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A
Very
Long
Life



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Magdeburg 1631

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At the end of May 1631, Imperial General Tilly ordered the destruction of Magdeburg. The Catholics ravaged the city for three days, murdering, robbing and raping until Tilly put a stop to the troops. Franz Herrnthaler fought under Tilly, murdering and robbing like all Lansquenets. He differed from the murderers in only two respects: he only took coins and left gold objects and jewels to the others. Secondly, he had an inner inhibition about raping girls or women. He asked his victims and found enough who, in mortal fear, preferred to be fucked rather than killed. Like the others, he was drunk for 4 days, filled his wallet with coins and fucked as many girls and women as he could.

On the morning of the 4th day, Franz woke up in the bed of a frightened citizen's wife. Trembling like an aspen leaf, the childlike young widow let him fuck her with his morning wood twice with a break. He was halfway sober and examined the good girl's pussy curiously and ordered her to masturbate during the break. She didn't know where her clit was. He spread her labia with two fingers and searched for her clit. She stammered that she had never done it herself before, but she did it anyway for the first time in her life, clumsily obeying his instructions and crying with fear. She really didn't seem to have a clue, he showed her how to masturbate. She was really stupid at first, but her clit swelled and throbbed. She rubbed herself gently and anxiously, but she was getting there. Her face took on an incredulous expression as she gradually came to orgasm. The orgasm almost tore her apart and she didn't stop crying. Franz couldn't wait any longer and fucked her before the orgasm shook her totally. She orgasmed for a very long time and let herself be fucked the second time, crying and sobbing quietly, until her orgasm subsided and he squirted inside. When he pulled away, she kissed his hand gratefully because he had let her live.

He got dressed and walked across the cathedral square in the light rain. No one was to be seen, the cathedral had been declared a no-

fight zone and he froze in the middle of the cathedral square. A powerful bolt of lightning struck and froze him. He closed his eyes and expected to die. Everyone who was struck by lightning died, he thought. But all he felt was a tremendous heat and his heart leapt. Was it the finger of God, the God he had completely lost in 15 years of war service? He lost consciousness and still thought it was for sure not a reflection of a window glass. It was much bigger, much more powerful and it knocked him over.

Franz couldn't remember later how he had gotten up, how he had wandered through the alleys, drinking a cup of wine here and there, even though he was already senselessly drunk. Nor did he wake up from his stupor when he was attacked and defended himself against his attackers. He didn't know who had hurt him, who wanted to kill him and why. He staggered on, bleeding, and collapsed unconscious in front of a house.

Franz Herrnthaler woke up in a bed. A woman was sitting next to him and washing him. He was only awake for half a second and fell asleep calmly. Someone was looking after him, that was all he thought. Was it his mother or Bettina or old Agnes? He couldn't open his eyes to see who it was.

He woke up later. He was naked and the woman was washing him with a cloth. She heard him croak and stopped washing him. She covered him up and sat on the edge of the bed. "You are safe here and you will recover. No, stay down, you're still far too weak. Don't worry, you're safe here!" He murmured, "I am Franz Herrnthaler from Tyrol" and sank back into a deep sleep.

At some point he woke up again. The woman was washing his naked body with the wet cloth. She held his stiff cock with one hand and washed it hard. He had been staring between her naked thighs and she noticed his gaze. "I have to wash you every morning, you have squirted yourself every night," she said, blushing. "I have not touched you indecently, Sir Franz!" She continued to wash him and he continued to stare between her thighs. She noticed his gaze again and opened her thighs a little wider. At the same moment as he caught a glimpse of her slit, he poured himself into her hand. A girl

of about 10 was sitting on a stool in the corner with her legs pulled up, tugging at her labia and staring wide-eyed at his cock. He groaned and squirted and the lady patiently held his cock until he had finished squirting. She washed his cock clean and murmured that he had been doing it like this for days. “How long have I been...?” he asked quietly. It made him feel so good the way she washed his cock. “You collapsed in my yard eight days ago, Sir Franz. I dragged you in and my daughter fetched the healer. You have a deep wound in your side and other wounds on your left arm. The healer initially thought you were going to die, but I nursed you because you were so helpless.”

He stayed awake. She was the widow Katharina Kramer and the girl was her 11-year-old daughter Eva. He repeated his name and that he came from the town of Schwaz in Tyrol, that he was in the service of the Emperor and a Catholic soldier. Katharina smiled, she didn't care, for the time being he was a sick man and not a soldier. He was safe here because there was a Catholic convent next door that was off-limits to the warring parties. This house was only rarely attacked by soldiers, but that was probably normal in this cruel war. She was reformed, but that meant nothing. There was only one God to whom they all prayed. Her son Paul had been killed 10 years ago near Leipzig, her husband 9 years ago near Halle. She had experienced enough war and still hadn't lost her faith in the good.

Franz was surprised in the evening when Katharina knelt naked next to the bed and prayed a psalm half aloud. She lay down next to him and turned her back to him. He asked if he could put his arm around her and Katharina nodded, “Yes, Sir Franz!” The wound in his ribs hurt like hell, but he put his arm around Katharina. She felt his stiff cock against her ass cheeks and reached back, placing his cock deeply in the crease of her ass. She stroked him gently until he came. “Oh, Maid Katharina!” he moaned and she whispered that it was all right. He had sensed right away that she didn't want to fuck regularly and he held back himself. But every night she came nakedly to bed after her prayers, she turned her back to him and allowed him to press his cock into the crease of her ass. She reached back and pressed the tip of his glans deep into her asshole. He didn't want to fuck her in the ass, but then she pressed his glans resolutely into her

asshole. She caressed his cock gently and tenderly until he cummed in her asshole. "It's okay," she murmured, it was okay. "I don't like fucking in the other way at the moment," she added. He squirted in her asshole every night, that's what she wanted.

He stayed in bed for another 10 days, she washed him every morning with the rag and held his morning wood, then flashing her pussy until he squirted. She washed his cock smiling. "You have a great semen pressure, Sir Franz!" she once said, "I've never seen anything like it in a man!"

On every Sunday morning, Eva was allowed to come into bed naked with her mother and cuddle with her. She stroked Katharina's pussy and Katharina stroked hers, she stroked Eva's labia and her clit very specifically without masturbating her directly. She gently and tenderly rubbed Eva's clitoris until the little girl opened her trembling legs wide. Katharina continued to stroke her without masturbating her clit until the girl flinched violently and clashed her thighs. Franz suspected that Eva had an orgasm this way every Sunday morning, but he never mentioned it. Katharina had been fucking herself the whole time with two outstretched fingers, the index finger and the middle finger. She increased the tempo and jerked to a trembling orgasm. She exchanged a look with Franz as if to apologize for only letting him squirt in her asshole.

Eva didn't dare right away to cuddle with Sir Franz straight away, but eventually she did and rubbed her body against his. He was a little embarrassed because he had never cuddled with such a young girl before, except with Bettina. Little Eva sensed this very clearly and avoided ever touching his cock with her hand or fingers. She wanted rubbing her little pussy against his body, against his cock, because it was very, very exciting. She sat down on his cock and pressed her pussy onto his half-stiff cock, which was lying on his stomach. "May I, Sir?" she asked softly, "I need it very badly now!" He nodded with a smile. "Go ahead, my girl, go ahead!" He couldn't see her clit, it was obviously small and well hidden. She supported herself with her arms and began to rub her pussy back and forth on his cock. He briefly touched her very small, round breasts and her pointed teats. She closed her eyes and concentrated on riding his cock. The faster

she moved, the louder her strained panting became. She opened her eyes wide and stared at him before she flinched violently and clashed her thighs. He looked into her eyes in a very friendly way and gently stroked her small buttocks until her heart stopped beating furiously.

“She slept with me all those years,” said Katharina as they sat on the tree trunk at the riverbank, “she didn’t want to sleep alone after Laurenz died, until you came, Sir Franz. I only rarely had a lover during that long time, Eva found fucking boring and left us alone. I fucked myself with two fingers every Sunday morning, but Eva found that boring too. She wanted to cuddle, our bodies nestled together and we just stroked each other’s body. It was only a year ago that she wanted me to caress her pussy directly until she came hard. I think she orgasms like I do when I fuck myself with two fingers. I know that I get an orgasm that way like when I fuck a man, but whether Eva gets an orgasm, I really don’t know.”

Franz remained silent. He knew how Agnes, the mother, Bettina and the maid Eva had masturbated and orgasmed. But it seemed unseemly to him to tell Katharina about it. “Eva probably orgasms,” he finally said, “she rides my cock like she’s fucking me and always ends up having an orgasm, I think.”

“Is it okay with you, Sir Franz, or should I forbid Eva?” No, he didn’t want that at all, he objected. “She is in the process of discovering her own sexuality and we should allow that. What do you think, Katharina?” She thought for a long time. “I wish I knew what was right.” She thought about it. “I can see her fucking you on Sunday mornings, riding your cock with her pussy passionately. When we’re alone, she raves about it and would rather fuck you today than tomorrow. But it’s still far too early for that.”

Franz laughed. “God forbid I would fuck your daughter! I’m always amused when we’re working in the field and she tempts me with showing her pussy all the time. I like that, of course, as a young virgin maidens pussy makes me really hot, admitted. But I don’t forget myself, dear Katharina!”

Franz asked in the silence, “And since when do you fuck yourself with two fingers?” Katharina gave him a long look. “Since I lost my virginity. I used to do it every night when I was young, but when I married Laurenz I stopped, he was an excellent fucker and I didn’t need it anymore. Laurenz told me to keep doing it, it was a good training for fucking. And a lot of women have to do it because they don’t orgasm while fucking. When he had died and I very rarely had a man to fuck, I went back to fuck myself every night. Eva found it boring, but when she sucked on my teats like a baby until she slept away, I always got very horny and fucked myself with my fingers.” Franz nodded and said she was the first woman he had ever seen finger-fuck herself. They sat next to each other in silence. Katharina sighed deeply. “Forgive me, dear Franz, for only letting you squirt in my asshole, but somehow it seems wrong to me to fuck you. I don’t know why, but that’s exactly how I feel.” Franz nodded and murmured that he wasn’t quite well yet anyway, the wound in his side was healing very slowly. He was very grateful that she caressed his cock and made him squirt, that was all a sick man really could ask for.

Katharina and Eva worked in the field behind the house every day. They grew cauliflower, but mostly cabbage heads, which Katharina sold in town. He wasn’t really ready yet, but he pulled himself together and helped diligently. The three of them were able to process almost twice as many heads of cabbage and Katharina now went into town twice a week. He stayed on the farm because the war was still raging, even if Magdeburg was no longer the focus of attention. Franz made a yoke out of two pieces of wood so that they could harness two goats to the small cart and Katharina only had to lead the goats and no longer had to pull the cart herself. The weeks passed peacefully.

One evening, when Katharina came home with the cart, he saw that she had been crying. He asked her, of course, but she didn’t talk until they were in bed. She wiped his semen from the crease of her ass and cried again. Franz hugged her and asked. “The women at the market, they’re talking again. My Laurenz, my husband, didn’t fall in battle at all, they gossiped. The one-armed man said so.” Franz knew the soldiers well. They usually gossiped, but there was usually a grain of truth in all of the stories. He stood up resolutely and got dressed.

He asked if she could give him a few coins, because he wasn't going to be stopped. He slipped his knife into his belt and went into town, he would come back when he had got to the bottom of the matter, he told Katharina. She shouldn't cry anymore, it might take a few days, but he would be back.

He returned on the third night. He placed a beautiful sword on the table and had Catherine bandage the wounds on his left arm. She had let out a scream when she saw the sword. "This belonged to my Laurenz, I gave it to him when he enlisted to fight. A spanish sword from Toledo, for 47 silver guilders. — Where did you get it?" Only now did she notice his bloody arm and fetched some bandages. Franz reported. He soon found the one-armed man and invited him for a cup of wine, and another and another, until he had elicited the whole story from him.

The one-armed man was there in the soldiers camp of Halle. Laurenz had a problem with Peter Hofstätter, the son of a rich man, right from the start. "Peter Hofstätter, I know him!" exclaimed Katharina. In any case, the one-armed man claimed that Hofstätter had stabbed Laurenz in the back after a heavy argument about Katharina. Franz kept an eye on the matter, eavesdropping on the one-armed man until he could add nothing more. Hofstätter was not hard to find, he sat in the 'Golden Peacock' every evening with his former comrades from the war and drank with them. Franz sat down and listened to the various stories. He remained silent for a long time, but when the opportunity arose, he casually brought Laurenz Kramer into the conversation. Hofstätter gave him a few poisonous looks, but the old comrades jumped at the chance. Some of them had been there and described the loud and hostile arguments about Katharina and the murder. Hofstätter had a reputation to lose and drank cup after cup. He boasted that Katharina had actually been his wife and that Laurenz Kramer had snatched her away from him. He was proud to have got rid of his rival. Franz now made it known that he was now Katharina's lover and provoked Hofstätter until the latter called him into the inner courtyard in a rage. An unequal duel ensued, Hofstätter with the long Spanish blade, Franz with his much shorter knife. He had not really recovered yet, but Hofstätter was quite drunk. He kept hurting Franz, but he was no match for him. Franz put him in a

headlock from behind and plunged the knife into his heart a dozen times. He took the sword and Hofstätter's purse and left him lying there. "He has paid for the murder, Maid Katharina," said Franz, "he was a dishonorable, bad fellow." Katharina dressed his wounds in silence and went back to bed. She lay in the crook of his arm and told him now everything.

"I was a very pretty girl back then and had many lovers. My father was very concerned about my reputation and wanted to marry me off quickly and well. Hofstätter was a good match, my father thought, and so he brought us together. Hofstätter was, simply said, not a good fucker, but for my father's sake I let him fuck me every day, my father lying beside us as chaperone. Hofstätter was always angry when I sat up after his miserable fucking and lovingly rubbed my father to make him squirt. Before I made him squirt, I kissed Dad on the lips and said softly, how nice him rubbing is for me. After squirting, I kissed Dad's cock and licked it clean, knowing full well how annoyed that made Hofstätter. Sometimes I annoyed the guy to the point of white heat by fucking myself to orgasm with two fingers and cockily remarking that that was the right way to get an orgasm. Hofstätter was sure that he would get me because I let him fuck me daily. But I fell in love with the surgeon Laurenz Kramer, who was considered a womanizer, but was a really good man and for sure a very good fucker."

"I once called him to my old father, who had fallen and hurt himself. We couldn't pay the surgeon, I said, but he did what he usually does when you have no money: he wanted to fuck me instead of the coins. I admit that I had swindled him, because I had enough money. But I wanted to fuck him. I lay down next to my father in the big bed and let him fuck me. I was very much in love with him and we fucked wonderfully. My father grumbled that I was actually promised to Hofstätter, but he smiled every time Laurenz fucked me. He could see for himself how good the fucking and the orgasms with Laurenz did me. Laurenz let me rub my father's cock with a smile and whistled friendly through his teeth when I made my old man squirt high vigorously. He smiled when I did my father a favor and licked his cock clean. It was Laurenz who made me let my father squirt directly

in my mouth and swallow the semen, and my father loved that very much! My father finally saw who was right for me.”

“I said goodbye to Hofstätter and only saw him again when I became a widow and Hofstätter suddenly turned up in my door. He was still a bad fucker, but I mourned Laurenz and Hofstätter had served with him. I only thought of Laurenz when I let the Hofstätter fuck me. I should have sent him packing, but he told a lot of stories about Laurenz, so I let him fuck me as often he came by. He must have sensed my coldness, because he came less and less often, drank instead of fucking me and then never came again. And now he’s dead — well done, Sir Franz!” Katharina straightened up with tears in her eyes. “Thank you, Sir Franz, — you have done me and Laurenz a good turn, I thank you for that!”

Katharina hugged him directly for the first time. “The good Lord, yours and mine, created us for fucking, my dear, and not for rubbing and squirting in the goat pen!” smiled Katharina. Franz blanched. While working in the field, he had always positioned himself so that he could look up Katharina’s or Eva’s skirt. How different their pussies were! Katharina was a grown woman of 43 and you could see from her pussy that she had fucked hard all her life. Eva was only 12 or 13, her pussy was untouched and childlike. A narrow virgin slit and labia that swelled innocently at first, the delicate fuzz above was barely recognizable. Yet it was precisely this innocent, childlike pussy that excited him so much. He went straight to the goat pen after work, relieved himself and squirted on the floor.

Katharina saw his thoughtful face and smiled. “Eva told me every time that you rubbed your cock in the stable and squirted on the floor. I had to explain to her again and again why men do that. She said you were aroused by her letting you look up her skirt. I told her not to talk crazy, but she found out that there really was a connection.” Katharina smiled and scratched the hairs on the back of his neck. “Enough of the goat pen! Come, lie down with me and fuck me, you’re my hero and you’ve really earned it! And if you have to, think about fucking Eva’s pussy, I don’t mind!”

“Please be careful, Sir Franz, because I only have a very small, very tight pussyhole! Penetrate carefully and don’t hurt me!” He nodded with a lump in his throat and penetrated her very carefully. My God, that was a tight little pussyhole, even tighter than Bettina’s! At 43, Katharina was already an older woman and he wouldn’t have expected her to have such a tight pussy. But she really liked the fucking, she quickly got hot and had a wonderful orgasm. She relaxed immediately and caressed his buttocks until he groaned heavily and squirted inside. From that day on, they fucked once or twice every night until Franz was exhausted. Something like love developed between them.

Sunday morning Eva came to Katharina’s bed as usual, she waited outside the door until they woke up and started fucking. She dropped her nightgown and cuddled nakedly up close to Katharina during the fucking. Franz looked longingly at the young girl’s body and pussy and continued to fuck Katharina animatedly. It didn’t bother him that the girl was there watching. “Fucking must be nice, Mom,” Eva whispered after the fucking and Katharina’s orgasm, “I want to fuck too!” Katharina smiled, “take your time, my child, when you’re 16 we’ll find you a good man and you can fuck him as much as you like!” Eva pouted, of course, but Katharina didn’t give in and Franz had fallen asleep again.

Scattered troops passed by over the next few years. They surrounded the monastery and raided the farms. They wanted food, booze and wine and to fuck all the women. From young daughters to grandmothers, they fucked every pussy they could get their hands on. Only rarely did they come to Katharina’s farm, then Katharina moved the marriage bed and Eva and Franz had to hide in the ‘Priest’s Hole’ behind the marriage bed, where Katharina had always hidden Eva in the past. The two of them had to wait clung closely together until morning, until the attackers had fucked, eaten and drunk enough. They were only half a meter away from the fucking, they heard the lansquenets snorting and moaning as they squirted. They heard Katharina sighing when someone didn’t do it well or moaning, whooping and crying out softly in orgasm when the guy did a good job. Katharina said that it was only the many orgasms that

were difficult for her, because when it went from orgasm to orgasm without her having time to recover, it was hard work.

Franz had to squat down in the ‘Priest’s Hole’, it was too low to stand. He let Eva sit on his thigh and held her by her bare buttocks. She began to ride up on his thigh like a dog. “I’m only doing it because it sounds so exciting next door,” Eva whispered in his ear. He nodded, shrugging his shoulders, and held her by the bare buttocks. His fingers touched her labia, which she rubbed on his thighs. He had watched old Agnes rubbing her pussy with her hand back then, but he didn’t want to do it to Eva now. It was enough for him to feel her pussy in the darkness as long as she was rubbing his thigh. She immediately had an orgasm when his fingers touched her clitoris. Eva’s face glowed with sweat when she stopped riding him after orgasm. She murmured in his ear how fine it had been and then was quiet for a while. She felt his thigh with her fingers. “Can I hold on to you?” she breathed and he shrugged his shoulders. Hold on — what for? Eva’s hand slipped into his pants and gripped his cock. His head turned red as his cock gradually became stiffer and stiffer in her fist. Although she didn’t move her fist, it crept up his loins and after a few minutes he had to squirt. “It squirted,” Eva whispered astonished in his ear, “did I do something wrong?” Franz shook his head and remained silent, he couldn’t say anything in response. They spent the night like that, Eva riding his thigh to orgasm from time to time and making him cum in her fist. He thought that she knew the secret of the clit and masturbated her clit very purposefully with his finger while she was riding up until she came to orgasm quite quickly. She, in turn, had noticed that he was thrusting up and down in her fist while squirting, so she went up and down with her fist, which also triggered his squirting quickly. They masturbated each other all night, only pausing when they heard Katharina’s cries of lust and pleasure. They continued even when he could no longer squirt. There was complete silence, only a soft gasp betraying their secret activity. On the other side of the barricade Katharina let herself be fucked from time to time by a Lansquenet. But the next day it was all over.

Katharina smiled that night as they lay together. “Eva told me you had squirted in her hand?” Franz nodded, “Yes, she really wanted to hold it in her hand and then it just squirted, so what?” he said pertly.

“She fucked my thigh all night until she orgasmed! I held her labia while she was cumming and every time my finger touched her clitoris, she had an orgasm! I felt it exactly with my fingertips!” Now it was up to Katharina to be amazed. “Maybe it’s a mistake if she sometimes sees us fucking on Sunday mornings?” Franz thought for a long time. No, he said, it’s quite natural when she sees it. It’s something completely natural, we’re not fornicating. Besides, she’s already 13, that’s when sexual interest awakens.

Katharina laughed, “No, my dear, she was already 14 and will soon be 15. That’s why she torments me every Sunday morning that she wants to fuck you!” Franz was perplexed. “And what do you think about that? That she wants to fuck at all and that she wants to fuck me of all people?” Katharina thought about it. “I’m not surprised that she wants to fuck you. You’ve been the only one who’s been something like a father to her in the past four years. In this important time, the only one with whom she had shared the secret of orgasming in the ‘Priest’s Hole’. It would be fine with me if you were her first man. It was the same for me.” Franz looked at her in amazement. Now she had to tell him all.

“My mother died when Rudolf was born. The father fetched a wet nurse to suckle the little one. She was old and ugly as night, but she was able to breastfeed little Rudolf. Every evening I had to turn away my head because the father fucked her every evening. “A man has to fuck every day, otherwise his cock atrophies,” he said to me. The nurse let herself be fucked without objection, although she once said that she didn’t enjoy fucking much. She automatically pulled her nightgown up to her navel and let her knees fall left and right. The father pushed his cock in very carefully because her vagina had already started shrinking and became a little bit tighter again. He fucked for at least a quarter of an hour and then straightened up, and each time she smiled finely and said, “Just squirt inside confidently, Your Grace should have a good time!” and then he thrust and squirted, which I found very exciting. Father wanted to fuck a second time every night, so she took his cock in her mouth and licked and sucked it for 10 minutes until he was hard again. Sometimes she did it carelessly and he squirted into her mouth. Then she swallowed the juice with a broad grin and then said, “Let’s try it again, Your Grace!” and

licked him stiff again. Grinning, she put his cock back in her pussy hole and then he fucked her for the second time, which took much longer than the first time. She pressed a finger on her clitoris during the squirting and had an orgasm. I couldn't figure out how she did that with her clit. She then wiped the juice off with the corner of her nightdress, "Good night, your Grace!" and lay down to sleep. My father and the nurse never kissed. Unfortunately, Rudolf died before he was a year old. The nurse stayed with us anyway so that my father could fuck her every night. Of course I always watched them secretly, I found fucking very exciting and interesting. I was already 13 and, as you rightly said, very interested sexually. The nurse left us a year later and I was all alone with my father. On the very first evening, he asked if I would do him by hand. I shook my head, the pastor forbade us girls and also the boys to sin with our hands. Of course, that was just an excuse, because I would have committed any sin for my adored father, but I really wanted to fuck him back then. I didn't do it with my hand to any of the boys back then either, I just watched them closely doing the sin — the pastor didn't forbid it."

"I just thought about it for a moment and told my father that he could fuck me like the nurse, it wasn't forbidden. My father swallowed hard and said that it was forbidden and a sin, and that no one should ever find out! I nodded and promised not to talk about it, but he's been dead for years now. I gave him my virginity, we fucked every day for years until I married Laurenz. Laurenz understood well that I still fucked my father sometimes, right up to his end."

Katharina looked Franz straight in the eye. "I don't mind if you want to fuck Eva, she's old enough and ready for it. I'll check with Eva to see if she really wants it. What do you say, are you ready?" Franz scratched his head. "I've had no practice taking a girl's virginity. What do I have to do, what do I have to consider?" Katharina smiled and simply said, "You shouldn't penetrate too forcefully the first time, do it gently and sensitively. When the hymen is torn, you can fuck her normally. And as long as she doesn't have her period yet, you can just squirt inside. Okay?" He nodded with a lump in his throat.

The next Sunday morning, Katharina waited until Eva cuddled up to her completely after fucking and began to beg. She laughed and said, "Today, my little one, our master will make you a woman!" Eva opened her eyes wide. Franz pointed to his limp cock. "It'll be difficult with this!" he smiled. Eva protested immediately. "I know how to make him hard!" and took his cock firmly in her fist. She had only ever held his cock in her hand in the 'Priest's Hole', because she always felt that Katharina wouldn't like it. But now she held him tightly, rubbing very slowly for a quarter of an hour.

She lay on her back and spread her knees. Franz told her to guide his cock. She got him into position, then embraced lovingly the big man. They looked into each other's eyes and Eva nodded in agreement. He penetrated slowly and carefully, he felt the tearing of the hymen and heard Eva just whisper "Oooo!" and then she started crying and smiling. He fucked her slowly and carefully, he felt her arousal and held back the squirting until she trembled very briefly in orgasm, quite unlike Katharina, who twitched and shook much more violently in orgasm. From then on, Eva came every night and waited next to the bed until he and Katharina had finished fucking and then lay down with them. This went on for two years, they made love and Franz knew deep down that he much preferred to fuck the younger girl than the older one. It had nothing to do with love, just age.

Katharina was approaching her 50th birthday. She had more and more pain when fucking and went to see the wise woman, the healer. She checked her pussy and cradled her head. "It's usually only women over 70 who have a shrinking pussy, and you're only 50. But it does happen, even if it's rare. Talk to your husband about it, give him the freedom to go to someone else and do it yourself." Katharina nodded, she understood that. But she didn't know how to do it herself. The healer perked up her ears. "You've never done it yourself before?" Katharina shook her head. The healer sighed and showed her. After masturbating Katharina to orgasm, she gave her a friendly slap on the ass cheek. "This orgasm is just as good as when you fuck your husband, if he's good at it," the healer said.

Katharina really spoke to Franz. They sat down on the tree trunk on the riverbank, this was the place where they could talk undis-

turbed. She told him about her visit to the healer. “I’m getting old, my pussy is shrinking with time and getting tight and tighter. It hurts more and more to be fucked by your firm club. I love you very much, my love, and I want to fuck you whenever you want. But it hurts more and more. The healer has shown me how to make myself an orgasm without pain. And you have someone in Eva who adores you and loves to fuck you.” They talked about it for a while, but they were in agreement. However, he asked her to be present when he was fucking Eva, that was important to him. Katharina explained the situation to Eva in brief words, Eva was very concerned on the one hand because Katharina had never been ill before, but on the other hand she was keen to take over Katharina’s part of the fucking. That’s how they did it now. Franz fucked Eva twice, that was enough for him. He and Eva watched Katharina masturbate attentively, she could now have an orgasm without pain.

The next time the lansquenets attacked, Katharina cried and howled and Eva decided to swap places with her next time. And indeed, she let the lansquenets fuck her until the early hours of the morning, although she was completely exhausted from the many orgasms, she was also very proud of her heroic deed. She turned 15, she turned 16 and Katharina began to look for a husband for her.

She found what she was looking for. Ludwig Melhorn was a son from a wealthy family who, although he couldn’t get his father’s business, was a suitable marriage candidate at the age of 18. His family was very selective, but Eva was the daughter of a highly respected man, which really made the difference. Eva and Ludwig met and were instantly on the same wavelength. Eva sensed that Ludwig was a really nice guy and suggested that he spend the night with her. So it came about that Franz spent the night in the children’s room and Katharina lay in the big bed with Eva and Ludwig as chaperone. They lay down to bed and Katharina and Eva stared at Ludwig’s cock.

It was tiny. Really tiny, barely as big as Katharina’s little finger. He didn’t seem to know it though, so they didn’t make any comments. He sat naked in bed and gazed longingly at Katharina’s pussy. Katharina took his boy’s cock in her hand and masturbated him for quite a long time until he was completely hard. To her astonishment, he

asked her if he could fuck her? Katharina was surprised and confused, but she nodded. "Later, after Eva." Eva moved into his field of vision and only now did he seem to understand. He only fucked Eva very briefly and barely squirted. He turned to Katharina and cuddled her. "Make him hard again, please," he whispered and Katharina nodded. She masturbated his little boy's cock for a quarter of an hour until he was completely hard again. He lay down on Katharina and fucked her so hard that she almost came to orgasm. "I have to squirt now," he gasped and Katharina whispered, "Come on, squirt, my boy!" Only now did he really squirt. He cuddled up to Katharina and let her ask him questions. No, he had never fucked a young girl like Eva before. Only his old nurse, who had nursed him and raised him like her own child, he had fucked her every night for several years. She had taught him fucking and he only felt comfortable fucking older women. Katharina knew immediately that he was sexually completely twisted, the poor guy. He liked Eva very much and she liked him too, but the sexually things were pretty messed up.

