Chai nodded, "Yes, that's right, your majesty, you were shamelessly lied to." The emperor slapped his thigh, laughing. "I had a lot on my mind at the time and was glad I didn't have to deal with that bitchy scraper." Chai laughed too, then continued. "The servant remembered me, I had often fucked her when the empress was late." The emperor asked, "So you've already fucked the first empress?" the emperor asked, "What a rogue you are!" Chai realized that the emperor wanted to hear a good story and was not at all angry with him. "Yes, Your Majesty, I came back from Japan with my chest swelling with pride, I had been promoted to samurai, and ..." The emperor jumped in again. "I remember it dimly, it was read to me from your personal file, but I paid no further attention. Tell me about it!"

The Samurai

Chai smiled, the Emperor would like that. "At the end of the training, the fencing master was quite enthusiastic about my skills, after all, a thick beam would shine on him from the glow of light. He tricked and tricked and I was one of maybe 100 foreigners who became samurai and got a piece of land. He had ordered these two swords for me, which I always carry, from the best weaponsmith in

the area, in the name of the emperor. The armorer made these two wonderful swords with special care, they have really stood the test of 20 years and are as razor-sharp as on the first day. He presented me with the swords on behalf of the Emperor of Nihon. I thought about it later and I'm sure that the emperor knew nothing about me and would rather have rammed a sword down my throat if he had known me at all. I would have thought his empress more likely to give me this precious gift, as she had me smuggled into her bedroom once or twice a week and only released me at dawn. I had to lean heavily on my fighting stick when I went home, if you know what I mean, Your Majesty!"

"I have to tell you that all the legends about faithful wives in Japan are simply false. As long as a Japanese woman is a virgin, she has no sexual drive, apart from masturbating. But once she has lost her virginity, a switch in her head flips and she wants to fuck no matter what. This also applies to the Empress and so it came to be that, among other lovers, she ordered me to fuck her at least once a week."

The emperor laughed and slapped his thigh, "you rascal at home and abroad! But tell me, didn't you get a piece of land?" Chai grinned from ear to ear. "The fencing master had prepared me well, I got a spot on the empress's property right on the rocky coast, a village called Shi Shi Ma, 146 inhabitants and fields of less than 8 square kilometers. But it was mine, mine, mine, damn it! The fencing master accompanied me with my entourage, he presented the villagers with my deed, which had been signed by the empress, and then the villagers had their wives file past us. My taking of the land was not perfect until I had spent a night with one of my subjects. As lord of the village, I had the right to choose any woman. Majesty, it was the greatest disgrace of my 23 years of life! Mercy, gods, I exclaimed one after the other, the good people didn't understand Chinese and my fencing master wanted to sink into the ground. Your Majesty, hold on tight! First the 60-year-olds walked past us, then came the 65-year-olds and then the 70-year-olds pranced past me, their eyes twinkling. I told the fencing master that I would tear up the certificate and ride home without a country. He was really down, the invincible fencing master. But he got up, he didn't give in. Outraged, the villagers showed us three young girls in their late 20s. I looked at

them hopefully. Two were heavily pregnant and ugly as night. I would have had my eyes blindfolded, Your Majesty, but I really wanted to become a real samurai! The third, however, looked quite passable, was quite slim and muscular from working in the fields. I nodded to the fencing master and a half-hour palaver ensued. I didn't understand much, nothing really, except that it was about money. The fencing master said quietly to me that the bridewealth had been negotiated, that she had only been married two months and that her husband would sit outside the door all night with an axe on his thighs, if she called for help. He himself would only write down the time when I went into the house with her and when I came out in the morning, he would have to swear to it before a notary. Whether I played cards with the young woman or actually fucked her was immaterial. We went into the house, the fencing master made a note and disappeared into the only village pub. The husband actually sat down in front of the house, without an axe of course, and I spoke to him soothingly, showing him the bag with the bridewealth. He was on the verge of tears, but he nodded to us and indicated with his chin that we should go inside. I had some respect for this simple peasant who sat outside in the rain, listening to make sure his wife was not harmed. She wasn't particularly pretty, but by no means ugly. She was 18, almost 19, she said, that much I understood. She put my hand on her stomach, I asked, "Child?" and she nodded. "Please make me a child," she said several times, if I understood her correctly. We fucked almost nonstop until sunrise, she made those soft kitten cries like all Japanese women, she liked to fuck as thirsty like a drowning woman. She orgasmed very easily and incredibly often while fucking. Her husband always came in when she cried out softly in orgasm, but she would chatter furiously to him and send him right out. I didn't care that he was gawking. I guessed he wasn't a good fucker and she was very hungry for a good fucking. At sunrise I had had enough and went out to him, I gave him the bag of money, because as a dumb foreigner I couldn't know that the money was hers. She came out to us naked, I reached into my wallet and counted out one, two, five gold coins extra and put them in the bag. He accompanied me to the village pub, where we picked up the fencing master and our companions. I don't know what the husband parleyed with the fencing master for so long, but he seemed appeased and even shook my hand with a smile as we said goodbye.

We rode home at a leisurely pace and I naturally asked the fencing master what the husband had said to him. He thought for a long time and said that he had given his word not to tell me anything. But he was talking to my horse, he was allowed to hear it. The husband was surprised that I had given him an extra 5 gold coins, with which he could buy 10 piglets or 2 dairy cows, but he would have to think about it. He had only left the door ajar and had watched the fucking all night. He had been annoyed at how passionately his young wife was fucking my big cock, he couldn't help it because he only had a smaller cock. He was very upset that his wife was secretly masturbating during my breaks, which was very indecent and very unchaste. He knew how to masturbate, of course, because his mother had secretly hidden from his father in the stable with the animals, to masturbate in secret. He had always watched her from the hayloft, where he hid with the maid. The maid was also very annoyed at what the mother was up to, because the mother pretended to be decent and chaste. The maid said how unchaste it was for a woman to masturbate for her own pleasure. She never did, after fucking she just tapped her clit for a few minutes and triggered her orgasm, he had seen that time and time again and it wasn't unchaste. And, dear horse, he wanted to prattle on about the early fucking with his chaste mother, but we didn't have time for that, I said. Anyway, he was very disappointed when his wife confessed to the new samurai that she had been masturbating every night since early childhood and since she was married, she had been doing it secretly at night as soon as he fell asleep. But what caused him the most headaches was that his wife had repeatedly begged the samurai to make her a child, because her husband couldn't manage it with his short fucking. He was very sad. That was all, you horse, but keep it to yourself!" Emperor Long slapped his thighs, laughing like he hadn't in a long time.

Ayla and the Witch

Chai remembered to ask the emperor about his mother, courtesy dictated. "And, Your Majesty, may I ask how Princess Ayla is doing, I hope she is well?" The emperor became serious. "It's good of you to remember her, dear Chai, dear King. Unfortunately, she hasn't been

with us for years, she passed away five years ago. She was the best mother in the world, she was my wife all my life, that was no secret. From childhood, she took my little boy's cock in her mouth and made me squirt into daily. At 9 she taught me all the secrets of fucking. Even in old age, I used to sneak up to her every morning before sunrise because she wouldn't let anyone else take care of my morning wood, the good girl! Haven't I already told you how she made my cock? No? Well, I was about 12 and she wasn't at all happy about my little boy cock. One day she brought an ancient witch into the house and twice a day she made me a horrible tea from various herbs. Her condition was that I had to fuck the ugly witch two or three times a day in front of my mother, because that was how the witch checked how far her cure was and which herbs had to be dosed and how. She was satisfied after half a year and disappeared. My cock had grown bigger and thicker, it had turned into a meat cock. The witch had explained to my mother why she couldn't be satisfied with my cock. The cock consisted of a sponge that filled with blood for fucking and then emptied again after squirting. My mother was stupid enough to believe this old wives' tale. But one thing was true, Ayla almost always orgasmed with my new cock and I could fuck all night long, no matter how many times I had squirted. Ayla had taken care of that cock and I'm still grateful to her today."

Chai offered his condolences; he had never met Ayla in person and only knew of her from gossip at court. "So, do you still have your land, in the Nihon Empire?" asked Long, wanting to get away from his sad topic. "I think so, Your Majesty, I left it in trust to the fencing master back then, and to this day I receive a handful of silver every year from my banker, even though the fencing master has been dead for a long time, as one of his sons wrote to me. But I have never been back to Japan and I don't know whether I made the thirsty girl a child or not."

The Story of The Empress

The emperor had been walking up and down for a while and now stopped. "We took a long detour, you wanted to tell me how things

went with my empress.” Chai tore himself away from the memories of the sex-starved child in Japan and searched for his thread again. “When I found out during our first conversation over tea and saw through everything in a flash, I advised her to banish the stupid servant ladies to the kitchen immediately and take two servants of my choice, decent, clever and loyal girls who would stay with her until the end. No, Your Majesty, I was not yet the Empress’s lover then.

She invited me to tea every day and we only talked about sex and fucking. I was blown away, the pretty child had no idea, Your Majesty, no idea! I knew how diligently Your Majesty pursued sexual adventures and I first wanted to bring your wife up to speed so that I could serve you in this roundabout way. I had only been in your service for a few weeks at the time and I loved you as your most loyal subject because I saw your actions and decisions every day. I protected your body with my swords, but nothing was hidden from me.

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

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

I taught her from the beginning to orgasm while fucking, not with her fingers, but with her mind. She learned eagerly, Your Majesty! I summoned her servants and ordered them to masturbate the empress 5 times in the morning and 5 times in the afternoon and show her and let her try it herself. I insisted that after a month, the em-

press could masturbate herself and one servant after another fine. She could, it didn't take a month.

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

I was wholeheartedly grateful to you, Your Majesty, for not exposing her infidelity and sending her and her daughters back to their parents in disgrace, but with full honors and rich gifts. I would have despaired if you had exposed her to public ridicule and worse. I loved her dearly, but I never forgot that she was the empress and your wife." Chai fell silent and the Emperor picked up the thread.

"My dear Chai, how grateful I was then, that you took the burden of married life off my shoulders. I knew you quite well and knew that you would do the job well without my command. I was free for my sexual adventures, I had both hands full with governing. From day one, I forbade my parrots from pursuing the empress's love life or spying on her. I didn't allow myself to get caught up in interrogations, tawdriness or explanations, I needed elbow room. And you played a major part in that. I didn't envy you for a second the job of fucking an inexperienced kid. It seemed to me that she liked it quite well, and so did you. I never had the feeling of being a cuckolded husband, on the contrary, how hard it would have been for me to order you or anyone else to fuck the Empress day after day!"

"I now have two sons, my dear, perhaps I am indeed their father. I have already fathered well over 100 bastards and am paying for their well-being. My older son is still quite immature at the age of 16, he still sleeps and fucks with his mother and only dares to fuck the odd servants in secret. The other son is only 14, but he is very much to my taste. He's been fucking his mother since he was 8 to free himself from the pressure of semen five times a day, but he's insanely inquisitive. He keeps asking me to get him another teacher or a new one. He learns like a sponge soaking up water. I watch his progress with

great pride, he will be a good emperor and if I do not die in time, I will give him a kingdom so that he can learn the hardships of ruling.”

“For example, a week ago he pulls me by the sleeve into the garden, where it’s hard to be overheard. I signaled my guards not to let anyone in and asked him, what’s on your mind, son? He didn’t hesitate for a second. Did I know he was fucking Mom? I laughed and said, of course, son, that’s why there are hundreds of court parrots who report everything to the emperor. Well, he said, I’ve been fucking her for 6 years. But we only fuck 5 times a day, she doesn’t want it more often. She prefers to masturbate, a dozen times a day. Of course I want to fuck her more often, but she blocks it and I love her very much and don’t want to do violence to her. I wanted to get your advice, father! I smiled and said that of course, as emperor, I could give my concubine, who is no longer an empress, an order and she would, goddammit, obey! But it would be a gross tactical error. Better learn to use the given facts to your advantage. So, you want to fuck more often, okay, fact. She masturbates a dozen times a day, okay, fact. Does she lock herself up or can you watch her do it? Oh, he said, she likes to let me watch because she thinks it’s really cool. But I rarely stay, it’s boring in the long run, father. Slowly, my son, slowly! Stay with her, watch exactly when she starts the final spurt. The time when she forgets everything around her and just races towards her orgasm, understand? I can always tell, father! Well then, know that when a woman is in the final spurt, she doesn’t look left or right, just stubbornly straight ahead. Stick your cock into her final spurt, she won’t deny you one hundred percent. Now fuck her good and hard, as all women get a better orgasm when they are fucked during orgasm. That’s why the first empress, who was the daughter and wife of the first emperor, introduced the custom that girls must masturbate while being fucked. You’ll see that you get to fuck her a dozen times, my son!”

“Wise advice, Your Majesty, for I too have been aware of this phenomenon for a long time.” Emperor Long smiled quietly and stroked his beard. “Chai, my dear friend, I am truly glad that you are the king of Qin. Hopefully we’ll have more clever and witty conversations like this one.” A servant approached. The cooks were ready, the empress would already be present. The emperor and Chai strolled leisurely

through the garden. “I’m curious,” said the emperor, “how you like the new empress. She’s been my empress for eight months, she’s a tiger in bed and gives me room to breathe.” “For sexual adventures, I suppose, Your Majesty,” Chai said and Emperor Long nodded. “I don’t care how many bastards I have. You’ll see my two sons apart from the empress and my four best advisors. I’ll take you aside after the desserts, I’m interested in your impressions. And of course, Miss Ling will be sitting to your left, I’ve arranged for you to fuck her, I don’t think you’ll be disappointed.” Chai bowed as he left to thank him and to express that he had understood the order.

The Banquet

The banquet was excellent, Emperor Long introduced him to everyone as the new King of Qin. Chai sized everyone up in seconds, he knew he was very rarely wrong. The elder son was a very superficial nobody, and despite his efforts, no conversation ever took place. The younger son was a clever, bright mind who quickly captivated him with questions about what things he would tackle as the new king? He named a few things, but he unobtrusively changed the subject. The boy was pale and unsteady like many youths who masturbated too much or fucked too much. He lowered his voice and confided in the boy that he had fucked around way too much at his age and thank God he had realized at the right time that he needed to slow down a bit on the squirting or he would lose sight of his goals, and he wanted to train for the famous Kingsguard at all costs. He left the subject and the boy when he realized the little one had something to think about.