Katharina reported to Franz the next day and wanted his opinion. He first wanted to know if she wasn't in pain when they fucked? She laughed, "but no! His cock is really tiny and fucking him was like fucking myself with my little finger." Franz's heart became light again. "I was really afraid he would fuck you and it would cause you pain." They talked on the tree trunk by the stream. "I don't know your customs here very well," he said, "I used to think that the man-to-be would only fuck his beloved and not his mother-in-law." She laughed and nodded, "That was also the custom. My father lay silently beside us, rubbing his cock as he watched me fuck Laurenz in the months before the wedding, and that's how it was meant to be. One of the parents, as 'chaperone', was supposed to make sure that he treated the bride decently and respectfully. I've often heard of a mother-in-law forcing the groom to fuck her too so that she would give her blessing. To a certain extent, I can understand it if the woman is quite old and has no one to fuck anymore." Thoughtfully, she threw a withered leaf into the stream. "Poor Ludwig is completely fixated on his wet nurse, she's already approaching 70. He's never fucked a younger woman before. I see a real problem coming for Eva. Because apart from fucking, the two of them get on really

well, which is a good prerequisite.” Franz said she should speak clear words with him tonight and not beat around the bush.

Katharina actually did as Franz had said. Ludwig was a sensible guy and understood what she meant. He promised to fuck Eva just as well as the old wet nurse. Or even better. Again, he let Katharina masturbate him to get hard, because he said he loved that very much, and then fucked Eva with full commitment. Eva didn’t have an orgasm with him, but she wasn’t dissatisfied. He would try even harder tomorrow, Ludwig said, and after a while he fucked Katharina. He really made an effort to fuck Eva well and she had to admit that he really did make an effort. Ludwig dozed for a quarter of an hour and then fucked Katharina with great enthusiasm. This went on for 3 months, day after day. First he fucked Eva and then Katharina, with that he remained stubborn. And Katharina let him fuck her for 3 months because she didn’t feel any pain with him and reached the orgasm secretly touching her clit while he squirted. — Then the two of them got married.

Katharina had turned 50, Franz was still 32 as he had been years ago. He hadn’t aged and she had noticed that a long time ago. His hair didn’t grow or hardly grew at all. She knew that men shaved every few days, but Franz only shaved once a year. They were sitting on the tree trunk by the riverbank when she started talking about it. He nodded, he had noticed it too, especially because his wounds were taking much longer than usual to heal. He also didn’t know why he wasn’t ageing, or hardly ageing at all. He thought it had something to do with the lightning bolt that had struck him in the cathedral square a good ten years ago. It was no ordinary flash of lightning, it would have scorched and killed him. He had to accept the fact that he didn’t age, or only very slowly, as there didn’t seem to be any disadvantages. They puzzled for a long time before going inside.

Katharina had foreseen that a replacement would have to be found for Eva after the wedding. She found an orphan girl who had been abused by the Soldateska, who wanted to work in the countryside and who understood immediately that she had to fuck the master of the house. No problem, said 16-year-old Pamina, being fucked by the lansquenets had left no lasting damage on her soul or mind. On the

contrary, she was actually proud to have been made a woman at the age of 14. She lowered her eyes bashfully as she admitted to Katharina that she really loved to fuck. She had lived on the streets for far too long and had let herself be fucked for a few coins, but that wasn't a nice life. She wanted to live in a family again. She was hired.

In contrast to Eva, Pam, as she was called, was pretty ugly. She only had very flat breasts, an equally flat ass and a palm-sized brown birthmark on her back. Above her childlike slit there was a tiny bush of golden-red hair. Only her face was childlike-pretty in midst of her red hair, she smiled a lot and had a sunny disposition. She was uneducated, a little mentally retarded and not particularly clever, but she worked for two in the fields and was happy when people gifted her flowers.

Franz didn't let his disappointment with her appearance show when the three of them went to bed for the first time. Pam asked Katharina if she should wait until the mistress had fucked. But Katharina said she was too old to fuck and would do it herself with her finger. Pam nodded, she had always done it with her finger from an early age on, but since she could fuck, she no longer did it with her finger. And then Franz got a real surprise.

Pam fucked more enthusiastically and passionately than almost anyone else before. She was very easy going and already had her fourth jubilant orgasm when he squirted after a long fuck. Katharina hadn't seen a girl like this before either and she had interrupted her masturbation to watch Pam's fucking. Pam fucked along very actively and had no trouble at all reaching an orgasm. She opened her mouth silently and stared into Franz's eyes, smiling happily. She pulled back the foreskin over her little clitoris and let it go again when the orgasm subsided after half a minute, then continued fucking as before.

Pam had leaned her head against Franz's chest after the first fucking, caressed his cock very gently and softly and waited patiently until he was hard again. And again Pam had one orgasm after another, she was very gentle with him and helped him to delay the squirting. It was more than half an hour before he nodded and she consciously made him squirt inside. She was tired from all the orgasms, but very

happy when Franz kissed her on the lips at the end and told her how great she was at fucking. Pam asked Katharina if she should finger-fuck her, but Katharina waved her off. Franz and Pam held each other hugging while they watched Katharina masturbate her clit with a single finger to a trembling, twitching orgasm. That was a damn good start, Franz said.

Two months later, they were startled by the sound of a horse, it was Eva. They sat down in the kitchen and Eva howled like a rainy day. Ludwig was such a sweet, funny and clever guy, but he didn't like fucking Eva. Not at all. He sometimes sneaked off at night to fuck his nurse in the servants' dormitory, and he didn't care that everyone saw the young master fucking the old nurse. He liked to lie down in Eva's lap like a baby, suck on her teats like an infant and let Eva masturbate him. Fucking? Maybe once a week. Katharina and Franz were shocked. "How am I ever going to get pregnant, how am I ever going to have children?" Eva cried and could not be comforted. She masturbated half the night with one finger and cried because she could never get pregnant that way. Katharina said dryly that Franz was still there and she could have children with him.

Eva pulled her head up. The tears dried up immediately and she smiled at Franz. "Yes, is that possible?" she exclaimed happily. Katharina was as cold as ice. "If he fucks you day after day for two or three months without missing a day, you're guaranteed to get pregnant and you can foist your cuckoo children on Ludwig, if that's what you want. Ride back into town and think it over. When you come back tomorrow at noon, you'll have made up your mind!" Katharina stood up and held the door open. "Think carefully and make up your mind by tomorrow!" Eva obeyed and rode home.

"Is that a good idea?" asked Franz, "I'll go along with it if you really want to, of course, but I'm not sure if it's good and right for Eva." Katharina sat back down at the table and hid the trembling of her hands. "I'm not sure how much pressure there is in her soul. I felt that pressure myself when I wanted my son and later my daughter. No, I had to. I would have died if I hadn't had a child. And if Laurenz hadn't been interested in fucking, I would have let someone else get me pregnant, that's for sure!"

At night, after the wonderful fuck with Pam, Katharina explained the situation to her. Her daughter Eva would be fucking Franz for the next few nights and she would have to go easy on him a little bit, so not fuck too much and too hard so that he could mount Eva. Pam nodded as if she understood. “Sir Franz will mount Eva, that will certainly be fun! And — Sir Franz will probably fuck Eva after mounting her too, won’t he?” Katharina realized that she had to explain it in detail and she did. Pam listened to her open-mouthed and repeated what she had understood. “I understand,” she finally said, “but when he’s fucked her enough times, will I get to try if the master likes to fuck me afterwards?” Franz hugged the silly child. “I like you, Pam, I really like you. It’s very important that I fuck Eva and squirt inside her. When Eva has had enough, we’ll both try it too, okay?” Pam snuggled into his arms. “Yes, we’ll try it and I’m sure it will work, it’s worked for all the men so far!” Her look at Katharina expressed how sure she was of herself.

“And you’re sure Eva will come tomorrow?” he asked Katharina later and she nodded. “Come on, put your face in front of my pussy, I really like seeing the sexual craving light up in your eyes!”

At lunchtime, Eva came by on horseback and went into the bedroom without saying a word. She was already naked when Franz entered the room. Katharina went behind the house and called Pam. They went into the bedroom and found Eva and Franz already kissing intensely. Pam quickly took off her dress and lay down next to Franz, because she didn’t know Eva yet and was a bit shy. Katharina saw that the three of them needed the space and sat down naked at the foot of the bed. The two girls stroked Franz competitively and his cock was hard in no time. Pam murmured softly, “You can mount her now, master!” Pam grabbed his cock and inserted it into Eva’s pussy hole. “Now you can fuck her, master!” Katharina could hardly hold back her laughter. Eva knew from Katharina that Pam existed, now she put one arm around Franz’s buttock and the other around his shoulders. “Please, please, make me a baby, oh Lord!” and he wasn’t sure if she meant him or if it was a push prayer, but he thought no more of it and began to fuck. Pam said to Eva, “I’ll do it to you with my finger!” and Eva breathed, “Yes!” without thinking.

Eva felt Pam's finger on her clit. She had never rubbed her clit like Pam was doing now. She wanted to protest, but it was too late, the horniness was already creeping up her inner thighs and into her pussy. She had never rubbed her clit to orgasm before her marriage, even since Franz had masturbated her clit for hours in the 'Priest's Hole'. But she suddenly remembered that she had ridden on his thigh in the 'Priest's Hole' and at the moment, when his fingers had touched and then rubbed her clit, at that moment her orgasm had erupted every time, probably a hundred times. The touch of Pam's fingers brought back the memories of that time.

Katharina watched the three of them carefully and she thought it looked insanely hot. She recognized the flush of excitement on Eva's face, she had never seen her daughter like this before. Pam had one leg up and Katharina could see deep into her teenage pussy hole. You couldn't tell from her childish-looking pussy that she had been fucked a hundred times. Franz was nowhere near ready, but now Eva's orgasm broke out, she trembled and twitched just a little as usual. Pam had let go of her clit briefly during her orgasm and now continued again. Eva orgasmed again and again, perhaps four or five times, then Katharina realized that Franz was now squirting. Normally he would pull his cock out of Eva so as not to impregnate her. But that was exactly what Eva wanted now and he pushed in deep for the first time to squirt inside. Eva gurgled something incomprehensible as he finished squirting and pulled his cock out. Exhausted, he sank down next to Eva.

"And you thought it over well?" he asked Eva. She was already tired too and nodded, "Yes, I have. Please make me a child, sir!" Pam looked uncertainly at Katharina, for her she was the boss. "Don't you want him to mount her again?" she asked and Katharina said that the master needed a few minutes break, then he would mount Eva again. Pam nodded and waited a few minutes, then she grabbed his cock and made him stiff in a flash. "You'll have to mount her again, master!" she murmured, stuffing his cock firmly into Eva's pussy hole. He fucked again and Pam rubbed Eva's clit with great zeal. Eva was already very tired, but she flew from orgasm to orgasm under Pam's fingers and Franz fucked her for a very long time before he straightened up and squirted his seed into Eva's pussy hole. She sighed lov-

ingly as he squirted and then rhythmically squirted it all inside. It was over, everyone was completely exhausted. Katharina was in the final spurt, but Pam pushed her finger aside and took over. Sighing, Katharina laid her head on Franz's chest and spread her thighs wide and willingly. She sighed and sighed without end, because Pam was a master at masturbating women. She made Katharina as hot as fire and brought her to orgasm, trembling and twitching. From then on, Katharina had nothing against letting Pam masturbate her.

Eva came day after day at lunchtime for three months, she was pregnant and came anyway, because she needed the fucking and the many orgasms by Pam. By night, Franz was recovered and Pam let herself be fucked enthusiastically and jubilantly. The years flowed by, Eva had a son and two more daughters and continued to fuck Franz whenever she could free herself. Ludwig knew that she rode to fuck at lunchtime, but he had accepted it from the start and was a proud and good father to Eva's children.

The war was coming to an end, the politicians fought with each other for every inch of influence and invoked God in their mouths on every occasion. Magdeburg, which had become small, awoke again, Ludwig's father became justice and persecuted the scattered Catholic fighters with a firm hand. Franz felt more insecure from day to day as his comrades-in-arms disappeared one by one into the dungeons. He had to run away. Katharina understood the situation immediately, Eva less so. She was Franz's wife, not Ludwig's. She made sure that Ludwig's father did not yet pursue her husband, her great fucker Franz. But it was only a matter of time before Franz would perish and die in a dungeon.

Franz could not and would not wait any longer. He said goodbye to everyone, made love to Eva and Pam once more and held Katharina in his arms for the last time as she orgasmed. Then he mounted a horse and galloped off. He didn't have a destination yet, but he wanted to get back to Tyrol, he wanted to see Bettina. When he arrived in Schwaz, he was directed to the cemetery, where all three of them lay, his parents and Bettina next to them, who had died in childbirth. He stood in front of the grave crosses for a long time, the past passing him by like a movie.

He saw old Agnes, the first one he fucked. She had grinned wryly when little Franz watched her masturbate in the straw for the first time. He had dropped his pants to the floor and watched the old woman lying spread-eagled on the bales of straw and masturbating passionately. The semen dripped from his little boy's cock and he squirted on the floor because it looked so exciting. The old woman orgasmed and watched the little boy squirt. The mentally retarded woman waved him over. "Come on, fuck!" she said and showed him how he had to fuck her. He was thrilled and went to the stable every afternoon to watch Agnes masturbate and then fuck her. Only after weeks did he reveal this secret to his sister Bettina, who was a year younger. They both slept in the children's room and Bettina slipped under his blanket every night.

They had long ago explored each other's private parts and one day Bettina discovered that he could squirt. From then on, she masturbated him every night, clumsily rubbing her labia without realizing the secret of the clitoris. He was very proud that he could do something Bettina could not. They tried the fucking as soon as he had told Bettina. But it hurt her, she pushed him back. "I'm still a virgin and I can't fuck yet," Betty said, crying pitifully. He went to the stable every afternoon and fucked old Agnes. He had shown Bettina a good hiding place from where she could watch him fucking Agnes.

The mother came into the nursery every morning to wake the little ones. She saw Franz's morning wood more and more often and thoughtfully went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. The children asked questions about sexuality and one morning their mother came in and showed them her pussy and explained everything. After some initial hesitation, she showed them how she masturbated. The two of them watched wide-eyed as she masturbated shamelessly, hard rubbing one finger on her clit and rapidly fucking another finger in her fuckhole. She laughed out loud as she shuddered and twitched in her obscene orgasm. Bettina tried it out that same evening and was now also able to masturbate. It was in her character to see everything as a competition. They listened to the church clock strike the hour when she tried out how many times she could make Franz cum in an hour, how many orgasms she could give herself in an hour.

One morning, his mother sat on Franz's thighs and masturbated his morning wood as it should be. Bettina feigned sleep, of course. The mother felt precisely when he was about to squirt and stuffed his cock into her pussy under the nightgown. He squirted inside and she said to him in a low whisper that when he grew up she would show him how to fuck for real, but shush! not a single word to Bettina! He nodded and kept his mouth shut, because he didn't want to tell his mother that he had been fucking old Agnes for a long time. When she had gone, Bettina whispered excitedly to him, had he really cum inside?

It wasn't every day that his mother masturbated him in the morning and made him cum inside in the end. But his mother had once told him that she hadn't been fucked by his father for years. He only fucked old Agnes, the bastard, and she fucked every day the neighbor's boy, who was only a few years older than Franz. His father had been elected to the city council and had ridden to Innsbruck, the regional capital. His mother seized the opportunity and lured Franz into her bedroom early in the morning. He fucked her for real the first time and Bettina was beside herself with excitement because she had been spying on them. That night she let Franz take her virginity and they now fucked every night. In total, his mother only fucked him 8 times in all those years, but neither he nor Bettina knew that it was incest, they only learned this vocabulary many years later.

Bettina hadn't had her period yet and they both knew that they didn't have to think about contraception or pregnancy at the moment. They fucked as often as they could, they loved each other with all their hearts and hugged each other like lovers. Bettina, however, became very jealous and snotty when Franz eagerly took care of the new maid.

The old Agnes had been dismissed by the father, who had hired a younger maid. Franz fucked the new maid Eva, as the 20-year-old was called, as a matter of course. She taught him to use contraception and to pull his cock out before he squirted. She patiently explained to him why he was allowed to cum on some days and not on others, and he complied, because her explanation of the female cycle was very plausible. She once cried in his arms because his father had

been unreasonable and had squirted inside her unabashedly. But he had no way of influencing the stupid old man. She was afterwards clever enough to dive off immediately on those days and take the old man's cock in her mouth. It didn't matter to him that he had to cum in her mouth, and it was a good solution for her. Eva taught Franz to fuck her from behind, because she liked that best. She rubbed her clit nonstop and triggered her orgasms when she wanted to. On some days when he was allowed to squirt inside Eva's pussy hole, he would skip school and have fun with her for hours in the hayloft. On the "dangerous" days, she taught him to squirt in her mouth. She took a part of his cock in her mouth and sucked and licked it, masturbating his cock at the same time. She had told him to wait until she gave the signal before squirting. Then he had to push his cock deep into her throat and finish squirting as quickly as possible, because she had to hold her breath. After a few attempts it worked, he stared into her eyes until she gave the signal with her eyelashes. He always had to hold back the squirting for a long time, because she saw his despair, but she had to let him suffer a little bit. He immediately stuck his cock in so deep that she almost choked and squirted as fast as he could deep in her throat. He pulled his cock out immediately and she swallowed it all. It was a thrill, but he preferred to fuck her and squirt in her pussy, he admitted. She smiled and let him squirt inside as often as she could do responsibly.

The Maid Eva, however, always considered it a disgrace to be fucked by the master of the house and his son, even though she was a serf who was considered property and an object at the time. She let herself be fucked without objection, but she did not hold back her dissatisfaction. Franz only understood her when the Margrave forced him into military service and sold the entire troop to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. This is how Franz ended up at war.

Franz flinched as the ravens screeched in the cemetery, flying hastily away. He placed a hand on Bettina's grave cross to say good-bye. He probably wouldn't be coming back, he had to go further south. Italy was the safest place at the moment.

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In Italy

by Jack Faber © 2024

Franz Herrnthaler rode across the Alps with a heavy heart, sleeping in barns or in the open air. He had enough time to think about his situation. What could he do? He had learned Italian and French quite well from his comrades during the war. He had learned some church Latin during his time with Katharina, as most of the tomes he could read in the library and in the vicarage were written in Latin. Of course, there were already some newspapers and pamphlets reporting on the course of the war and politics. He had brushed up on his schooling and eagerly devoured all the academic books.

He had thought about it for a long time and was determined to find God. Italy was the most Catholic country, there were many opportunities here to approach God and faith. He still had 50 gold florins and more than 200 silver guilders, most of which he had taken from Hofstätter. He carried the money in two pouches and his knife under his leather jerkin, which Katharina had sewn for him together with his knee-length leather leggings. When he came to populated areas, he put on his imperial doublet so that he would be recognized immediately as an imperial. On the outskirts of Bolzano he decided to ask for young widows. He approached several of them, but they had already taken in fugitives from the north.

Then finally, he had already given up inside, he spoke to Florina. She was a young widow in her mid-20s who had lost her husband in the battle against the Swedes. She was visibly pregnant, a slim peasant girl with large breasts and a tear-stained face. But she was happy to take him in; as an imperial he was welcome. She offered him a place to stay with the cows in the barn. She gave him a hearty meal and they drank wine. She blushed and said there was only one bedroom and the large double bed. If he didn't want to sleep in the stable. Franz smiled sweetly. He would look after his horse and then join her in the bedroom. Florina blushed up to her breasts and put

the dishes away. When Franz returned from the stables, she was already in bed.

She was wide-eyed when he pulled her nightgown over her head. “I’ve been on the road for three weeks and haven’t had a woman,” he said. She nodded, she had met her husband when she was 14 and he was her first and only, she had never really let anyone else cum inside her. She was 22 and had started masturbating heavily again since he had gone into battle. Slightly embarrassed, Florina said she masturbated every morning, at lunchtime and two or three times at night, as often as she felt like it. Franz stroked her round belly. Would she rather masturbate now than fuck? She cried softly. “I’ve been faithful to him since I gave him my virginity when I was 14. I was always faithful to him, even though he let me fuck his friends. He asked me right after he took my virginity if I would be willing to fuck his friends too. I was shocked at first, but he convinced me. He was very keen to see me fuck and so I agreed. The only condition was that they weren’t allowed to cum inside me, because I only wanted him to make me a baby. He understood immediately and made it clear to his friends.

He brought his friends to fuck me right from the start. They were allowed to fuck me and then cum in my asshole or were satisfied with a handjob after fucking me. I felt very desired and deliberately made everyone hot, because right from the start I loved being fucked to orgasm. He loved watching me fuck and he always asked me to let the boyfriend fuck me first and then squirt in my asshole, which really turned him on. In the early years, most of them couldn’t hold up to squirt and I had to rub their squirting monsters with my fist or force the squirting cocks into my asshole. I cried with rage every time, because at first the stupid guys just squirted in with a stupid grin! Hundreds of times the guys took advantage of my helpless sexual excitement and squirted inside. I was sometimes speechless when my boyfriend grabbed his buddy’s cock and made him finish squirting inside me.

All his friends who joined us were keen to fuck me for real and I was happy to let them fuck me to orgasm because he encouraged me to do it and he really liked it. But I didn’t want them to cum inside, so

I grabbed each of these guys by the cock before they cum and let them cum in my asshole. Then my boyfriend fucked me to orgasm, and only he was allowed to cum inside properly. There were often two or three of them that I seduced into fucking me at the same time, and there really were a lot of them in those carefree years.

When we got married a few months ago, I stopped getting been fucked or having my asshole fucked and I didn't do any more hand-jobs. I only belonged to him now. We were really looking forward to having our child, but then the count forced him off to war. And I was left alone, because he was killed after just a few weeks." Florina cried again. "I want to fuck so badly now, I haven't fucked in months!"

Franz was very touched by her story and said she was welcome to masturbate after fucking, that was fine with him. She nodded eagerly and spread her knees. "Come now, Franz, come fuck!" Franz looked at her body, she was a pretty, slim country girl with big breasts and a small pregnant tummy. He penetrated slowly, she had a pleasantly tight vagina and fucked very actively. She was very easy going and quickly had a strong orgasm, but then they continued to fuck hard until he cummed. She continued to masturbate without pause and he stroked her inner thighs and pussy until she was finished. They fucked until dawn, then he fell asleep tired. She had gone shopping in the morning and crawled into bed with him at lunchtime. She let him fuck her with his morning wood and then again and again until he fell asleep from tiredness. He stayed in bed for 4 days, only getting up to check on the horse. On the 5th morning, he said goodbye and rode on.

One night he slept outdoors, then he looked for the next widow in the next settlement, in Salurn. Gianna was in her late 30s, soon to be 40, her children had already flown the nest and her husband was far away. She hadn't heard from him for a year and thought he was probably already dead. She was even less complicated than Florina, she gave him a good supper with grappa and took him straight to her bedroom. He took care of his horse and came to bed with her. She was waiting for him naked, she wasn't romantic at all, she wasn't very talkative and wanted to fuck in no uncertain terms. She was slim and athletically built, but her pussy hole was not tight at all, rather

wide and soft. She smiled kindly, embraced him without hesitation and let herself be fucked, smiling but passively. “You can cum in there,” she said quietly, “I’m not getting pregnant today!” After the fucking she talked a little about herself, she had never taken fidelity seriously, she had fucked many men before the marriage, during the marriage too and now that he was drafted into military service, she had let herself be fucked often and gladly. Her husband wasn’t a very good fucker and he shrugged his shoulders when she brought someone home to fuck. He liked to watch her fucking, but insisted that the guy left after fucking her. He usually fucked her afterwards because he had become horny. Unfortunately for her, she never had an orgasm while they were fucking. It wasn’t until her children were grown up that she learned to masturbate. But she didn’t want to masturbate when he was present. He stayed two nights and probably fucked Gianna a dozen times, then he rode on.

He entered the San Fermo monastery south of Verona. The padres welcomed him hospitably and he spoke to the padre superior every day. He was able to stay and work in the monastery as a simple brother, and after 4 years he was able to take his vows. He stayed in the monastery for nearly 2 years. From sunrise to midday he worked in the fields and after lunch he sat in the library day in and day out. He honed his Latin, as most of the padres spoke Latin well. In his second year, he was appointed as an altar boy and companion for the padres. He only moved further away from God and the idea of becoming a padre. He was thoroughly mistaken. A hundred years ago, after Pope Borgia, he thought like many catholics, that corruption, greed and fornication had disappeared from the Church. What a mistake! He accompanied the padres riding a mule to the villages and convents, where they read masses and preached unctuously. But as soon as they had taken off their vestments, they laid themselves on wives and daughters, nuns and novices. He had not yet taken his vows and was allowed to fuck whoever he wanted. But the shameless fucking and the fornication of the padres made him sad and drove him away from God, the church and his faith.

He had spoken to the Padre Superior and although the Superior regretted it, he promised to ask around. A few months later, Franz was on the road again. He had a letter of recommendation from the

Superior to the Prince of Ferrara, who was looking for a tutor. He was presented and the prince himself examined him. He tested Fratello Francesco's Latin, as he was called here, as he was still wearing the brown monastic habit. The prince was delighted that he also spoke German and French and knew mathematics, geometry and a little astronomy. He listened with interest to the fact that Francesco had fought in the name of the Austrian Emperor for almost 20 years and had educated himself in all sorts of things, such as ancient Roman and ancient Greek philosophy, in Latin books, which delighted the Prince even more, as philosophy was his hobbyhorse. It was unfortunate that Francesco had no knowledge of courtly manners, regional politics or diplomacy, but he would find someone who did. He introduced Francesco to his daughter Giulia, a 14-year-old blonde beauty. Francesco liked her at first glance, but Giulia sulked, she didn't want a monk as a teacher. The fact that she was a rebellious, spoiled brat did not escape Francesco's notice. He reassured her, he was not a monk, no way. He was an imperial soldier who had sought refuge in the monastery of San Fermo. The prince, her father, nodded in agreement, that was true, the superior had written to him. Giulia gave him and Francesco a scathing look and hurried off. "She's my only child, she's already put two tutors to flight this year!" said the prince. "I have never run away from a task or an enemy," Francesco said dryly. "The little Principessa doesn't scare me," he continued with a smile, "what am I supposed to concentrate on in class?" The Prince had another glass of wine poured for them, then they continued to talk for another hour. A secretary reminded the Prince of his next appointment. And so it was that Francesco became tutor at the court of Ferrara.

He moved into a cozy room on the top floor, where all the servants slept. He had agreed with the superior that he would either come back after 14 days or not, that was settled. His old horse, the faithful Magdeburger, came into the stable and was well accommodated. Francesco unpacked the three boxes of books, swapped his Fratello frock for his leather clothes and immediately wrote a letter to Katharina. They had kept in touch, the mail had been three weeks in transit, but that was normal at the time. She had written to him a year ago that Eva had given birth to another son and he was very proud of

that. He closed his letter, went down to the kitchen for dinner with the maids, then went to sleep.

A soft knocking woke him up. All he could see in the dark was a figure dressed in white, and a woman's voice whispered: "Posso? — can I, Master Francesco?" "Yes," he replied dazedly, not knowing what was going on. She locked the door from the inside, stepped up to his bed and dropped the nightgown. She crawled naked to him under the covers.

Now he was wide awake. He hugged the stranger and wondered if he should light the candles, but he dismissed the idea. There was nothing to see, only to feel. "Who are you?" he breathed and she replied, "Antonia, we saw each other at dinner." He had seen so many girls at dinner, but he didn't know her yet. He touched her face. "Antonia," he said, "do you really want it?" She nodded mutely, her hand crawling over his back and feeling his cock. "Yes, please, Master!"

Antonia was apparently not inexperienced and bent over his cock to lick it stiff. It was also a hygienic measure, of course, he knew that. After a few minutes, she had licked him stiff and lay down on her back. He was aroused, but he couldn't help himself: "Posso? — may I?" He sensed Antonia's smile. She pulled him between her thighs. It wasn't very tight, but it was soft and very wet. They fucked for quite a while, pleurably and almost silently. He had to squirt and Antonia pushed him deep inside her. She was highly aroused, but she had missed her orgasm. He sank down beside her and felt for her clit. "No, no!" she cried softly, but he stubbornly continued. "No, no!" she repeated softly, but she gladly gave in and opened her thighs willingly. It didn't take Francesco two minutes, she pressed her lips to his neck so as not to be loud and panted excitedly through her nose. In orgasm, she bit him lightly on the neck, the orgasm was so strong. She leaned her head against him and whispered, "Thank you!" They fucked later again and Francesco whispered that she should do it to herself. She hesitated for a very long time, but then masturbated. Her orgasm came just seconds before he cummed. They whispered for a while longer, then Antonia put on her nightgown and floated away silently.

In the early morning there was a knock at the door, “There’s breakfast downstairs, Master!” said a deep female voice. He went down to breakfast, gradually realizing how things worked in the princely household. He went up to the first floor, asked a servant where the study was and asked her to call the Principessa. He leafed through a book and Giulia only arrived after a quarter of an hour, locked the door and sat down. She was snotty, and it showed. He asked politely how she had slept and how her mother was today. She immediately dropped the snotty attitude, she was only 13 and would soon be 14, her father had said. She wasn’t used to anyone taking an interest in her, she was only a princely pledge for a diplomatically important marriage. She replied softly, “Thank you, Don Francesco, I slept very well. And Mom has been dead for two years.” He murmured his condolences and she went on to say that her mother had died giving birth to a little brother, who had died too. She missed her mother very much, Giulia said and smiled shyly. She had noticed his greedy look under her skirt and smiled smugly, he was like all men in that respect, she thought. She let him stare for long moments. The ice was broken and he asked her questions to find out what she knew. She spoke neither German nor French, but was fluent in Latin. Her father had taught her that so that she could read the ancient Romans and Greeks. She was very well-read, but had no idea about geography and travel reports, and was also unfamiliar with recent history and the political situation. She knew quite a lot about courtly customs and noble families, but he had to pass. This was his first time at a princely court; he was actually a soldier. Nevertheless, he listened carefully when she told him about these distinguished families.

He told Giulia to listen carefully and then read out one of Pliny’s most famous speeches. She knew the speech, she said at the end. Now they were discussing how to analyze this speech. She was very concentrated, but she realized that she had not yet understood some of what was well hidden in it. Two hours later she said she wanted to order something to drink and eat. She went to the door, unlocked it and spoke to a servant. Ten minutes later she came in with a tray and Giulia locked the door behind her. They drank and ate and Giulia interjected between lines that she might not chase him away after all. “I wouldn’t make it easy for you, Principessa,” he said, leaning back

resolutely. She looked at him from the side and said surprisingly, "You have a big hickey on your neck!" He was surprised and didn't say anything at first. "That can happen when you're fucking!" he then said dryly. Now she asked him who it was, what was her name, was it a woman or a boy? He said grimly that he was no more interested in boys than he was in dogs or cats. She laughed uproariously. "Dogs and cats! You have a real sense of humor, Master Francesco!" But no matter how much she asked and pondered names out loud, she couldn't get more than a smug smile out of him. He pushed the tray aside and picked up Plinius again. But he was in for a surprise.

Giulia took a seat in the chair opposite him and placed her feet on the seat to the left and right of her bottom. She let her knees fall apart and hiked up her skirt. He couldn't look away and couldn't take his eyes off her childish, virginal pussy. It went through him like a bolt of lightning, because he immediately thought of little Eva, who provocatively showed him her pussy every day in the fields. Giulia's cunt was just as exciting, between the labia majora the labia minora folded apart like a small butterfly, above it a large and long foreskin that completely covered the clitoris. Even higher, a sparse, golden bush was barely visible. He looked closely, Giulia seemed to be an untouched virgin, but he wasn't sure. He looked into her eyes as she said, "Well?" He was aware that the ice was thin, that with the slightest mistake he could destroy everything. "Are you still a real virgin, Principessa?" he asked softly. She nodded with a smile. "I've thought about fucking one of the little pageboys several times. But they're very silly and careless when they rub their little cock until it squirts out. I wouldn't be that careless!" She looked at him with a smile, sliding a hand onto her golden bush.

"You do realize, Principessa, that this is a little unseemly for a noble lady, don't you?" She smiled and replied cheekily: "Of course, I know, but I wanted to show you my pussy, Don Francesco. Do you think it's beautiful or ugly?" Thin ice, Franz, thin ice! he thought. "It's very pretty," he muttered, "pretty, but useless!"

She looked at him in astonishment. "Useless?" Francesco had now everything under control again. "But of course, or do you play with your 'farfallina' at night?" She looked at him in astonishment.

“What’s that supposed to be, the ‘farfallina’?” Suddenly she understood: “You must mean the clit, it’s called ‘clitoride’ or ‘clitorina’.” He nodded, yes, that’s exactly what he meant. She thoughtlessly pulled back the foreskin with her middle finger and the small pink clitoris was visible. She thought very hard. “But you won’t tell anyone, will you, Master Francesco?” He nodded and grumbled, “I wouldn’t even tell it to the unchaste Pope in Rome!” and now Giulia had to laugh. She became serious again. “I bring my ‘farfallina’ to orgasm every night, at least twice, sometimes more often. I saw a maid do it many years ago and secretly imitated it. The first time I did it, I pissed in the bed because I didn’t know how strong an orgasm was.”

Francesco had seen enough and heard a lot of new things. “I’ll see you again tomorrow at this time, now I have to go because it’s very unseemly!” He got up, grabbed his books and actually left without looking back. She is just like Eva was at 14, Giulia also wanted to fuck, at any cost. But he wanted to keep his head on his neck, my God, the girl was going to drive him crazy. Just like when little Eva held her childish pussy in front of him day after day and he had to pull himself together to keep from fucking her in the field!

He put the books on his desk and went down to the kitchen. He was far too early, but he had to be around people now to keep his wits about him. He watched the cooks at work, he stared at the plump female asses of the cooks and the helpers. One of the cooks noticed his absent-minded stare and placed a large cup of light country wine in front of him. He looked up startled and thanked her, drank a few sips obediently and continued to stare at the plump female asses.

The room filled up, the staff arrived in full force and he tried to figure out which of the friendly girls was Antonia. She had told him as she was leaving that she would be back. But as hard as he tried, he couldn’t find her.

He had been lying in the dark for a very long time until he heard the soft knock. The figure in the white nightgown asked again, “Posso?” and he said impatiently, “Avanti!” which meant something like “Go!”. She locked the door, dropped her nightgown and slipped

under his covers. "You're late, Antonia!" and he heard her chuckle. "No, I'm Antonia's sister, my name is Andrea. She's younger than me, 31, and I'm 34!" He now realized that Andrea's bottom was a little plumper than Antonia's, her breasts smaller and much softer. Andrea also felt his body and concentrated on his cock. "Antonia told me, Master Francesco, that you fucked her twice and that you worked her masterfully with your finger during the break. Are we going to do it the same way?" Francesco nodded in the dark and growled, "Sure we do! And didn't Antonia tell you that she couldn't have an orgasm when we fucked and she did it herself with her finger the second time?" he asked emphatically. "No, Master, she didn't say. We both don't get orgasms when we fuck and if we do it to ourselves with a finger, we certainly don't do it in front of other people!" Andrea dived down and licked his cock. She lay on her back and let her knees fall apart. He mounted her, her vagina was even softer and wider than Antonia's. "You can do it with your finger, that's okay with me!" he grumbled as he began to fuck her. She remained silent and only after a very long hesitation did she begin to rub her clit. He waited with the squirting until she was writhing in orgasm and her vaginal muscles were flexing his cock. During the break, he masturbated her the way she had masturbated before. The second fuck went like the first, but afterwards she hugged him and kissed him on the mouth. "See you tomorrow, Mylord" she breathed before silently floating out. He thought for a long time about which one would come tomorrow, Antonia or Andrea? He fell asleep over it.

He didn't recognize either of them at breakfast. He went grimly into the study room, where Giulia was already waiting. The tray with the snack was already on the table. He sat down and opened Cato, Cato Porcius the Elder. It was the turn of the famous Carthage speech. Giulia greeted him kindly and stood up. She locked the door with the bolt and moved the chair directly in front of him. Grinning broadly, she sat down like yesterday and let him look. It took him a long time to pick up the Cato. She sat like that all day. When she was thinking or had to concentrate fully in a discussion, her fingers played excitedly with the foreskin, she tugged on it and pushed it back and forth to reach the clit, but she didn't masturbate. As they ate their midday snack, she told him that last night she had rubbed her 'farfallina' for so long, from orgasm to orgasm, that she had

fallen asleep in the middle of it. He just nodded, expressing understanding, what could he say?

They had almost finished their snack when she asked him about fucking. She had only seen it from afar so far and he had to tell her all about it. He sensed that she really wanted to know and wasn't just using him. He talked about fucking, what the man did, what the woman did and the best way for her to reach orgasm. He didn't hide from her that only about half of the women at all could have an orgasm while fucking, which the good Lord had done badly in His absent-mindedness. Giulia interjected that hopefully she had it better. He explained to her that in this case the woman had to rub her 'farfallina', preferably while fucking or afterwards. And a man, of which there were plenty, wasn't worth a shot of powder if he didn't allow it. Giulia thought for a long time. "But then it's wrong for my father to ask me to wait until the wedding to fuck. I have no way of knowing whether he's worth his shot of powder!" He had no good answer to that, he said. He said that the people in reformed Germany were much smarter than us Catholics. "Bride and groom fuck there before the wedding, but one of the parents has to be there as a chaperone. The father always fucked the bride later when he was horny, because it was common practice and accepted. Whether it was his own daughter or his daughter-in-law, the father was allowed to fuck her as often as he wanted. Or she does it to him by hand like your little pageboys. Sometimes the groom has to fuck the mother-in-law afterwards if she has no one else to fuck. But that way the bride and groom can find out if they can fuck each other well." Giulia had listened with her mouth open and had excitedly tugged and pulled at her clit. She calmed down when he had finished counting. "That's clever," was her final comment.

He was curious and asked what it was like with the little pageboys? She said without hesitation that they like to let her watch them, when the little pageboys rub their little boy cocks and squirting on the floor. Some of the bigger ones let her rub them too, but not very often. They prefer to do it themselves. He nodded and that was the end of the matter. He picked up the Cato and they analyzed and discussed until the evening. By now, he found it quite natural to stare at her pussy in between or watch her tugging and tearing at her clit.

He lay in the dark again and waited for the knocking. Earlier than usual, she knocked, locked the door and crawled naked under his covers. She was neither Antonia nor Andrea. She was much smaller and more delicate. "What's your name?" he asked as he felt her lean breasts and flat ass. "Felizia," she breathed, "I'm 32 and I've been waiting to fuck you for days, Master Francesco!" A vague suspicion entered his mind. "You've been waiting your turn for a long time?" he asked. She replied in the affirmative. "When a new man came, everyone was allowed to fuck him once, that was the custom. Normally you had to make sure that you didn't have a dangerous day. Everyone had to watch out for that themselves, because the men all just wanted to squirt inside, that's their nature." He nodded and asked, "How would you like to fuck, Felizia?" She hesitated briefly. "I just want to be fucked really hard, like the rough horse grooms do. I can't have an orgasm when I'm being fucked, I do that later at night and only when I'm alone."

Francesco said, "I guess we'll do that, but you'll have to lick my cock first." Felizia said, "But with all my heart, Signor!" and dived down. But she didn't lick as carefully as the others, she gave him a great blowjob, she sucked, licked and masturbated him quite properly and swallowed everything gurgling. "I'll lick you hard again in a minute, Signor," she breathed and continued after a few minutes until he was really hard. She lay on her back in anticipation, spread her thighs and he grabbed her firmly and roughly. He fucked her so hard that she fainted for a minute. She woke up and hugged him. "That was really great, you did very well, Signor Francesco! See you next time!" she called softly and scurried out. He lay awake for a while longer, so there would be another one fucking him every night. He suddenly thought of how he had accompanied the padres to the villages and convents. He had also fucked the unknown women indiscriminately in the old soldier's manner. Respectable wives, young daughters, nuns and novices, without a guilty conscience. He thought with a shudder about how often he fucked crying, respectable wives, regardless of whether they wanted it or not, and it certainly wasn't right.

Giulia welcomed him with news. Her father, the prince, would be dropping by before he set off on a long journey, he naturally wanted

to know if there had been any progress. Francesco understood and placed Ovid's 'amores' on the table. He had her read out a stanza, then they analyzed and discussed it. When the prince arrived hours later, he was astonished. Firstly, because Giulia was studying seriously and secondly, why the 'amores'? Francesco had the right answer. Giulia was reaching a difficult age and if she was to be married in two or three years, then that was the right choice. The prince left after two hours and said goodbye for the next three, maybe four months. But on this day, Giulia remained demurely seated, as her father would not be riding off until tomorrow morning.

A week went by, a new maid came every night, even the three cooks with the big asses. Giulia sat down right in front of him within reach and took his hand, placing his finger on her clit. He refused to masturbate her for days, even though she begged for it. He felt the same horniness as when he desperately suppressed his desire for little Eva. Giulia pulled back the foreskin firmly with one hand so that the small bright red tip of the clit was visible and rubbed the clit with a moistened finger. He couldn't take his eyes off her and watched the young girl masturbate. It didn't take her very long to reach orgasm. She looked at him smiling and triumphant after every orgasm. She masturbated all day long, taking long breaks to follow the lessons. He concentrated as best he could, but he couldn't look away when she masturbated in between.

Sometimes, after masturbating, she would grab his hand and let his finger feel the orgasm throbbing in her tiny clit. For days afterwards, he refused to touch her properly, to masturbate her properly. But she begged and pleaded lovingly, giving him long, passionate French kisses until he caved in. Damn, he was a man after all! He could no longer defend himself, he was doomed and lost when he masturbated Giulia for the first time. It was also a liberation, now he masturbated her sometimes during class, because that was just as important. Giulia had 10 or 12 orgasms during the lesson, she was insatiable but very happy. She fell in love for the first time, she wanted more.

One day she asked if he would show her his cock. She had only ever seen the little boy cocks of the bellboys or rubbed them to squirt,

she said. She had turned the little cock back and forth in her hand, pulled back the foreskin completely and examined the glans. She tentatively began to rub his foreskin as she had seen him do. It was very exciting to rub him to squirt and feel the squirt in her hand.

Now she really wanted to see Francesco's cock. Francesco sighed in surrender and pulled his leggings down to his ankles. Giulia grabbed his cock. "I've never seen or held a cock this big before!" she exclaimed happily. She immediately guided it to her slit, but of course it only went in as far as her hymen was, which hurt her. She pushed and pushed the tip of the glans into her vaginal vestibule, but that was the end of it. "May I rub it, Don Francesco?" she asked purely rhetorically and immediately started rubbing without waiting for his answer.

"You should have to grab it much tighter," the poor tutor sighed, "and rub a little harder!" She rubbed him for over 10 minutes, the tip of the glans stuck firmly in her vaginal vestibule and that gave sexual pulses for them both. He squirted into her vaginal vestibule and told her not to stop rubbing if he was still squirting! That's how she learned it.

Her infatuation grew from day to day. She masturbated him every morning and let him squirt into her vaginal vestibule, and she continued to rub him well for a long time. Then she let him masturbate her during class, probably a dozen times. She also masturbated half the night, she confessed to him in the morning, until she fell asleep from exhaustion. She begged him to finally make her a woman and he explained her the deflowering act in every detail. Her cheeks glowed with desire. He knew all too well where this must lead. He knew that she hadn't had her period yet, but he sat down, drew a sidereal calendar and went through the whole thing with her so often that she could read it in her dreams. She realized, of course, that she could prevent an unwanted pregnancy that way. And then came the big day.

He laid her down on the couch first thing in the morning. He kept asking her if she really wanted it. She closed her eyes and whispered that she wanted it with all her heart, she wanted to become a real

woman! He flipped up her skirt and she spread her legs. He told her to lift her knees, then he lay down on top of her. He had pulled his leggings down to his calves and gave her a long French kiss, something she had learned a long time ago. He penetrated slowly and felt the sudden tearing of her hymen. She opened her eyes wide as he penetrated her pussy deeply, but she didn't make a sound and continued to kiss him without interruption. "You're a real woman now, Principessa," he murmured, "if you like, I can fuck you right now!" She gave him a long French kiss. "Fuck me, Francesco, please fuck me!"

Giulia was just as easy going as Pam had been. In no time at all, her arousal increased as he fucked her, she had a twitching orgasm, but she continued fucking after a few seconds. He didn't count it, but after several orgasms he squirted inside. She closed her eyes to feel him squirt and when he had finished, she opened her eyes and looked at him with a beaming expression. From then on they fucked every morning and she masturbated intensely during class. She was a girl who needed lots of orgasms, that much was certain.

She was a little worried about what her father would say if she wasn't to be married off virginally. But Francesco waved her off. Her father must never find out, he would despise her and throw him in the dungeon or behead him. No, she had to deceive her husband, Francesco said. "Squeeze your vaginal muscles tightly and only allow him to penetrate by force. When he fell asleep, prick your fingertip with a needle and smear a few drops of blood on the sheet. Quite simply, thousands of girls do this." He practiced forcible penetration with her⁸⁷, it was no problem.

Francesco remained at the court of Ferrara for two years. The Principessa Giulia had become a very pretty, clever and educated young woman of 17. Her father, the Prince of Ferrara, was negotiating a marriage with a prince's son from Veneto, and the prospect of extended trade relations was promising. Francesco didn't know the bridegroom, of course, but what they had read and heard about the prince, who was only 15 years old, gave cause for cautious optimism. Francesco was still fucking Giulia every day, who still had no period, and he was doing everything he could to prepare the bride for her

new home. He collected all the newspapers and writings on the Veneto. Located just north of famous Venice, it was a rich principality where a glittering court awaited Giulia.

For half a year Giulia had had a new court lady from Milan who gave her lessons in all courtly matters. The court lady was not easily swapped and suspected that Francesco was Giulia's lover, but she was clever enough to keep her mouth shut. For the last few months before the wedding, Giulia was quite downhearted, as marrying someone who was only 16 did not only have advantages.

The prince had put out feelers and had found Francesco a place as tutor in Padua. Francesco rode to Padua with the prince's letter of recommendation, was put through his paces and accepted. The 13-year-old Emilia, the daughter of the local prince, was waiting for him there. She was small, pale and very very shy. Francesco attended Giulia's magnificent wedding in Castelfranco as a guest of the bride and the bride's father, where she would live at the court. Francesco stayed at the wedding for 3 days and Giulia told him that the hoax of her virginity had worked out brilliantly and Rodrigo, her 16 year old husband, was certainly no disappointment. He was still quite inexperienced, he had only been intimate with his mother for one year, who taught him how to make love every day. Francesco had already met his mother at the banquet, a pretty noble woman in her late thirties who flirted fiercely with the noblemen. Francesco saw her old and frail husband and thought, that not only Rodrigo but also some of the nobles would have to help her out. He returned to Padua reassured that Giulia was only a half day's ride away.

He now read a lot of books, as he only had to give Emilia a good hour of lessons twice a day. She was supposed to learn Latin and French in particular, both of which she found easy. Her stepmother Letizia was the second wife of the old and frail prince, whose entire passion was translating classical Greek poetry. Letizia was in her mid-20s and flirted with the 32-year-old Francesco from the very first minute. The court in Padua was smaller than the one in Ferrara, there were fewer servants and he was given a very nice room on the second floor, where the lordship also slept. It was immediately clear to him that the maids were unlikely to sneak onto his floor at night.

And so it was, at least at first. It wasn't until the fourth night that there was a quiet knocking on his door as soon as he had fallen asleep.

It was Letizia. She didn't say a word, let her nightgown slide to the floor and lay down with him. He had just woken up and was stammering in confusion. Letizia, a truly noble mare from the finest princely stables, immediately calmed him down. "The prince has taken his sleeping powder, I rode him to squirt as usual and now my old man is fast asleep. We will hardly be disturbed. I just want to know if you are as good fucking as I suspect." Letizia kissed him awake for good. "I am grateful to the prince for marrying me, even though I cannot have children. He didn't want Emilia, whom he loves with all his heart, to grow up motherless. And I'm doing my best to be a good mother to her and I fuck him every evening before he sleeps." He stroked her slender, beautiful body thoughtfully. "As far as my fingertips can see, you are a beautiful woman, Mylady!" he said honestly and appreciatively. "What do you expect from me, what do you particularly like?" Letizia didn't have to think long. "I like it the natural, tender, Italian way without any special requests. If I don't have an orgasm, it's no problem, I can always do it with my finger. What I don't like at all are rough men."

He hugged her gently. "I know what I have to do now and I won't let you down." They kissed for a long time and he searched for her clit with his fingers. She spread her thighs willingly so that he could reach her clit easily. She let herself get hot with tongue kisses and clitrubbing and he recognized the right moment. He penetrated her slowly, she was soft and wide. He only knew such wide and soft pussies from older women. It was surprising, but not unpleasant. Especially not because she danced under him like an Indian temple dancer. But that seemed to increase her heat, he could hear her breathing contentedly and panting softly. She became more and more aroused and soon reached her plateau. She gripped him like a vice as she raced towards orgasm. He increased his speed and she came to orgasm, twitching and trembling. She let go of him and quickly relaxed. She relaxed her vaginal muscles and stroked his head until he straightened up and squirted. She rubbed his cock firmly and vigorously with one hand masturbating him until he had

finished squirting. He let himself slide against her side and gasped for breath.

“You fuck better than I expected,” she said between her kisses. She wasn’t going to stay for a second round, that was for sure. “What’s the custom here at court,” he asked, “can I have a girl here in my room?” Letizia replied immediately. “Not girls from outside, but you are mine now, skin and hair. I want you all to myself, Don Francesco.” He remained silent. He had nothing to want, she had taken him and would not let him go any time soon. “But after that I’ll have a look at the maids of the household, there are some pearls among them, Mylady!” She snorted contemptuously. “I know what I’m worth and fear no comparison with your pearls, Don Francesco!” He politely relented. “You are the most beautiful here, Donna Letizia, of that there is no doubt! But I am only a poor tutor, I can’t give you neither the gifts nor the jewels that you would deserve!” Now Letizia smiled and kissed him on the lips. “Give me the night, dear tutor, teach me to love life every night, that’s jewels enough for me!”

Letizia came every night for the next six months, then turned to a new lover. Francesco didn’t suffer for a second, as he knew that every child gets tired of their best toy one day. At the first sign of this, he approached one of the pretty maids at dinner and she was immediately interested. He sat next to the girl at dinner, talking and flirting with her, touching her hand as if by chance. She blushed violently and her bosom heaved with excitement when he whispered in her ear that she should come to his room in a quarter of an hour. Did she know where he was? She nodded eagerly, “yes, of course I know that. But — what about the princess?” He reassured her that she had come last yesterday. Does everyone know about that? The girl smiled. With the exception of the prince himself, they all did know, the old lord didn’t care about these carnal, worldly things. “We girls go into the stables with the horse grooms from time to time, taking turns of course, because we don’t have anyone else.” He nodded with satisfaction. That increased his chances of fucking all the 12 younger girls one by one.

She knocked after half an hour. He put his book aside and extinguished all but one of the candles. She was very pretty under that

shabby dress, a real feast for the eyes. They got started right away after he asked her if today was a safe day. Gisela was only 18 and soon to be 19, she had been doing it every night since early childhood, except when she went to the grooms. She had only fucked the grooms, never anyone else. She usually fucked all three of them in a row, once a month, because otherwise it was the other girls' turn. She had an orgasm while fucking them, at least from the second, and certainly by the third one.

Gisela fucked very differently to Letizia, much calmer and more passively. But she still came gracefully in heat and clung to him as her orgasm rose hot and surged. She sighed deeply after her soft orgasm and quickly calmed down. She stroked his face until he squirted inside and waited patiently for him to finish. He had held it back for a long time to wait for her orgasm. Now he was ready and done.

He asked her what she meant, should the girls decide between themselves or should he decide at dinner who should come to him? Gisela thought for a moment. It would be fairer if the girls agreed among themselves, because each girl only knew for herself when she could be sure. "All right," Francesco said, "talk to the girls, I need one every night, two are too many for me." Gisela nodded, she would tell the girls. They talked for a while longer, then she scurried out. He fell asleep immediately.

Emilia was a serious, curious and studious child. She was kind of withdrawn into herself, not a cuddly mouse at all. But from the very first lesson, the 13-year-old girl played with herself innocently and shamelessly. Just like Giulia in Ferrara, she put one foot on the seat and reached under her skirt innocently without any inhibitions. Although she was fully concentrated on her lessons and learning, she played carefree with her sex. Francesco watched her very closely, so that in the second week she asked if it bothered him? No, he shook his head, everyone your age does that! Emilia nodded, she didn't know the concept of lying yet and believed every word he said. She learned surprisingly quickly, despite her strange shyness she wanted to learn not only Latin and French, but also German. It was fine with him, because she really was very gifted with languages, read fluently

in the three languages and went on to speak fearlessly and without hesitation. The old prince asked him one day and Francesco told him that Emilia must have inherited his talent for languages. Unfortunately, he did not know Greek, otherwise he would teach the girl too. The prince nodded in agreement and said that he would teach her this wonderful language himself when he had more time. However, the prince was worried because Emilia was no good at anything else. She was stubborn and uncooperative when it came to courtly dealings, female needlework and housekeeping, which a princess should be able to do. Francesco asked cautiously whether it was perhaps because of her teacher? The prince shook his head, it couldn't be, the court lady had the best reputation, the best references. Then he said thoughtfully that he would discuss this question with his wife, she was young and perhaps had a different view of the court lady than he did. Francesco was not surprised when a new court lady arrived a few days later. A very pretty young woman who was considered to have fallen because she had had a child out of wedlock as a noblewoman. She certainly had better access to the stubborn girl, as was immediately apparent. Of course, Francesco took this fine delicacy immediately and fucked Jeanette from Piedmont on many afternoons. Jeanette didn't have much choice, Francesco was the only one her age and only occasionally did a nobleman stray into her bed when Letizia had had enough of his fucking. The 32-year-old Jeanette liked to fuck very gracefully, although she never had an orgasm while fucking, but she masturbated after fucking completely relaxed and without any shame or inhibition. She spoke French to Emilia because that was her mother tongue. Francesco was grateful that the prince had reconsidered.

Emilia was a little confused and unsettled. Jeanette had told her that she had to sit down "nicely", the other way was unseemly. Francesco calmed her down and straightened things out. Jeanette was quite right, Emilia had to sit "nicely" in the usual public situations, it was the right thing to do. But he didn't mind if she sat "unseemly" during his lessons, she obviously learned much better. Isn't that right? Emilia thought about it and seemed to check it out. "Yes," she said, "I need it, I really need it. If I'm not allowed to touch myself, I feel so lost. Thank you, Don Francesco, for allowing me to feel myself the way I actually am." He nodded in agreement and asked if

it bothered her or made her feel insecure if he glanced at it now and then? Emilia shook her head without thinking. On the contrary, she had the wonderful feeling of being accepted. That was the end of the matter; Emilia now sat “nicely” with Jeanette or in company as a matter of course.

Francesco now watched Emilia’s play as a matter of course. Her labia swelled as she played, she dipped her fingers into her slit before playing with her clit very purposefully. Yes, it was carefree play, she didn’t masturbate during lessons. She had once told him that she had seen the maids masturbate and now every night she masturbated to one, sometimes more orgasms. She was told by the former court lady that she was only allowed to do it at night and not in company.

Francesco could see a thin fuzz growing over the 14-year-old’s slit. It was barely visible at first, but it grew and developed into a thin small bush. It made him horny; he already liked the small, sparse hair on Eva and Giulia better than the wild bushes of adult women. He had noticed it for the first time when he was fucking nuns in the convent, whose pussies were densely overgrown. He remembered that during his time in the convent he had rejected many of the nuns and many a decent, fearful, howling citizen’s wife or had only fucked her very briefly because she had terrible pubic hair. Katharina, Eva and Pam all had only a short, small bush above their pussies. Katharina always used to trim it for the three of them because it was more hygienic, she said.

Francesco now watched Emilia’s game without shyness. She had days ago started to rub her clit very purposefully. The first time she leaned back during the lesson after having rubbing for a long time, she closed her eyes and rubbed her clit to orgasm within a few seconds. After the orgasm she looked at him uncertainly. He beat her to it, wanted to spare her the embarrassment and said it was quite okay for him, it wasn’t embarrassing and she could do it whenever she wanted. She looked at him gratefully, but she didn’t do it again until the next day. It really only took her seconds to finish the long masturbation with the orgasm, which she did casually. He always watched and smiled kindly to acknowledge her. It now became quite normal for her to put both feet on the seat, spread her legs and mas-

turbate for a long time and then orgasming after a few seconds with her eyes closed. She always had a look of suffering on her face when she orgasmed, but she smiled as soon as she saw his approving smile.

Emilia had turned 15, she had gotten all the answers on sexual topics from Jeanette, who explained everything to her in great detail and didn't dismiss her like the old court lady. Emilia switched to German because no one understood it apart from the two of them. "Would you deflower me, make me your wife, Don Francesco?" she asked directly, and he squirmed desperately, because of course he wanted to. Her father, the prince, would like to marry her off as a virgin, he said. There was always a young aristocrat from Bologna who was an interesting candidate. Emilia snorted contemptuously. "You mean Don Rodrigo, who is always running after Letizia? I assume she's already fucked him, even if I don't know for sure?" Francesco reminded her how badly Jeanette had fared. Emilia nodded thoughtfully. She wanted to ask Jeanette how a woman could use contraception anyway, precisely because she had had such bad luck in Piedmont. Francesco nodded, "Ask her about the sidereal calendar!" he told her, because he knew that Jeanette followed the calendar.

Francesco lay next to Jeanette after the fuck, caressing her gorgeous, virginal looking body. He asked her directly. She was quiet for a very long time and said softly, "Yes, that would be right for both of you. But listen to my story, because I always have to think about it, when I see you and Emilias glance."

"I wasn't even 13 at the time when my old father, the bloody fornicator, took my virginity in his marriage bed and fucked me. He fucked me once a week for about 10 years, but he was already old. My stepmother, maybe 15 years older than me, watched with a big grin and laughed because she was drunk every night and didn't care which girl he dragged in their bed. She fucked most of the girls too, because her lesbian streak always broke through when she was drunk. She also fucked me clit-to-clit and I really liked it because she only stopped when she had fucked me to a great orgasm. But when I was 18, I also fucked the young noblemen without knowing anything about contraception. I got pregnant at 23 and eloped with my noble lover. He was a very good fucker, but an unscrupulous loser. Now I

stood before my father, in my last month, and submitted myself to his mercy. As soon as I gave birth, my stepmother took my daughter away from me and gave her to a farmer's family. She threw me out, the good stepmother. I staggered from court to court and was only accepted as a tutor. And now I'm here." Francesco hugged Jeanette, who was crying again.