He greeted the empress true to form. A real fucknoodle, very superficial and hell bent on flirting with him. He remained polite and kept his distance, but thankfully the emperor’s four advisors approached him and kidnapped him. An interesting conversation soon ensued, as the advisors wanted to know everything about the uprising and asked him specific questions, which he was only able to answer in part. He made his way to the safe shore, he had only been in Qin for a few days and knew nothing concrete about this or that,

apart from military matters, where he could maintain his clear, firm position. But one thing was certain, and he had promised Emperor Long with a handshake: the economy, trade and joint projects would continue and expand without interruption. Qin was not a foreign state, but a loyal kingdom of the empire under the heavens. He had served several emperors for more than 20 years and he would not change that. He asked for some time to familiarize himself with the kingdom, but he would be glad if the gentlemen advisors would bring problems or issues to be resolved to him in a timely manner before an annoying pimple turned into a tumor. In the end, the obvious prime put his arm around his shoulders as if by chance, and Chai knew that these advisors were willing to work with the new king. At a hint from the Emperor, they all made their way to the table. He widened his eyes as the girl Ling took a seat next to him. Emperor Long had not promised too much, the girl was first class, hot and beautiful. She was obviously educated and a front-row court lady. She never interrupted or interfered in his conversation, but she found the gaps to whisper softly to him. "You already know me, King Chai," she began very quietly, as it was only meant for his ears. "Mind you, you were Chai then, bodyguard to the emperor." He rummaged through his memory with her face, to no avail. "Days after the empress was sent from court, I lay with you." An image popped up in his mind, now it was clear. "You were the girl Ling, 13 at the time, and you lay with me for two weeks. You comforted me and lifted me up because the empress's departure hit me pretty hard." She nodded, her eyes shining. "Yes, Chai, you were my first husband, I was already 13 and you treated me like a princess. I gave you my virginity, rejoicing, and fucked you for two weeks. You told me when I left that I should read a lot more old books, but not the trash that the bored ladies of the court devoured. I took it to heart and read more than my teachers. I became a lady-in-waiting and Emperor Long realized what a treasure was between my ears. I was allowed to accompany him on many journeys and warm his mat, which I took as an honor." He looked at her and she smiled, "My dear, the empress obviously wants to flirt with you and is contorting herself to show you her pussy!" He nodded and felt he had to do her the honors and turned to the Empress. He acted very surprised and raised his eyebrows several times as if he had never seen a pussy before. Her eyes flirted, for she was undoubtedly the only desirable creature between here and

the Mekong. How could she have guessed that he would let himself be chopped off before he went after the emperor? He played along with her game for a short while, but was distracted by the younger son, who asked him if he had been allowed to lie with his mother when he was young? He lied and said only until he entered the royal academy. He shook his head imperceptibly to signal that this was not an issue at the table. The boy blushed slightly and turned to the empress, for he had long since reached his goal of fucking the empress. His mother scolded him terribly, but the empress, grinning broadly, let the boy fuck her whenever he stroked her legs like a cat. The empress found it amusing to let the little boy fuck her in between, as a kind of afternoon snack. He fucked her with his cute little boy's cock for no more than two minutes, kissed her on the cheek and ran off.

“Do you know the Empress better,” he asked Ling quietly, his eyes gliding over the company. “Well, she's pretty fucked up, her preference is bellboys and little boys under 15, but she fucks all comers right down to the old men, sure. That's what she sees as the point of being empress, she neither politicizes nor intrigues. She would never fight for a lover, why should she? She is a fish that lays its eggs in the sand and swims on.” Chai kissed her fingertips as the emperor looked over and then smiled contentedly. Ling murmured, “The emperor loves her body and her technique, but he will soon demote her to concubine and a new star will rise in the sky. This is how he is, this is how he was, this is how he will always be. Nevertheless, he is a very good ruler and has a remarkable record.”

Chai kissed her fingertips again and looked directly at her. “You wanted to say something else about the empress,” he breathed. Ling returned his gaze firmly. “We fuck each other occasionally, we both have a thing for girls, but we're not lesbians, at least I'm not. She's one of the few women in the court who knows how to fuck clit-on-clit.” Chai mumbled that he knew what it was, he had seen it before. Ling nodded and continued. “She has a clit well suited to it, as do I, and we take turns being the dominant, fucking the other to madness. It's purely physical activities, we're very differently educated and can't really have a proper conversation.”

Chai said after a while, "We've had very different lives since then, I'm king now and you're a hot, smart lady-in-waiting of the first rank. I've wondered for some time if the Emperor, knowing of our brief affair back then, ordered that night?" Ling pondered. "I can't rule it out, because he has his spies everywhere, especially at court. But it seems more likely to me that he likes you somehow and wanted to put someone, he thinks a lot of, in your arms. He appreciates me because I made it clear to him pretty quickly that I'm happy to fuck him if it suits us both, but that I'm not for one second willing to join the long line of his sex toys. He picked up on that, it showed him some kind of resistance and that was the best I could do concerning him. I think he wanted to give you a special gift, something out of the ordinary."

Chai nodded and commended himself, he had seen the look on the Emperor's face. He followed the emperor into a small room and closed the door behind him. Without waiting for the Emperor's questions, he began his report, ticking off one by one, the Empress last. He mentioned that she was very flirtatious, but he couldn't do anything with that. The emperor nodded, "and the Ling?" He said she was impressive and he was happy to follow the emperor's command. Long clicked his tongue like a recruit clicking, when admiring a pretty ass. "Ling is a real tiger, my friend, you'll be whooping, hollering and coming to breakfast on a walking stick! I want you to feel good and I can't command that!" He thought for a moment. "What would you advise me to do with the older son? He's getting to the age where he should do something." Chai thought for a long time. "Your Majesty is right, the younger one is by far better suited to ruling. I would give him a job or a department where he can feel like the emperor's son, but where a wrong decision won't cause much damage, where there are sensitive professionals who can guide his hand. Fisheries Minister. Nothing political, nothing military. He's not a bad person, but it's not given to him. If I were a religious person, I'd blame the gods, that's what they're there for." Emperor Long looked at him for a long time. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, "Gods." He looked to the ground. "He's still fucking his mother, he won't look at anyone else. He'll get a post where his mother can accompany him. At least she's got both feet on solid ground. The younger one is made of better stuff, he's gradually freeing himself from his mother's em-

brace, he nibbles on servants, the ladies-in-waiting and recently he's been nibbling on the horny empress! That's good, the world is wide and boundless, it doesn't end at Mom's skirts!" He nodded and the conversation was over. They went back to the company.

A Special Night

It was a special night for Chai and Ling. They had both had very little wine to consciously experience the night and Chai had two more bottles of wine tucked under his arm, perhaps they were getting thirsty. He looked at her naked body, but she was a grown woman now and no longer the trembling 13-year-old girl who wanted to give her virginity to the famous warrior. He couldn't remember the young girl's body, the moment of her deflowering or all the fucking afterwards. He held her in his arms as she lay with him. He told her that he hardly remembered then. She nodded, he felt the movement of her head on his chest. "It was my first time, it was my own decision and yet I was shaking like a leaf with fear and anticipation. You were one of the few sensitive men I've ever fucked. You prepared me for the deflowering with gentle words and were incredibly gentle, even though it is actually an aggressive event. Within seconds I felt no more pain and whispered for you to fuck me and feel free to squirt inside because I wasn't bleeding at the time. My pussy adapted well to your cock and I had my first orgasms while fucking. At that time I only knew orgasms from masturbating every night, these were somehow different, on the one hand gentler and yet powerful. I have never forgotten my first time, it was an event that turned my sex life upside down and opened the door to a new world. I learned that you wanted to fuck out of infatuation or out of calculation to achieve something. That you could fuck because you were ordered to, or when you had a girl's body pressed to your chest and you had to fuck her driven by instinct. Fucking was sometimes like currency, you got paid or you bought something."

They were silent for a while, the fucking could wait a bit. She gently stroked her clit; as so often, he was sleepy and not really awake yet. "The second important thing, my love, was that you kicked my

ass. My grandfather taught me to read for ten years, the good man. And what did I do with it? I read the cheap trashy novels of the ladies-in-waiting. You opened my eyes. The stupid mule had to be kicked in the ass. What did I want, you asked the little 13-year-old. It's something special to be able to read, thousands can't. And what are you going to do with this gift? I've never forgotten that sentence. What are you going to do with this gift? I understood. I went straight to the archivist and he asked me what I wanted to read, laws, travel-ogues, astronomy? I said something to help me understand the world better. So I went to the philosophers and had to read aloud three times and think about what he wanted to say. I became wiser from week to week, I read the great sages and the religious leaders. Not the books that the priesthood had written to reinforce superstition and fantastic stories about spirits and gods. I immediately recognized what the philosophers had warned about, a stupid people will more easily follow a stupid seducer into the abyss. The archivist had two or three interesting works that explained the laws and workings of the realm well to me. What a crazy time I lived in, strictly speaking there were only two things, reading and fucking. I did both with full commitment. I became famous because I had achieved a certain mastery in fucking and because I amazed the men in high positions, even the Emperor's councillors, with my knowledge during the breaks a man needs to relax. After ten years, Emperor Long became aware of me. I charmed the jaded man with the naturalness that you sparked in me and which I never lost. I didn't let myself be degraded to a ridiculous fuckhole like others, not even by the emperor. I was rewarded with a place in the front row of the ladies-in-waiting and accompanied him on many journeys and gatherings. I demanded to be fucked properly by him and not just in passing, I was as stubborn as a donkey. He, in turn, took the opportunity to lie naked next to his naked lover and to question things and to ponder things that he couldn't do with the councillors without having his authority questioned. I never presumed to rule through him. I'm not that stupid. But I did advise him because he had to resolve issues. He was also the one who set me up with the new empress a year ago. I never hid from him that I also had nice affairs with girls. He asked, "With fucking, clit-on-clit? I had to admit meekly that I had only made stumbling attempts. He laughed booming and slapped his thighs, finally able to teach a master —

his words! — something new. He had a girl — the now Empress — in his repertoire, she could fuck clit-to-clit perfectly, she had let him watch a hundred times and the old voyeur sometimes crawled between the four thighs to see it up close. He introduced me to the girl, she taught me the fine art of perfecting clit-on-clit-fucking and we've been fucking from time to time for a year now. It's very different from fucking a man and yet very similar. It starts gently and tenderly, it gets wild and wilder and in the end one fucks the other to madness."

Chai was really aroused by the pictures she drew, her clit was already wide awake and they fucked until after sunrise. She had mixed his fucking with the shy 13-year-old girl and the 28-year-old experienced master. He gave it his all, he kept on fucking even though he couldn't squirt any more and she gave him short breaks before she came all over him again. The first rays of sunlight reminded them to come to an end. They said goodbye to each other like lovers, knowing at the same time that they were only 10 days' ride apart.

Emperor Long was already sitting at breakfast when Chai came down the stairs with a spring in his step and refreshed, Ling arrived 15 minutes later. The emperor waved to her and the three of them had breakfast. "You look so fresh, like you haven't been shagging all night," he joked, but the two just smiled at each other and then at the emperor. "But we didn't bet like that, Lord King, I only lent you my Miss Ling, not gave her to you!" Chai smiled quietly and Ling said that Lord Chai had only been given the gift of a night, but the sun had risen relentlessly, the gods ignoring her prayers for respite. Gods, that is. The emperor laughed and slapped his thighs, Ling dabbed away his tears of laughter with a tissue and said, "Perhaps the court jesters should be called!" The emperor couldn't stand it any longer, he laughed so booming and at the top of his lungs that the servants were truly amazed. After breakfast, Chai received his certificate and said goodbye to the emperor and Ling without a kiss. His men had already ridden from the Japan House to the gate, and they left the city. Chai asked the captain how the accommodation was. The captain did not move a muscle. "This is the most elegant brothel in the empire, my king, you are bathed, oiled and perfumed by the delicate hands of women, and a stream flows through every room,

you roll off the mat straight into the water.” Chai said, so what? The captain remained silent and laughed to himself with a deadpan expression. The warrior next to the captain shouted, “What, so what? We fucked like berserkers, we drank fine wine and swapped wives for the next duel! Who won? I don’t know, but I got them all down!” The men hooted and shouted until the captain intervened. “But thank you, my king, it was a fine thing, the accommodation!” They rode and rode and slept for three hours at midday, then continued on their way.

Mulan’s Awakening

Mulan was now awake for hours at a time, the doctor had her served a double portion of meat or fish with her rice, she would have lost a lot of blood. The first time she was clear-headed, she grasped the hands of the ancient lord and thanked him for saving her. He refused, she had been saved by a warrior who had claimed she was in his heart. Mulan was speechless. The doctor said he was an experienced warrior, he hadn’t torn out the spearhead in a panic, she would have died immediately. He had held the wound closed with a cloth from her shirt until he, the doctor, arrived. The warrior had carried out the operation according to his instructions because he was not strong enough for it. He had cleaned the wound properly, which required no strength in his fingers. The warrior had vigorously cauterized the wound with a red-hot blade and applied the staple, using only his fingers. Speaking of staples, let me see your virgin breasts!” Lin pulled the sheet off her torso and lifted Mulan’s arm up. The doctor felt the edges of the wound with his fingers, checked that the staple was firmly in place and looked into her eyes. “There will be an ugly scar under your armpit, my girl, unfortunately. The wound is very deep, it went into the side of your lung, but that’s the first thing to heal. But at least no ribs and no bones are injured, only by millimeters. Your strong warrior will take the brace off you when he comes back.” Mulan straightened up and the old man muttered, “virgin breasts, I told you so!”

Mulan asked, “where is he, where is Lord Chai!” Lin put her face in envious hands. “Please don’t get upset, he didn’t get the slightest scratch in the fight, the gods protected him. Haraldur has a burst lump on his skull and we can only fuck like very old people, slowly and carefully!” Mulan urged, “where’s Chai!” Lin grinned. “The council and the people have proclaimed him king! Imagine, a king! And he rode straight to the emperor for his permission and he should be back in 6 or 7 days. King!” Mulan sank back onto her pillow. “I thought I had dreamed it. King! By the emperor!” Lin fetched water and a cloth to wash Mulan. Lin uncovered her completely and began to wash her carefully. The doctor said, “Your clit is already all pointed and stiff again!” Mulan blushed from her forehead to the base of her breasts. “You can masturbate if you feel the urge!” he said, “Miss Lin and I have always done it for you before, but now you can do it yourself!” Lin turned deep red and stammered sheepishly, “You needed it so damn badly, 5 times an hour at least!” The doctor interjected that it was from the fever and the herbal tea, so don’t make a fuss!” He put his hand on Mulan’s pussy and a finger on her rebellious clit. “Shall you fuck me, my lord, now and at once?” Mulan cried, not even sure if she really wanted to. The doctor pulled his hand away, Lin parted Mulan’s labia with her fingers and rubbed her pussy really hard so that Mulan began to tremble lustfully and orasmed lightly.

The Doctor’s Tale

“Oh, my girl, I haven’t fucked a girl in maybe 50 years!” the doctor exclaimed, “not since my wife and sister died!” Lin said empathetically, “Both of them?” He shook his head. “My sister was also my wife!” Lin and Mulan held their breath, then Lin asked, “Won’t you tell us more, good man?” The doctor leaned back in his chair. “It was 100 years ago, my little sister and I were orphans and a dear aunt took us in, she had a spare room. She came to me every night and lay with me. I had explained to my sister that that was fucking, the adults do that. The aunt was a very old ugly woman who of course thought it was great not only to masturbate but also to be fucked by a good boy. My sister took good care and asked me about this and that

the next day. She learned to masturbate just from watching her aunt. Her husband was a retired captain, he only fucked her aunt rarely, every few months. But she still had fire in her ass and bumps in her butt, and the arrangement was really okay for everyone. I had already started my medical training at 13, was pretty good at herbalism and the teachers were very pleased. My sister sat on the captain's lap and learned to read eagerly. He could read well, but not write, which she could learn later somewhere else. He fondled my sister while she was reading, but I didn't mind. She was supposed to teach him how to masturbate her to orgasm. He learned with difficulty, it took months. I studied obsessively, I wanted to become a doctor as soon as possible. The years passed peacefully and without excitement. My sister was 11, almost 12, when the 'summer of ten thousand thunderstorms' hit us. You've probably already heard about it, there were thunderstorms day and night and endless rain, the lightning flashed every minute, the thunderclaps made us cover our ears. Auntie knew that the gods were at war with each other and she stood under the door and shouted at the storm clouds with the foulest curses until she closed the door in the evening, hoarse or voice-soaked. There were no lessons, no sensible person would go outside in the rain and knee-deep floods. My teachers were working day and night, I lay lazily and angrily in bed and my sister lay next to me, trembling with fear and snuggled up to me. She asked if she could touch and examine my cock. I shrugged my shoulders indifferently, hell yes! She explored and explored and sat up curiously when I masturbated. She was so concentrated that she forgot lightning and thunder. She licked the semen with one finger, "Mhhh! That tastes good!" she exclaimed, and I, 18 years old, two years before my final exams and already terribly clever, told her that all women let themselves squirt in their mouths and drank the good juice. I had experience with it, I had already fucked two dozen girls and what felt like a thousand married and widowed women, I was definitely a bad finger, so to speak. My little sister, immediately on fire, let herself squirt in her mouth several times a day. The thunder and lightning were drowned out by masturbating, squirting in her mouth and swallowing semen. The thunderstorms battered us for weeks, my aunt had angered the gods with all the roaring and swearing and she got a bad case of pneumonia. She didn't get to fuck anymore, I masturbated time and time again and squirted into my sister's mouth. She turned 12, we couldn't

have a birthday party, the aunt was feverish and coughing in bed and her husband was sitting next to her, drinking. My sister wanted to see if my cock would go in her pussyhole yet and I laughed because she only got it in as far as her hymen. She cried in anger, damn it, why didn't it go in? A flash of lightning nearby, a clap of thunder that promised to split our house, and my sister thrust her pussy twitching into my cock. She laughed at the top of her lungs, "it's all the way in! All the way inside!" She immediately fucked me like she had seen her aunt do and we fucked every spare minute from then on. The summer was coming to an end, the thunderstorms stopped all at once. It was strangely dead quiet in the big house. I walked into Auntie's apartment, she was lying dead on the bed, staring curiously into the next life. Her captain was lying next to her, he had drunk himself to death. His face lay on her neck, a last, very last caress. We buried them in tears, I cried because I didn't know how the two of us were to go on living. The mayor's assistant came to us, the good people had bequeathed us the large town house, two handfals of silver boats and the captain's pension for seven years. Sister was still crying, but I had a good laugh. My education was secured, as a doctor I would be able to feed us both well. My education continued, my little sister ran the household and we fucked like rabbits as often as we could.

I was a really good, successful and very hard-working doctor. People came from near and far and I was able to save and heal almost all of them, accumulating a small fortune, modestly. The king was a frequent patient, as was the whole court. But apart from my good deeds, I was and remained the same bad finger as during my training. I fucked all the girls who let themselves be fucked. I fucked all the wives and patients I liked. How often the stupid husband sat next to his wife's bed and held her hand while I fucked his narrow minded wife, for medical reasons of course. Many childless couples sacrificed in the temple because the wife was finally pregnant after my medical treatment. The gods alone know how many of my bastards grew up in and around the city. Of course, I fucked all the court ladies without exception, most of them weren't really ill, but curious about the loin-strong doctor. The queen always suffered from severe stomach pains, I drove out her flatulences with rough fucking. After fucking her, I placed one outstretched arm over her intestines and stretched the other arm under her ass and pressed on the two fart points above her

buttocks. With a cannon thunder she farted out her bellyache. When she later gave birth, the knot in her intestines was apparently untied and she farted constantly and everywhere, earning her the nickname of the Sulphur Queen. But she never had stomach pains again and didn't need a doctor to fix her. She was so often ill and was miraculously cured by me, so that the king had to appoint me 2nd court physician at the request of the queen, who had been well fucked by me, and after the death of the old personal physician I became 1st court physician and personal physician to both majesties.

The Queen was pregnant. I advised her to seduce the king immediately so that he could feel like the father. The queen and I swore a sacred oath never to reveal my paternity. I fucked her with a sense of duty throughout the pregnancy because the poor thing was almost bursting with sexual lust. She gave birth to twins, Xin and Xan, two sweet girls who were completely alike and resembled the queen like an egg. I could hardly contain my happiness.

I served the king faithfully, he, his family and the entire court were bursting with health, I devoted a great deal of time to treating the poor population free of charge on behalf of the king. He was delighted with the growing popularity in the country. I was and remained the bad finger, as the goddesses had created me. An anecdote comes to my mind, my dear girls, I tell it to you to demonstrate the bad finger.

A 13-year-old girl from a desperately poor family had been stung by a scorpion while working in the fields, she was in pain and had a fever. A scorpion sting is no big deal for a doctor, but I asked the mother why the girl was not yet a woman, why she was still a virgin, that was very unusual. The mother was very embarrassed, her husband couldn't fuck, he squirted immediately as soon as he penetrated her. She had never fucked again after her defloration at the age of 12, the good woman. The daughter said that her dad was very sweet and had been trying to take her virginity for almost a whole year. But it went as it did with mom, he penetrated to her hymen, squirted instantly and that was it. The father was not unhappy, he squirted every night in his daughter's little pussy and he hugged his little girl lovingly. What else could make a man happier? The girl said she

didn't dare ask, but she would love to be a real woman. I nodded and let the mother undress the lovely child. She should also lie naked next to her daughter and assist me. The mother didn't know the word, she was a simple woman with very limited horizons. I had her spread her daughter's labia with both hands and then I took her virginity. The mother wanted to let go, but I demanded that the daughter remain spread open. I fucked the happy child with great pleasure, then I told the mother how enormously stiff her clitoris was sticking out. She said very shyly that this sometimes happened, but it always calmed down by itself. I asked the daughter if she wanted me to fuck her mother too? She nodded eagerly, saying that her mother hadn't fucked properly since she was a child and maybe that was why her clit was so red and stiff, because she had watched her daughter's beautiful fucking with longing. The mother shyly lowered her eyes and whispered, "but do it quickly before my husband comes home!" The daughter kissed her on the cheek, "Mom, it's so wonderful!" and I set to work. The mother moaned, groaned and cheered like a songbird as we fucked, she exploded in a huge orgasm and let my cock pop out. I let her wriggle and twitch in the first orgasm of her life, I continued to fuck her daughter and squirted violently into her hole. I wrote two prescriptions for the pharmacist, an ointment against the scorpion venom and a special herbal tea for dad. I told the daughter that he had to drink two cups of the bitter tea every morning for five months and that she should let him try fucking every evening to see if he could fuck properly. I wrote on the pharmacist's prescription that they were poor people and if they couldn't pay, he should charge the king's court. I continued to visit mother and daughter for weeks to check on the recovery of the scorpion sting and to give mother and daughter a good fucking. Yes, dear girls, that was me, a bad finger.

The misfortune happened when I accompanied the king for four weeks as his personal physician. When we got home, my sister had been dead for days. I almost lost my mind, we buried her and I swore never to fuck a girl or a woman again in my life. The gods had punished me for my assaultive and insidious fucking of hundreds of girls, hundreds of chaste and faithful wives and now I had to pay! I kept my vow for 54 years, with one single exception.

The king loved to hunt and fight for his life, but he took little pleasure in fucking. He also never once thought of deflowering his twins, the daughters I gave the queen, on their 12th birthday. Now he had a wonderful opportunity to marry off his 14-year-old daughters to two princes of a royal court, a huge gain for the kingdom of Qin! He was saddened, however, because at that royal court only girls over 12 were still virgins, who were tainted. The princes had visited the brides and it was all beautiful and wonderful and radiant. The king, deep in depression, pondered how he could solve the problem, there was no way he could leave the deflowering to a windy court animal. I offered him a medical solution, he was beaming all over his face! I asked to be locked in the princesses' bedchamber for three days, it was a delicate procedure. And so it happened.

I locked the door and took turns fucking my girls for three days, without much interruption. The daughters jubilantly gave their virginity and fucked from orgasm to orgasm. They were delighted to swap the boring masturbation for the much more exciting fucking. We never talked about it openly, but my clever daughters had suspected for years that I was their father. The only question they asked me at the beginning of those three days was that the father was usually responsible for deflowering his daughters, and why didn't Daddy King do it himself? I confirmed that this was the custom, but I didn't go any further. I had broken my oath, I never fucked another girl or woman for 54 years. That's my story, girls, half a lifetime of pleasure, the other half of shame and penance."

The Return of the King

Lin went into her room, the captain was now removing the staple from Haraldur's skull. The deep laceration had healed nicely, and the long ugly scar proclaimed to any enemy that his Viking skull could take a beating. Lin hugged the man of her heart and whispered in his ear that they could finally fuck properly and powerfully again!

Mulan was on her feet for the first day. The old doctor only supported her briefly, then she supported him. He examined the wound,

it had healed well and they waited for Chai to remove the staple. The old doctor felt her breasts because he wanted to see if the one on the left side had been affected by the scar. He pressed, squeezed and pulled. But no great change was to be expected. Mulan's ears and cheeks were red and she hid under the sheet. It was mainly due to the herbal tea, grinned the doctor, when the sheet wiggled for minutes on end. Mulan just couldn't help it, she simply had to masturbate more often than ever.

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

Chai brushed the dust from his clothes and stepped into the throne hall. The councillors stood up, a few curious citizens applauded briefly. More and more citizens approached, the news attracting everyone. Chai took the captain's traveling bag and took out the imperial document, which he handed to the Primus. He read it aloud and passed it on so that all the councillors could look at it. The Primus looked around, then shouted loudly, "Long live our king, King Chai!" The citizens shouted after him and there was a loud commotion for a few minutes. Chai waited, then raised his hand. He gave a short speech, he had had 20 days to formulate it carefully. 20 minutes later there was a roar of enthusiastic applause, he had spoken directly to their hearts as well as their common sense. There was only one point where his harshness shone through: no insurgent could expect mercy. The gallows or the sword, no prisoners. No pardon.

The craftsmen and servants worked on the damage to the palace and the insurgents bodies were buried without much affection. They had bitten the ruler's benevolent hand. The ceremonial burial of the

royal family, the warriors and the murdered citizens would take place in 10 days. Chai asked the council for three days' rest after the long ride. He spent time with his father, reporting everything in detail, for his father was bright in spirit and interested in everything important and essential. He was able to tell his son exactly which councillors he fully trusted and which he was not quite sure which horse the good man was actually riding. He also bluntly named the two whom he had good reason not to trust. The old cavalryman was still full of pride in his son, he could not and would not hide that. Chai insisted on having his father carried to the funeral in a sedan chair, as his feet no longer cooperated.

Chai presented Haraldur with the emperor's certificate. General Haraldur! He was very moved and knew that Chai had left the Emperor no choice. They talked a lot about the future. They were both around 40, they had fought many battles and Haraldur could not imagine anything else but swinging his sword. Chai analyzed some aspects of the revolution. As bravely as the royals had fought, after the poisoning of the guard, the palace was defenseless. The royals were little more than a guard force. That had to change. Chai wished Haraldur would take on the difficult task of helping the surviving Guard commanders rebuild and reorganize the Royals into a "small" Guard and keep them on their toes. Haraldur was not very enthusiastic at first. As an imperial general, he could sign on as a general in any of the 7 kingdoms, that was the alternative, said Chai. And no, he didn't need a bodyguard like the emperor had; the guard, the large and the small, would take turns. Haraldur wanted to think it over. Chai didn't give him a deadline. He just asked him to think about Lin's future too, she deserved it.

Mulan's Dreams

Mulan was depressed, the old doctor had also mastered the difficult art of reading irises. "How old are you, girl Mulan?" he had asked. "Twenty-three, soon to be twenty-four." The doctor looked into her eyes a second and a third time. "You have a healthy body, a wonderful body, girl!" he exclaimed. He took her hands in his.

“Haven’t you, you’ve never had the bleeding?” he stated. Mulan nodded in the affirmative. “Well, it will stay that way, unless I’m very much mistaken.” Mulan looked down at the ground, “and, my lord, is that important? Is that bad or good?” The doctor gave her a sidelong glance; she didn’t seem to see the consequences. “Only a woman who bleeds regularly has children. Old women lose their periods and stop having children.” Mulan looked up. “No bleeding, no children.” He nodded, “You can adopt children and give them the same love as your own child. Or you can plan your thread of life without children, that too can be a right choice. The whole world is before you, daughter!” Mulan felt the doctor’s warmth and confidence. “I will think about it very seriously, my father. My future is just beginning and I will continue to carefully weave the thread of the goddesses. Thank you for your trust in showing me a small glimpse, a corner piece of the future. Thank you!”