"Don't do that to Emilia. She has a delicate, fine disposition and it would break her. It would be better for her to be married off as a virgin to Rodrigo from Bologna. He came here as a virgin and Letizia has taken him under her wings and teaches him to fuck night after night. He's not a bad boy, he comes from a good house that I know well and appreciate. He may not be heir to the throne, but he's really well off. He also has a gentle disposition and would treat Emilia well."

Francesco avoided mentioning anything sexual with Emilia to Jeanette. She should have to explain everything about contraception and the sidereal calendar to the girl. Jeanette interjected that Emilia hadn't even had her period yet, but he didn't give in. He studied with the girl for 4 or 5 hours a day, 7 days a week, and had of course made no attempt to seduce her, God forbid! But she couldn't get away from it, she demanded it every day and one day it would happen. Marrying her off later as a virgin was child's play, he had experience of it.

Jeanette smiled indulgently. "I think you'd like to fuck the hell out of her, am I not right?" He nodded, "Yeah, I think about that girl day and night and I won't be able to hold back much longer." "I know," Jeanette said, kissing him on the lips, "I know how that burns in your loins. Don't torture yourself, fuck her. But don't get her pregnant. You'd never be able to marry her, she's a principessa. — You have my blessing, and I will instruct her in the use of the calendar. It's a pity you won't be interested in me then!" Francesco swore he would keep fucking her, damn it! He would probably be able to fuck two women, he was still young enough! Jeanette smiled smugly. "You didn't mention the maids at night, you little rascal!" He laughed out loud. "You don't miss a thing! And I've always been so secretive!" Now she laughed too. "Are you such a simpleton!? The girls talk about it all the time and you'd have to be blind and deaf to miss it! Even Letizia

sometimes makes a venomous remark because she can't get you to fuck!" "She had terminated it, and by God, I'm not a glove you can take on and off as Her Grace pleases! And besides, I give in to her sometimes!"

And so it got rolling. He asked Emilia for the umpteenth time if she really wanted him to do it? She almost cried as she affirmed that she really wanted it, that she was really only in love with him and no one else and that she wanted to give him her virginity. And she wanted to become a real woman now and fuck him, every day! After two weeks, he fixed the day. She has to bathe in the morning, because he only fucked clean girls. She danced in circles and clapped her hands. Then came her big day.

He had bought a gold chain a long time ago, a pretty and not cheap gift. He was waiting for her in the morning and embraced her. They sat down on the chaise longue and kissed each other with long, passionate French kisses, something she had been able to do for a long time, but they had never kissed so intensely before. He felt under her skirt along her inner thighs to her clit. He made her so hot that she almost couldn't breathe normally.

Francesco laid her on her back and flipped up her skirt. "I'm going to kiss you and penetrate carefully. It'll sting a little, but it won't be bad. All right?" Emilia nodded with tears in her eyes, she was so excited. He kissed her with his tongue and penetrated her slowly. Her eyes widened as she felt her hymen tear just as much as he did. Her eyes smiled as he pushed his cock in as far as it would go. He straightened up, "Do you want me to keep fucking you?" She nodded, "Yes, please! Absolutely!" He fucked her, she fucked at his pace, she did it instinctively well. She became very aroused, but she didn't orgasm. He couldn't wait any longer, he had to squirt now. He looked into her wide open eyes as he finished squirting. Only now did she let go of him. "I felt the squirting very clearly, that was really exciting!" He let himself sink to her side and they whispered for another half hour, she masturbated the whole time. He gave her his gift, the small chain in gold, which she would wear all her life. She had realized that she wasn't allowed to talk about it with anyone. He thought that maybe she could orgasm after all, but the majority of women never

could, but there was no shame in masturbating after fucking, these women all did it.

Francesco fucked Emilia every morning, then they studied intently. It became increasingly clear to Francesco that ever since Eva, he had really wanted to fuck really young girls. Should he be ashamed of that? No, he told himself, they had a magical attraction for him. Of course he loved also fucking grown-up women, sometimes with Letizia and every day with Jeanette. His pulse would rise at night when he waited for one of the 11 maids to knock on his door and give herself willingly and passionately. He knew them all by now, but compared to Emilia or Jeanette, they were just a small snack in between.

Emilia masturbated unashamedly during the day while studying, constantly playing with her labia and clitoris. She closed her eyes, leaned far back and opened her thighs wide to rub herself to orgasm in just a few seconds. He paused and watched intently.

Two years later, Emilia married Rodrigo from Bologna, Letizia had to give up her young lover and he said goodbye to Emilia. Like Jeanette, he was invited to the wedding, which lasted three days. Emilia took him aside after the wedding night and told him that Rodrigo had said right at the beginning that he was no longer a virgin and did not expect her to be. So she didn't have to carry out the deceptive maneuver. And Rodrigo had learned to fuck very well from Letizia, Emilia said, he fucked really well and very persistently and he only squirted inside after he had waited for her orgasm. She was very pleased with her second husband. As he openly admitted, the princess was the only one he had ever fucked and Letizia had fucked him at least twice a day, often to the point of exhaustion. He used to be allowed to lie with his stepmother when she masturbated and was allowed to put his cock inside, she liked that a lot when she masturbated. She didn't care if he squirted inside, but he was never allowed to fuck her properly, so it didn't count for him. Emilia told him she had only had one lover before, but she didn't mention his name.

Jeanette shared a room with Francesco at Emilia's wedding and they behaved like a couple. Jeanette said that a wealthy merchant in

the city of Venice was looking for a teacher and a female teacher. They discussed late into the night whether they wanted to go to Venice together. "We've been a couple for a long time," said Jeanette. They agreed it was the best solution for both of them. They agreed and rode to Venice three months later.

Had it just been guessed or had Jeanette had a hand in it, anyway, they were given a large room together like a married couple. They exchanged a quick glance and moved into the room without saying a word. It was a good thing, he finally said, and Jeanette nodded with a lump in her throat. Was it her idea? He didn't ask her.

The merchant was a kind man. His children were everything to him after his wife had died. Jeanette was supposed to teach the 16-year-old son and 15-year-old daughter about courtly behavior, knowledge of the noble families and a little diplomacy. He was to teach the daughter the general education she lacked and as many languages as possible. The son had a very old teacher who taught both children the basics of the merchant's profession and prepared the son intensively for the profession. The tasks were divided up, the merchant paid the same as the princes, 5 gold florins a month for each of them. Francesco had long since bought a large iron casket to store his gold and silver.

15-year-old Livia was a problem child, she had put every teacher to flight with cunning and trickery. Francesco took an instant liking to her, licking his lips with lust to seduce and fuck the untouched child. Not that he was under any sexual duress, for he fucked Jeanette every night. It was a daily exercise, as it was for all married couples, but the thought of fucking little Livia grew immeasurable in his loins.

Livia had a good rapport with Francesco from day one, to everyone's amazement. She felt lonely because her brother Federigo was fully focused on his career, he now had his own room and she was sleeping alone for the first time. After just a few weeks, Livia told him that she used to crawl into Federigo's bed and was sometimes allowed to rub him to make him squirt, but mostly he did it himself. She had always envied her big brother for having a cock that could

get erect and squirt. She just played clumsily with her pussy, because nothing got erect, nothing squirted.

After a few weeks, Francesco came on to Livia unabashedly and greedily. He kept talking about how women could also have an orgasm like the boys when they squirted. At first he only talked about sexuality and explained it to the young girl in great detail. She sometimes reported what she had tried during the night, but she didn't get beyond clumsy attempts.

Francesco was pleased with her learning progress. She was very interested in travelogues from faraway countries and had a good grasp of math, geometry and algebra. She made huge strides, was already good at Latin and had an easy time with French. German seemed difficult for her and she threw herself into it because her father thought it was important.

Francesco, however, took a very targeted approach to seduction. He quickly got Livia used to physical contact, caressing her arms, hands and face. She became very restless and fidgety when his hand slipped under her skirt and stroked her inner thighs. He quickly gained ground when he carefully touched her inner thighs. Her initial shyness faded after a while and she allowed him to stroke her pussy, which was very pleasant. She thought for a long time when he asked her if he wanted to show her how to masturbate properly and teach her. She asked a thousand things, why should she learn to masturbate, she would rather fuck. She was no longer afraid to approach him directly and he promised to fuck her later. Now she flipped her skirt up above her knees and told him to show her how to masturbate. Francesco's heart leapt when he masturbated her for the first time. She let herself masturbate several times in a row until she said she had now learned it. And sure enough, in the morning she said she had done it several times that night and that it was wonderful. She asked a thousand things about fucking and deflowering, she wanted to know everything exactly.

They had to be very careful, because the palace had eyes and ears. But six months after his arrival, he took Livia's virginity. She cried profusely and let herself be comforted. But she really wanted to fuck,

she let herself be fucked every morning before class. She had to work very hard to have an orgasm while fucking, she usually had to masturbate after fucking, but she really enjoyed it. She was in love with Francesco, but to him she was just young meat that he liked to fuck. He was a lost cause, he loved to fuck very young girls, he was fully aware of that by now. If you had asked him back then, he would have said with certainty that he was most in love with Jeanette. She had grown on him over the years.

Jeanette had met a man, Lorenzo. She hadn't hidden from Francesco that she went to fuck him every afternoon. Lorenzo was a good, loving fucker and a good match. He didn't care at all that she was an outcast principessa from Piedmont. She was a principessa, that was fine with him, but it wasn't decisive for him. He knew she lived with Francesco in the palace and fucked him every night. He didn't think she was a loose woman, because he understood quite well that she and Francesco had been a couple for years. He was sure that she didn't whore around like most women he knew, but that she only fucked her two husbands. She often fucked Lorenzo in the afternoon, they dined all three together afterwards and then she went home with Francesco and let him fuck her. Lorenzo had been a widower for years and had no children, and the very critical Francesco held the 50-year-old nobleman in high esteem. Two years later, Jeanette was pregnant and of course didn't know which of the two was the father. But Lorenzo was determined to marry her and Francesco gave her free rein. The wedding was a big event because Lorenzo had a high position in the city government. The fact that he was marrying a real princess from Piedmont greatly pleased the Signoria, the republican noblemen who formed the government of Venice. Jeanette gave birth to a son, Lorenzino, who resembled Francesco like an egg. Lorenzo laughed with happiness and promised to treat Lorenzino like his own son.

Francesco's teaching assignment came to an end after three years. The now 18-year-old Livia was still very much in love with her teacher, who fucked her two or three times a day after Jeanette had left. Over the course of the three years, he had of course also fucked all the maids of the palace, one after the other, but none of them came close to Jeanette's art of lovemaking. They were simple girls

from the surrounding country who loved being fucked by the Signore.

Jeanette had neither forgotten him nor denied him her bed. Lorenzo was fine with it, they just shouldn't expose him. But Venice was a lively city and nobody cared who was fucking whom. Jeanette had a pen pal in France and had used her to find several addresses where tutors were wanted. She contacted several of them and then found two families who had a young girl. She wrote to them and in the end found a job for Francesco in a chateau in the Loire Valley, a good day's ride southwest of Versailles. It seemed to be the right one.

Francesco had said goodbye to everyone. On his last day, he had himself rowed through the sunny canals of the city in a gondola. Then he rode away.

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In France

by Jack Faber © 2024

Franz rode along the route of the carriages at a moderate pace for 5 weeks. He would have made faster progress in a carriage, but he was in no hurry and preferred to be alone and think, rather than engage in idle senseless chatter. Lorenzo had smiled and issued him with a travel document. He was now Francesco Bellini from Venice, born in 1670 and traveling under the protection of the Republic of Venice. He still looked 32, although he had actually been born in Schwaz in Tyrol in 1599. It was necessary to change his identity. Period.

He sometimes spent the night in the coach stations, but only rarely. He much preferred to stay with the farmers along the way, because for half a silver guilder he got the best the farmers could muster. A rich dinner, a nice guest room, accommodation for his horse and a maid, daughter or sometimes even the farmer's own wife to fuck. It was refreshing to be able to fuck an innocent country woman every night. They offered the kind of simple, natural and unadulterated sex he never got in the courts and palaces. For the farmer's wife, the maid or the daughter, it was nothing special that a man wanted to fuck, it was completely normal for them. Even when he stayed overnight on a small farm, where the farmer's wife was the only female, he would lie in bed with the farmer's and fuck the farmer's wife after the farmer. The farmer accepted his wife's fucking with a grin; it seemed quite natural to him too that the guest wanted to fuck. It looked really cool to see his wife being fucked shaking and shivering by someone else! That really did Francesco good. And no coach station offered all that.

Katharina had died years ago and so had Eva, he received a reply from Pam in her spidery handwriting and rather confused wording, only when Katharina had died and two years later Eva, who already had a dozen grandchildren. He wrote to Pam a few more times until the contact broke off. He wrote irregularly to Jeanette, Giulia, Emilia and Livia, who had still not married and worked in her elderly fa-

ther's business empire. She had faithfully shared the bed with her father for many years and fucked him faithfully, but now he was getting too old.

He reached Chateaudun in the summer of 1700. The Countess of Dun received him, read his letters of recommendation from all the courts and from Jeanette, whom she still knew personally from Piedmont. The Count of Dun was in Versailles most of the time and only came to his castle every few weeks.

He was accepted as tutor to 12-year-old Claudine and received 11 gold florins a month with free board and lodging. He was very surprised, because his room was not in the servants' wing, but was the elegantly furnished guest room next to the count's rooms. Countess Adele was a young but not particularly pretty woman in her late 30s, but every inch of her was regal. She reminded him of Rodrigo's stepmother, who, like Countess Adele, was a fierce flirting bitch.

The next day he was introduced to 12-year-old Claudine, who vehemently disagreed with her mother, that she was almost 13. He had the impression that the little girl somehow liked him after an intensive assessment, and he was proved right. He was supposed to teach the child math, geometry and algebra, the geography of the world through travelogues. Countess Adele left it open whether the child wanted to learn Italian or German, although she let it slip that German was the most important language alongside French. Latin and Italian were not important to the countess. The tasks were assigned, now it was time to get to work.

In the mornings Didi, as Claudine was called, had lessons in French court manners, French family history and general behavior. The teacher was a strict, tight-lipped woman whom Francesco immediately crossed off his list of fuckables. After lunch, he sat down with the countess and asked her directly how things were with girls at her court. The countess was not surprised because he had asked the question politely and appropriately, but she thought for a surprisingly long time. He had to introduce girls from out of town to his lordship personally and it was really not appreciated. Francesco nodded and murmured that he didn't see it that way either. The countess

looked down. The maids were invariably sent away if they became pregnant, the Count was very firm about that. That said, the countess closed the chapter, the utmost discretion was expected of an educated man like him. "We are not a convent here, Monsieur," said the countess, "it was quite natural that the maids should have partners. But I expect all my girls to behave properly on duty and to share their private lives only in their free time. I am only moderately curious, but I usually find out a lot. Only when a nobleman visits and is interested in one of the girls do I get involved. None of my girls are whores and I don't sell them to my guests. Most of the time there is a mutual attraction that I don't close myself off to. If you have such an attraction, I don't need to know, but be wise and remember my words." Francesco nodded in agreement. "I have listened to you well and will not disappoint you by my behavior, Madame. It is basically exactly what was expected of me in the Italian courts, and there was never an incident. The lordship was wise enough to know that a young man of 30 or 32 does not like to freeze in bed alone. I promise you I will behave myself." The countess nodded graciously and the chapter was closed.

Then the first lesson began. Francesco noticed that he was not alone with Didi; an old woman was sitting in the far corner, knitting. Didi smiled that this was her Nana, she was old, deaf and almost blind. She was sitting near the window so she could see a bit. Didi half shouted "Nana!", then loudly and only when she shouted did the old woman look up. "This is my new teacher, Master Francesco from Venice!" Didi shouted and Nana nodded kindly, "Good afternoon, sir!" She either hadn't heard the name or hadn't remembered it. She continued knitting.

"She's here as a chaperone," the girl explained, "so I won't hurt you!" she laughed cheekily. In the time that followed, Francesco checked the little girl's level of knowledge and finally said, "We have a lot to learn, you need to catch up on about three years of learning." He said she was welcome to address him informally by first name, as his pupil she didn't have to address him formally, except in public. Didi nodded, that was good. She would study hard and she also wanted to try German because it was so important to her parents.

Had he noticed that her mother was expecting a child? He shook his head, it had escaped his notice. "When Daddy's there, I always spy," Didi whispered. "Mom only fucks Dad once, when he comes back from Versailles. She rides him until the old man snorts loudly. She jumps off him and does it with her hand," Didi made masturbat-ing movements with her hand, "and he always has to squirt right away into her mouth, but he squirts much less than the other young guests." Didi paused meaningfully. "Mom fucks all the guests who stay here overnight and when Dad is in Versailles with the King. But she fucks them very differently, she lies on her back and he pushes her from above. Sometimes she snorts very loudly and sometimes she lets out a soft scream, then she does it to him again with her hand and they are allowed to squirt in her mouth for a very long time. Each of her lovers squirt inside her fuckhole and she licks their cocks and let them squirt in her mouth. I asked my court lady if Mom was pregnant of Daddy's and she scolded me and told me to keep my stupid mouth shut. That made me even more insecure and I think it might have been a stranger impregnate her." Francesco had listened with interest. "Do you only spy on your mother when a man comes to see her?" he asked cautiously and she nodded in agreement, "I want to see the fucking because my court lady doesn't want to talk about it, it's dirty and I'll find out everything in time, she says. But she really is a silly, stupid cow in these matters!" Francesco reminded her that a noble lady must not use such bad words or talk about fucking. The court lady was right to reprimand her. Didi looked at him inquir-ingly. He smiled kindly. "Didi, you need to learn very quickly how to speak in public and what can only be discussed with friends in pri-vate. For example, whether you touch yourself at night. You can't say that in public, not to a court lady who is supposed to educate you. But I'm your friend, we can talk as much as we like in private. For ex-ample, whether you touch yourself at night, down there." He saw Didi thinking. "The court lady has strictly forbidden me to touch my Michette, not during the day, not at night and not in public. So, never. Is she right?" Francesco replied lightly that it was true in pub-lic. "But I'm your friend, we're talking in private. Of course you can trust me and tell me if you touch your Michette when you're alone." Didi immediately said, "I play with my Michette every night and stroke her for a long time because it's so nice, but I never told the

court lady. Was that right?" Francesco nodded. "Yes, that's exactly what I meant."

He asked Didi why Nana wasn't here now? "Oh, the poor thing! She's always constipated and has to poo for half an hour, three times in the afternoon. She's tried all kinds of powders from the chemist, but nothing has helped. And I don't mind if she leaves me for half an hour, I don't do anything stupid." Francesco nodded, that was quite right of her. A vague plan formed in his mind.

That night, he heard a soft knocking. He sat up sleepily in bed and automatically said: "Avanti!" The side screen door opened and, illuminated by the light in the back room, Countess Adele stood in the doorway. She was wearing a long nightgown made of translucent fabric and he caught sight of her beautiful, slender figure. "Can I come in," she asked softly, "can I lie down with you?" He nodded excitedly. "Of course, Madame," he said hoarsely, "of course!" She left the door open and stepped to his bedside. She slipped the strap over her shoulder and let the dress fall. He moved to the side and she lay down next to him. As if in a dream, he caressed her body. His hand slid over her small belly. "You're expecting a child, Madame," he said and she nodded. "It's not official yet," she murmured, "but it's true!" They whispered for a few minutes. He looked at her body in the light from the other room. She was slimmer than she appeared in her precious dayclothes. Her beautiful, aristocratic face was framed by lovely auburn hair, as she wore no formal white wig. Her skin was flawless and silky smooth. Her breasts were a nice handful, the teats had stiffened excitedly. She had a small, trimmed bush of dark pubic hair, beneath which was a rather large slit. "I haven't had a woman for 14 days," he let out, "there's been a lot of build-up. This will be a short first round, Madame!" he said regretfully. She smiled sympathetically, "then it will probably be the second round that you will delight me with!" He fumbled a little. "In Italy, women take the cocks in their mouths at the beginning because they want a clean one!" She smiled, "it's not very common here, but I'll be happy to do it for you! I'm already used to do it!" She dived down. "Do you want to squirt in my mouth?" the countess asked, "that would take the worst of the pressure off you!" but he gave no answer. She nodded eagerly, took his cock in her mouth and he immediately realized that she had a lot

of practice. His cock was already stiff, but she still gave him an intense blowjob. She kept it in her mouth as he squirted, swallowing and gulping the juice with relish and licking the cock continuously. She made sounds of pleasure as he rubbed her clit masterfully and her thighs began to tremble slightly. Just before she reached orgasm, she straightened up. She was highly aroused, so he penetrated her. It was a real pleasure to fuck her as she took his pace and fucked along very actively. They held each other gently and it was quite a long time before she reached her plateau and clung to him tightly. She thrust her pussy firmly against him in orgasm and calmed down after seconds. She stroked his back and buttocks as he continued to fuck for quite a long time. She squeezed his cock tightly inside her with her vaginal muscles as he squirted. She masturbated his cock very gently and he had to squirt for a very long time before he finished and lay down next to her. They whispered for another quarter of an hour, then the countess left, saying she would be back tomorrow evening.

He had breakfast with the maids and thought he caught many an amused or appreciative glance. Was the news already so well known? He kept his nerve and looked flirtatiously into the girls' eyes. Some returned his gaze with benevolence and clear interest. He would get back to them. He went to his room and prepared for algebra, Didi was good at it and was learning in leaps and bounds.

In the afternoon, they studied very hard until Nana got up and went for a shit. Didi immediately started talking about how she used to spy on her Mom fucking the guests, which she found incredibly exciting. He waited patiently until she had gotten rid of the first gush. He asked her directly. "Didi, you're my girlfriend, will you show me your Michette?" Didi winced and looked involuntarily at Nana's empty chair. "You like to look, don't you?" she whispered conspiratorially. She hesitated for a long time, but then hesitantly pushed her skirt up higher. He shook his head. "Put your feet up on the chair and fold your knees to the side so I can take a closer look!" Didi obeyed immediately. He took a deep breath. Her pussy was adorable, she only had a very slight fuzz. Her slit was rubbed red, obviously. "Spread that hole, I want to see if you're still a virgin!" She looked at him and protested, "Of course I'm a virgin," but she spread her labia majora. He leaned forward and nodded, "That's right, you still have a

hymen!" He took a close look at her clitoris. It was really big like Pam's, the head was exposed and the foreskin only covered the shaft. "You've been playing all night, haven't you?" and Didi nodded eagerly. "I do that all the time because it feels so good!" He nodded in agreement, "that's okay, go ahead!" But she could do it better if she wanted to, he added eagerly. He took one of her fingers. "Imagine this is your clit," he said, "your 'chatouilleur'." Didi looked at him uncomprehendingly. He touched her clit with one finger. "There it is, your 'chatouilleur'. okay?" She nodded, confused. He moistened his finger with his tongue and rubbed her fingertip. "This is how it works," he said, "if you rub your 'chatouilleur' long enough like I do your finger, you'll have an orgasm, it's like a little explosion and that's how all girls do it!"

He placed her finger on her tongue. "Get that finger wet and give it a try!" She obeyed and jumped up after a minute. "I have to pee" she shouted and ran out. She came back, sat spread wide open opposite him as before and now carefully rubbed her clitoris. He watched excitedly as her face changed. She widened her eyes at the final spurt and he nodded encouragingly, "Yes, that's right, go ahead!" Didi convulsed and squirted a stream of urine in her first orgasm. She looked at Francesco, completely bewildered. "Wow, that was something very strong!" she exclaimed. He gave her a friendly nod and assured her that it was all right. Of course she could do it, day or night, it didn't matter, but she should hide it from everyone else. Neither the court lady nor Nana nor her mother should find out, it was really private! She looked at him for a long time. "Just the two of us, then?" Francesco nodded. "Yes, just the two of us. If Nana's taking a shit, you can do it here too. And put a rag in your bed if it splashes a bit of pee."

The next day, Didi excitedly reported that she had done it so many times during the night until she got too tired. And of course she now did it when the Nana went for a shit and he told her she did great. They became more intimate day by day. He wanted to wait a little longer before fucking her, maybe a week or two.

Countess Adele came every night at first. They found a good rhythm that brought them both to orgasm. The countess didn't often

talk about her lovers, but she remarked several times that not very many brought her to orgasm. Francesco took it as a compliment. However, they both kept the general social distance that seemed appropriate. Neither the countess nor Didi were types Francesco could fall in love with. When the countess had a guest, he would choose one at dinner with the maids who responded to his flirting. She would come to his door silently and knock softly. He fucked them all with the same restrained passion that social distancing demanded - that was much more present here in France than in Italy.

Didi now masturbated as a matter of course and sometimes even when Nana was there. Nana wouldn't have been able to see anything from behind and Didi did it really skillfully. Francesco cleverly arranged for Didi to talk again about the fact that only the good fuckers were allowed to squirt into her Mom, the others she did it by hand. Did Didi not want to do it by hand too? Didi thought about it for days and discussed it again and again. He didn't push her at all, he always pointed out that it was a step towards real fucking. But at 13 she was still far too young to fuck, he said. Except for the girls in the countryside, of course, they were already fucking at 13. The farmers' daughters were already fucking the farmer at 13, that was quite normal, the farmers' wives were quite happy with it. But these girls were pretty precocious, of course he would have fucked a few of them already, but they felt the strong pressure to want to fuck. The really big pressure. Francesco had laid out his net and just had to wait. He had no pressure, the countess and the maids took good care of him.

After just a few days, Francesco was persuaded by Didi. She didn't rest until he stuck his glans into her vaginal vestibule after her orgasm. Nana came back disgruntled from shitting and he had to withdraw. But Nana had to try again to finally shit. He immediately stuck the tip of his glans into Didi's vaginal vestibule again and now she was allowed to masturbate his cock. She had paid close attention while spying and did it right from the start. She opened her eyes wide as he squirted inside. He smiled contentedly, this was the road to fucking. Didi masturbated him once or twice a day, she smeared his juice in her vaginal vestibule and fantasized about fucking more and more often. She had been masturbating her clit for months now, and for weeks she had been making Francesco squirt with her fist. She

felt quite grown up and damn old enough to fuck! Francesco contradicted her for weeks, at least pro forma.

Didi was only 13, but she was cut from a completely different stuff than all the virgins he had deflowered so far. She moved her chair very close to him, inserted his glans into her vaginal vestibule and looked him in the eye. “Deflower me, Francesco, now!” He was surprised, but not astonished. Her look revealed how determined she was, and her fingers also told him of her determination to be deflowered and fucked. They had both won, was his penultimate thought. The other was about the time they had left. He deflowered her immediately, she was the first girl he had deflowered in sitting. Didi had tears in her eyes, but they were tears of pride. She had got her way, she had forced him, his cock was deep in her pussyhole. He looked intently into her eyes. She nodded to him, “and now fuck me quickly, Francesco, before Nana comes!” He fucked her in sitting, they both rocked back and forth for what seemed like an eternity, then he squirted inside. They heard Nana’s shuffling. They straightened their clothes and Nana was allowed to come.

Didi let herself be fucked sitting down every morning. She only orgasmed afterwards, with her finger. It was fine for her, the finger orgasm was enough for her. Francesco kept thinking about whether he had another option for fucking, but there wasn’t one. They studied and fucked for another two years, she would marry the young Marquis de Ferret when she was 16. The countess kept coming to fuck him and so did the maids too.

The countess promised to get him a new job, she was very happy with his work and with his fucking. She didn’t have to look far, the Marquise of Le Coudray in her castle near Chartres, just a stone’s throw away, needed a female teacher or, if necessary, a male tutor for her 14-year-old daughter. The marquise came from the small Kingdom of Padua in Italy and had been widowed 10 years earlier. Her daughter Anna only ever spoke Italian to her, but she was determined to learn good French and anything else she fancied.

Francesco rode to Chartres and introduced himself. The Marquise was an older woman, a typical Italian in her mid-40s, short, stocky

and visibly developing into a matron. Francesco suspected that she prayed more than she fucked, but that proved to be wrong. She was not very well educated and her French was simply atrocious. She was rich and had a small household, 10 to 12 maids, a coachman and two horse grooms. She could pay him 11 gold florins a month like Countess Adele, with whom she was very loose friends. She introduced him to Anna, who was very shy and not very talkative. Her French was even worse. They agreed on the terms and he said goodbye to the countess and Didi, who was very brave and thanked him for the good lessons and for “everything”. She didn’t make a fuss, she had had his fucking with passion for two years, but they were not in love, not after two years. He rode off and moved into the new job the next month.

Marquise Gina asked him if he wanted to sleep upstairs with the maids or if he would prefer to sleep in the stately apartment, her husband’s room was free. He gladly took the Marquis’ room, it was bright and sumptuously furnished. It even had its own bathroom and he could ask a maid to prepare hot water.

Francesco tested Anna on the very first day. She wanted to learn French and also some math. He nodded, math, geometry and algebra went together, they would see. She was very pleased that he spoke fluent Italian with her. He told her a little about himself, sticking closely to his fictitious life story. Slowly she thawed. She talked about her boring childhood, the maids and the grooms were her only company. And so the first week passed. Oh no, there was something else.

On Sunday evening, there was a knocking on his bedroom door. “Avanti!” he called out of old habit, “Entrez!” and pulled his trousers and jacket back on, he was just about to go to bed. It was the Marquise Gina. He asked her to take a seat and they talked. She wanted to find out if he had invited a maid for the night. She waved him off, that was not something that could go unnoticed in such a small household. He admitted that he had arranged a date. She regretted it and got up, “I thought you might be free for me.” He asked her to stay and pulled the bell, a maid came. He told her to tell Evelyn that she couldn’t come today. The maid nodded and wanted to look into the room, but he held the door shut.