Mulan told Chai about it. He nodded. “If you know some facts, that’s an advantage. Guessing is far more difficult.” They talked for hours as his life took a sharp turn. Everything changed for him. She wanted to go with him wherever he went. She didn’t want to decide right away if she wanted to be queen, she still had to think about that. She wanted to be with him, whether he went into the field or into a palace. Whether as mistress, concubine or queen, it didn’t seem important to her. “I don’t know, did the old king leave love birds or concubines?” he puzzled. “I will give them rich gifts, however much the council grants them, and let them go. I have never had a wife, concubine or love bird, even a campfire can keep a soldier warm. At least that was the case until the last earthquake. Now you are with me and I prefer that to any campfire.”

Mulan said she had dreamed a lot in her fever, but one dream kept returning. She was fighting alongside Haraldur against hundreds, thousands of grimaces. Haraldur, as tall as a tower, mowed them with his broadsword like a reaper mowing grain. She, small and agile, crouched, stabbed and cut down the grimaces with her spear. It was obvious that she kept dreaming of the last battle. But she felt as if she was in the right place for the first time in her life. As if she felt really whole. When she half awoke in between, she felt as if she didn’t just belong to her books, but had to hold the spear in her hand.

She asked Chai what he thought? He swayed his head back and forth. There were, of course, the beautiful legends about warrior princesses who could miraculously fight like the best warriors from one moment to the next, smashing dragons and usurpers to pieces with ease and getting the prince and kingdom in the end. Legends, he said. Qin had no acute enemies to slaughter. He had no problem believing Mulan would learn the trade of war and move from city to city as a mercenary, because he had seen her fight. But in his moral code, mercenaries were paid murderers, nothing more. And he didn't want to see her as "nothing more", he would despise her in disgust.

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

Let's go to Work

Haraldur agreed and was ready to build and train new troops. However, he would spend more time training with the sword and less time idling away with administration. Of course, everything had to be agreed beforehand, but then he would get to work. Chai thanked him and nodded, "we will discuss the basic outline together, the execution and design is up to you. I will introduce you as General Haraldur, Commissioner for Army Affairs, Minister of War or First Warhorse and Thug of Qin, whatever they want to hear." Haraldur grinned from ear to ear. "And why didn't you say so in the first place!?"

Chai asked very carefully, wondering if he had discussed it with Lin. "Of course," Haraldur said, "thank goodness we disagree. My opinion is that a warrior must go out into the world, slay dragons and usurpers en masse, and screw a princess here and there. Lin wished me good luck with my dragons and so on, she sulked a bit about the princesses. But otherwise we get along greatly." Chai realized that

Haraldur and Lin would have to tussle for a while before Haraldur was ready to drop anchor. He hurried into the throne hall.

Chai was a leader by type and that was good for a king. He treated the councillors with respect and gave them a lot of freedom to solve their tasks. He had hired cooks from neighboring cities and entertained the people for an entire day when the old king was buried with full honors. The King had left behind neither concubines nor love bird wives, so he could breathe a sigh of relief.

He sat for days with Haraldur and the commanders of the guard, and in the end everyone was satisfied. The king wanted the magnificent guard back to its former glory plus 20% more. The guard had to provide the bodyguards. And the royals had to be trained as a “small” guard and trained day after day. “I know it’s more work for you gentlemen, but I never want to see a disaster like the uprising again. If you don’t train for a day, then there’s no food and no pay, it’s as simple as that. I don’t see the Guard as bouncers with big egos and little weaponry. They are elite soldiers, scouts, tacticians and invincible close combatants with all weapons. In the field, in the forest, in the swamp and also in the marble palace. Every single one of them must teach me to fear, I ask for nothing less. I have fought side by side with General Haraldur for 30 years, I expect him to teach you all the tricks, because he can do a lot, even though he doesn’t know how to fight with a Guards stick. Be strict with these guys and blame the king for any trouble, I can take it. Be strict and kick their asses until your boots have holes in them. But make elite fighters out of each and every one of them, because that’s exactly what I did 20 years ago with the Emperor.”

Chai interfered very little in the work of the councillors. They had to present the tasks and solutions in short, concise form, because he wanted to be informed about everything. He knew nothing about most things, neither trade nor agriculture, fishing or forestry, but that was what they were there for. Unobtrusively, he had two councillors retire, as his father had advised him to do. He appointed the Primus as Chief Alderman; it wasn’t just a title and better pay, he knew how good the man was and only asked that he kept the aldermen working. The Primus smirked because the new king was turning

just the right screws and not like the old king who good-naturedly let things go.

Chai demanded a new law from the Supreme, a new and arguable regulation. Until now, the spoils and taxes had become the king's property. That was bad. Spoils, profits and taxes had to become the responsibility of the treasurer, the king received a salary like all councillors, for example. The Supreme thought for two moments and nodded in agreement, "We'll sort that out, Your Majesty, you'll be pleased."

Chai went home every night, the palace was not finished and Mulan was quite pleased with it. They both knew that one day they would move. It was like this. Chai had specified to the builders that he wanted one bedroom for the king and queen, not two. He did walk around the building sites, but only to show face. He nodded and praised and cheered, but he had no idea what they were doing. Nevertheless, the councillors were very pleased with his tours because it boosted morale. The headman smiled, the king was doing the right thing too. The builder didn't need to know how to lay tiles.

Chai and Mulan rode around the palace of Qin twice at a walk. Five months had passed and all the work was to be completed in 20 days. They visited their private chambers. On the way out, he whispered, "Not even the empress has such a magnificent bedroom!" Mulan grinned. Of course, he had to know. She kissed him on the lips. "I'll certainly feel very comfortable here!"

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

He listened very attentively.

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BOOK III: In the Enchanted Castle

by Jack Faber © 2024

The ancient storyteller returned to town and was immediately surrounded by children. It was said that he was probably 100 years old, but that was not true. He was blind and felt the girls bodies with his hands. He asked them in a whisper if they wanted to lie on his lap while he told his story. Most of them knew what that meant and only some nodded eagerly. His fingers then touched the small breasts of those girls again and explored her pussy and clit very closely.

While he was telling his story in a loud, sonorous voice, one girl after another lay down on his lap. The spectators let out loud sighs and moans when he uncovered the girl completely, spread her legs vigorously and then stroked her naked body for a long time. The girl hid her face in shame on his neck when he showed her little pussy, covered only with a light fluff, to the spectators. Only those nearby let out loud sighs and moans, as they could see his fingers pulling her clit out of its hiding and stimulating it for a long time until it protruded really firmly, if it wasn't too short. He looked with milky white blind eyes at those in the front row, because only they could see that he was rubbing and stimulating the clitoris and, as the story progressed, bringing the girl gently and delicately to orgasm. They sighed and moaned along with the girl during her orgasm, the old man was really very skilled at bringing the girl gently to orgasm while he told his story. After her orgasm, she stood up and went to the back row with an ashamed, burning face, the next lay down on his lap and the story continued. One very cheeky girl had started years ago not only to lie on his lap, no, she grabbed his cock and pressed it into her pussyhole before she lay back and let him caress her and masturbate her to orgasm in front of everyone, her burning face hidden in his neck or behind his beard. Since then, every girl had done it this way, but no one could say whether he squirted inside while he was telling the story. There was a murmur and a whisper in the front row, some

claiming to have seen his cock pumping in her pussyhole. Those who were sitting at the front could see his cock in her pussyhole, his finger caressing the girl's clit and finally masturbating her clit to orgasm. She then stood up and the next one lay in his arms. He had an excellent hearing, he heard the women in the back rows sighing and moaning when a man, sitting behind her, grabbed her from behind and pulled her onto his lap. The women sat down so that the desired men were sitting behind them, men who they wanted so much and could hardly get them otherwise. Without protest, the chosen man penetrated the pussy of the seated woman from below and fucked her silently while she was sitting on his lap. Although it was pitch black, no one took off their clothes or lay down to fuck, everyone pretended to just listen to the storyteller, the cocks found the hidden pussyholes under the skirts anyway. The storyteller grinned, because the woman was then passed on to the person sitting next to him and was fucked by that one. Men and women alike knew this and came here just to get it. Many a woman was fucked by a dozen men or more during his storytelling, he noted with a broad grin. The last girl would escort him to the sleeping place and lie down next to him. He only let himself be ridden, because he was really an old man.

And now, let's listen to his story!

* * *

Pyi woke up with a splitting headache. A familiar face beside him. "Mei Ling," he managed to croak out. "Mei, big sister!" he whispered, "so glad you're here!" Mei stroked his head. "Lan, little sister Lan, is here too!" He looked past Mei and there she sat, Lan, smiling sweetly. "Little sister Lan, I have a terrible headache!" he said tearfully. Lan came closer and sat by his bed. "We were very worried! You've been asleep for several months, we didn't know if you'd wake up again. They took off the bandage and the staple a few days ago, you were groaning and moaning and we sat with you and hoped you would wake up." Pyi grabbed his head. There it was, the painful scar, longer than a finger and as straight as the top of your head. "I must have hit my head really hard!" he exclaimed, and Mei and Lan nodded.

He touched his cock under the sheet. "He's all stiff," he said plaintively to Lan, "he's so stiff and he hurts a bit already!" Lan nodded. "We licked and sucked it again and again, Mei and I, it took the pressure off you and you smiled so happily." Lan exchanged a long look with Mei. "I'll lick you right now if you like!"

Lan uncovered him and there he stood, stiff and proud. He put his hand on Lan's head as she leaned down and took his cock in her mouth. "That's nice," he whispered to Mei, "that's really nice!" Lan licked and sucked his cock, which she had completely in her mouth, for probably twenty minutes. He became very excited when Mei picked up his little balls bag. The moment Mei touched his asshole with a finger, stars exploded behind his eyelids, a brief flash of fireworks. Lan took the cock out of her mouth and squeezed and squeezed his glans. A few bright droplets oozed out of the glans. "It won't be long before our little one can squirt properly," Mei murmured. His little cock shrank and Lan covered him up again. "Thanks, sis," he breathed and she smiled, "Mei and I have already licked you a hundred times to get the pressure off." Pyi told her that he had seen fireworks and lightning and how awesome it was. He wanted to sleep, the last thing he saw Lan had much bigger breasts than Mei. Then he fell asleep.

Days or weeks had passed, Pyi sometimes sleeping with Lan, sometimes with Mei. He pressed his body against Mei or Lan, they were so soft and their skin so tender. His little cock stiffened when he stroked his sister and she sucked and licked his cock in her mouth to fireworks, usually twice before he fell asleep. He usually half woke up when Mei rubbed herself very hard between her thighs. He woke up and hugged Mei, but she kept rubbing and rubbing, exhaling hard. "My fireworks," Mei breathed, "these are my fireworks!" They drifted off to sleep.

One night, when Lan had sucked him to the fireworks, he told her that Mei is rubbing herself to the fireworks every night. "I'll make it to the fireworks too," Lan said softly, "you like to watch?" Pyi nodded, of course he wanted to see her rubbing herself to the fireworks, because his sisters didn't have cocks at all. "If you had a cock like me, I'd suck you to the fireworks!" he whispered and Lan smiled sweetly.

She covered herself up and turned a little so that Pyi could see everything in the torchlight.

She shivered all over and masturbated her clit really hard, then twitched hard in the fireworks. He asked if he could take a close look at her pussy? She nodded and explained everything to him. The little black bush was only a cheeky hairstyle, she smiled cockily, labia, pubic fold, clit and the deep pussy hole. The clit was a bit like a girl's little cock, you had to rub it until the fireworks went off. She widened her pussy hole with her fingers, it was very deep. He looked inside as best he could. Lan said the master was fucking in there and squirting, that's what adults do. He looked at her in amazement. She whispered shyly that Master Hiro came every few weeks to fuck her and Mei. "Is Master Hiro your husband?" he asked, but she turned her head away. "He owns us both, Mei and me. He fucks us because he is our master, he fucks us because we belong to him." It was a very strange answer, but he didn't ask any further.

"He's fucking your hole with his cock?" he asked carefully. "Yes, it goes like this. He sticks his cock in my pussy hole and thrusts in and out very hard, quite a long time. Then he has to squirt, he squirts into my cunthole in hot jets until the squirting is done. He squirts in because he wants to make me a baby, but I don't want a baby from him because I don't love him with all my heart. He usually fucks so hard that I get the fireworks when I get fucked and I'm very grateful to him for that." Pyi was silent and so was Lan. "Can I see the fucking?" he asked timidly and she nodded hesitantly. "Maybe, I don't know."

Pyi also spoke to Mei that Lan had shown and explained everything to him. Mei's eyes widened. "Lan showed you how she does it with the clit, rubbing herself with her finger?" He confirmed, she had been letting him watch since a few days, is that wrong? Mei shook her head, no, no, of course it's not wrong, she said, but it's unusual because you rarely let someone watch you masturbate. He immediately said that he wanted to watch her too, that his little cock tingled so nicely when he watched the masturbating and that he was really looking forward to having his little cock sucked. So Mei let him watch too, her fireworks lasted much longer than Lan's. He asked her how she liked fucking Master Hiro, but she was very grumpy. She had to

let him fuck and squirt inside her because he was her master, but she didn't want a child from him either. She belonged to Master Hiro just like Lan and had to let him fuck her whenever he wanted. She didn't like him very much and she didn't get fireworks when he fucked her like Lan did. Master Hiro always ordered her to masturbate after fucking and he enjoyed watching it. That's why she didn't like it when someone wanted to watch her. But Pyi was her little darling, she loved him with all her heart and of course he was allowed to watch her. Would he also be allowed to watch her fuck Master Hiro? Mei thought about it for a long time, "Yes, but we have to be really clever about it. Maybe you could pretend to be asleep, that might work!" Pyi was also allowed to take a close look at Mei's pussy hole, it looked exactly like Lan's, maybe a little bigger. He was allowed to touch and feel Mei's clit. She told him to look at it very closely, that it would grow a little and become as stiff as a cock, when he continued to rub it. That's how it was when he continued to rub the clit and then she showed him how to masturbate again, she did it just like Lan.

Mei said one day after sucking his cock that he had already squirted a little, which was very good because he was already older than 8 and should be able to squirt by then. They still had to do a lot of training and cock sucking before he could squirt properly. Squirt-ing really hard and powerfully was very important for a boy! Lan also noticed that he could already squirt a little bit and was pleased.

Pyi often looked out of the window, but all he could see was a flat plain stretching to the horizon. Sometimes a group of gazelles hopped across the steppe, Lan laughed brightly as he pointed excitedly at the animals. "We're having gazelle meat for rice today," she laughed, "the cooks must have hunted one and the others are running away now!" The vast land, she said, that is China, our homeland. And in the middle of it, in the steppe, stood the enchanted castle, this one. He nodded, so that's how it was!

Master Hiro had come. Mei's heart was pounding, would he chase little Pyi away? But Master Hiro didn't kick him out. Mei laid the "sleeping" little one across the foot of the bed. Master Hiro put his clothes and the big sword on the clothes chest and got into bed with Mei. He was a giant, about 2 meters tall, he was athletic and slim and

he had a huge cock. Pyi was lying right under Mei's feet and could see everything very clearly, he was looking directly between her spread legs at her pubic fold. Master Hiro knelt down, Mei grabbed his cock and brought it into position. "I'm ready, my lord, you can fuck me now if you please!" Pyi's eyes widened as Mei spread her fuck hole with her fingers and Master Hiro penetrated very slowly. Pyi's heart was beating up to his throat as Master Hiro penetrated slowly and Mei's fuckhole adjusted to the big, thick cock. Master Hiro thrust in slowly at first, then faster. Pyi heard Mei gasp and knew she was about to come to the fireworks. But now Master Hiro squirted, thrusting in hard, a dozen times. He sat down next to Mei and ordered her to masturbate. Mei obeyed silently, she was already very horny and masturbated very cautiously, Pyi recognized that immediately. But her body quivered and trembled, she now masturbated more and more devotedly and after a long time came to the twitching fireworks. Master Hiro had gotten a very stiff cock while watching and immediately penetrated her during the fireworks. He fucked Mei hard and brutally, but she pulled his cock out before squirting and rubbed it with a hand to squirt in seconds. "I just masturbated and I don't want you to squirt inside right now. I don't want a baby from you!" She turned her face to the side because Master Hiro had given her a resounding slap. Master Hiro got dressed and left without a greeting.

Pyi waited a few minutes, then lay down next to Mei and hugged her. "The fucking was very exciting, sis," he said, "but why did he hit you?" Mei returned his hug and kissed him on the mouth. "He really wants me to have his child, but I don't want it at all. It would chain me to him, I would have to become his wife. I won't let that happen, I'd rather put the slaps away."

Lan laid him across the foot of her bed and winked at him conspiratorially. They waited until Master Hiro came in. Pyi pretended to be asleep as Master Hiro grunted contentedly. Lan clearly liked fucking her master more than Mei, the boy recognized that immediately. She also talked more to her master. "Come on, my lord, come on, I'll make your magnificent cock hard with my lips and mouth, come on!" "Master, I've got your cock in position, you can start right away!" Lan had a much smaller fuckhole than Mei, she was also a few years

younger. The master penetrated very slowly and Pyi saw Lan's hole widen and adjust to the thick cock. "You feel great today, nice and tight!" the gentleman said, he rarely spoke, at least when he was fucking. He fucked Lan brutally and quickly, she enjoyed it immensely and you could hear her moaning and whooping with pleasure, "yes, come on, make it really nice for me!" she let herself be heard again and again. She clung to Master Hiro's body like a baby monkey to its mother, panting and moaning with excitement. Her fireworks went off with a big explosion, he continued to fuck her in the fireworks even though it was almost tearing her apart. She let go of him, loosened her grip and relaxed. She reached down and rubbed the root of his cock vigorously to make him squirting immediately. Master Hiro left his cock in her hole and continued after he had caught his breath. Lan enjoyed the fucking much more than Mei, Pyi could see that. Her arousal came very quickly this time too, again she clung to him tightly and made a small sound as she was struck by her orgasm as if by lightning. She fell back onto the pillow, completely relaxed and let him finish fucking her. Master Hiro got up quickly after the squirting, dressed and nodded to her greetingly, then left without another greeting. Pyi cuddled up to Lan, she kissed him on the mouth and asked if he had seen everything. He nodded and mumbled that he wanted to fuck her too. Lan laughed brightly and said, "Later, when you're bigger. Let Mei decide, she's the older one."

Pyi was already 10, he could finally squirt. He had to squirt quite often and Mei said it was good for his manhood to squirt a lot and often. He had his cock licked and sucked and squirted in her mouth up to ten times a day. Mei was satisfied on the one hand, but not completely. He needed to practise a lot more. He did, because both Mei and Lan licked him wonderfully. He saw sparks, stars and fireworks and squirted as deep as he could into his sister's mouth. He lay on top of Lan and thrust his cock into her fuckhole, but she shook her head firmly, Mei hadn't allowed it yet! Mei didn't let him into her pussy hole at all, she thought it would have to wait. She urged him all the more to practise reading and writing; there were still more than 40,000 characters to learn. At least he could now read many of the history books, he was like a sponge soaking up the water. Mei could only tell him that there were many villages and towns beyond the great savannah he could see through the windows, and China was a

huge country full of people. But they had to stay here in the castle, that was what Master Hiro had ordered. Mei didn't know when they would be able to go out and see China. They all three belonged to the lord and had to obey him.

Mei had shown him how the old books, bamboo scrolls, had to be opened and rebound. At the back of the library, he discovered a hidden drawer labeled "Piggery" or "Piglets Play". He read everything there. One was called "A thousand asparagus tips". A scientist had measured 1,000 clits. He had made a little stick with little lines for measuring. He stuck the stick in exactly the same place next to the clit and noted his measurement. One measurement before fucking, one after he had fucked the woman, one 10 minutes after the start of masturbation and one at the moment or shortly after her orgasm. He had drawn all thousand clits true to life and noted the measurement next to them. Pyi was very excited, the scientist had fucked a thousand women in the interest of science! Of the thousand clits, 13 could be described as giant, 143 as fairly huge, 207 large as the size of a half fingernail and around 600 as small or very small. Another book, "A Thousand Ways to Shell Beans", listed all the ways in which women masturbated. The majority simply masturbated with one or more fingers; in the countryside, almost all of them thrust a carrot or cucumber into their cunthole, which increased the intensity of the orgasm. Only a small proportion of women let someone else masturbate her. There was a book about fucking and the different fucking positions, one book about women in the countryside who fucked horses and donkeys. He immediately closed the books about boy love because he found it disgusting, even though it was apparently widespread.

Pyi almost always watched Mei and Lan being fucked by the master. Master Hiro rarely stayed longer than 3 or 4 days and only came back months later. Mei didn't know what he was doing and Lan thought he was out fighting, but where and against whom, she didn't know either. He found nothing in the history books, the few servants remained silent or didn't know much themselves. He repeatedly slipped away from his sister's supervision and stalked the younger servants. He lured them to secret places, flipped up the skirts of the shy and ashamed girls and masturbated them with a guilty grin. He didn't dare to fuck them, Mei hadn't allowed it yet. A few girls rubbed

his cock in front of their lips and let him squirt into their mouths. Mei seemed to know everything, she didn't scold him much, it rather amused her. After all, he had to prove to her and Lan that he could really masturbate a girl properly, otherwise they wouldn't have believed it. Mei realized more and more that it was now inevitable.

"You want to fuck properly, don't you?" she asked him one evening, "you've seen how it's done a thousand times." He nodded with a dumpling in his throat. "You haven't allowed it yet, so I haven't fucked Lan or the maids. Never, not a single one," he said bravely. "But you do want to fuck, me, Lan and the maids?" Pyi nodded sadly, "Yes, of course! I have to wait until I'm bigger, Lan had said. But I can put my cock in her hole and wait until it squirts by itself, but of course I can't fuck her properly." He lowered his head because he was really sad. "Tell me, how is it with sticking it in?" Mei asked sternly. He ducked his head and told everything. For weeks, or months, he had been allowed to stick his cock in Lan's hole and they both waited for it to squirt on its own. If it didn't work at all, Lan rubbed the root of his cock firmly, which always worked. "I wanted to do it to you too," he said dejectedly, "but you never let me."

Mei smiled gently, caressed his hair and kissed him on the lips. "You'll be 11 today, from now on I'll allow you to fuck me! Fuck all you want, you can fuck all the maids too and they have to let you fuck them, it's the law. You are their master, just as the three of us are the property of Master Hiro. We have to let him fuck us too."

Mei fucked him as many times as he could that night. He didn't allow himself a minute's rest, he kept his cock inside her and as soon as he could breathe normally again, he continued to fuck her with a blissful grin until he had squirted all his semen inside. After the long fuck, she pressed him to her chest, grabbed his soft cock in her fist, pulled back the foreskin completely and her thumb rotated demandingly on the glans. She would much rather fuck him than the master, she said and stared at his glans, on which her thumb was rotating. She loved him very very much, with all her heart, she said quietly, she only loved the master a tiny, tiny bit, because otherwise she couldn't let him fuck her. She grinned as his poor glans became stiff and dark red under her rotating thumb. She let a drop of saliva fall

onto her thumb. He took a deep breath. "Sis Lan, can I fuck her properly now too?" She nodded as his glans nodded under her thumb. "But of course, she wants it badly, she kept telling me that." He took a deep breath as his glans danced wildly under her thumb. "And the girls, the maids, them too?" Her thumb was now rotating very quickly. "Of course, them too, all of them! Some of them are still very young and you have to take their virginity before you fuck them." He held his breath with lust, he was going to squirt if she kept going like that with her thumb. "What do I have to do to take her virginity?" he pressed out. "You have to push in really hard the first time, because the hymen tears. It hardly hurts her. All girls have to be deflowered once." He held his breath, his semen shooting out in a small jet. She nodded contentedly, "there was still a little bit in there, I knew that!" He breathed heavily, "the older ones too?" She laughed and licked her thumb. "But of course, they're all yours, and hardly any of them are older than 35, none are 40. Fuck them all at your leisure, we'll stop studying if you get hard, okay?" He nodded, "that's fine!", then sank over backwards and fell asleep.

Pyi fucked Mei and Lan tirelessly every night, he studied with both of them just as tirelessly during the day and disappeared for a while in between to fuck one or the other maid in a secret place. He would pretend to be asleep when Master Hiro showed up to fuck Mei and Lan. He was now much better able to gauge how Mei and Lan felt about being fucked. Mei wasn't so nasty to Master Hiro anymore, she sometimes stroked the back of his head when he was squirting. But when she had masturbated, she didn't let him squirt inside again. It was clear to both of them that she didn't want to have a child. Lan didn't love the master any more than Mei did, but she loved being fucked really well and having a nice orgasm. Sometimes she would stick her tongue out when the door had closed behind Master Hiro. She didn't really love him.

Pyi had fucked all the maids before the year was out, none of them resisted him, some just wondered when he kept repeatedly fucking them. They took that as a sign that the young master had taken a liking to her. But he was only in love with Lan and Mei, with their bodies and their pussies and the great fucking with them. He could well appreciate that they fucked with him much more passionately and

lovingly than with Master Hiro. He was very proud of that, even though his cock was still much smaller than the Master's.

Lan practiced with him all year to fuck a girl so, that she came to orgasm. She orgasmed more and more often while fucking Pyi and even Mei, who had never had an orgasm while fucking Master Hiro, gasped a lot at the end of the fuck and smiled, she had only been a thread's breadth away from orgasm!

He had never spoken to Master Hiro before. But he came along once when Pyi was practising the letters with Mei in the morning. Reading, writing and the meanings. "So, there he is, Prince Pyi and Princess Mei!" he said in his blustering way and jovially slapped the 13-year-old on the shoulder. "I see you're learning to read and write, that's good! Well then, I won't disturb you any further!" and stomped off, sword-armed. Pyi waited until the master had descended the stairs and pestered Mei. What's he talking about princess, about prince!?

It was clear to see that Mei was struggling with what to say. "Well, it's true and it's not true again. In the earlier time, the time you can't remember since the head injury, you were a real prince and Lan and I were real princesses like the ones in the history books. Master Hiro brought us here and we took care of your head. Since then, we are no longer princesses and no longer a prince, we belong to Master Hiro, so that's the end of being princesses. Do you understand that?" Pyi nodded, even though he had a thousand questions. "He was actually making fun of us," Pyi said angrily. "So what?" said Mei, "He's only fucking Lan and me because he wants to prove to us who's the master. He doesn't treat us like girls he's in love with. From his point of view, Lan and I are like the maids for you. And are you in love with just one of them? There you go!" That was a lot for Pyi to think about. Why Master Hiro fucked his sisters, why he fucked the maids. Were they both equally wrong?

And what was the time before the head injury?

Lan and Mei pressed their lips together. Neither wanted to talk about that time. He was disgruntled, but he didn't get a single an-

swer. He fucked with greed and lust as before, but the thoughts tumbled wildly in his head. He was so confused that he interrogated the maids after the fuck. The young ones knew nothing at all, they had often only just arrived at the castle when he was already there. The older ones didn't know anything either, but one of them said that the very old maids might know something. He took the 35-year-olds, they fucked much, much better than the young ones, but they couldn't say what was "before" either. The eldest was already over 40 and she hadn't even hoped that the 14-year-old would come to her. She cuddled him in her arms like a mother, she was a masterful fucker and naturally made sure that she got her orgasms. Lan's training paid off, she rode from orgasm to orgasm, whooping and cheering. She leaned back after 3 hours, she had had enough sooner than he had, although he was already very exhausted. She was already here, of course, when his sisters arrived here at the castle with their injured brother.

Yü, as she was called, remembered exactly, and she was willing to talk, even though it was forbidden on pain of death. She didn't care. Pyi lay in Yü's arms like a baby, she loved it when he played baby and licked and sucked on her teats. He had fun with it too, Yü had a fine breast and fine teats, she let him suck like a wet nurse and rubbed his cock very very slowly. She had lived here for ages, in the Enchanted Castle, she had let all the little boys and grown men fuck her, because she had little to do and lots of time to fuck. That was really the only leisure activity you had in this castle if you couldn't read. Pyi listened to her patiently, he licked and sucked on her nipple, she rubbed the foreskin over the glans with long movements and made no effort to masturbate him directly. He dozed in her arms, she reminisced about the beautiful fuck sessions, especially when she was allowed to seduce virgin young boys, which she had loved more than anything.