He turned to the Marchesa and began to undress. “The night is yours, Signora!” he said, watching her undress. She was quite talkative and he only listened with half an ear. Who was doing it with whom and when, was not interesting. He asked about her husband out of politeness. She told an interesting story after lying down next to him. She didn’t look too bad. She was at least a head shorter than him, her aristocratic face was starting to wrinkle and she wore her black hair shoulder-length. Her small, round breasts were still full and suited her plump figure well. She had trimmed her black pubic bush Italian-style, which was a bright spot.

She told him that her husband had died years ago, he hadn’t suffered long. She was now dependent on her ‘farfallina’ as she had been during the marriage, because her husband was very old and hardly ever fucked. Nevertheless, she was faithful to him until his death and only took lovers later, always only on Sunday evenings, that’s what she wanted. Little Anna sometimes came into the bedroom quite unexpectedly and Gina thought she had seen the game with the ‘farfallina’. She suspected that Anna had been playing with her ‘farfallina’ ever since, but she didn’t know for sure. A year ago she had taken the 17-year-old son of an Italian marquis as a steady lover, he came every Sunday evening and left on Monday morning, for a whole year. Then, one evening, she had fallen asleep after fucking him and was woken up by the violent shaking of the bed. Her Lorenzo was fucking Anna, who was then just 14 years old. She beat him out of bed, out of the room and threw clothes and his sword at him. He should never show his face here again, she screeched after him. Then she went to her daughter, who was still busy with her ‘farfallina’. Gina waited curiously looking at Anna’s masturbation, until she had finished. They talked about everything. Lorenzo had taken her virginity six weeks ago and fucked her every Sunday evening after Gina had fallen asleep. He fucked Anna three or four times in a row every time. And Anna liked being fucked, she said stubbornly. Since then, the mood has been a mess. Anna locked her nursery every night and they hadn’t spoken to each other properly for months.

Francesco asked her what the Marchesa expected. She wanted to be held in his arms as if by a husband and to be fucked gently and without violence. She orgasmed easily and he didn’t have to worry

about it. "That's how it's going to be," Francesco said and took Gina in his arms. They fucked quietly and deliberately, Gina even orgasmed twice before he squirted. She babbled that it was from her habit of playing with her 'farfallina' every night since she was 6. They chatted for a while longer and she'd come back next Sunday night if it was all right with him, then she scurried out.

Anna slowly thawed and asked him every morning which girl he had fucked last night. She giggled girlishly and quizzed him. Francesco told her everything and never lied to her. On Monday he said it was Gina. She paused for a moment. "Oh yes, always Sunday nights. I know." She chewed on a question and then said, "I'm sure she told you I do it every night with that one down there!" He nodded, yes, that she played with the 'farfallina', Gina had said that. "Oh, is that what it's called? 'Farfallina', how strange, it means little butterfly, doesn't it?" Francesco nodded, "take a look in a mirror, if you pull the labia minora to the side, it looks like a butterfly."

Anna looked at him from the side. "She didn't say anything about Lorenzo?" she asked suspiciously. "Yes," he said, "she did!" She snorted and said thoughtfully, "He didn't rape me, I seduced him. I watched him fuck her so often that I really wanted to do it myself. I played with my 'farfallina' every night and dreamed of Lorenzo fucking me. It was almost real, Don Francesco." He saw her tears and his heart softened. "So, have you fucked again since then?" Anna shook her head. "The coachman? The grooms who belong to the maids? No, that's not a possibility!"

"But you would fuck your humble teacher?" he asked with a smile. She paused for a moment. "Yes, Signor, I would, if he wasn't already busy every day, from Sunday to Sunday, nonstop." Francesco hugged her and laughed softly. "I'd save myself a bit of strength, every day." Anna thought for a long time and finally nodded. "As long as I don't have a period, you can come to my place every night and fuck me. Scratch quietly on my door like a kitten and I'll let you in." She turned her head bashfully to the side. "Mom can't find out, you're supposed to teach me for two more years and then, when I'm 16, she wants to marry me off rich." She held back her tears. He promised, that her mother wouldn't find out.

Francesco called the maids in early and then crept to Anna's door. She opened it for him, she was already naked. He left the door open for a moment to look at her body. She had almost no breasts yet, just half an apple of a breast. Her teats were surprisingly large and pointed. She had no pubic hair, not even a fuzz. It seemed to him that she had been playing with her 'farfallina' for a long time today and when he asked her, she answered in the affirmative. Yes, of course, she had to wait for him. He lay down next to her and told her to make him hard with her lips, with her mouth. Anna had never done this before and he explained everything to her, that it served to make her hard and was also a hygienic measure that every sensible woman in Italy practiced. "But that you don't squirt in my mouth!" she exclaimed and he laughed. "If it's stiff, just take it out!" And so it happened.

Anna's vagina was soft, warm, moist and pleasantly tight. She fucked intensely and actively, just like a grown woman. She orgasmed easily like Gina and was very happy.

Francesco stayed with the Marchesa for two years. He fucked Gina, the maids and Anna every night. She learned well and grew up quickly. He left before she was married. The Marchesa had recommended him to others and over the next few decades he always had young girls as pupils. He categorically refused to teach boys. By now, he had mastered the art of conquering every girl after 14 days. Very few of them had already taken their virginity; he took most of them. He usually stayed with the girls for 2 or 3 years, he fucked them all daily and taught them well. He got the best references. But at the end of the century, after 1770, things were boiling all over France, especially in Paris. He rarely rode into this city, it was ugly, dirty and dangerous. More than once he had to defend himself against muggers with his knife, which spoiled the city for him even more, although he was glad that he could still fight well.

In 1793, he received a visit from a young nobleman who had disguised himself as a commoner. The city was still in turmoil a year after the revolution, but it was reasonably safe to move around. The young man introduced himself as the Marquis de Beaumont, gave him 30 gold florins as hand money and an address. He was told to

seek out Princess Elisabeth, the sister of the beheaded King of France. Francesco had just finished a job and had been searching for weeks; the nobles kept a very low profile in these confused times. He had Beaumont accompany him and introduce him to the princess. The house she lived in was unremarkable from the outside. The princess was already in her 60s and had been washed in all kinds of water.

She was the first and only one to discover the discrepancy between the dates, but she quickly put the papers aside and got to the point. The Queen was standing before the ridiculous civil court these days and it was quite certain that Marie-Antoinette would be executed. She, Elisabeth, had taken in the 14-year-old daughter of the Queen and the King, Marie-Therese-Charlotte, through connections and much bribery. She hid her here in order to smuggle her to Austria. She wanted to employ him as a tutor so that the child could continue to be educated, because no matter what the future held, she could not remain uneducated. Francesco understood immediately. They discussed the details and he would be given accommodation befitting his status and the same food as everyone else. The princess looked at him sharply. "You're a young man, monsieur, and I've been out of the amorous business for a long time." Marquis Beaumont gave a short shrug. "We have about thirty maids of a younger age in our house, so if you must, do it discreetly. We have a reputation to uphold, we are not as brutalized as the new bourgeoisie." They agreed on 15 gold florins a month, then Beaumont showed him to his lodgings. Francesco was very pleased, as permanent employment was not easy to come by these days.

The next day, he was introduced to Marie. He liked her straight away and she also showed an interest in him. She had only ever had a few different teachers and now, for the first time, a tutor. She had spent months in prison with her mother, the Queen, and that had left deep scars in her soul. She didn't speak a word of German, but she was determined to learn it if she was allowed to return to her grandmother, the Empress of Austria, one day.

The princess frowned at first when a different maid would sneak into Francesco's room every night, but she found that it was always

the result of his flirting and he didn't forcibly fuck any. She smiled with satisfaction because Don Francesco was really discreet. The only other man in the house was Beaumont, who spent the night in the princess's arms and had no interest in the maids.

Francesco found out after just a few days that Marie was still a virgin and didn't yet know the secret of the clitoris. But she was interested in everything sexual, like all girls her age. Her mother, indeed the whole court, had kept her in the dark. She had often spied on her mother who flirted with all the men. The flirting usually ended with a hand job and she let everyone touch her intimately under her skirt and masturbate her, which Marie never technically understood, but Marie never saw her fucking anyone else. Marie often watched her cuddling and fucking the Swedish nobleman Hans Axel von Fersen in recent years. But as far as Marie knew, the Swede was the only one she fucked properly, she had seen them a hundred times.

Now she finally met someone whom she could ask all her questions, even the most obscene details. Francesco assured her that he was a friend she could ask anything. He already had a lot of experience in enlightening young girls sexually. Marie developed a crush on him, which after a few weeks led to a strong infatuation. Marie was very interested in being enlightened, described her mother's fucking with the Swede in great detail and had a thousand questions about it. She also talked to Francesco about her mother's handjobs, which she already had understood.

She had a thousand questions about what it was like when an admirer touched her mother under her skirt. He explained everything to her in detail and she wanted to be touched intimately by Francesco one day. He made her lift her feet onto the seat of the chair and flipped up her skirt. She was a little embarrassed and blushed deeply.

What a gorgeous little pussy she had! No pubic hair, not even a fuzz. He pulled her pussy apart and made sure she was still untouched. Her hymen had a large hole and was just a thin membrane that went all the way around. Her clitoris peeked out pertly from under the thin foreskin. He told her to take a close look, for what he was demonstranting, so that she could do it herself when she tossed and

turned in bed at night. And it was a good preparation for fucking. She nodded eagerly and watched closely.

He moistened a finger with her tongue and said the moisture was important. He pushed the foreskin all the way back and pressed down the flesh around the clit so that it came out nicely and masturbated Marie. She winced at the orgasm and quickly calmed down. She wanted to see it again, then she did it herself. Francesco praised her, she could do it now and was allowed to masturbate as often as she wanted during the night and of course during lessons if she felt like it. She just had to keep it to herself, it was nobody's business and she should take a good look at her friends before she talked about it. Marie nodded, she already knew what privacy and secrecy meant.

So it happened that she sometimes interrupted lessons to masturbate. She leaned her head back, masturbated with her eyes closed and looked at him with a sad and guilty expression after her orgasm.

Francesco had stood by her intensely when her mother was condemned and beheaded. She cried on his shoulder, in his embrace, as she stood with the princess and Beaumont and received the news. She listened to Beaumont's report and also heard Francesco's explanations, as he always followed the events.

Once, when she had just masturbated in class and they were still studying, she said she had made up her mind, she wanted to fuck him. She had already been extensively informed about deflowering and fucking and the possible consequences. But she had thought about it for a long time and she wanted it now. Now.

Francesco laid her down on the chaise longue, flipped up her skirt and penetrated her. They both felt no tearing of the hymen, but she urged him to fuck her properly. She didn't orgasm while they were fucking, but she did it with her finger afterwards. From then on, they fucked every day during lessons, once or twice. Marie's infatuation faded, the difference in status was far too great. But she fucked greedily like her mother, she had an incredible amount of sexual pressure. She had turned 15, she turned 16 and then disaster struck.

In 1795, the militia took Princess Elisabeth and Princess Marie-Therese-Charlotte and sent them to prison. Beaumont was tireless, but he could not prevent the Princess, the King's sister and his great love, from being beheaded. Marie remained in prison and Beaumont found out that she would not be tried in court or beheaded. Beaumont let him know that France and Austria were negotiating an exchange of prisoners. Marie later came to Austria, thank God!

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In China

by Jack Faber © 2024

Franz stayed in the palace with the inconsolable Beaumont, where else could he have turned? The citizens' reign of terror chased the nobility away or underground. Of course, it was clear that this was not a permanent solution, as revolution after revolution swept the country. You only had to put 2 and 2 together, the nobility would come back and claim their place. It was fortunate that Beaumont introduced him to Sir Reginald Braithwaite. The three of them often dined together, Franz was at something of a disadvantage because he spoke only a little bit English.

Sir Reginald was an English merchant who was picking up the pieces of his French companies. France would recover in the next 15 to 20 years, but he had no business being here at the moment. He had been living apart from his wife and son for years, who at 17 was still sharing a bed with his mother. That was the real break, that she had made the boy her husband four years ago. She and his son no longer accompanied him on his many trips abroad, which he considered to be right and important. However, his two daughters were attached to him and accompanied him everywhere.

He saw a new opportunity. Hong Kong or later perhaps Shanghai. He was sitting on packed suitcases, so to speak, and it was a good thing from his point of view that his friend Beaumont introduced Franz. He had taught the Queen's daughter for two and a half years and, in Beaumont's opinion, had turned a spoiled, stupid chick into an impressive young lady. Of course, Beaumont was completely unaware of the purely sexual relationship between the two. And so it was that Sir Reginald hired Franz. Franz had no idea what he was getting himself into, but he had never run away before. The permanent position with the English oligarch came at just the right time. The girls' nannies certainly didn't want to go to China and, in Sir Reginald's opinion, one tutor was enough for the two daughters.

Franz needed new papers, Lorenzo's Venetian letters were no longer any good. Sir Reginald laughed, that was no problem, he was in and out of the English ambassador's office. Franz breathed a sigh of relief, because he was about to have the papers forged by criminals. Sir Reginald accepted him into the British Empire with genuine papers. Sir Frank Butterill from Hampstead near London, minor nobility, knighted, a loyal subject of King George at the age of 32. Perfect.

Reginald's hobby was fencing. Even in war-torn Paris, he had set up a modest fencing room in his house and practiced daily. He was neither a brawler nor a madman who spilled his blood in senseless duels, he was a knight in spirit, today he would be considered a sportsman. He was unsurpassed with foil and rapier, he was always organizing competitions with like-minded people and fencing masters. When Beaumont once let slip that Frank had been a soldier and fought with a sword before his teaching career, Sir Reginald's benevolence poured over Frank. He escorted him to his fencing hall and they tested themselves. Frank had never wielded a rapier or foil before, so they switched to rapiers. Although a little rusty, Frank did quite well. As a result, he trained with Reginald two or three times a week, and it was basically quite good for the couch potato Frank Butterill.

Two weeks before he left, he met Reginald's daughters. 14-year-old Eve and 11-year-old Rose. Like Reginald, the girls were tall and bony, neither of them beauties. Frank checked their level of knowledge. Eve was already very advanced in math, geometry and algebra and spoke a little French as well as English. Philosophy, history and geography were blank spots. Rose was pretty good at English literature, where Frank didn't have a clue. Rose struggled with math, geometry and algebra and also spoke very little French. Frank decided to focus on Eve's lessons and Rose was able to join in as far as she could. She was a bookworm and didn't feel left behind, when she had to read a book.

Sir Reginald invited some noble classy hookers over when he wanted to blow off steam. But that was not Frank's taste. Reginald's household was small, with 6 maids and 2 female cooks taking care of

everything. Only now did Frank realize that it was going to be a difficult match. He had to pull out all the stops to fuck all the 8 English girls by the time he arrived in Hong Kong. Not that they were averse, but they had no fire in their asses. None of them masturbated regularly, and it was really hard to get them to do and to show the “irregular” at all. So fucking was not their best discipline. They let themselves be fucked patiently, but that said it all. He treated them like ladies, because he would be living with them for the next months and years.

Hong Kong was a nice little city, a dozen rich Englishmen did their business from here, the second important location was Shanghai. The decision in favor of Hong Kong was made because Sir Reginald was able to acquire a princely palace here. It was exquisite even for spoiled Europeans. God knows why the prince parted with it. Sir Reginald’s vanguard had done a good job, they were very well accommodated. The many servants and maids were introduced to the lordship.

One of them did not bow as submissively as the others, her eyes flashing with fire as she looked at Frank. He stepped up to her and unpacked his best English. Her name was Mei Song, she replied. He memorized her name. She came in the evening when her shift was over. They chatted for half an hour and hit it off straight away. Mei lit an oil lamp, “because you eat with your eyes too,” she said with a smile.

She was the first Asian woman Frank had seen. She was small and graceful, a body like a little girl. He caressed her slender, fairytale body; she had small, virginal breasts that seemed almost boyishly firm. In the light of the oil lamp, he saw her small, pink teats and the small, cheeky bush above her cleft, which didn’t need trimming. He thought she was a very young girl at first, but she was already 27 and a very experienced woman, he realized immediately. She took the lead and rode him very gracefully and passionately. But before he cummed, he swapped places with her and fucked her from above. She hugged him lovingly as he squirted and stroked his back until he finished and lay down next to her. She was much better at fucking than any of the English girls he soon left behind. When her schedule

didn't allow her to come and fuck him, she sent another lovely maid. There were around 35 young Chinese girls in the palace, each more lovely than the next. She always wanted to know the next evening whether the replacement had fucked well or not. He never found fault with her, she chose the girls carefully. They stayed together as a couple for the whole 6 years before he left the palace.

Mei told her story over time. "In our village community, the customs had been passed down for many generations. At the age of 6, we girls had to learn to drink the juice of the younger men, because they were not allowed to fuck girls until they were old enough to build a hut or a house. Most of them didn't make it until they were about 25. We girls had to masturbate our brothers', cousins' or uncles' cocks or take them straight into our mouths and then swallow the juice. The men's juice was considered magical or sacred and was not to be wasted. It is also considered somehow nutritious. In the afternoons, when the work in the fields was done, everyone would gather in a large living room and one of the boys would read a story, usually one that involved a lot of sex.

We young girls had to masturbate the juice out of the young lads and then drink and swallow it. At that time I was the only young girl in our community, I had to drink the juice of several boys every day and I really enjoyed doing it. I only stopped when I had taken my virginity. If there were too many, they had to masturbate themselves at the same time and then squirt down my throat. As the book or story that was read was usually very intense, both the boys and I were quite aroused on these afternoons and I only masturbated very secretly so that no one noticed.

The older boys, like my mother, who was the only young woman in these groups, were only allowed to snog, cuddle or touch each other intimately, but in secret. They weren't allowed to go any further, but she let a man masturbate her in secret and inconspicuously so that the others didn't even notice or could only rarely observe. But my mother was rebellious and disobedient in many ways. She would sit on this lap, then the next. Some afternoons she would let herself be fucked by 2 or 3 men, her brothers-in-law or her genuine brothers, but that was not unusual. Of course, I soon discovered that the one

on whose lap she was sitting, was carefully and secretly fucking her from below. She put a cloth over her legs and listened attentively while she let herself be fucked mischievously. She pulled her shorts down a little under the cloth so that he could stick his cock in from behind. I usually arranged it so that I could secretly look under her cloth, even though I was giving a blowjob. She grinned wryly because I was looking under the cloth, so she had to laugh at my childish curiosity. When she moved to a lap, everyone had to look away. She let me watch, when she lifted the cloth and inserted the little stiff cock into her bushy fuckhole, that was our secret. She remained perched on her heels, smiled at me and put the cloth over her lap. I often saw the uncles' or cousins' cocks sticking into my Mom's pussyhole and slowly going in and out. As you may have noticed, Chinese men have relatively small cocks, but for me as a virgin it was very exciting to see the small cocks sliding in and out of her hairy fuckhole for a very long time. She made sure that he did it really secretly and inconspicuously. She laughed like a bell when one was ready and had squirted into her hole, which was always very exciting for me. Custom demanded that she was not allowed to do it, but she hid it under the cloth, although everyone knew except my father. Sometimes she winked at me conspiratorially, like when she secretly showed me how to masturbate when I was 6. Of course, masturbating was just as forbidden for us girls as it was for the boys.

I slept with my parents from an early age on, as my brothers had all left home. My mother and I would lie facing each other and she would hug me tenderly when Dad fucked her from behind. He only wanted to do it from behind, but I never found out why. She never had an orgasm when he fucked her, but when he fell asleep, she masturbated almost every night. I loved the physical contact with her, I was her child after all and loved the touching. As she never spoke with my father about fucking in the men's club in the afternoon, I naturally didn't say anything to him either. I suspected for a long time that he knew all about it, but I was probably wrong.

I still remember the arguments because my father wanted to take my virginity and fuck me very early on and my mother prevented it because I wasn't yet 14. But I really wanted it, I wanted it myself badly. I was no longer a little girl, I wanted to be fucked by my uncles

and brothers on certain afternoons just like my mother and not just suck their cocks or masturbate and drink the juice. Dad got his way and, at my insistence, deflowered me between 13 and 14. I lay facing my mother and we held each other as he approached me from behind and grabbed my buttocks with his big hands. I wasn't afraid at all and my mother kissed me on the eyes as he slowly penetrated and tore my hymen. It hardly hurt at all and I whispered proudly to my mother that I was now a woman. She kissed me again and held me gently while he worked behind and fucked me. I hardly felt the squirting and was surprised that he lay down behind my mother and fucked her too. He rarely did that, he usually fucked only one of us both in turn every night until I was 24 and was taken on as a maid here at the Tiger Prince's palace. The prince only fucked his noble wives and girlfriends, we maids were strictly forbidden to fuck and we only did it very, very secretly. After a few years, the prince moved back to the imperial city and the palace and all the servants were sold."

Frank taught both girls in the mornings and gave Eve private lessons in the afternoons. She had a good relationship with him right from the start and although she made an impression on him just as dry as the other 8 English girls who had fucked him rather listlessly, Eve talked openly and happily about sex. She was already 14 and really interested in the matter. In passing, she mentioned that she and Rose had been masturbating for many years.

What she was quite bothered about was her older brother, who had been letting his mother masturbate him for years, since he was 13, and was fucking her soon after. Eve had found out about and observed both the masturbating and the fucking with interest, but at the same time experienced the emotional distance between the parents. The father was very angry that his son was fucking her daily, but he was completely powerless.

The mother was actually asexual, Eve said, she let her brother fuck her indifferently and passionlessly. She just let herself be fucked, without much emotion, and when she was aroused after fucking, she touched her clitoris briefly to trigger the orgasm. Eva never had the impression that her mother ever masturbated out of sexual desire,

but she didn't know for sure. She and Rose were actually spying on the brother.

She had unzipped a couple of lads' pants in Paris last year, masturbated him and made him squirt on the floor. It was exciting and thrilling, but she didn't dare to fuck any of the lads, even though she fantasized about nothing else at night. She had always hoped that her father would take her virginity and fuck her, but he was always correct and only fucked the noble whores or the respectable, shy wives of his friends or acquaintances. She loved and adored her father, who seemed to effortlessly fuck even the shyest, most respectable and strictly celibate wives.

Frank responded to her casual tone, knowing well that he would take her virginity and fuck her. He didn't have to rush things, Mei and the other Chinese maids satisfied him every night. But he felt the dark urge that a virgin triggered in him. It wasn't difficult at all to get Eve to show him her pussy. It was a pretty little pussy, she already had a thick fuzz of black pubic hair and a rather large clitoris. He didn't need to teach her how to masturbate, she masturbated every night like Rose. He kept bringing up the subject of fucking and she soon became obsessed with it. It only took a little push to get her. She was happy and excited to give him her virginity and fucked him every afternoon. She didn't orgasm while fucking him, but she released herself with a finger without shyness or shame after fucking him. He fucked her every afternoon until she seduced her father when she was 16. Then she no longer needed Frank.

Rose was even easier to get around. Eve had told her about fucking Frank and as long as he was still fucking Eve, he had to put the brakes on Rose. She was still too young, he waited until she turned 13 and shifted their afternoon studies to Rose, because Eve was at the end of her education. She now spent her days with her father learning the business. Sir Reginald imported machinery, technology and weapons to China and supplied England with spices, food and silk. It was not a particularly difficult business and Reginald was pleased that Eve was interested in it.

Frank now taught Rose in the afternoon. She needed a bit more of a run-up than Eve to fall in love with her teacher. She was just dying to show him her pussy. She was now 14 and her pussy was only slightly different from Eve's. And she also had the thick, black fuzz like her sister, whom Rose envied because their father sometimes let Eve sleep over. Frank didn't have to break down any doors to get Rose to fuck. She was ready to give him her virginity after a short time. She was the driving force, Frank just had to follow her with a smile. She determined the day on which he had to take her virginity and fuck her. He let himself be captured and made her feel like the mistress of the situation.

Rose's pussy was definitely prettier and more exciting than Eve's. She also had a bigger clit and Frank assumed that she masturbated much more frequently and intensely than her older sister. He penetrated slowly and with relish, she winced violently as her hymen tore. It bled a little, but she urged him to fuck her properly. He fucked her for quite a long time, holding back the squirting as she became more and more aroused. Her facial expression became distorted, she contorted her face in orgasm. It was very violent and she clung to him tightly. He was almost startled, because he was used to Mei's light and not violent orgasms. Still, it filled him with a certain pride that he had brought the young girl to orgasm the first time he fucked her. He squirted it all in with relief. They were both out of breath, but she kissed him long on the lips and said, "Thank you, Sir Frank!"

Rose, whom he was now specifically teaching math, geometry and algebra, obviously had a fabulous talent and feel for the subject matter. They fucked every day before class, but then she bit into the material. Frank had asked Reginald to send him the journals of the Royal Scientific Institute and was exploring with Rose all the articles in the journals. She was highly excited and eagerly awaited the assignments, which she devoured. Her interest in literature waned rapidly as she began to deal with tricky mathematical questions. Very much revolved around astronomical questions, and anticipating this, it is fair to say that Frank was very proud of Rose when she became one of the first women of the time to be admitted as a non-regular member of the Royal Astronomical Society 30 years later.

But we're not there yet, she was 14, she turned 15 and 16. When she had turned 17, Sir Reginald urged her to get married. Her first sight was of her beloved teacher, of course. But Frank had good reasons not to marry, and he stuck to his guns, even if he couldn't tell Rose the real reasons. They fell out when he brought forward his 6-year relationship with the chinese maid Mei. This hit Rose hard, she closed her classes and now only rarely fucked him. Reginald drove up all the young Englishmen between Hong Kong and Shanghai, she fucked most of them for a few days on a trial basis until she decided on one. Eve, who hadn't fucked him for weeks and had a very happy life in Sir Reginald's bed, took him to Rose's wedding. He was still suffering greatly from their argument and Rose's frosty embrace. As quickly as he could, he lay in Mei's arms to forget the frustration. He had to admit to himself that he had gotten far too close to Rose, and now he had to atone for that. But he had grown even more fond of Mei, and he shuddered to think that he would have to leave Mei at some point. It couldn't have escaped her notice over the years that he hadn't aged a day. After Rose's wedding, Sir Reginald placed him with a rich businessman on the island of Macau a few miles away. So he was a day's journey from Hong Kong and away from women's problems. But was it really him?

The Waldorfs in Macau were the de facto kings of the island. Their main business was trade between China and Europe. Sir Reginald was, of course, only a minor competitor with whom the Waldorfs and the Lords in Shanghai could get along well.

Elly Waldorf was a small, friendly girl of 13. Frank and she had a good rapport from the start, and he was an exquisitely treated guest despite his low rank, tutoring the daughter of the house Lord. Among other things, the Waldorfs had the largest and most exclusive brothels in the country, and clients often came from far and wide for the wonderful birds of paradise that offered a night in the highest heavens. Frank quickly forgot about Mei, because Robina Waldorf, Elly's mother and, so to speak, the Madam, sent him a beauty as a gift every night. He read, taught and worked all day, but in the evening he became a bon vivant. He dined with the beauty of the night and they sipped exquisite wines until they went to his quarters to fuck. He had sweated with Sir Reginald on the fencing floor for an hour every

other day, now he was softening into a bon vivant, a dandy. He had made good use of the 6 years and was now fluent in English, the Chinese language was hard to learn but he could make himself understood in a rudimentary way.

Emily was a very good learner. She had taken after her mother in terms of her disposition, she was a real beast. She had masturbated for the first time at the age of 5, so he no longer needed to instruct her. Of course she talked to Frank about it right from the start, she wanted him to take her virginity and fuck her. She really knew all about it and knew what she was asking for. He had already learned from Reginald some time ago that the Waldorfs were not to be trifled with. Many a one had disappeared or been found in the stomach of a shark. He remained on his guard. He said not until she was 15, because if girls started fucking too early, their pussies wouldn't develop properly. He knew that this superstition was popular in China. She should ask around. Emily received confirmation from some people. When she told him very sadly, he relented. They made a pact with a handshake, as she had seen the adults do. He would take her virginity on her 15th birthday, they agreed.

Frank noticed from the start that a certain high-class whore visited him almost every other day. She was given such preferential treatment in the restaurant that he became curious and asked the other girls about her. Because she didn't stand out, she was a white girl like many others, there were girls from all over the world and of all skin colors. She called herself Lukrezia and was from Italy, she said, but he quickly realized that she only knew Italy from travelogues. But she spoke Italian flawlessly, which made him even more curious. It took him several weeks to find out a corner of the truth. She was the daughter of "Tai Pan" Waldorf's second wife, as he was reverently called. Her mother was actually from Italy, and Lydia, as Lukrezia was actually called, was her mother's right-hand woman, the second boss of the brothels. She didn't work as a high-class whore herself, but it had been brought to her attention that young Sir Frank could also speak Italian and knew Italy like the back of his hand. Lydia was actually married to one of the triad bosses who served the Waldorfs, but he was considered by the brothel girls to be

quite sexually dull and weak. A brutal thug with a little baby-cock, they said disparagingly.

Now Frank was doubly on his guard. He had to offer Lukrezia everything sexually and not upset her because of her husband. She came three or four times a week to dine and fuck. She had been brought up very strictly by her mother and was not very experienced sexually. In her 20s, she had barely fucked a handful of men, mostly in longer affairs. She only masturbated very, very rarely and in secret, because her mother was relentlessly strict against it.