He woke up abruptly when she told him how two princesses and an injured prince had arrived at the castle. There had been a rebellion somewhere over the horizon, all she knew was that the princesses were from the imperial city of Guang'an. Yü was the one who had some training in healing. The little prince, who was perhaps 7 or 8 years old, had received a sword blow across the top of his head, but thank God the skull bone was not injured, only the rind. Master

Hiro had drawn the sword across his head by mistake, the princesses said tearfully. He had been unconscious for weeks. Yü cleaned the wound with a healing herbal tea and put the staple on him, then she put an ointment on it for good measure, which was usually applied to injured horses, but there was nothing else here, not even a doctor, who would have done much better. She made him a nice bandage. She watched over “her” sick boy, and when no one else was around, she licked and sucked his erection, because that helped him to heal. The princesses were fucked nonstop for three days by Lord Hiro and his warriors, then they left again. The younger princess had still been a real virgin, Lord Hiro took the right to deflower the valuable hostage or prisoner himself and to be the first to fuck her. She, Yü, had often had to fuck Master Hiro in the past, but in her opinion he was not a very good fucker. When the warriors had left, the princesses came straight to her brother and she explained to them why she had sucked and licked the unconscious boy’s cock. The princesses understood immediately and the three of them took turns, never leaving their brother alone for a moment. Even the younger sister learned to lick the cock, Yü couldn’t believe at first that she had never licked a cock before. But the sisters were skillful at sucking his cock and didn’t let him suffer from his erection for a single moment.

Yü leaned forward, Pyi had gotten a strong hard-on despite her gentle stroking and Yü begged to suck him in her mouth. He would have preferred to be fucked, but he nodded his agreement! He continued to suck hard on her teat, which had stiffened and stood up like a pencil tip as she took his cock in her mouth. Yü really was a master cocksucker, but she took her time, she wanted to enjoy every moment. She sucked and licked him for an eternity, he had long since reached the point of needing to cum.

He had already bitten her teat to pieces and now pulled the other teat to his mouth with his hand, this one was just as hard and stiff as the other. She moaned with lust and horniness as he took the second teat into his mouth. He handled the teat carefully, he was so tempted to bite into it. Yü rubbed her clit vigorously and sucked, sucked and licked his cock. It took her a day longer than eternity, she called out to him, panting heavily, that he should bite down harder on the teat, she was about to come! and sure enough, she orgasmed with the clit

and let him squirt deep into her throat. She licked and sucked every drop out of him. “Mhhh! That tastes good!” she let out as she swallowed his seed.

He asked her again about two things. Had Master Hiro really hurt the prince with the sword? Yü nodded instantly, that’s what the two princesses had said. Crying, Yü added. And secondly, were they really hostages, prisoners? Yü thought about it. She had heard that, maybe even Master Hiro had said it, but she wasn’t sure. She had definitely heard it, but she wasn’t sure who had said it. At that time, the castle steward was still alive and he was told to take good care of them. Actually, it must have been Master Hiro himself who gave the castle steward an order. Unfortunately, he had been dead for years. Yü also had a question: did he know what had happened to the little prince and the princesses? She only went down to the kitchen once a day, got herself a meal and chatted a little. Otherwise she just lay on her mat and masturbated when she felt like it, and most of the time she did, Yü giggled. Pyi said he had no idea what had become of them.

Pyi was very pensive for the next few weeks, thinking about what Yü had told him. Yü might have gotten a little cranky, but she remembered most of what she had heard back then. He didn’t say anything to Mei or Lan about the conversation with Yü, he was very ashamed that he had lain in her lap like a baby and sucked and suckled on her teat like a baby. It was shameful because he had felt it sexually and had enjoyed it.

He fucked Mei, Lan and the maids as usual and was always lying in bed when Master Hiro came to fuck Mei and Lan. He always watched the fucking very closely, nothing escaped the voyeur’s eye. The sisters surrendered, nothing indicated that they were prisoners or that Hiro had raped his dear Lan years ago. He turned 15, he turned 16, he could read and write all 40,000 characters. He had read hundreds, maybe thousands of books, most were history books, but there were also works by philosophers and wise men. He was not at all interested in arithmetic and astrology.

He had fucked all the women and girls in the castle and even visited Yü many more times because sex with her was so wicked, ob-

scene and depraved. Even the fat women in the kitchen he had guided into the pantry and had fucked them. Apart from his sisters, whom he fucked every night, he had fucked them all x-times, he had such a strange feeling in his stomach, as if they all repelled him.

Lan surprised him after the fuck with the news that she was pregnant. Master Hiro couldn't be purely mathematically the father, he wasn't in the castle at the time in question. He thought for a long time and couldn't come up with anything, but he felt like fucking Lan. They were in the middle of it when the door opened and Mei slipped in. "Don't let me disturb you," she said quietly and lay down with them, "just finish in peace!" She hugged them both and held them tightly as they continued to fuck. Lan had a wonderful orgasm, then they lay panting next to each other. It was the first time the three of them had ever been naked together. Mei broke the silence. "I'm pregnant too," she said quietly. Pyi sat up excitedly. What? Both of them? Pregnant? And Master Hiro couldn't possibly be the father, they both confirmed that. He wanted to do something, but what? The two laughed sweetly. "You don't have to do anything, just keep fucking us until the dust flies," Lan giggled. "And we'll just tell the master that we're pregnant, he was like a devil to get a child from him, so he'll get two." Mei was the big one, the sensible one. She continued that they alone knew that Pyi was the father, and what the Lord thought was not nearly important.

The joyful shock loosened his mind block. Pyi laughed brightly. "The lord would be torn to pieces if he knew that his hostages, his prisoners, had impregnated themselves, all without his big warrior cock!" The sisters blanched. "His memories are resurfacing," Mei breathed. He nodded wildly. "I saw how that scoundrel Hiro raped and deflowered you, little sister Lan. He's going to regret that!" The horrified look in Lan's eyes said it all. "I watched as he and his warriors raped you both for three days straight, as the scoundrel Hiro ordered the castle steward to guard us, his hostages. I don't quite remember why he parted my hair with his sword, and in truth I don't care. I just don't know who he went to war against and how he got you to the point where you purr like kittens when that criminal gets to fuck you?"

Mei was the first to catch herself. “Master Hiro, well Hiro, has been fighting the emperor he wants to overthrow for ten years. He’s conquered a sizable portion of the country, but he can’t get closer than a day’s ride to the Imperial City. He is holding our parents and our youngest two sisters captive in another castle, forcing us to behave like lovers. Our mother was the emperor’s favorite many years ago, so our parents are an important pledge against the emperor. The two sisters are now 12 and 13, he took the 13-year-old’s virginity six months ago and fucks the child whenever he passes by. I know this from one of his faithful companions who can’t resist my sexy white thighs. No, I have never let him squirt inside, I swear to you, dear Pyi! I also learned that Hiro separated the sisters from their parents a year ago, but they can see and talk to each other through a corridor. The little sister was allowed to watch the big one being deflowered and fuck her and supposedly she is keenly looking forward to Hiro making her a wife too. That’s the last news I got out of my amorous spy three months ago.”

Pyi said he would chop off Hiro’s head. Mei and Lan would not stop him, but he must not put himself in danger. They agreed to wait for the opportunity, it would surely present itself. Pyi breathed a sigh of relief, the dumpling in his stomach was gone. He said they should sleep as a threesome from now on, he fucked them both in turns until the early morning. It really was the best time for all three of them.

Master Hiro came and was completely blown away. Two children, just great! When Hiro and Pyi were lying with Lan, Mei fucked her spy. She finally let him squirt inside, time after time, and got the hottest messages. Hiro had also taken the 12-year-old’s virginity and was now fucking both girls in turn. The older one was shy and filled with shame when she was fucked, she looked with tears in her eyes at the younger one, who stared with wild lust at her fucked sister and excitedly tore and rubbed her clit. The younger one was much sluttier, she let herself be fucked lustfully and was always disappointed when he squirted much too early. He, the spy, had already fucked both girls when Hiro wasn’t around. There were several people from Hiro’s crew who fucked the girls and Hiro probably even knew about it, and if he did, he didn’t seem to care. Hiro was leaving, but he would surely be back in 4 weeks to fuck his pregnant wives.

Pyi admired the bellies of his sisters, who obviously fucked even more greedily than usual when pregnant. He no longer fucked maids, Mei and Lan needed all his manhood and every drop of his semen. It was fine with him, his sisters fucked better than any maid. Hiro arrived on time, as announced. He went to Lan first, as always. He didn't give a damn about the 17-year-old lying "asleep" at the foot of the bed. He was completely quiet and saw his chance as Hiro and Lan approached the end, panting. He got up in a flash and stepped to the chest, he took the sword in its sheath and stepped next to them. Lan saw him out of the corner of her eye, she pressed both hands to Hiro's chest so that he straightened up, he straightened up to squirt, he saw and heard nothing more. Pyi ripped the sword from its sheath at that moment, grabbed it with both hands and chopped off Hiro's head in the same motion. Blood splattered all over Lan, the head hit the stone floor with a thud and Lan screamed madly as the headless man continued to squirt in her hole. "He's squirting, my god, he's still squirting!"

"Are you hurt?" he called to Lan, but she shook her head. He considered taking the sword with him for a moment, but he dropped it to the ground, he didn't know anything about sword fighting. He walked naked to Mei's door and scratched her secret signal. Lan took a quick dip in the bathtub and washed off the blood. Pyi urged, they had to leave immediately. Mei stuck her head through the door and instantly realized the situation. She let the spy sleep on and barricaded the door from the outside, she dressed in a flash and was ready. They sneaked into the kitchen, stole some food and a few bottles of wine. Then they ran into the stable and picked out 3 horses, Pyi took a fourth for good measure, then they left the stable door wide open and opened the stalls. All three of them couldn't ride, but they climbed onto the unsaddled horses and urged them on. Pyi looked back briefly, the castle was dead silent and the first horses were looking out of the gate, confused and curious. He hoped all the horses would secretly set off. Mei stopped. She took off her shirt. "Better a sunburn on my chest than minced meat between my legs," she called out to Lan. Lan understood immediately and took off her shirt, she was now completely naked. They kicked the horses in the side. As the horses felt no steering force, they ran dutifully along the path they knew. Pyi laughed harshly. "This is the first time the horses

have seen a naked girl riding, and then one whose beautiful breasts sway to the beat!”

The horses ran quickly, then walked slowly for a while before taking off again. Behind them, at a distance of a good hundred meters, the whole bunch of riderless horses, curious to join the unexpected excursion.

Mei said that her mother had been the emperor’s mistress for many years; she was picked up in a palanquin two or three times a month and brought home again after two or three nights. When she was 14, she had confronted her mother and she had just shrugged her shoulders. “So what? The emperor is a man like all the others!” Mei soon found out that her father didn’t mind at all; after all, her mother had been the emperor’s favorite for years. Mei asked him with flashing eyes if she was a bastard of the emperor. His answer still amazed her today. “The two little ones are definitely mine!” he had exclaimed.

Around midday they reached a town, the three of them and forty horses, who had followed them quietly and curiously.

Pyi turned around and laughed out loud every time he spotted the horses.

The first thing he wanted to ask his father was if he too was a bastard of the emperor like Mei and Lan.

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BOOK IV:

The Black Dragon Lady

by Jack Faber © 2024

The boy was not from here. He had been following the storyteller to every village for years. He walked next to the little girl who led the blind storyteller from place to place and held the girl's hand. She was perhaps 13 or 14, very young, only a few years younger than him. He helped the girl prepare the sleeping place. He helped with the cooking, the three of them ate in silence. The old man stretched out on the mat and waved to the girl. He only felt like being fucked by the little girl every few days. The girl fumbled out the old man's half-hard cock and put it in her mouth. She sucked and licked it until it was hard after a few minutes. She quickly lifted her skirt and sat on him, inserting the old, gnarled cock at the same time. She was very skilled and practiced at riding the cock very quickly. After barely 3 minutes the old man groaned and laboriously squirted into the girl's small, tight pussyhole. She got off and kissed the old man on the cheek. He in turn stroked her hair, her head and her cheek. "You're a good child," he said and she nodded thanking. She knew that she was his daughter, just like the boy was his biological son. She turned to the boy. "Ride or lie down?" she asked and he murmured, "Ly down!" They didn't need to talk about it for long, she lay on her back and he lay on top of her. "Concentrate well, maybe you'll have this time an orgasm!" he said quietly and started to fuck her. He fucked her for over a quarter of an hour without stopping, he had to squirt inside three times in a row today, because her tight girl pussy greedily milked his juice from his cock, only after the third squirting did his erection collapse. "Maybe tomorrow will be better," whispered the girl, who had once again not had an orgasm. He nodded and they went to sleep. He warmed the girl from one side, she curled up in the old man's arms and warmed him.

The boy knew all the storyteller's stories by heart. At that time, the general public was illiterate, there were no records. When the old

man was no longer anymore, he wanted to be the next storyteller. He only had his mother's word on her deathbed that the old man was his father, and since then he had followed him from village to village, when he was only 9. He watched very closely how it all went down. The young girls in the front row had left their pubic cloth off, they were naked under their skirts. Typically a girl would wear a piece of cloth or veil to cover her pussy. They put one hand into the waistband of their skirts and their fingers played with their clit, without a break, until the end of the evening. So she learned very early on to hide her orgasm from the eyes of others. A girl, who had already lost her virginity, always lay on her back on the storyteller's lap, she stuck the old man's cock, more or less hidden under her skirt, into her pussyhole and his fingers gently played with her clit. The old man cleverly arranged it so, that at a filthy naughty turn of the story, when everyone was laughing and clapping, he quickly squirted into the girl's pussyhole, but only a little bit, because there were other girls waiting to sit on his lap. Of course, the old wretch knew that he had already fathered hundreds of bastards in this way, but he did not care.