Frank treated Lukrezia very ladylike and well, he made her happy with good manners, long conversations about Italy and good sex. After six months, she gave up the game of hide-and-seek of her own accord. It was fine with him, because she also had to be careful that her husband didn't get jealous and he in turn dropped the fact that he was married in England so that she didn't indulge in any dreamy fantasies. She let herself be guided sexually and was quickly very good at fucking. She took contraception seriously.

He agreed with Emily that he would only teach her 4 or 5 days a week and have 2 or 3 days off. He changed silver into copper coins, borrowed a horse and rode around the area to get to know the country and its people. Girded with a good rapier that Sir Reginald had given him, he rode around the area for 2 or 3 days, making accurate maps of his routes because he enjoyed it. That he would have been better off not doing it became clear to him sometime later, very clear indeed.

Frank traveled from place to place, dined in the small inns, invited many a man for a jug of wine and was invited to stay the night in return, never once did he sleep in an inn. The farmers knew how to treat a guest. He slept with the farmer couple on their shared sleeping mat and fucked the farmer's wife just like the landlord. He knew what an unnecessary luxury beauty was, no one was ugly when naked. The peasant women were all good at fucking, he completed his Cantonese with the sexual vocabulary used in the countryside. Most of the peasant women had no idea about orgasm or masturbation, it was not common among them. If a woman did orgasm while

fucking, it was nothing new for the couple. Some farmers waved their daughter over when she was no longer a child. They let themselves be fucked by the guest with the same pleasure as the mother, some even by the father. The people mostly lived in animistic religions and had never heard of Christianity, and there was not even a word for incest. The brothers and servants fucked the maids and daughters in another bedroom if it was a larger farm. He enjoyed fucking these simple women and girls at least as much as fucking the noble whores. The only real difference was that the noble whores were chatty or could hold a sensible conversation. The peasant women, on the other hand, were much more selfish when it came to fucking and demanded another round without any false shame. He made these trips for a good two years.

Emily's 15th birthday was a lovely celebration. In the early afternoon, Frank followed her to her room. She could hardly wait to be deflowered and she let herself be fucked wonderfully. He fucked her twice in a row, then they had to stop, the dinner bell called. They fucked every morning before class, it became a nice routine. Emily knew, of course, that he was allowed to dine and fuck with a high-class whore in the evening and this prevented her from falling in love. She loved fucking, she was happy about every orgasm while fucking, which didn't work every time, but then she did it herself with a finger, that was okay too. Everything went well, Emily was a good and diligent student, she spoke fluent French, was good at math, geometry and algebra. Above all, however, she learned the trade on those days when Frank rode into the country.

One morning, after he had just fucked Emily and they started studying, Frank was called to old Waldorf, the "Tai Pan". He had no idea and was just surprised to see an elegantly dressed Dutchman sitting next to Waldorf. The fellow was a vain bogeyman and spoke very poor, primitive English. Frank saw that some drawings he had made of his paths were spread out in front of Waldorf. Waldorf admonished him from the start that it was a serious matter, that he should put every word on the scale. Frank's stomach clenched as the Dutchman barked away. Drawing nautical charts was a documented privilege of Holland and his drawings always showed the canal and the

coastlines leading to the city of Canton. The charts were precise and accurate and were legended in English and Italian.

That was brazen espionage, exclaimed the Dutchman.

Old Waldorf helped as best he could. Sir Frank was a subject of the crown and a tutor. He knew not only England, but also the countries of the mainland, and he at least had personally authorized him to travel on horseback in the surrounding countryside, which of course was not true. They had never discussed the treaties between England and Holland concerning the maps, so it sounded credible to him that Frank was completely innocent.

The Dutchman did not give an inch. He demanded the extradition of all the maps and Frank himself, who would have to await the verdict in the custody of the Dutch maritime court. So Sir Frank went with the Dutchman and Waldorf assured him that he would inform the British Admiralty in Canton. The Dutchmen locked Frank in a room, but it was not a dungeon. He was treated well and interrogated harshly every other day. It took two weeks before the royal map keeper, the Dutch expert, finally arrived. He examined his drawings and found them to be primitive, naive sketches, completely unsuitable for ship navigation. The expert found Frank's statement that he had only made it for himself and only to explore the land between Macau and Canton credible. He had only marked villages, farms and bridle paths, and the rough coastlines were only intended to keep him away from them. The expert returned the maps to him and advised the Captain to release Frank.

Lydia picked him up with a horse. They had to ride two hours to the palace and took a break. Lydia had something on her mind, she began to cry terribly and stammered that she had just become terribly jealous when she found out he was fucking Emily every morning. Every morning! Even now she was outraged that he preferred such a young girl to her. Frank listened transfixed. It would be very bad if all this was already doing the rounds!

Lydia continued to sob and reported that, of course, there was no gossip within the house. Frank breathed a sigh of relief. Lydia had

found Emily in the palace garden and they began to argue, one step-sister accusing the other of stealing her lover. They remained irreconcilable, one had him every evening, the other every morning. Lydia was deeply offended because Emily was showing off her innocent youth.

And what did Lydia have? A jerk of a husband who was now openly fucking his little boy's asshole. He even brought him into the bedroom, he fucked the confused boy in the asshole and reached around his hips to masturbate the boy at the same time. Lydia lay on the marriage bed and covered herself up to at least get the boy aroused. Some had a bigger cock than her husband, she flirted with the boy, drove him crazy when she showed him her pussy play. She smiled when he squirted in a high arc. Lydia asked Frank if this was a good marriage!

Frank was very annoyed because Lydia had betrayed him to the Dutch agents. He'd got off with a black eye and four weeks in the brig, but he was caught between two millstones, Lydia and Emily. At that moment he realized that he had to escape as quickly as possible. He enjoyed Lydia and Emily's gentle and passionate embraces, but he had to get away. Old Waldorf cradled his head regretfully, but Frank's decision was unshakeable. Shanghai was 1,500 kilometers to the northeast, but it was the second most important trading center where there were Europeans. With a heavy heart, he gave Frank a letter of recommendation and let him go.

Frank rode leisurely to Shanghai, taking ten weeks and staying overnight on farms. For a few copper coins, he received a princely treatment. He could choose between pretty daughters and maids, but mostly only the farmer's wife was there to fuck. He took what he could get and the farmers were not stingy in satisfying the high Lord. Frank loved the rough, unadulterated nature of women in the countryside. He took his time with the journey, he felt comfortable in the arms of these simple women and girls, who took fucking much more naturally and easily than the luxurious noblewomen of Macao. He reached Shanghai after ten weeks, only having to fight highwaymen twice on the way and buy his way free with copper coins or silver florins.

Shanghai was a large city and an important port. He rented a few rooms in the center and sat day after day in the restaurants where Europeans also frequented. He had placed advertisements in the lo-

cal newspapers, but dozens of contacts led nowhere. It took three months before he found what he was looking for. The wife of a Dutch ship captain was looking for a teacher for her daughter, as her teacher had suddenly died. He liked the Dutch woman and gave in a little on the price, as he could afford it. The good Mrs. Michelis was very godly and reformed, but that was no obstacle. He was not allowed to tell 14-year-old Gertrudis any Catholic stories, he promised with a laugh. He was a tutor and not a priest. He was miles away from any church. Frank was glad that he had had his year of birth falsified on his papers in Macau, because Diana Michelis checked his papers carefully. She had even contacted the old Waldorf by letter and had Frank's details confirmed in writing.

Frank had been subletting from an old Chinese woman for the first three months and she had let the young European fuck her from day one without any problems. She was by far the oldest he'd fucked, she was probably older than 65, but she didn't know for sure. He wasted no time in looking for a younger lover. Here, in a busy city, it wasn't as easy as in the countryside to get close to the people. He fucked the friendly old woman, at least it was better than having no one to fuck. She giggled and clucked like an old hen, but he could fuck her as often as he wanted. Her giggling, toothless laughter and the cheering movements of her emaciated body told him how much she enjoyed fucking, how much fun she was having. Unfortunately, she spoke a dialect that was not at all similar to Cantonese, which he knew reasonably well, and was completely unintelligible. He would have liked to talk to her about her past sex life.

Little Gertrudis' teacher had been run over by a horse-drawn carriage. The girl had just started to learn the mathematical basics of ship navigation with her. Frank had no idea about navigation, but he bought three more textbooks on the subject of navigation and learned the basics from scratch with Gerti. They made good progress, he emphasized mathematics, geometry and algebra, so that she understood the connections quite well. Gerti was a good, clever and hard-working pupil and she was keen to learn German because her father was German.

Diana Michelis ran the household herself, she only had an old, grumpy and abysmally ugly Chinese woman as domestic help. She was out of the question for him, she probably disliked fucking as much as she disliked working. He heard Diana Michelis struggling with her lust night after night, chasing her orgasm loudly and violently, then there was silence. After a few days, he could no longer restrain himself and entered Diana's room while she was struggling to orgasm. She startled when he touched her gently. She immediately hid her nakedness, they whispered softly and he shrugged and turned to leave. "Stay, Sir Frank, stay!" she whispered almost inaudibly.

He went back to her, she made room for him and he lay down naked next to her. "I know you men want to fuck every day, but so do I!" she said, smiling softly. "Unfortunately, I usually have to masturbate because my husband is away all year round. Only very rarely do I have a short affair, a quickie. I'm always very ashamed because I love my husband with all my heart." Frank understood her very well, because his body could really miss fucking and orgasms. She played with his cock for a long time, "finally a real one again and not a little Chinese one!" she said. He felt her body, she was small and slim and her breasts too, sad remnants from better days, after all she was already 48 years old.

She had no particular desires when it came to fucking. She probably wouldn't have an orgasm, she said, that only happened very rarely. She would masturbate to orgasm later, she was so used to it. They fucked calmly and with concentration, she was quite tightly built and also reached the plateau very well, but she just couldn't make the leap to orgasm. After squirting, he lay down next to her and waited, until she had finished masturbating and they talked for a while until he went back to his room.

Gerti wasn't a beauty, not by any means. But she was very shy and for the first few months he couldn't engage her in any sexual dialog. But one day she started. "You've been fucking my mother, probably for a long time!" she said, slightly reproachfully. Frank nodded in confirmation, "Since about the first week I came here. She does it voluntarily, I don't force her to do anything." But Gerti had overcome

an inner inhibition and kept bringing up the subject of fucking. It turned out that she hardly knew anything about sexuality, she never touched her pussy deliberately. She had often watched her mother fucking a chinese stranger, but she had never thought it through. She was maybe about 6 or 7 when she asked her mother about it, but Diana didn't enlighten her or liked to talk about it, "maybe later when you're older!"

The girl shyly affirmed that sexuality was very much on her mind and gradually her curiosity awoke. Days passed before she began to ask again. Day by day she elicited more and more general information from Frank, but she persisted in asking how many women he had fucked. She was very impressed that he had lived in a brothel in Macau for years and had fucked a high-class whore there night after night. He had to describe the whores' bodies to her, the Whites, the Asians and the Negroes. For a while she was interested in the Negresses, whose pussies were either light pink or jet black. Gerti found it very strange that this was only a purely visual effect and that they fucked like everyone else. She had always imagined that Chinese women, for example, fucked quite differently from white women, as they had completely different eyes. Frank smiled quietly, because he also had similar ideas, until he fucked one.

There were only differences between the attitude of women, he said, regardless of skin color. Some only fucked from the front, some only from behind, but most fucked both ways. There were differences in activity, in passion. Some didn't like fucking at all, others did. He suspected that it just depended on the good or bad experiences.

They were quite familiar with each other after months. He had educated her extensively and without reservation about sexuality. He had explained female masturbation to her in such detail that one morning, eyes downcast, she confessed to having done it twice during the night and that orgasming was a great thing. But she didn't want to say any more. Whether she was still a virgin, he sometimes asked her, although he knew the answer. Very strange, he said, in most European countries girls were deflowered at 14 at the latest, in a few much later, such as in England. In Italy and France, girls were deflowered at 13, usually by their own father. And in China, girls

were deflowered as early as 12, usually also by their father. He found it hard to believe that she was still a virgin at 14, almost 15. She should show him her pussy, that would convince him. But he was stumped. She wouldn't show her pussy to anyone, that was forbidden. Said the mother. "And your mother always keeps to the prohibitions?" Frank said provocatively, but he didn't push her any further. He knew that her mind was working and rumbling.

One day they were talking about deflowering again and he told Gerti how Mei was deflowered. In a tight embrace with her mother, the father penetrated the 13-year-old from behind and took her virginity. Frank told her how proud she was that her father was fucking her properly and that she was now allowed to fuck everyone in the afternoons just like her mother. Gerti was very skeptical, so Frank had to describe the custom in the Chinese countryside in detail. Gerti became even more skeptical, she had read many stories and legends, currently 'Tristan and Isolde' and fucking was always depicted romantically. He said that the Chinese also loved romance, but in the countryside fucking was very natural, purely physical and nothing magical was made of it. But in a story, the author had to sell the reader on the romance, that's what the readers wanted.

Gerti had turned 15, she was already masturbating every night and her thoughts revolved around fucking and giving up her virginity. Frank had to describe the deflowering over and over again in great detail, Gerti's eyes glazed over or filled with tears. She had to cry again and again for no reason and didn't know why. Frank took her in his arms every time and let her cry on his chest. She cried on his broad chest every day, it became normal for her to nestle in his arms. He gave her time to come to terms with this rollercoaster of emotions. Again and again he told her how much he would like to fuck her and accepted that she shook her head. But constant dripping wears away the stone.

Another quarter of a year passed before she was ready. She wanted it and she was afraid. She was in love with Frank and it increasingly pained her that he was fucking her mother night after night. "Would you prefer her to be tossed about like a leaf in the wind if she let chinese strangers fuck her?" he asked the girl and of course

she shook her head. After all, she read the newspapers and knew how bad it had been for many a woman.

Frank was still surprised when one morning she said with such determination that she wanted him to fuck her. His heart leapt for joy when he saw her seriousness. He laid her on the bed, covered her with kisses, with French kisses. His hand slid under her skirt, along her thighs. She had never allowed herself to be touched so intimately before, but she quickly became hot and allowed him to stroke her pussy and his hands to part her thighs. She sighed and gasped in fear as his finger probed her clit and then gently rubbed it. She already knew this, she knew what would happen next. But he stopped long before her orgasm. He kissed her eyes and whispered that he would fuck her now. She nodded, although she was petrified. He kissed her again and again and flipped up her skirt. He guided her knees into the right position and looked at her pussy with pleasure, a truly beautiful pussy! Then he penetrated carefully and considerately. He had to thrust several times because her hymen didn't tear immediately. But then he penetrated her deeply and saw her happy smile. He fucked her for quite a long time and squirted inside, then dropped down next to her, exhausted. It was a hard piece of work. He grabbed her clit and masturbated her. Her thighs began to tremble and she had a very slight orgasm. She hugged him and kissed him gratefully.

They fucked every morning after he explained the sidereal calendar to her. She learned to masturbate him with her fist and let him squirt into her mouth. The semen didn't taste good at first and she spat it out, but after a while she swallowed the semen. After fucking, they studied hard, every day.

One evening Diana said she knew he was fucking her daughter. He remained silent in shock — damn, had Gertrudis blabbed? — and she continued, “please be good to her, she's still so young and fragile.” He nodded in agreement and said he would never hurt her. It had turned out that way as she felt a lot of pressure to be made a woman. She was the only and last virgin in her circle of friends, he added, because Gerti had told him that herself. He was certainly not the type to pursue young things like Gertrudis, he lied cheekily. She swallowed it

and said, "I'm not very happy about it, but it had to happen sometime. She lives here as an only child, she hardly has any friends, but they're all older than her. You're probably right, maybe that's where the pressure really came from."

She came back to this later, "Don't break her heart! As long as she's happy with the fucking, I won't interfere. She'll be heartbroken when you leave us one day!" He nodded and promised to treat the child well. She gave him a good explanation of how she had discovered it. The old, ugly Mrs. Chung had dropped it on her, but she didn't want to believe it. However, it ate at her and so she began to spy.

He stayed with Diana and Gerti for almost 2 more years. He had negotiated with Diana from the start that he would have three days off in a row once a month. He had to ride far out of the city until he reached rural areas. He always did the same thing, jingled the copper coins in his pocket and went with a farmer to spend the night. The richer farmers had a few maids, so he could choose one, or they proudly offered him his daughter. Not a single one was a virgin, they all had more or less experience. But the simple, natural manner of the Chinese women from the countryside was really very pleasant for him when it came to fucking.

Sometimes a farmer had neither maids nor a manly daughter and shared his wife with him. Most farmers' wives were young and pregnant. He often wondered why he particularly liked that? Was it because they were pregnant? Or was it the farmer whose curiosity attracted and piqued him? Or the farmer's wife when she had her first orgasm while he was fucking her and then said to her husband that she no longer had to do it with her finger after fucking him?

He had to admit that it was a horny situation when, after fucking, a peasant woman put one leg on her exhausted husband and the other leg on the exhausted guest and masturbated spread wide apart. In their animistic view, it was the women who mastered the great magic of orgasm and made no secret of it, but proudly and self-confidently rubbed it in the men's faces. Frank loved these rides, no rain and no wind could stop him.

Gerti had been 17 and was now approaching 18. She was now a great fucker and could make sure she had an orgasm. She loved fucking and had fucked several boys and young men on the days when Frank was out riding. Her infatuation with Frank had diminished a lot, there were some nice boys she loved more than her old teacher. Her father had come for two weeks and Gertrudis slept with her parents. Diana had watched her daughter grow up with pride and was not ashamed to fuck the father in front of her daughter.

How surprised she was when Gerti took Daddy's cock in her mouth and licked it stiff and horny. He wanted to fuck again straight away, but Gerti didn't make room for Diana, instead mounting her father herself. He and Diana were initially shocked, but the 18-year-old fucked him very passionately and lustfully. After he had cum, she rubbed her clit with her finger to orgasm. The father didn't know what to say. He wasn't talkative anyway, but this time his silence was even more mute. Gertrudis laughed and smiled, she hugged her father and mother, kissed them again and again and said how much she loved them. Diana and she saw tears in his eyes for the first time, which he wiped away angrily. The ice was broken.

Frank took one last break, and this time he rode through rural China for almost six months. Every night he lay in the arms of a sweet Chinese girl. He was truly in love with the natural, unadulterated attitude of Chinese men and women towards fucking. He jingled his copper coins and the farmers offered him their beautiful, innocent-looking daughters and maids. He was in a love frenzy, he didn't need romance like others, he wanted the frivolous, innocent-obscene physical lovemaking with the girls. He found out how much it spurred him on to peak physical performance when he fucked the giggling, laughing pregnant farmer's wife in unspoken competition with the farmer until the early hours of the morning. He had even sought refuge in a nunnery once, fleeing the heavy rain. The nuns were celibate, but again the tinkling of his copper coins worked wonders. The abbess assigned him a young novice, she made the selection, not Frank. The novice was very shy and reserved at first, but she thawed out and he fucked the shaven-headed child with great pleasure the whole night. He staggered from farm to farm, from bed to

bed and would have preferred to remain a traveler forever, but he had set himself a limit of 6 months and stuck to it.

Frank had of course had his papers forged further and was ready to go home again after 20 years in China. Home — yes, where was that exactly?

Leaving it to the gods, he would take the next ship. He had bought new clothes and took the ship to Amsterdam. It could just as easily have been England, Italy or France, but he wanted to take the first ship, which was Amsterdam.

Although the ship did not slow down, it took more than 5 months to reach Rotterdam, the last port before Amsterdam. Love affairs developed among the mostly wealthy passengers, most of which lasted no longer than one night. Repeatedly. Nevertheless, Frank took happily part in the fucking game. Several times the cuckolded husbands got together and gave the most conspicuous bulls a thrashing. Frank did not take part in these brawls, he was inconspicuous and diligent. He already left the ship in Rotterdam, he wanted to continue on to France.

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Back in France

by Jack Faber © 2024

Frank sat in front of the fireplace and let the fire warm his socks. He had read all the major newspapers in China, even if they came months later. He had followed the rise of the young American republic as well as Napoleon's meteoric triumphs, which devastated rather than conquered Europe. When he arrived in Paris from Rotterdam, the French emperor was staggering towards the end of his 100-day reign. Frank avoided any political involvement, but he followed world events closely. He did not contact his old friends because he would not have been able to explain his age or his youth. It was easy to remain anonymous and isolated in the big city. Nevertheless, he had to search for six months before he found a job again.

He took up residence with a middle-class widow who offered him full board and a warm bed for good money. Emile was already over 50, but she ran her small boarding house excellently and lay with Frank every night. She was talkative and told him her life story in full, but she was satisfied with his meagre personal details. She wasn't sophisticated or special at fucking, but he was still mentally with the Chinese girls and expected nothing but French home cooking from Emile when it came to fucking. And that was exactly what she gave him without any frills or fuss. She licked his cock stiff every night and asked if she should continue and if he would rather cum in her mouth, but he very rarely wanted to and never regretted it, as Emile licked and sucked his seed out passionately to swallow it dutifully.

Frank sat in the cafés in the city center day after day, drinking watered-down Chinese tea and reading all the advertisements in the local newspapers. That's how he came to the Marquise de Montmesnil, whose castle was about 40 kilometers south of the capital. The marquise had lost her old husband in the Napoleonic wars about 8 years ago and was looking for a tutor for her 11-year-old daughter Charlotte. The marquise was about 48 years old and lived a relatively se-

cluded life. She only gave a party for several guests two or three times a year, but no lavish parties like the ones in the city, she said. She wasn't a beauty, but she was always elegantly dressed and flirted openly with Frank right from the job interview. She looked through his papers quickly, but he suspected she was short-sighted and didn't read any of it. She could afford the tutor, the general had left her well provided for.

The marquise questioned him very skillfully and would surpass any police commissioner in this discipline. Frank noticed immediately and was on his guard. He had no problem admitting that he fucked his landlady every night. She murmured approvingly that healthy young men needed someone to fuck every night. Women are more modest, she giggled, a single finger is enough for them. They both laughed light-heartedly; in those days after the bloody revolution, people were a little more permissive in sexual matters. Frank talked about his relationship of several years with the Chinese 'princess' Mei Song, who sent him her most beautiful servants when she was unavailable. The marquise hung on his every word and Frank didn't spare the spicy details and flowery phrases. "Oh, I talk too much, Madame," he interrupted and fell silent. He had really got her imagination going and that was exactly what he wanted.

They were relatively quick to agree, he would tutor Charlotte in all humanistic subjects and teach her English or German. He was given a beautiful, large room in the manor house and then the marquise walked down the line of servants. She had about 35 maids, 5 little page boys, 10 men and women in the kitchen, 4 coachmen and grooms and 3 gardeners. Frank was introduced to everyone and he memorized as many names as he could.

He liked one of the maids right away, she didn't look down demurely like the others, but her fiery looks promised him a thousand pleasures. He delayed his step and the marquise stopped next to him. "I see you like her, Sir Frank," she said half-silently, "you have a good taste!" They went on, he rode back to Paris and moved into the Montmesnils' castle on the appointed day. He had dinner with the Marquise and Charlotte and apologized for his simple clothes, but he had not yet been able to visit a tailor in the short time available. He

would make up for it as soon as possible. At the end of the exquisite dinner, the marquise mentioned that a bath had not yet been installed everywhere, but that a maid would come every evening and wash him, as was customary in the past. He nodded in the affirmative, even though no one had ever washed him before.

He could have guessed it. The certain, special maid pushed a pot of warm water into his bedroom. Please undress, she said cheerfully, looking at him challengingly. Her name was Mira, she said, from Mirabella. He lay down on his stomach and she washed him. Then he turned onto his back and she washed him. His cock stood bolt upright and he looked at her enticingly. She blushed and shook her head. "The Marquise hasn't allowed it yet," she said quietly and kept silent as she gave his cock a good wash and made him squirt properly at the end. She smiled as she cleaned him and left, smiling kindly. He was left relatively confused.

He checked Charlotte's level of knowledge. She was still very uneducated and he saw a lot of work ahead of him. His first impression was that the girl was not as innocent in sexual matters as she should have been, but he left that topic for another day. It was enough for him to know that the girl liked him too and that she didn't want to make a fuss over him.

Today the marquise had guests for dinner and that meant that he ate in the common room next to the kitchen. There was light country wine with the meat, various vegetables and fruit. The potatoes had been imported from the New World, but they had always been considered the food of the little man. The situation was very pleasant and he chatted with the girls and men in a relaxed manner. "I'm going to read for another two hours and then go to bed," he said to Mira. She nodded that she would come and wash him. That's what happened over the next days.

On a day, the marquise came in, wrapped in a light robe, while Mira was still washing him. "I'll take over, thank you, Mira!" said the marquise, whereupon Mira left with the bath pot. The marquise dried him off and held his stiff cock very lightly in her hand, she didn't make a fist. "I'm freshly bathed too, Sir Frank, may I lie down

with you?" What could he have said? That she was actually too old for him? That her contours didn't make him rejoice and cheer? He nodded and made room. She let her robe flutter to the floor and lay naked beside him. He had plenty of time to look at her. Her sharp-cut face was framed by auburn, grayish-brown hair. She was actually quite slim, although a few rolls of fat were already visible on her hips and bottom. Her breasts must have been full and round before, but now they gave way to gravity. She had shortened and trimmed her pubic hair. She was already 48, but she was by no means an old woman.

She wanted to get straight to the point, they kissed and she willingly spread her thighs so he could excite her clit. They were both hot pretty quickly and started fucking. He realized that she knew very well how to bring herself to the plateau, panting and gasping as she picked up the pace together and fucked herself to orgasm. Apparently it didn't happen often and she smiled proudly and contentedly as she hugged him gently and let him squirt after a while. They lay next to each other breathing heavily for a while and she chatted quite a lot. "Thank you, Sir Frank," she said later with a smile, "You fuck really well! It's not often that a gentleman brings me to orgasm!" Since her husband had fallen 8 years ago, she regularly invited his former officers to dinner and she fucked every one of them, but only these officers. She rarely fucked other cavaliers. She had learned to masturbate at the girls' convent and had done it every night since then. It had become part of going to sleep, she said with a mischievous grin. He didn't like to talk after fucking and only gave her the usual compliments. Wouldn't she like to masturbate now? She exclaimed: "Oh God, no! I've never masturbated in front of anyone, of course not!" She thought for a moment. "Apart from the girls at boarding school, of course, who taught it to me in the first place." Frank sensed the challenge and said as much. "No, never!" Frank smiled, "the last word hasn't been spoken yet!" He left it at that.

She asked if she should come again if she didn't have a guest? Frank nodded, because she fucked very well, he said. And, shouldn't she send Mira to him if she didn't come, because she often had an officer as a guest? He nodded there too, but he didn't know whether Mira would want to? The marquise laughed uproariously. "Mira had

been in my ear from the first day you moved in. I just told her I was the boss and I was taking the prerogative. Then she backed down. But I promised her I would let her.” They both laughed because it seemed to be working out well for everyone. That’s how they did it, the marquise came to him once or twice a week, on the other days Mira came or sent another horny girl as a substitute, because she absolutely had to use contraception. It was a good arrangement.

Mira washed his cock before fucking him, and after fucking him she washed his whole body so he wouldn’t go to sleep all sweaty. Mira was much younger than the Marquise, 27 or 28 years old, and she had a lot of experience. In short, she fucked much better than the Marquise, she was very easy going and had one orgasm after another. He often fucked her twice in one evening, but she had to leave him and sleep in her own bed every night, the marquise had ordered it that way.

Over time, Mira told him about her life. She had become a maid at the age of 15 and hadn’t worked nothing else. She hadn’t learned to read or write, no maid needed that. She had learned to count her days as a young girl so as not to get pregnant, and it had worked so far. She had served in all sorts of houses, she had had to fuck both landlords and their sons, sometimes even guests, even if they were old or ugly, that was one of the tasks for the maids. And if she felt like it, she also fucked servants and stable boys of her choice.

One of the interesting jobs was in the household of Madame Josephine, the former empress and now divorced wife of the emperor. Madame Josephine was from the Caribbean and she was certainly no ‘good’ girl. She was in her mid-40s when she got divorced and she loved insanely to fuck. She had become infertile after giving birth to two children in the Revolution’s dungeon and was able to fuck without a care in the world. Even during her marriage to the Emperor, she had plenty of lovers, but he only found out shortly before the divorce.

Mira was Josephine’s confidante from the very beginning. One day, she asked her if she knew how small Napoleon’s cock was. Mira shook her head, no one had ever seen his cock. Josephine laughed

and called in Eduard, an 11-year-old page boy. Josephine lowered his pants and Mira had to take his little cock in her hand. “There you go,” Josephine laughed, “there you go!” Mira had to hold his cock and rub it gently, it stiffened without growing until the boy squirted. “Eduard, wipe it up!” Josephine ordered and walked away with Mira. “He used to fuck me every night when he was in Paris, can you imagine? With such a small cock! I had plenty of men’s cocks, real men’s cocks at hand when he was out and about!”

Josephine made no secret of her sex life. Mira usually had to wait in the next room with the door ajar to await her orders. Little Eduard crept around her legs like a cat, spying on his mistress. Mira grabbed the runt’s cock and held it in her fist until it squirted between her fingers. Mira rubbed his little cock nonstop and the boy beamed every time she made him squirt.

The process was always the same. Josephine sat with the cavalier in her drawing room and they talked about court- and state secrets. She chatted very familiarly with most of them, then grabbed his cock out of his fly and gave him a handjob. She wiped the semen off with a tissue and sat back down with her legs apart.

The cavalier was now allowed to reach under her skirt and masturbate her. Those who were good at it were allowed to bring her to orgasm two or three times in a row, and were hugged and kissed accordingly. But those who couldn’t masturbate her to orgasm, she angrily chased away and never invited them back. So she was left aroused and called Mira in and let her masturbate her, because Mira was pretty good at that.

Only one or two cavaliers a week pleased Josephine so much that she invited him to her boudoir. She only let herself be fucked there and she was really picky about who was allowed to fuck her at all. Mira had to wait next door for her orders again. Little Eduard and she watched her fucking and very rarely was little Eduard allowed to fuck Mira properly, but mostly she just grabbed his cock with her fist and made him squirt very slowly and nonstop.

Frank liked fucking the Marquise once or twice a week as a bonus, because she was always fucking quite well. He stopped before cumming, saving it for Mira, who waited outside until the marquise came out. The marquise was surprised that he stopped squirting and he lay her across his lap instead. He began to masturbate her and stopped very close to her orgasm. He took her hand, he took her finger and put it on her clit. But she didn't masturbate, decidedly not. He did this for a few days, feeling his way closer to her orgasm each time and seeing her finger twitch treacherously, but she thought about it and didn't masturbate. It took him more than 14 days to win the contest. He brought her a tiny step closer to orgasm, he put her finger on her clit and now, yes now, she masturbated and groaned and moaned in orgasm. He held her very tenderly in his arms and she began to cry. "You are a devil, Sir Frank," she sobbed softly, "but a very dear little devil! I resisted your temptations for a long time, but in the end you won! Are you satisfied now?" He nodded and replied very seriously. "I just wanted to find out if I could seduce you, Madame! I meant no harm, dear Christine, for me it was a competition, a bet that I wanted to win at all costs, that's my way. But now it's over, the bet is over and I'll carry on as normal. You also know now that you can have your orgasm at any time if you don't have one during fucking. Okay?" She nodded and wiped away her tears, from now on she masturbated the few times she hadn't had an orgasm while fucking. But she couldn't forget the dampener for months.

He taught Charlotte 4 hours before lunch and 2 hours in the afternoon. She tried really hard, but she hadn't received much talent from the good Lord. Instead, she was interested in everything sexual and talked about nothing else. She had heard that he fucked the Marquise and Mira every day, he corrected her and poured her pure wine, she was very trusting and he didn't want to destroy that. She wanted to know how he felt about fucking the two women and he told her, in an age-appropriate way of course. He didn't hide from her that Mira, when she had to use contraception because she didn't want to become pregnant, sent him one or two horny maids as substitutes and that he had already fucked almost all the younger maids, but that was actually quite normal, he told the little girl, who listened with her mouth open.

Once she told him that she had learned to masturbate about a year ago from a playmate and did it every night until she got tired and fell asleep. He confirmed that it was very good and that she should just make sure it remained private. Charlotte told him another time that she had learned from the same playmate to unbutton the little playmates' pants and play with their little boy cocks when they had lured the boys into a secret corner. She watched the other one a few times as she stiffened the little boys' cocks and rubbed them until they squirted. She had done that too, she said bashfully. Frank encouraged and praised her, saying it was good when a girl could do that and was familiar with her own and the male sexuality.

She later said that the playmate was seriously considering fucking with the boys, really fucking like the adults, as they had spied on it many times before. Frank told her that wasn't a good idea. The girls' pussies weren't finished growing yet and she might do her pussy a lot of damage. She should give up the idea, he said sternly. Charlotte chewed on her lower lip. She had a crush on her teacher, of course, and had always fantasized about fucking him like an adult. He dismissed her thought. He wouldn't do it, he wouldn't do anything to hurt her pussy! She was depressed and dejected for days. She asked him if he would fuck her later? He pretended to think about it for a long time and then said that when her pussy was fully grown at 14 or 15, then maybe. She breathed a sigh of relief, she was looking forward to it, she said happily.

Soon afterwards, she asked him if he wanted to watch her masturbate? Yes, he said, making a very friendly welcoming face. She flipped up her skirt, but he told her how to sit down, feet on the seat, knees apart and skirt pushed up so he could see her pussy quite well. She obeyed immediately and then masturbated eagerly. She jerked hard in orgasm and quickly calmed down. Had she done it right? Frank nodded and took a close look at her hymen, it had a very large hole. Hadn't she fucked a little boy after all? No, she said, she had only let the boys' cocks penetrate her pussy through the hole in her hymen a hundred times and let him wiggle until it squirted into her pussy. The boys liked that very much and she really didn't mind, but never let them fucking, definitely not!

Charlotte asked him if his previous students had let him watch them masturbate? He laughed uproariously. The students usually sat with their legs up during class and masturbated when they felt like it. Once a day, or ten times a day, that wasn't important to him. What was important was that the girls learned to feel their pleasure and relax, without any shame or false pretense. Charlotte nodded eagerly, now she understood everything, she said seriously. She was gradually getting into the habit of sitting with her legs up, without any false pretense, she assured herself earnestly. She had understood that this was private and that she shouldn't tell anyone. She fingered her sex without any inhibitions and gradually lost her shame, the more exciting the subject matter was, the more vigorously she plucked at her clitoris, the glans-shaped head of which protruded from the foreskin. She leaned back and closed her eyes as she masturbated herself to orgasm. She didn't masturbate very often at first, but without faking it, and she was very pleased when he looked up from the book and watched her masturbate benevolently and smiled contentedly when she had a hard orgasm. It seemed right for her to masturbate two or three times in class, that was all she wanted. At night she usually only did it once, rarely twice, that was enough for her.

Time flew by, the girl turned 13 and 14 and once reminded him that he had promised to fuck her. He took his time, he was very satisfied with what the marquise, Mira and all the other shy and reserved maids could give him. But Charlotte didn't give up, she felt a lot of pressure, especially as her playmates were all already fucking the older boys. She felt left out. Only when she told Frank exactly that did he realize that he couldn't put it off any longer.

One morning, he led Charlotte to the couch. Her eyes lit up when he said he was going to take her virginity and fuck her now. She nodded eagerly and lay down, she had seen fucking hundreds of times before. Neither she nor he felt the tearing of her hymen, it had probably been torn long ago because she had often had a little boy's cock stuck inside her, and squirting during frivolous play. He fucked her for a very long time and she was very easy going, because after she had reached her plateau, she staggered from orgasm to orgasm until he cummed. She was tired but overjoyed. She covered him with a

thousand kisses, fucking was much, much nicer than masturbating! He agreed with her and sat back down at the table. They had to learn.

He stayed for another three years. He fucked Charlotte every morning after explaining to her about contraception with the calendar, after her period came at 18. She was smart enough not to fuck for 10 days to really be on the safe side. Her infatuation waned and she was seriously preparing to be married at 17 or 18. She fucked many candidates on a trial basis and sent them all away again, although she kept some for a few nights and got her brains fucked out, as she confessed shyly to Frank.

The Marquise wasn't very keen to let him go, but Charlotte no longer needed a teacher. She had a very close friend, a princess in Strasbourg, who had married old Prince Rohan and was looking for a teacher for her 13-year-old daughter Danielle. The Marquise, who corresponded with the Princess every fortnight or three weeks, praised Sir Frank, who had developed Charlotte into an educated young woman. So it came about that Frank came to Strasbourg.

Everything had been arranged by letter, he traveled by coach this time and was received very kindly. He freshened up and put on nice clothes, then he was taken to the princess. He was very surprised because she was still quite young, 37, as he later learned. She was dressed very elegantly but simply, which emphasized her good figure amazingly. However, he couldn't figure her out straight away. On the one hand, she spoke in such a godly and god-fearing manner that she left no doubt as to her virtue and chastity. On the other hand, she flirted with him so brazenly and blatantly that his doubts were well-founded. And she was very talkative; two hours later she dismissed him and he knew about every love affair, past and present, of her large court. During a pause for breath, he had asked her how the tutor was allowed to fuck. She immediately listed the girls who loved to fuck, describing their physical attributes and their lovemaking techniques as if she had been there. He was free to choose the girls, although of course it was extremely sinful, she said with a sinful smile. Now he was sure that the marquise had written to the princess about his sexuality. Before dinner, she walked down the line of servants and introduced him. He dined with the servants, as the princess had

guests. The daughter Danielle would not be back from her grandparents until next week.

Of course he was quizzed at dinner, but it was to be expected and okay. His seatmate, Marielle, immediately jumped at his cautious flirting and promised to join him after duty. With a wink. The atmosphere at dinner was relaxed and frivolous, he felt comfortable around people who were unveiled and obscene in the best sense.

He went to bed at sunset and Marielle arrived shortly afterwards. She was completely uncomplicated and lay down with him. She was a pretty, buxom farm girl and fucked very naturally. After he had cum, she rubbed her clitoris to orgasm. But she didn't stay long, there was hardly time to get to know her better. She replied with a laugh that she would like to come next night too, but she thought it was more likely that he wanted to fuck all the girls first as a trial, but that was quite all right. But now she had to go and make room for the princess. She left, smiling and laughing softly. He hadn't noticed her last remark and went to sleep.

In the middle of the night, there was a soft knock. He flinched as someone lay down next to him. It was the princess. She hugged and embraced him, crying. He woke up and heard her whispering how sinful she was and should be called Mary Magdalene because she was so weak, because her flesh was so sinful! Then there was silence, she stiffened his cock with her mouth and mounted him. She was warm, moist and pleasantly tight. He let her ride him for a while, then he changed position, he preferred that now. She was slow to get going and he did everything he could to make her hot and even hotter. After long moans and groans, she orgasmed, gazing wildly into his eyes as she held on to him and her abdomen twitched involuntarily. She calmed down and hugged him, smiling happily as he squirted inside. He lay next to her, gasping for breath. She, however, chatted away. She had been faithful to her husband all her life, but he was already approaching eighty and spent most of his time in Versailles and Paris. He had released her from her vow of fidelity, he could no longer give her what she needed. Frank nodded in agreement, saying it was a fine move on the part of her husband. The princess didn't stay long either. She would come back tomorrow when the maid had

left after fucking, said the princess and disappeared just as quietly as she had come.

He couldn't fall asleep straight away. He remembered that the late Lord Rohan was said to be Queen Maria Antoinette's lover, although it was probably just rumors. It must have been something, though, because the cardinal gave her an insanely expensive necklace. This was followed by the nonsensical Collar Affair, during which both Cardinal Rohan and the cunning impostor Cagliostro were imprisoned. After some time, both were released because they actually had nothing to do with the theft. Frank was now in the service of the deceased's daughter-in-law, who himself claimed on his deathbed to have been the queen's real lover. His son had kept this secret and only told his third wife, this princess. Frank was still pondering whether old Rohan had really fucked the queen, who was considered chaste, but on the other hand Frank had it on good authority that the Swede Fersen had definitely fucked the queen for years. Couldn't Rohan just as well have fucked the queen during the Swede had been traveling for longer? Gradually, Frank fell asleep.

Every evening it went exactly as Marielle had predicted. The maid who had the hots for him and wanted him would sit next to him and take him to his room, a different one every night. As soon as she had left after fucking him, the princess appeared. She had to fight really hard for her orgasm, but she managed it almost every time. Otherwise she turned to the side and masturbated secretly. She had to, but she always wanted to do it discreetly.

He gradually learned the princess's life story. She came directly from the bloodline of the Burgundian kings. She had a very strict and Catholic upbringing. When her mother forbade her to masturbate, it was long too late. She had learned it from her playmates and masturbated every night before going to sleep. She tried to skip it for her mother's sake, but she slept badly and was grumpy and in rough mood the next day. After masturbating, she always slept well and was a ray of sunshine the next day. After realizing this, she masturbated every night for the rest of her life. The Prince of Rohan had already been widowed twice and had grown-up sons and daughters, but the

old man fell in love with the beautiful girl and was allowed to marry her. They had a girl, Danielle.

Her husband smiled indulgently, because she had hundreds of admirers. She wanted to remain faithful to her husband and didn't fuck a single one at first. But the devil sneaks up on the beauties of the world on inaudible soles. She drank tea or lemonade in her small, private salon with a cavalier. One thing led to another, at first she just caressed the cocks and let her pussy be caressed. After many weeks, she very shyly and hesitantly gave the gentleman a full handjob. Later, the devil kept on sneaking, she let the cavalier masturbate her under her skirt. The first few times she was very ashamed afterwards.

But she liked it more and more, because many of them did it very well. Again, one thing led to another and she let him penetrate and cum inside after the handjob. The devil had good cards and played them. It was only a matter of time before she let the cavalier penetrate under her skirt and fuck her for half a minute until he squirted. The closer a cavalier brought her to orgasm, the longer he was allowed to fuck her. There were now some who took the chance and fucked her to orgasm for 20 minutes. The devil laughed his head off. Only now was she inconsolable about cheating on her husband and confessed everything to him.

Rohan was already at the age where you become weak in the loins and wise in your mind. He took her tenderly in his arms and forgave her everything that had happened in the past, everything and everyone. He released her from the vow of fidelity, because he could no longer fuck her and she was so young, in full bloom. She was only supposed to look after her reputation and not do nasty things with his numerous enemies, but she had always paid attention to that. She was grateful for his generosity and didn't shame him. Two years ago she had become pregnant, she didn't even know by whom, because back then she often fucked several men in a row on the same day. She drank a poisonous concoction and lost the fetus. Since then, she did it a little more thoughtfully and no longer fucked like a fury.

The arrangement went well, the princess wanted to fuck, or rather be fucked, after the maid, by which time he had already mostly squirted all his semen out and therefore fucked her for quite a long time. It wasn't immediately clear how the women arranged it among themselves and he didn't really care. He took each one, even the older maids who hadn't fucked for a long time. He enjoyed and kept silent, as befitted a man of honor. He knew that he was in high demand and didn't care that the girls were also fucking the other men.

The former emperor had died in exile. Frank couldn't understand why the whole of France, all the French, mourned him. He hadn't understood the veneration during his lifetime either. How could people forget that his victories had been bought with a sea of blood and the lives of at least 3 million Frenchmen? Frank had experienced dozens of wars in his long life and had never understood why people were banging their heads. Of course he understood that a man would defend himself against an attacker, but not the attack itself. What wet meadow was worth one village setting fire to the neighboring village?

Frank had persuaded the princess to let him read the letters of Marie-Antoinette, old Rohan and his private diary. The letters were undoubtedly love letters, which also spoke of their physical love, more clearly than had been ever made public.

Rohan's diary was either an infamous fake fantasy or a revelation. Cardinal Rohan wrote how the love story came about. The chaperone and best, most intimate friend of Marie-Antoinette was called Jeanette and Marie-Antoinette told the cardinal at the first private audience that Jeanette was a compulsive addicted masturbator and, of course, sometimes lay with her. She herself was not a lesbian, the Queen said, but Jeanette always managed to involve her in her addiction. Jeanette sat far back in a chair because that was the chaperone's job, but the Queen and he could see exactly how Jeanette's hand wiggled under her skirt. Jeanette didn't give a shit about the two of them, who surfed hotter and hotter as they watched the maids masturbation. They exchanged tongue kisses for the first time and he fucked the queen from behind, fully clothed and standing upright, as she leaned her hands on the back of a chair and stuck her ass way out

back. It took less than two minutes, he wrote regretfully. Thus began a love affair that was to last two and a half years.

Rohan described that he fucked Marie-Antoinette hundreds of times at picnics in the garden or in secluded, secret corners or small cabinet rooms, mostly. Marie-Antoinette's favorite position was to lean forward her hands on the back of a chair and Rohan would stand behind her and flip her skirt up a bit. Rohan described her snow-white asscheeks and the dark fleshy cleft underneath, which he adored. She didn't particularly like it when he touched her tight pussy with his hand, exploring it tenderly. Paradoxically, she let him masturbate her clitoris to orgasm, before or after fucking. She often sat sideways on his lap, let him reach under her skirt and masturbate her to orgasm. If the situation allowed, he was allowed to stick his cock in while masturbating her clit.

She usually wanted him to fuck as fast as he could, squirt inside, finish his squirting in a hurry and let her sit up again. Rohan wrote that she never had an orgasm while he was fucking her, but only when Jeanette was masturbating her clit. Rohan only admitted, in a very ornate and disguised manner, how strong Marie-Antoinette's lesbian inclination was, although he had witnessed Jeanette's love-making hundreds of times. Marie-Antoinette was often still very hot after fucking and Jeanette had to masturbate her to orgasm immediately, it couldn't wait a second. Afterwards she was balanced and relaxed. They always kept their clothes on for safety, and the prince regretted that he was not allowed to fuck her in her bedroom, nor could he ever see her completely naked. He only sometimes saw her pussy when Jeanette lay down on the grass next to the queen and masturbated her clit. The queen spread her legs wide, flipped her skirt up and took Jeanette's hand, guiding the finger greedily to her clit. Those were the only times Rohan was allowed to look openly at the queen's exposed naked pussy and clitoris.

Rohan wrote that the Swede Fersen played the first fiddle with Marie-Antoinette. He himself only got his turn when the Swedish diplomat was away. Rohan then switched to fuck Jeanette, who loved to be fucked by the obese prince and, irritatingly, masturbated non-stop while they were fucking. This irritated Rohan at first.

When he was released from the dungeon, Rohan writes, and they were all blown away because Jeanette turned out to be the thief of the precious necklace. He made contact with the queen again, but the new chaperones were very difficult to outwit. The Queen and Rohan could only rarely fuck in secret, but Marie-Antoinette's passion had cooled. Without her as a driving force, he rarely got his turn, the chaperone could be bribed and he had always to fuck firstly the unsightly court lady until she looked away. Rohan wrote many pages about how the love affair gradually died.

Frank refused to accept the diary as it was for a long time. But he recalled a few passages. A forger would hardly have invented Jeanette's addiction or damaged the queen's reputation by describing the lesbian games in such detail. Nor, as Rohan admitted, would a forger write Rohan as a substitute for the Swede. After all, the forgery would be supposed to portray Rohan as a heroic womanizer, not expose him as a loser. His evasion to Jeanette for a sad fuck didn't fit in at all to a hero. No, Frank told himself, the diary was genuine and credible.

Danielle came back from Burgundy, she had lived with her grandparents for almost a year. She was already almost 14 years old, a slim, shy girl who had no idea about sexuality. Her grandmother was strict about this and became a fire-breathing dragon if Dani so much as dipped a toe in cold water. Frank tested her conscientiously, her level of knowledge was very low. As far as sex was concerned, he had a long, rocky road ahead of him. But that was precisely what appealed to him. He had to have her one day!

They liked each other, that was clear from the start. When he walked beside her, she held his hand confidentially. She snuggled up to him or sat on his lap unselfconsciously. She thought nothing of it when he touched her knees or stroked her inner thighs while she was sitting on his lap. She got used to it and found nothing wrong with him sliding his hand up to her pussy. Frank knew that was the farthest he could go. She smiled when he caressed her pussy and often smiled and said how nice feelings that caressing was giving her, but he stayed away from her slit and clitoris. It was still too early for that.

Dani really had no idea about sex. But she wasn't blind either and certainly not stupid. One day she asked him directly. That he was fucking Mom. He stuck to the truth and she turned pale. "You can only fuck if you were married to each other," she quoted her grandmother. He asked her if she sometimes stole sweets from the pantry, which was also forbidden? She blushed and nodded, but that wasn't fucking. He agreed, but she was doing something that was forbidden. Grandma would agree, he said. "If we're fucking, we're stealing from the pantry." Now she nodded, everyone did something forbidden, sometimes, including herself. Frank asked what else she had done that was forbidden, but she put him off. How fucking really works, could he explain it to her? Frank put the textbook aside. Had she ever seen a cock before? Yes, she said blushing, little boy cocks, in the bathing pond. Good, said Frank, and only limp ones or stiff ones too? She remained red and nodded, both limp and stiff ones. Good, he said, and had she ever looked inside a girl's hole, perhaps while bathing? Yes, she said, with most of them you could only see as far as the hymen, but with the bigger ones it was really deep, they no longer had a hymen. He asked why and she shrugged her shoulders. The hymen tears when a girl fucks for the first time, that's called deflowering. Dani nodded, now she understood. He explained the fucking, he pushed a finger into her cleft up to the hymen. Her eyes widened. "So, if I fuck once, does it really have to tear?" she asked anxiously. "It doesn't hurt much, it's like a prick when a bee stings you, for example." She understood that too. She didn't understand that it was done to get an orgasm, but what was an orgasm? He described the female orgasm to her and saw her eyes widen. Aha! He asked her, and she puzzled over it for a long time. Then she told him that sometimes a girl had rubbed her "down there" after bathing and that she now believed it was an orgasm. She had to describe it to him in detail, then he nodded, they were orgasms. She blushed deeply. No, she had never done it herself, never. And how is it with the boys, she asked, does it have anything to do with squirting? Frank wondered and nodded, if a boy fucks a girl and squirts inside, the girl can get pregnant and have a child. "Ahhh!" Dani exclaimed, "all those pregnant women you see must have fucked, with squirting inside?" Frank nodded, yes, that was right. "So fucking, orgasm, squirting and child?" she asked to be sure. Yes, that's exactly it, "but she doesn't necessarily have to get pregnant if she doesn't want to," he said. "And

Mommy, will she have a child with you, dear Frank?" He knew she liked him when she spoke to him like that, it wasn't a fuss. "No, your Mommy doesn't want to have a child with me, I know that for sure." She seemed saddened by his answer, but she changed the subject. She had often seen the boys standing in water up to their loins, rubbing their cocks and grinning as they splashed into the water. She had never told her strict grandmother that she was often allowed to rub the boys' cocks until they splashed into the water. She hadn't felt anything, but the boys really liked it when she rubbed them and made them squirt. Frank laughed, "Grandma would have fainted," he grinned, "but that's so forbidden! She would have spat fire at you, your dear dragon!" he laughed out loud. Dani thought about it. She used to stand under the doorway when her grandmother rubbed herself "down there" every morning. Dani had seen it a thousand times, her grandmother always waited until her grandfather got up, uncovered herself and pulled her nightgown up to her chin. She spread her legs and quickly rubbed herself inmidst her gray pubic hair. Dani had no idea at the time and waited patiently until her grandmother had finished. When she saw the girl standing under the door, she always scolded her terribly for not spying on others! "So you know most of what a girl your age needs to know!" He became serious and they continued learning.

She sat on his lap every morning and had a thousand new and old questions. "I like it when you caresse me down there, dear Frank!" she said and he taught her that 'down there' is called cunt or pussy. "Pussy!" she exclaimed with a laugh, "that sounds sweet!" He smiled and caressed her pussy while she studied. One day he asked her if he could give her an orgasm like the girl at the swimming pond? She turned to him with wide eyes. "Steal candy from the pantry?" she asked with wide eyes, "you want to steal?" He smiled and nodded, "yes, I do!" She thought for a moment. "Wouldn't you rather fuck?" He shook his head. "You're still very young, my Danielle. It has to come from you, you have to feel the desire and tell me, not a moment sooner!" She looked into his eyes for a long time and he said, "close your eyes and feel me give you the orgasm. Okay?" She nodded and closed her eyes. He leaned her head against his chest, felt for her clit and masturbated her. She jerked violently in orgasm and lowered her head to the tabletop. She cried softly and murmured, "That was a

very strong orgasm, dear Frank!” She stopped crying and they began to study.

Every morning, Dani sat on his lap and asked him to bring her to orgasm. He masturbated her every morning before studying and one day, after he masturbated her, she said that she had done it herself last night. He praised her and said most girls do it every night, it was good and healthy and the grandmother had been wrong on that point.

A year had passed, Dani turned 15 and she had learned a lot. He met the old Prince of Rohan for the first time, they had tea and the old man said he was very surprised at how much his daughter had learned in a year. “And, Sir Frank Butterill,” asked the old gentleman, “she is coming to a certain age, can I ask you to teach her what she should know as a married woman?” Frank felt that the old man’s little eyes were looking at him inquiringly. “There’s a subject called animal and natural history. We learn about plants and animals and also about humans, of course about all parts of the body. We’ve talked intensively about all the organs, but I’ve skipped the genitals and sexuality so far because I thought that was for the mother or father.”

The old man shook his head. “I had a talk with my wife yesterday, but she would rather leave it to me or you, the tutor. She couldn’t, my wife said with some exasperation.” Frank looked straight into Rohan’s eyes. “I have no problem with that, your daughter has a good rapport with me and of course I will gladly accept the task.”

Rohan nodded thoughtfully. “I’ve read that you were in China for a few years and I’ve also found out that with Chinese women, the father has this task.” Frank remained very cool. “That’s right, Your Grace. In China, it’s also the father who deflowers his 13 or 14-year-old daughter.” He had guessed right, old Rohan started up. “You don’t say, Master Butterill! It’s very unusual, at least for us on the continent, because giving her in marriage as a virgin is quite important for our kind.” The old man closed his eyes briefly. “The peoples of Asia are very foreign to us, you have to realize that. We French, the Dutch and you English, too, have invaded their countries blindfolded

and with closed hearts and are literally robbing them, for our trade with them is not fair. We in the chambers of deputies know this, of course, but none of us, not even I, dares to fight with the great trading houses. And we want to spare ourselves the fate of the German Hanseatic League.”

They talked for a long time about this and that, and at one point the old man mentioned how beautiful and poised his wife was. Frank started to speak, but the old man rudely interrupted him. “Shh, shh, shh! Not a word of that, young man! Firstly, I’ve got eyes in my head and I haven’t had an unfortunate fall on my head either. And thirdly, my wife told me. That’s enough, you and I won’t deal with it any further!” That sounded crystal clear, and it was. Old Rohan took up another topic, asking Frank about his book project on China. Frank was happy to tell him about it until teatime was over.

He had long since enlightened Dani sexually, and much more comprehensively than Prince Rohan could ever imagine. The old man would never get around to deflowering her. He said at one point to Dani, who was approaching 16 and had him masturbate her every morning, that he would love to fuck her sometime. She didn’t say anything in response, because she was very much in love with Frank and kept dreaming about it.

But it took her weeks before she approached him about it. Her face glowed with excitement, but she remembered that he had said it had to come from her. Frank took a deep breath and hugged her with release. “We’re going to fuck, right now!” she whispered in his ear. She nodded decidedly, even though she was very scared. He laid her down on the couch, flipped up her skirt and slowly penetrated her. She squealed briefly as her hymen tore, but she kept kissing him as he fucked her. She orgasmed after a long time and he squirted immediately. They lay next to each other, breathing heavily, and from that day on they fucked every morning before learning. Frank taught her how to use the sidereal calendar when her period started and she stuck to it ironclad.

He taught and fucked her until 19, when the Marquise found her a good match. Frank had to admit to himself that he had grown very

fond of the girl and looked forward to fucking her every morning. Of course he enjoyed fucking her mother and the changing maids, because he never knew beforehand which one would be joining him that night. This variety contributed greatly to his eager anticipation of the fucking each time. He was quite jealous when she started fucking the young man.

He had to keep going.

Frank couldn't remember how he had come to the Baroness d'Auteuil, he had been warmly recommended to her. He sat opposite the old, pompous woman and one thing was certain: she was mentally certainly not up to scratch. No, no, she was able to follow the factual part of the conversation, but she kept rambling on, talking about private and sexual matters without the slightest shame, even though she didn't know him. She had taken over the care of her granddaughter, Arielle, aged 13, after her parents had died in prison under the great emperor. The baroness had lost her mind over this, at least partially, as her son had lain in her bed since he was 5.

The baroness had completely lost her mind when her husband died, her son was only 5. She let him sleep with her since her husband's death, the little boy saw her masturbating at night. He also began to masturbate at some point and initially squirted on her big asscheeks for years. She had asked him if he hadn't already seen the fucking and he nodded eagerly. Yes, the younger stableboy fucked one maid after another, he had seen it. And hadn't he seen exactly how they fucked? Oh yes, said the little one, he put his cock in the maid's hole and squirted inside, he said nodding eagerly. And, don't I have a hole like her, she asked inquiringly, and he pointed, yes, yes, here! Then she said, you see, you can squirt in my hole too, can't you? The little boy nodded eagerly and from then on he no longer squirted on her asscheeks, but headed for her hole to squirt. That went well for years, but when he was 10, she told him to stick his cock deeply inside to squirt, really deep. He nodded eagerly and when he felt the squirt coming at masturbating, he stuck his cock deep into her hole, moved his asscheeks quickly from side to side and waited for it to squirt inside. He was 12 and was already making firm fucking movements when he squirted. Now she took care of him and

taught him how to fuck her properly. He was young and had to fuck and squirt very often, and she was very proud and filled with deep love for him. He fucked her several times a day until he turned 26 and got married. His wife loved him dearly and accepted that her fat mother-in-law would join them in their marriage bed every Sunday morning to let him fuck her hard. When he had cum, she made smiling her husband's cock stiff again so that he could fuck the old woman again and again. She smiled very sweetly when the fucking was over and the old woman masturbated herself violently to orgasm, she herself no longer masturbated after the wedding. And then the Republic's henchmen came and threw the young couple into prison. The baroness lost her mind again when they both died in the dungeon.

The old woman discussed the formalities with him, his accommodation, the granddaughter's education, the payment. She was not poor and could afford to pay him well. She tapped her hand on the couch next to her and told him to sit next to her, that it was about confidential matters. He sat down next to her and she took his hand. She fell with the door in the house. First of all, she had 3 female maids, who he could of course fuck at will, she whispered confidentially. But she also wanted to be fucked on Sunday mornings when the three girls were at church. So how about it, soldier? He closed his eyes, because that was an imposition. But yes, Madame, he said dutifully. She nodded contentedly, so that was settled.