In the back rows, in the dark, there was real fucking going on. The boy sat down between the steaming hot young men and boys. He watched the women being fucked with scientific interest, of course. The man, on whose lap she was sitting backwards listening to the story, had grabbed her by the buttocks and lifted her up slightly. The men fucked very slowly so as not to attract attention, although everyone knew that they were fucking. Most of the women had put one hand under their skirts and their fingers were dancing on their clits. If you watched very closely, you could tell when she was having an orgasm by the shaking of her thighs or buttocks. Most of the men lifted the woman up a few centimeters when they fucked in full speed like rabbits at the finale and squirted inside from below. They only waited a few moments, then they pulled out their cocks and pushed the woman onto the lap of a waiting neighbor. The boy had been taking part for a long time. At first, when he couldn't squirt, he stuck his cock in the pussyhole, but he didn't fuck. He reached around the woman's more or less fat ass and masturbated her with his finger. It took a while until the little boy mastered it. Later on he could squirt, now he fucked the girls or women like the other men. He usually only

fucked three women, then he had enough. Most of the women were fat and heavy and buried the boy under their masses of flesh, which he didn't like at all. Although it was precisely these fat women who did it best.

Towards the end of the evening, the boy sat down in the second row, reached from behind over to the girls in the first row and let his finger dance on their clit, which they all liked. All.

So then, listen to the old storyteller now!

* * *

Min sat in the shallow river water and cooled her wound. She had fought with a great warrior, she had rammed the dagger into the side of his neck and had drawn the sword forcefully across his throat. The dying man had drawn his sword across her ribs as he fell. It was not a life-threatening wound, but it went deep into her ribs. The village tailor had stitched up the wound and she gritted her teeth. That was four weeks ago, now she was sitting up to her waist in the cooling water and cooling the wound, the painful scar.

Originally she was not a revolutionary, she was born as Princess Min in the court of the House of Ma'ang and would one day marry a high official. But her life went totally different.

At the age of 5 she had started to learn to read and spent many hours in the library. Girls and princesses of that time were only marriage material, the only thing they had to learn was how to fuck. Min had not yet awakened sexually, she much preferred reading. The famous storyteller only came to town once a year and Min had already listened to him around the campfire as a child. The storyteller's stories were always spicy and he spared no sexual acts. The blind old man was certainly not yet 100, as many whispered, but these evenings were dripping with sex. The prettiest girls sat in the front row, deliberately leaving their veils under their skirts and sticking their hands up the skirts, where their fingers diligently gave pleasure to the clit. Min could look under many of the skirts and watch the finger dancing on the clit. So she learned to masturbate from a young

age on and did it every night before she fell asleep after the orgasm. Her friends had told her that this was how sexuality was supposed to awaken. The child longed for this very much. She had read so much about love, love drama and veiled lovemaking, that she longed for physical love.

A young girl always sat on the old storyteller's lap, his old cock was under her skirt in her pussyhole and Min could see very clearly that from time to time he made a great effort and squirted a little bit into her pussy. But only those sitting directly in front of him could see that. His finger played with the girl's clit, and when she had an orgasm, she thanked the old man and made way for the next girl. The girls really enjoyed exhibiting themselves in front of a few people, it was still intimate enough and didn't have the sleazy odor of public fucking.

As Min grew older, she became more interested in sitting in the back rows. That's where the real fucking happened. Min sat between two steaming hot men or young boys who pulled the woman sitting in front of him onto their laps. They were all respectable, chaste women, Min knew most of them. The young man had pushed her skirt aside as soon as she sat on his lap. The woman closed her eyes and sighed in shame when he pushed his cock into her pussyhole from below. These women were neither frivolous nor slutty, they were shy, chaste and mostly loyal to their men. But the storyteller's evening was her only opportunity to be fucked by a dozen strangers under the cover of darkness. So young Min knew everything about fucking, she watched very closely as her neighbors secretly fucked the seated women. Nobody fucked openly and without inhibitions. The child Min asked the woman if she could watch and pushed her face under her skirt. The man held the woman by the hips and his cock was deep inside her hole. Man and woman hardly moved, most women let their fingers dance on their clit, Min knew very well what for. The woman suppressed her orgasm as best she could. The men hardly moved, Min could see the cock going in and out, in and out for a long time. Then he lifted the woman's ass a little bit up and started now the finale. His cock was now racing in and out as fast as the rabbits, his cock reared up and squirted comfortably pumping in her cunthole. The woman sighed contentedly because she thought of her

husband, whom she was cheating on with a dozen starving men in this halfways-tolerated situation.

Min only had to reach out her hand and touch the women's ass-cheeks. She felt the pussy because she wanted to know what it was like to be fucked there. She put her hand on the cock to experience the ejaculation up close. Man and woman were far too busy to worry about the little girl's curious fingers. So Min learned from an early age how to fuck.

Min learned quite quickly what it was like when the cock pumped and pumped and pumped. The woman lifted her ass, let him squirt and squirt and squirt and was later pulled onto the lap of the next sitting neighbor. Min was a bit surprised because these women were fucked by at least 10 or 15 men during the story, which seemed somehow perverse to her. But Min also learned how important it was for these men and women to fuck and that it didn't matter who with.

Min was 8 when her eldest half-sister told her about the hymen. It was very important, only her father, the prince, could deflower her, at 12 or 13, perhaps. Otherwise it would be a terrible disgrace for the prince, perhaps she would lose her head. That had a deep effect. Min could talk to this sister about everything. Could she let herself be fucked in the asshole? She saw it again and again how the bigger boys fucked the little ones in the asshole. The little ones squirted on their own, only a few had to be masturbated to squirt. The big sister laughed, of course she was allowed to, she just had to be as careful as a hawk that no one pierced her hymen. So Min captured everyone's attention, she became the most popular ass-fucker and was the center of attention. That she enjoyed very much. Big boys came, young men, even grown men. She let a dozen boys and men fuck her in the asshole while the storyteller told his story. That only changed when her brother had deflowered her. Then she had free reign and fucked everyone who would let her be fucked. She didn't just fuck those her father sent her with good intentions. By the time she fell in love at 19, she had fucked hundreds of boys and men, even the old storyteller.

At that time, around 300 to 400 years before our Lord was born, STDIs were not wide spread then or simply didn't exist. All women in

the rural population were still really and fully subordinate to men and man-made superstition. A sharp command was enough to be able to fuck her, even if you were not her husband. And most women submitted to this degrading culture because they were superstitious to the core. Ghosts, jinns and the souls of the dead were everywhere and forced women to open their thighs for sex and to do their offering in silence. Unwed men, young and old, naturally took advantage of this. They approached sleeping women at night and pretended to be ghosts or jinns. The women were afraid, turned onto their belly and buried their faces in the pillows. The women buried their faces in the pillows, because you were not allowed to look directly at a ghost. They bared their butts and stuck them naked out behind so that the powerful ghost could fuck them easily from behind. This ghost-fucking was a real plague in those days. The ghosts fucked just like the men, but from behind only. When the ghost asked for it after squirting, she buried her face deep in the pillows and reached back to rub the ghost's cock until it was stiff again so that it could fuck her again. 9 out of 10 country women and girls experienced this, many for years or a lifetime. It was a sexually wild, unbridled millennium. Many hundreds of thousands of women were fucked night after night by a ghost, be it the friendly neighbor, a sex-hungry bachelor or a random wanderer. They all fucked the frightened women and girls at will. Many women were so conditioned that at the slightest noise at the door or window they would immediately lie on their bellies, bury their faces in the pillows and raise their naked asses high up. Whoever it was could fuck them immediately and in complete silence. Grandfathers, fathers-in-law, uncles and brothers, monks and rejected ones, even their own sons profited from the lavish offers. After Min's lifetime, morals even worsened. It was generally tolerated and accepted that children and youngsters, and later even adults, masturbated in public, boys as well as girls. Morals deteriorated more and more, it was no longer necessary to pretend to be a ghost. Men and women fucked in public, without worrying about spectators or modesty. Husbands locked their doors at night if they honored and protected their wives, but there were not many of them. Only rarely did the husband wake up and chase the ghost away, who would come back after a while and fuck the woman again. Sexuality was public, free, and no longer anything special.

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

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

She undressed him and saw how his cock stiffened; just the sight of the beautiful naked girl excited him without them having spoken a single word. She was very slim, her breasts were still small like a virgin and her pubic area was still completely hairless, she wouldn't have pubic hair for the rest of her life. Her pussy looked as untouched and touching as a ten-year-old's pussy. He hugged her warmly and whispered that he would be very careful. Min smiled gratefully and lay down on the bed, pulling him along. He actually penetrated carefully and Min only felt a little prick. He penetrated very deeply until his cock touched her cervix. "Now you are a real woman and I want to fuck you properly," he breathed and she whispered, "Yes, just squirt inside, I'm still too young to conceive!" He was a practiced fucker and fucked her slowly, increasing the pace. She got hotter and hotter, but she couldn't trigger the orgasm in all the agitation. He restrained up after 15 minutes. "I have to squirt now, little sister," he gasped and she nodded. He squirted wonderfully and she felt every jet that splashed into her vagina. He held her in his arms afterwards and kissed her cheek. "That was wonderful, little sister, and I will keep that in my heart!" They whispered for a while, but he shook his head. "I'm married, little Min, I love my wife with all my heart. She agreed when our father ordered me to do it in her presence. I belong to her, please don't be sad about that. I will report to our father and he will make sure that you always get a good man to fuck!" So they parted and Min cried into her pillow.

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

At 19, she was no longer a small child, she had even lain in the old storyteller's lap several times and let him squirt a bit in her pussy, completely impressed by his silky-soft fingers on her clit. So one day she met an officer, their eyes met and her clit screamed with joy! She asked him to have tea in the garden. His name was Kai and he came as a liaison officer from the neighboring kingdom of Xin. He would only stay for three months, he said with regret. After the intense conversation, she asked him if he would be sleeping with his wife that night? Kai smiled, he was not married and was sleeping with some girl from the court like all the other officers. All officers had a woman like that to fuck every night and no one expected more. Min was an educated, intelligent woman and took her fate into her own hands. She led Kai to her bedroom.

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

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

Kai gave her a special present. A Japanese tattoo artist was to tattoo her back. Min was moved by his love for her and immediately agreed. Kai initially sat next to her while she lay naked on the tattoo artist's assistant and the master painfully worked on her back. To distract her from the pain, the assistant pushed his cock into her pussy and kept his erection for 3 or 4 hours. Min was confused and amazed at first, but Kai wanted to get her tattooed and that was part of it. The fact that the assistant fucked her while doing it didn't bother him at all. Min had already fucked hundreds of men, but this fucking while tattooing was something very special.

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

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

The tattoo covered her entire back, from her hairline to her heels. A jet-black dragon bit her neck in highly excited ecstasy during mating. The claws and paws clung to her back at the moment of ejaculation. Only his cock was fiery red and stuck in her pussy, spurting. This was one of the most difficult parts, the tattoo artist fucked Min himself for several days and rubbed her clit from orgasm to orgasm with a connoisseur's eye to determine the position of the dragon's human shaped cock. Min screamed with lust as the two Japanese men fucked her in fast turns. But the tattoo artist found the right places, stabbing the dragon's cock into her asscheeks, her labia, her clit and the foreskin of the clit with cardinal red ink. Tattooing the clit was very, very painful, even though the assistant was masturbating the clit vigorously at the same time. One day the painting was finished. Kai almost lost his breath, the image was so vivid. Whenever Min took a step, the dragon fucked her from behind and his fiery red cock spurting into her pussy. Only a few people saw the masterpiece and hardly anyone knew later that her nickname 'Black Dragon Lady' did not come from her black cape with the golden dragon.

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

Before sunrise, the royals had raided their camp, wounded a few of their men, and captured Kai and Min. The imperials rode all day long, with the two prisoners in their midst. They stopped at a safe place. For days they debated whether or not to hand General Kai over to the king. But the others won. Kai was forced to his knees in the square at the crack of dawn. He was allowed to say goodbye to his wife. They were both tied up and could not embrace, only a final kiss was all they could do. Then Kai had to kneel. The captain raised his sword, Kai's own sword, and cut off his head. Min screamed like a madwoman, but no miracle happened, the gods cowardly stayed out of duty. Kai's head lay at her feet, his empty eyes looking into the distant future and his lips smiling. Perhaps he had seen into the future and was proud of his wife.

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

Like a ghost, she appeared next to the soldiers at night and cut their throats silently. When there was no one left to guard, she killed all the sleeping people. One moment of carelessness and all 40 royals lay dead. Min looked for the leader, took Kai's valuable sword and his black cape with the embroidered golden dragon from him and looked for Kai's body. She dug a grave and covered it with stones. Now she could cry, and she cried for her lover, for her husband. She ran through the forest and didn't look back. Four weeks later she reached the men and told them everything. Of course, the news that 40 murdered royals had been found had long since made the rounds, and there was no better reason for her respect. She sat with them at the campfire and just listened. Of course, the question was who would lead them. On the third evening she got up and went to the middle, to the fire. "I will lead you," she said quietly and wrapped herself in the black cape that she wore from then on and which became her trademark. Immediately it became quiet, dead quiet. "I will lead you!" she repeated a little louder. No one moved. Then someone

shouted very loudly, “Long live our leader, Princess Min!” and all hell broke loose. The men lifted her onto their shoulders and carried her around the campfire.

So it came about that Min led the men cleverly, skillfully and deceitfully, and the king lost team after team. The revolutionaries harassed the capital City, led by a woman. They called the woman in the capital the “Black Dragon Lady” because she always wore a black cloak with an embroidered golden dragon. She was tough, brutal and clever. No trap, no matter how cunning, sprung shut, no attack succeeded because the revolutionaries had moved into a better position in time. The desperate king called the emperor for help. The old emperor Wu Tschün half-heartedly sent a few troops, but nothing more. Min sent a message to the emperor, saying that she had no quarrel with him, she would only get rid of the old king. Period.

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

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

The young man fucked the woman very skillfully and squirted after 10 minutes. Min stepped silently in front of him. He and his woman looked at her in confusion. Min stepped in front of the naked youth and said, “I am Princess Min, they also call me the Black Dragon Lady. I came here to speak to Emperor Wu Tschün, face to

face. I was sent here!” Before the youth could say anything, his girl stepped behind Min and raised a dagger, screaming. “The Black Dragon Lady! The Black Dragon Lady!” she screamed and jumped at Min. Min dodged, the dagger went into her shirt without touching her body. The screaming woman collapsed dead; one of Min’s companions had thrown his knife into her back and pierced her heart.

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

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

then she had led the army that was camped outside the city gates. “I wanted to talk to the former emperor about that.”

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

They agreed on a peaceful solution. The emperor would recall the king, first through a diplomat or 12 hours later through an assassin. Min should withdraw her troops and send them home, the people could name him a new king, however they chose him. The emperor rummaged through a jewel box. He gave Min a gold brooch and asked her to come back in 6 weeks and use the brooch to identify herself. If she wanted to continue talking to him, otherwise she didn’t need to come back. Min thought for a few moments. “Give me 8 weeks, Your Majesty, I have to choose a king, disband the troops and decide whether I want to talk to you again. Would you agree to that?” Emperor Teng bowed slightly. “As you command, Princess, I wish you success in all these things. I expect you in 8 weeks to the day!”

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

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

But what about you? What will happen next?" Min smiled, she had been looking for the answer to this question for weeks. "I buried my husband with my own hands two years ago. Since that day I have not had a man, I have not fucked anyone. It is time to follow a new man, I am only 27 and I am fed up with being a widow." Min knew how overwhelming her smile could be. She smiled overwhelmingly.

Min raised her head. "You wanted me to return. Here I am, bringing back your brooch. If I am to stay longer, you must assign me a room before I return to Xin." Emperor Teng ordered lemonade and fruit, then chased the servants out. "Yes, I wanted to talk to you, Princess. I wanted to get to know you and speak to you in private. I sent everyone away so that we could talk freely and undisturbed." The emperor let a minister in every hour, with whom he spoke for 5 minutes while Min freshened up and the servants brought lemonade and fruit. Then the emperor chased the servants away and devoted himself only to Min.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now she touched his glans, as it was mutual. His cock became stiff, after a while the emperor gasped and squirted over her hand. "My mother did that too, for years." Min nodded, it was okay. In the third week, Emperor Teng asked that it was nice to squirt every day, but he wanted to fuck. Min sat up abruptly. "I'm not one of those! I want to fuck too, Your Majesty, but I want to be an honorable woman and not a cheap or expensive whore. Don't get me wrong, Your Majesty! I fucked my husband because he was my husband. Do you honestly want to fuck me?" Emperor Teng withdrew. "That should be well thought out!" he said and did not go any further. "I want to be an honest, chaste woman, Your Majesty, please accept that. I want to be a wife, not a mistress."

They spent another 3 weeks talking and lying naked next to each other and touching each other, mutually agreeing to masturbate. He was allowed to rub her clit until the inked hole was visible and her thighs trembled in orgasm. In return, she was allowed to rub his cock really hard with her fist until he squirted onto her hand. But they didn't go any further, they just masturbated each other.

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

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

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

Min was the picture of calm. She didn’t let the maids and seamstresses rush her or drive her, and she certainly didn’t let them make her nervous. She chose the fabrics and jewelry in all calmness, and that went without any startled cackling. Most people at court were amazed at the emperor’s choice. There were so many pretty, clever and fuck-ready noble girls with womanly inviting hips! Why an unknown woman, a princess from the lower nobility of a tiny and insignificant kingdom!? Only the king of Xin, who had fought at Min’s side for years, grinned from ear to ear. “I will lead you, she had said, remember? This is our Princess Min, she will tell you the way!” He slapped his thighs and laughed. “The Emperor is getting a real jewel

as his wife. I hope he remembers that when he wants to contradict her. Because if he is careless, his kitten will become a tigress!" He was, damn it, very happy about Min's good fortune! She deserved it! He went to the goldsmith's workshop to see the progress of his wedding gift.

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

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

Min took the Big Lightning in her hand and swung it. “That fits me. How does the Small Lightning fit you, Teng, my love?” Min laughed happily, it was just a joke. The gift from the King of Xin was admired by all. It was a 100 kg gilded image of the copulating dragon, which the king had admired hundreds of times on Min’s back. The young empress blushed when it was unveiled. Of course, Emperor Teng recognized the dragon too, for everyone else it was simply a dragon in the throes of sexual ecstasy. Emperor Teng had it set up in the middle of the large marble hall.

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

Empress Min was an excellent politician. Within the first three years, the bribes, the corrupt and the underhanded disappeared from the palace without her having to have a single one killed. They were replaced by good, reliable people. The emperor benefited from this, he could concentrate on moving forward and not waste valuable time on the unworthy. But nothing escaped Min. Teng was faithful to her, but after such a long time his eyes wandered more and more often to the young girl’s breasts and hips. Min herself had no such desires and she loved Teng with all her heart. She had an extension built right next to their sleeping quarters. Teng asked about it and she replied that she was having a women’s home built. She didn’t say anything more.

The women’s home was ready. Min told Teng that today there would be dinner in the women’s home, to mark the opening. Emperor Teng walked through the women’s home in amazement. “There

are 40 rooms!” Teng exclaimed. Min smiled, “I won’t allow you more than 40!” and the poor guy didn’t understand anything. “What, what, allow 40? What do you mean?” Min put on her smile, which the foreign diplomats hated like the plague, because this smile was her death sentence. She smiled gently. “40 concubines at the same time, my love, I won’t allow you more than that!” Now Teng smiled like a caught schoolboy. “40 concubines? For fucking?” and Min nodded, seriously this time. Teng didn’t ask any more questions, they came to the main room. There was already a person sitting at the table.

Emperor Teng was really surprised. That was the pretty girl he had been staring at for days. How could...? Of course, Min didn’t miss anything important. Min said quietly to him that the girl is already 13 and still a virgin, she had bought the deflowering from her father. Her name was Wi Ju and she was very charming, but the girl had obviously already had a taste of red wine. The three of them had dinner, the emperor tried to have a conversation with Wi Ju, but the girl was still too young for a serious conversation, she giggled quite a lot. Min whispered to Teng, “The three of us are going to bed, you will deflower her and fuck her, because I can feel your desire. Whether you want to fuck me afterwards is not up to me. You decide how long she stays in the women’s home, one night or a year. That’s what I decided and it’s a good decision!”

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

Teng felt Min's hand, she grabbed his cock firmly and guided his cock. He saw that Min had bent down and was now thrusting his cock forward. Of course he felt the hymen tighten. Min thrust his cock forward with a quick jerk and the hymen tore. He thrust deeper and Min let go of his cock. The girl's pussy hole was not as tight as he had expected, Min's hole was much tighter and stronger. But it felt damn good inside. Wi Ju closed her eyes as Teng began to thrust. He thrust and thrust for a good 15 minutes, then he felt the squirt rising in his loins. He pulled his cock all the way out and squirted his semen over the girl's pubic area. His eyes met Min's. She understood very well that it was difficult for him, but he did not want to father a bastard with a child.

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

Emperor Teng was a good emperor, a good husband and a fair man. The next day, Min was very surprised when a tall soldier approached them after dinner. "You know what is expected of you!?" asked the emperor and the giant bowed, his forehead touching the ground. "Yes, my lord, your majesty! I am to fuck the empress so that the stars sparkle in her eyes, your majesty!" The soldier sat up. "That's more or less what my captain ordered! The thing with the stars!" The emperor nodded in satisfaction and told him to undress. Min, who had been watching this in silence, opened her eyes wide. The young man had a very big cock, a really very big one! The emperor took off her cloak. The soldier's cock twitched when he saw the empress's beautiful, full breasts. Min didn't bat an eyelid, that was Teng's show. She slid back, her head slid onto a silk pillow. The soldier answered that his name was Cheng, then he carefully lay down on top of the empress. She reached between her thighs with practice and guided the giant's cock into the entrance to her cunt. She had

done it a thousand times, she thought and smiled at Teng. “Your revenge is sweet and fair, my love!” she breathed and concentrated on fucking.

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

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

Min was not unhappy, because her husband always returned the favor with a strongloined lover. Neither of them ever cheated, because they sat next to each other when he or she was fucked. It was a beautiful, calm time. The two ruled the country with a firm, kind

hand, and the economy and trade flourished. These 10 years of Emperor Teng's reign were rightly praised as a golden age.

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

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

Chang gave his orders and assigned each detective a task. He went back to the Empress, he wanted to interrogate her personally. Min raised an eyebrow. "No consideration of rank or name," whispered the old detective. Min relaxed, of course. Chang meticulously questioned the Empress about the Emperor's last hours. Min said that the three of them had spent the night with the young wife of a courtier, that morning they had breakfasted together, then the Emperor had collapsed. Chang wanted to know exactly how the threesome had come about. Min had spoken to the young husband himself and he was shocked at first, but then agreed, it was the highest honor after

all. No, Min did not have the impression that the husband bore a grudge. His wife was also frightened and shy at first because they had only recently married. She was a chaste wife, but not inexperienced. Chang raised his head questioningly. “She was active from the beginning,” said Min, “she quickly gave up her shyness and reserved nature and just wanted good sex.” said Min. “She fucked the emperor very skillfully and masterfully, not as clumsily as a virgin. And when the emperor needed a break after the first fuck, she fucked me clit to clit.” Chang raised his head. “Not many women have sex with other women, but she was one who did it quite naturally. After all, I wanted it too.” Chang shrugged his shoulders. “You do it like that with everyone, Your Majesty?” he asked. “With most experienced girls, yes. With inexperienced ones, never.” Min answered. Chang wanted to know everything in detail. How they lay while sleeping, who was with whom. Min had fallen asleep in the emperor’s arms, as always, after masturbating. Chang’s head jerked again. “I masturbate every night before I fall asleep, Master Chang!” said Min in a firm voice. “The emperor will hold me lovingly in his arms until I’ve finished.” Min held back her tears and Chang looked out the window, he didn’t want to see the crying. Min described in detail how they woke up and got dressed, then the emperor told the servant that they would be ready for breakfast in 5 minutes. Min had to describe every move, every bite of breakfast. How the emperor grabbed his neck and fell off his chair. The white foam at the mouth. How their mutual lover ran to the door and raised the alarm. Chang nodded contentedly. He said goodbye with a deep bow. Min stayed seated. She was 34, a widow and the empress. She had to decide where to go.

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

“I know very well that deep in your heart you want an emperor. And you shall get one. As a widow, I will take three months of

mourning, after which I will look for a husband and perhaps an emperor among your sons. Do not send sons with gouty fingers or criminal faces, we have enough of those here. But you have my word.” Min walked up and down again and stopped.

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

Emperor Teng was ceremoniously carried to his grave, hundreds of thousands of people were there to give the kind ruler a dignified farewell. At the end of the funeral, a hundred thousand throats cried out, “Long live Empress Min!”

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

He had imprisoned 11 people, from the bribed cook to the murderous client. The nobleman, who was not unknown but a marginal figure at court, made a full confession. He had harbored a deep-seated grudge against Teng, who was not yet emperor at the time, for 20 years. Teng had beaten him terribly at the time because he had repeatedly fucked and dishonored Teng’s mother against her will. The council met and sentenced all 11 to death.

Empress Min sat with a motionless face in front of the podium where the 11 were to be beheaded. The executioner's arm became heavy; he had already beheaded 10 in a row. Only the main culprit remained. The empress stood up and climbed onto the podium. She took the sword from the executioner's hand, put the murderer's head on the executioner's block and cut it off. Then she returned to her seat completely calmly. The injustice was atoned for.

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

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

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

During the war, the Empress had no man in her bed for a month; the maid slept with her and warmed her heart, soul and clit. Then she received the victorious generals, they were publicly praised and richly rewarded. She dismissed the public and remained alone with the proud warriors. She said she would give each of them a night of love and they should step forward. About 30 stepped forward, about 15 did not. She walked down the line of the 15, they were all old, tired men. She gave each of them a beaming smile and shook their hands. Two were still young, but when asked they said they didn't care about women. They still received a beaming smile and a warm handshake. Then she walked down the line of the 30 and examined them superficially. One raised his hand and said his friend would be standing here next to him if he weren't in the hospital. "Did he fight bravely?" asked the empress and the general nodded emphatically, "just as bravely as everyone here!" She sent word to the injured man that he should claim his reward when he was back on his feet. She told everyone that they should agree among themselves who would come to her for dinner that evening. Min was of course aware that they would get it from any whore in the city, but she firmly believed that fucking the empress would be something special, and she was right. The 30 warriors got their special reward.

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

Min received the prisoner in a friendly manner and had him dictate a farewell letter to his loved ones to the clerk. They ate dinner peacefully, the Empress did not make small talk, but interrogated them in a friendly manner. If they did not want to answer, she took note of it. At the end she offered him one last night of love, almost all of them accepted the gift. Only a few were so dejected by their impending death that they did not want to fuck, she sent them straight to the executioner. She led the others to her bedroom. The condemned fucked like drowning men gasping for air. That was something very special, death inspired the officers to peak performance and Min was fucked harder than she had been for a long time. In the morning she sent him to the executioner. After a few weeks the dun-

geon was empty, she had fucked the warriors with full vigor and had them executed the next day.

Empress Min ruled for another 25 years, she was still looking for a husband and fucked the sons of the court, the nobility and the patriicians. She grew older every year, but her lovers stayed young and really went all out when fucking the old woman, they all wanted to be emperors. Her favorite maid and best friend had died, she had warmed Min on every lonely night, loved and hugged her and masturbated her clit, like no other she could fuck Min with the clit on her clit until she was mad. In the early years, the servants would stand around her bed and watch as the maid rubbed her own clit vigorously until it stood out like a battle spur. The maid sought out Min's small clit and pressed her stiff, larger clit onto it. She fucked Min's clit like a man, hard and fast. Min screamed with lust before she climaxed and clung to her friend until the orgasm subsided. The maid kept going until she herself had a terribly strong orgasm. Min loved it, it was a good substitute for fucking men, even though neither of them were lesbians. Min gave her a funeral like a minister or a councilor.

Min became an old woman, she was 65 and let herself be fucked every night by the 13 to 18 year old noble boys. She preferred to be fucked by very young boys who had never fucked anyone other than their mother. All these boys were still lying with their mother and fucked her without stopping. The boys were curious and horny, they had to keep fucking over and over again to get all their semen out. They had always done that with their mothers and now did the same with the old empress. Min's pussy hole had become tighter over the years so that she could fully enjoy the cocks of the teenagers.

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

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

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