She chatted on, she had been deflowered by one of her three brothers when she was 12 and the other two were standing next to her grinning and rubbing their cocks stiffly. She saw it and shouted, No, no, not all of you! But the brothers fucked her, one after the other, again and again, until all three of them were exhausted by dawn. She had never had so many orgasms in a row, not even during her longest masturbation. In the end she liked it very much and fucked all three brothers every night until she was married. Her husband was rich as Croesus, but he was woefully inept, he couldn't fuck her. He couldn't get an erection, the old woman giggled, only once a month she had to take his stunted cock in her mouth and swallow his few semen drops. But he was a good man, he released her from the obligation of fidelity and she could fuck whoever she wanted in her

separate bedroom. She had never slept alone, she giggled, she was actually quite pretty and had more admirers than nights. She loved fucking, the brothers had ignited her sexual lust finely. That's how it was, Sir Frank!

But she actually wanted to talk about something else, she said. Amelie was 13 and would soon be 14. The Baroness wanted Frank to take care of the girl and develop her sexuality. That was important, she said, the poor child had no idea of anything and she should know what to expect in marriage life and not be captured by every dazzler. If a virgin came onto the market and there was even the smallest possibility of a rich inheritance, then the dazzlers would crawl out of their holes. Frank understood her and agreed with her; he too had heard of such swindlers. But should he really deflower the girl? he asked cautiously. Yes, he had understood her correctly, murmured the baroness. That was more important to her than her school education. She had heard how strong he was in the loins and that he was no slouch. That reputation preceded him, she smiled.

Frank was more embarrassed than he had been for a long time. He wanted to make sure that she said it deliberately, that she meant it and wasn't saying it in a daze. But she did mean it, she talked about his special assignment for quite a while. She didn't want to leave Arielle to the coachman or the stable boy, a young aristocratic Englishman with a good reputation as a good fucker was just what she needed. They went down to the first floor, where the baroness introduced him to the staff.

There were only three maids, who also cooked for everyone. They were three sisters in their thirties, pretty, buxom girls from the country. The baroness introduced them to Frank and said that they no longer had only the coachman and the groom to fuck. They should share him without arguing about it. He had a good reputation as a fucker, the baroness repeated, the Marquise de Belfort had told her so herself. The girls smiled and giggled.

Frank remembered who the marquise was. He had only been with her for a short time, perhaps a year. The 38-year-old marquise was a widow and came to fuck him every day after dinner. He had fond

memories of her, she fucked very gracefully and became passionate as she raced to her orgasm. She never stayed with him but went to the servants' quarters, interviewed the willing girls and sent him one, every night. He was really pleased with her choice, she only sent him young and horny girls, that much was certain. He took her 16-year-old daughter Christine's virginity in the first week and they fucked every morning before learning. Christine wasn't particularly pretty and not the brightest mentally, but she loved fucking and learned everything sexual very quickly. She was stupidly pregnant after 10 months and had to be married quickly. It flashed through his mind how often he had to abandon his tents prematurely because the girl he had deflowered was too stupid to follow the calendar and became pregnant. Surprisingly, this didn't damage his reputation at all, on the contrary.

The coachman and the groom were just as they were. "They share the girls like brothers," said the baroness kindly and smiles at the men, "there's never been a fight. I prefer it when the men don't fight over a girl!" A very sensible point of view. Behind her back, the coachman circled his index finger around his temple, saying that the old woman wasn't quite right in the head. "So far, the two of them have taken turns coming to my bed to give me a good fucking on Sunday mornings. Maybe they'll be happy if you take over that task now, Sir Frank!" she said as they walked up the stairs. "Yes, I thought so too," Frank said, "the two fellows surly don't seem to appreciate being allowed to fuck a noble woman!" She stopped and put a hand on his arm. "I see you appreciate it!" Back in her salon, they had a glass of wine and she called for her granddaughter.

"The little one masturbates every night," she murmured, "she's probably been doing it for a long time." Frank nodded and before he could ask anything, Amelie entered. He was immediately enchanted by her childlike, innocent beauty and grace. She had a friendly smile on her face, her figure was slender and she had not the slightest hint of a breast. Her arms and legs were slender and graceful. She sat down next to her grandmother and cuddled up to her, smiling shyly. Frank asked her a few questions to get an idea of her level of knowledge and was surprised at how much she already knew. He was also surprised because she was smart and clever. She said quietly that she

mainly wanted to learn astronomy and Frank nodded, that could be done. With math, geometry and algebra, of course. Amelie nodded, that was clear to her. Frank sensed her affection for him.

The baroness now intervened in the conversation. "But you have no idea about sexuality, my child!" and gave the conversation a new twist. Amelie wanted to say something in reply, but the baroness continued, "It's not sexuality when you masturbate! You do masturbate, don't you?" Amelie immediately lowered her eyes and nodded a little unhappily. "Yes, Grandma, every night, you have always seen me doing it many times and didn't forbid it!" The baroness asked her to tell her about it. Amelie haltingly told her that she masturbates every night before going to sleep and falls asleep immediately after her orgasm. No, she replied to her grandmother, she only did it once, she had never done it twice before. And yes, she replied, the orgasm was always very nice and always came very quickly, so she didn't have to rub for long.

"Come on, show Mr. Frank that you're still a virgin," her grandmother ordered and Amelie stood up hesitantly. She stood in front of Frank and hesitantly lifted her skirt. What a beautiful little pussy! She was completely hairless, not even a fuzz. He spread her labia with his fingers and nodded affirmatively, "She's still untouched, Madame!" He examined her clitoris very closely. It reacted immediately to his touch and began to stiffen. He pushed the foreskin back a little. The clitoris was bigger than he had expected and the head was shaped like a male glans. He gently rubbed her clit for several minutes until it was stiff to bursting point. He continued to masturbate the clit of the terrified, wide-eyed girl, who was terrified as she felt her orgasm approaching. Then he stopped when she gasped suspiciously and her thighs trembled. He didn't want to embarrass the sweet little girl. He had seen everything and dropped her skirt. The baroness giggled like a fool, "my little girl would have orgasmed in an instant, Sir Frank, you could have carried on!" The old woman had seen everything from the side and fantasized in her crazy mind, because of course she could see how Amelie's asscheeks tightened, her legs trembled and preceded the orgasm. Amelie looked at him gratefully because he had understood her and had stopped before her orgasm came violently. Classes start the day after tomorrow, he said

and said goodbye, he would get his things straight afterwards and be back for dinner, let the maid get my room ready.

After dinner with the baroness and Amelie, they chatted for another hour. The grandmother elicited from Amelie that she had often watched the neighbor's boy Pierre masturbate and squirt and that he only very rarely let her masturbate him. She found it very exciting to feel the juice shooting through his cock with her fingers and squirting out. Yes, Amelie admitted meekly, they sometimes played the fucking, but he was only allowed to penetrate as far as her hymen and instead of fucking he had to rub himself and squirt on her hymen, he wasn't allowed to penetrate her. After chatting, Frank went to his room, a maid went ahead of him. The room was nicely decorated and the girl just stood there looking at him. Her name was Madeline, 38 years old and she was the oldest of the sisters. He looked at her buxom figure and asked if she would lay with him? She nodded eagerly and blushed. They undressed and lay down in bed. She had a youthful face, friendly and flushed with excitement. The little rolls of flab didn't bother him in the slightest, she had mature and full breasts and her reddish-light blonde pubic hair was natural and not trimmed.

She fucked without frills and knew how to fuck to reach her orgasm. She clung to him and pressed her lips to his neck so that her orgasmic scream would not be heard. He squirted at the same moment she orgasmed. They lay next to each other breathing heavily and she said she had enjoyed the fucking very much. She was already looking forward to her turn again after her sisters. She went very quietly.

The next evening, another girl escorted him into the room. Her name was Helena, she was 35 and she was there for him tonight. He nodded and liked the fact that the sisters were obviously not very talkative. Her body was very similar to Madeline's, except that she had brown hair instead of light blond and reddish. She was much smoother than her sister and once she reached the plateau she went from orgasm to orgasm. She also went very quietly.

Then it was the youngest's turn, she was even shyer and more reserved than the others. Her name was Nadine, she was only 32 and really shy and bashful. She had reddish-blonde hair and was the slimmest. She hesitated for a long time to undress and covered her shame with her hand before lying down. He guessed the reason immediately, she had a long clitoris hanging out of her slit. The clit reacted to his touch and stiffened visibly. "You have a very beautiful and large clitoris, Nadine, you can be proud of that!" He noticed that her tension was easing and she was coming out of her shell as he fucked her. She fucked really well, like her sisters, and orgasmed, again and again, until he had to squirt. She went silently.

Amelie came in the morning. He instructed her to sit on his lap and read aloud. His hand slid under her skirt, gently along her inner thighs to her pussy. She didn't even flinch, she had already shown him her pussy on the first day and he had touched and caressed her clit nearly to orgasm. He caressed her clit, very gently and delicately. After half an hour, she leaned her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes. "Please, make me orgasm, please!" He masturbated her and let her orgasm gently.

He took her in one arm like a baby and put one leg on the table, so her pussy was in front of him. He caressed her clit all over again. "Did she tell you she wanted me to make you a woman?" he asked softly and she nodded grimly, "Grandma's talking about nothing else, she wanted to get me the best man for it!" Frank asked her why she was annoyed. "Because Grandma orders me around, and because she doesn't ask me what I want! 'Come on, Amelie, show the Lord your Michette' and I jump obediently and lift my skirt. That's what annoys me."

Frank caressed her clit very slowly. "I don't think like her, Amelie! I can wait until you're ready to give away your virginity. I don't have to do it right now, I have the three maids who love to fuck me at night!" Amelie suddenly smiled. "And Sunday, that's when you have to fuck the grandmother, right?" Frank smiled. "I guess there's no keeping a secret from you, isn't it?" They both laughed. "Tomorrow is Sunday, you have to fuck her!" He caressed her clit for a very long time, but she didn't want to orgasm any more. After a while she sat

up and continued reading. He stroked her pussy and clit until the end of the lesson. They kept this up for weeks.

On Sunday morning, he knocked on the baroness's door as the church bells stopped summoning the faithful. He entered the bedroom. The baroness was lying half-naked on the bed and had put down the newspaper. Her nightgown was unbuttoned all the way down the front, revealing her nude body. She was quite fat and her sagging breasts hung down at her sides. She had one hand on her Michette and a finger on her clitoris when he came in. He saw her thinning gray pubic hair, but her large clit fascinated him; it was stiff and bigger than Nadine's. He stepped closer and dropped his morning robe.

She said she would lick his cock stiff in a moment and she did. She had to suck and lick for a very long time until he was hard. She looked up and asked him if she should keep licking him and if he would rather squirt in her mouth, she wouldn't mind. Frank declined with thanks, he preferred to fuck and would rather squirt in a fuck-hole than in a mouth. She nodded understandingly and continued licking his cock for a while longer until his cock was bursting hard. She breathed, "Penetrate carefully, Sir, because I'm old and my vagina is very shrunken and very very tight!" He nodded and penetrated very slowly. It was very tight indeed, even though she had moistened herself beforehand with saliva. He was now fully penetrated and she nodded, "I'm ready, Sir!" she breathed.

He couldn't remember if he'd ever fucked a woman this old. He had fucked some pretty old peasant women in China, but they might not have been as old as her. The old chinese farmer said his wife hadn't fucked for twenty years, but the old woman hissed at her old husband to shut up and think again if he knew it for sure, whom she used to fuck! Frank had to grin then, because the old chinese women were very keen on being fucked by the young man.

Anyway, he fucked slowly and used his strength well organized. He had to fuck her for a really long time, she got going quite well, but she said she never got an orgasm, she'd do it herself later. In the meantime she babbled away, he only listened with half an ear. She

told him how her brother had taken her virginity and fucked her, and then the other two brothers also fucked her brutally. She was only shocked the first time they fucked her, after that she had such nice orgasms from the fucking that she started to love it, even though the brothers fucked her brutally every time.

He nodded absent-mindedly and continued to fuck her thoughtfully. Her tight vagina was very pleasant to fuck, he closed his eyes and forgot how old she really was, 69 as he found out later. He held on to her hips and ass cheeks with both hands and increased the tempo. She fell silent and he could hear from her breathing that she had reached the plateau and was going further and further upwards to orgasm.

He could take no more and squirted inside. She had already started to masturbate as he started squirting and orgasmed very briefly after him. Her face contorted into a horrible, wrinkled grimace as she continued to rub herself in orgasm. Only after a while of extreme physical tension, twitching and writhing as if in pain, did she relax. He straightened up, reluctant to lie down with her. He put on his robe and went to his room.

Amelie was already waiting for him, grinning, “so, how’s the grandmother to fuck?” He was dog-tired and threw himself on the bed. Amelie lay down with him and cuddled him, but she didn’t ask any more questions and remained silent. He fell asleep and she looked curiously at his cock, which was sticking out of the open robe. But she didn’t touch it and fell asleep on his chest.

The maids returned from church and tiptoed to the baroness’s bedroom door. Nadine opened the door a tiny crack and immediately closed it again. “She’s already rubbing herself hard, we’re too late,” she whispered. They crept on to Frank’s door and Nadine opened it a tiny crack, all three fairies looked in, then Nadine closed it again. Frank lay sleeping on his back in bed, his cock sticking half stiffly out of his robe. Amelie lay asleep on his chest, her skirt pushed up so that her pussy and bum were visible. The three fairies went down to their quarters and discussed whether Frank had already fucked the girl? They couldn’t agree, Madeline could imagine it, Helena and Na-

dine couldn't. "I'll just ask him tonight," Madeline said, because it was her turn tonight.

Frank and Amelie woke up almost at the same time. He pulled her dress over her head and took off his robe. No, he didn't want to fuck her now, he murmured. She was only allowed to lie naked on top of him, they cuddled and kissed each other with tongues. She felt his cock curiously with her hand and had to stop when it became completely hard. She moaned that his cock was much bigger than that of Pierre, the neighbor boy with whom she played squirting and fucking. It would never go into her little hole. Frank smiled kindly, "that won't be a problem when you're ready!" She put her face on his chest, the naked cuddling and kissing was insanely beautiful and exciting. By "ready" did he mean the warmth and heat inside her Michette?

For another two weeks, Amelie sat on his lap during lessons, let him caress her lovingly and then masturbate her. Only on the Sunday mornings, when he came back from fucking her grandmother, did she wait for him naked in his bed and they cuddled, snuggled and kissed until lunch.

This Sunday was no exception. Amelie was already waiting for him naked in his bed and they kissed and cuddled, rubbing their naked bodies together. She was frightfully jealous, he realized, she was head over heels in love with him. She was annoyed about the grandmother he had to fuck every Sunday. Amelie had often spied when the groom had to come to the old lady and fuck her hard. The groom walked past her, grinning wryly, and she continued to spy on her grandmother, who masturbated nonstop all morning, reaching orgasm with force and great effort. Frank listened quietly, because Amelie was really jealous and didn't leave a good hair on the baroness' head. And the fact that he had one of the maids in bed every night was outrageous too, poor little Amelie!

She suddenly said she wanted to fuck him now. Immediately. Frank smiled and said he had to recover first, fucking the old baroness was taking a lot out of him. "Wait until the afternoon, then we can fuck, okay?" Amelie nodded dejectedly, the heat in her Michette was now bothering her. But they had already talked so

much about fucking that she understood. Although she hadn't had a period yet at 15, he had taught her how to use the calendar long ago. She would be careful, she promised.

After lunch, she preceded him to his room and lay naked on his bed. They kissed and cuddled and they were both hot and ready. She licked and sucked his cock and was really ready. He penetrated her pussy forcefully, her hymen tore completely without any problems and she smiled with tears of joy. They fucked for almost an hour, Amelie orgasmed quite easily and beamed at him. "You can squirt inside, Frank, we're safe today." They struggled for breath after fucking and she covered him with a thousand kisses of gratitude.

He stayed for another three years. The baroness still wanted him fucking every Sunday morning, even though she was already over 70 and her vagina had shrunk even further. The three sisters came every night, they enjoyed his fucking, which wasn't as brutal as the coachman's or the stable boy's, both of whom were very rustic at fucking. And Amelie fucked him every morning if the calendar allowed it, otherwise she lay spread-eagled in his bed and they masturbated each other lovingly. They were beautiful and quiet years.

Frank attended the universities of Paris diligently, he often read in the libraries. His eidetic, photographic memory was a great help. He didn't like to hear it, but he had become a polymath. He had his papers forged in London every 20 or 30 years so that no one could guess his true age. His favorite place to be was with the anatomists who studied the female vulva and the structure of the clitoris. The professors gave lectures, had a girl masturbate naked in the auditorium and explained masturbation and orgasm in great detail. The girls mostly came from mental asylums and were not afraid to masturbate in public and let the professor and students touch them. Grinning, they came to orgasm time and time again. When the professor went out at the end, he shouted "pudenda libera", which roughly meant "cunt free!" and the students surrounded the mentally retarded girl like a pack of wolves and fucked the grinning girl, one after the other. The mentally insane girl screamed with joy when she had an orgasm, she could orgasm maybe 100 times in a row. Most of

the girls in the mental institutions masturbated day in, day out. Frank just watched in amusement, he didn't want to take part.

Frank looked back on the century with satisfaction. He had been able to indulge his dark urges unhindered in France, he had deflowered dozens of girls and fucked many, many women, including many from the highest circles. After the turn of the century, he observed the political developments with great unease. Everything was heading towards war in Europe and he thought back and forth about where he could escape the war.

In 1912, he traveled to Sweden.

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In Sweden

by Jack Faber © 2024

Frank leaned his arms on the railing of the ship to Stockholm and stared at the passing water. Had he considered everything? Amelie would be getting married soon, but she really wanted Frank to have a child. The 19-year-old was pregnant when he left. The baroness let him fuck her again so hard that she lost her brains and presented him with a handsome sum for doing such a good job. He had deposited his gold and silver in a large French bank that had good connections with the Swedish banks. He was amazed at how much money he had accumulated over the years, it was a considerable fortune. His book on China sold well, he had to go through the chapters on sexuality in China with the strict lector, but he could leave everything in, but had to have his language moderated. Nevertheless, he managed to get all his sexual reports printed in a fairly unadulterated form. It was precisely these revealing spicy descriptions that made the book a bestseller.

The Swedish language would not be difficult to learn and he would get by well with English at first. He didn't have a job yet, although he had advertised in the major newspapers. He had resigned himself to being called a universal scientist. He had rented a room in a boarding house at the harbor and had rented two rooms to have enough place to study. The recently invented electric light was excellent for reading in the dark season. No, he had thought of everything, his papers were in tip-top order.

The small guesthouse was nice and friendly, there were only three rooms in total, so he was the only guest most of the time. He had opted for full board and didn't regret it. The landlady bought freshly caught fish and seafood from the fishermen early in the morning, which he liked very much. The landlady's name was Barbara and she was 54 years old. Her husband had left a decade ago to the sea and never returned. She had set up the guesthouse in her house and mostly accommodated sailors.

They sniffed at each other for two days, Barbara didn't make a pass at everyone, but she was clearly interested in him. On the second evening, she came into his room. He was already in bed naked, reading, when she knocked. She sat down on his bed, her hand resting on the blanket over his lap. She talked about her husband, whom she still missed after so many years. She lowered her eyes, usually only her finger remained as her lover. She often gave the men what she had given her husband. Hand jobs, blowjobs and, very rarely, she fucked a sailor too.

Barbara found it difficult to judge him. Was he the type for a handjob or for a blowjob? He shook his head, thanks, not interested. He was 32 years young and needed more. Barbara nodded, understanding after taking a long look under the covers to see his cock. Then she left again, pleased that he liked her cooking. She only came into his room on the 5th evening, she had bathed and perfumed herself, she knocked and came in. She dropped her robe without saying a word and lay down next to him. He looked at her figure. Her face was harsh, her short brown hair was streaked with silver strands. She was very slim and looked athletic, her breasts were very small and so were her teats. Like many women of the time, she had trimmed her gray pubic hair nicely. Her pubic cleft was large, surprisingly large. He put an arm around her shoulder and they talked about sex and sex. She had bought his China book weeks ago and wanted to ask him what one or two passages actually concealed. Above all, she was interested in how Wei and Baihua fucked clit-on-clit.

He said he didn't know Baihua's real name, Wei just called her 'Little Flower', Baihua, and that was very appropriate. She was a small, very shy girl and loved to be fucked by Mei. Mei had taken her to fuck him because Baihua was infertile and Mei didn't want to get pregnant. Little Flower let herself be fucked submissively and devoutly all those years, and he loved fucking her because he loved little shy girls more than anything. With these two, he saw two women fucking, clit to clit, for the first time. He lay down next to them to get a good look at the two clits. Mei, like Baihua, only had a small clit, but it became stiff and hard when she was hot. It was usually Mei who fucked Baihua to madness, rarely the other way around. But Baihua's orgasms were really violent and excited him so much that

he threw himself into the middle of her orgasm and fucked her from orgasm to orgasm. Mei smiled inscrutably, she loved Frank and was delighted when he could fuck her girlfriend passionately. It was clear that Baihua was no threat to her, because the girl was a lesbian at heart.

Fucking Barbara was just fine. She knew exactly how to get to her orgasm and only sometimes had to masturbate with a finger after fucking. But she didn't hide it, she was very open sexually. She came to fuck him every night until he left after 5 months. He had found a good job with a big industrialist, Wennerström, who resided like a prince in a palace a few miles outside Stockholm. The Wennerströms manufactured weapons, which they sold to the countries of Europe.

Wennerström's wife died shortly after the birth of little Camilla and he continued to live as a widower with his sister Elli. The siblings had been fucking each other since they were very young and made no great secret of it. They were rich and successful, so different rules applied. But what was true for many long-term married couples also applied to them: they occasionally cheated. Elli was the commercial manager of the empire and she did it very well, but she was not a good mother to Camilla. Camilla had alienated several tutors, the 14-year-old was an unruly child, you could say. Elli conducted the introductory talk, she was elegantly dressed and did not openly flirt with the newcomer. Frank nevertheless registered her curiosity and her unmistakable sexual interest in him. She didn't bat an eyelid at how expensive the polymath was. He looked at his large and spacious room and nodded with satisfaction.

Camilla was hell-bent on dumping him like the others. But the tall, slim girl was very impressed with how confidently Frank handled Elli, her stepmother, it was remarkable. The tall, muscular young Englishman was interesting though, a man that the whole of Paris was talking about. Maybe he wasn't so bad, the new guy? She was amazed at how light-handedly he explored her knowledge, almost in a conversational tone. Her father was very keen that Camilla should learn something about chemistry. Frank smiled disarmingly as he admitted that he didn't know very much about the matter. But even then it turned out that he knew a lot more about chemistry than Camilla,

who had practically grown up with it. She smiled, the man was interesting and outrageously good-looking. Elli asked if he was related to a certain Butterill, who had written a profound book on China. He confirmed with a smile that he was the same man. Elli remained thoughtfully silent, that was a big surprise.

Camilla crossed her long legs and caught Frank's gaze. She wasn't fully sexually awake yet, but she recognized the situation instinctively. Her short skirt was knee-length and she rehearsed uncertainly, letting her legs slide apart slightly. Yes, now she was sure. Frank was clearly interested and was staring at her bare hairless pussy. Thoughts swirled in Camilla's head. What did she want, did she really want it? Was he the man she wanted to give her virginity to, the man she wanted to fuck? Elli, annoyed, saw through Camilla's game and opened up a new topic.

Yes, he was staying at Barbara's guesthouse by the harbor. She became even more direct and he admitted it without hesitation. Barbara came to fuck him every night and she really liked to fuck passionately. Elli didn't push the issue any further, she just wanted to get Camilla out of her reverie, and she succeeded. Camilla squeezed her thighs together. Elli wondered about herself. What was so special about this guy that she felt something like jealousy?

A week later, Frank moved to Wennerström's island, into the palace. His lessons began the next morning. Camilla sat opposite him, flashing her naked pussy from time to time. He had her sit on his lap with her back to him and they read the textbook together. She allowed his hand to touch and caress her knees. She also allowed his hand to glide arousingly over her inner thighs. They did this for two days, he was in no hurry.

But Camilla started talking about sex on the very first day. Camilla had no distance, on the contrary, she began to really like her teacher. In the course of the conversations, she told him that she sometimes masturbated, but not very often, maybe once a week. That was all she needed, she said. She always bathed naked on the private beach of the private island. With boys, of course, but she never let them fuck her, they all stuck to that. Of course she had learned how to mastur-

bate cocks, there was nothing wrong with that, all the girls did it. Most of the girls she knew made a terribly romantic fuss about it, but she couldn't, she didn't want to. The boys were friends and buddies, yes, but not to fall in love with! Yes, she masturbated the buddies completely carefree, almost in public, even though there was no one else there but them on the beach. But freeing her friends from the sexual pressure and letting them squirt in the sea or on the sand wasn't sex, was it?

Frank agreed with her, that wasn't sex. Sex, that was fucking. And she had never fucked before, yes, he should just feel her, she still had her hymen. He felt her hymen for confirmation. She actually knew everything about sex, deflowering and fucking itself, theoretically of course. And when she was as big as the bigger girls, she would of course fuck like them too. And when she got her period, she would use contraception with the calendar, all the girls did that here. He would be happy to explain the calendar to her if she wanted, Frank said. Camilla said how nice it was when he caressed her inner thighs and pussy, he could also touch and caress her clit if he wanted to. She knew from masturbating how nice it was playing with the clit. Of course, he immediately caressed her clit and wasn't prepared for her next question.

Had he ever taken a schoolgirl's virginity before? He was taken aback at first, but answered honestly. Yes, of course, if it came up and if the girl wanted it. After all, a close relationship often developed between the two of them, and then it was completely natural and felt right. Were there many? Yes, he said truthfully. Camilla thought in silence for a long time and brought the subject back to fucking in general. It was nonsense, of course, that only married couples fucked, as the pastor included in his sermon on Sunday. After all, she was no longer a baby and she believed what she could see. She herself had seen the French cook sneaking in and out of Frank's room at night. Didn't she?

Camilla's incipient jealousy could not be overlooked. He shrugged his shoulders, he didn't think it was nice to masturbate, he would rather fuck. And there was nothing serious about the little french cook, it was just fucking! Man and woman wanted to fuck, both

wanted an orgasm. It was completely natural, that is, because it was nature. Sardines didn't fly through the air and sparrows didn't swim in the sea. Everyone did what nature had assigned to them. The pastor couldn't change that.

Camilla intervened. If a girl did it with another girl, was that also according to nature? Frank recognized the trap even before she had spoken. Most people try out their sexuality when they're young, it's human nature. Boys try out what they like best, fucking the young girl or fucking the old woman or fucking the buddy. So do the girls, fuck the boy or fuck the old man or fuck the best girlfriend. They all find out "theirs". Some people are same-sex oriented all their lives, the gays and the lesbians. Society condemns both because they don't understand it, because they are minorities and because the evil, the bad is deeply rooted in human nature. There always has to be someone to trample on. "That's how I understand war, because that's the only way it makes any sense," Frank said. Camilla thought silently. "I've never thought of it like that, Frank," Camilla said, "I was so embarrassed all those years because I masturbated with my best girlfriends together as we cuddled and rubbed against each other and French kissed or one masturbated the other. I was always afraid of being or becoming a lesbian, of infecting myself, so to speak. How many horny hours I spent with them, how often I cried into my pillow at night! And then you come along and explain to me how stupid I was, how normal and natural it all is!" Frank saw how upset she was and hugged her. "It's society that's wrong, that condemns the natural and bashes in the skulls of the people next door, dear Camilla!" He told her how worried he was about the next war.

Camilla kept saying how nice she felt the caressing of her clit. "Sometimes, when you caress my clit for a long time, I wish with lust that you could rub me to orgasm, but those are probably very silly and childish thoughts!" That was the starting shot, he now masturbated Camilla at least once every morning and at least once more in the afternoon. She wanted to orgasm, a lot and often! She leaned back on his chest, reached back with one hand and stroked his hair as she silently raced towards orgasm. Afterwards, they studied very intently. The people in the chemistry lab were amazed when the two

of them came in hand in hand and carried out their experiments under the critical eyes of the experienced chemists.

In the evening, after fucking, father Wennerström asked his sister if they were fucking? She stood up and put on her silk cape. "I'll find out right now, Uwe!"

Frank came into his room in the evening. It was not the sweet French cook who was waiting naked in his bed. He looked down at the silk fabric lying on the floor, picked it up and folded it carefully over his clothes before climbing into bed naked, as if it was perfectly normal for the mistress to be naked in his bed. She said nothing for a very long time. "I've just fucked Uwe and I wonder if you're fucking Camilla, dear Frank!" He pushed the blanket aside and let his hand glide over her body. "No, Madame, I'm not fucking Camilla, I'm fucking the little French girl from the kitchen." She shivered slightly at his touch. "Look, Madame Elli, your daughter is untouched and virginal, my word of honor!" She nodded, "I will gladly believe you, Master Frank, but I will ask her tomorrow at breakfast. I didn't mean to imply anything, I just wanted an honest answer."

She touched his cock, gripping it. "Can I take it in my mouth before we fuck?" she asked shyly, as she didn't fuck anyone other than her brother very often. He nodded and enjoyed how finely her tongue and lips licked his cock. She sat on his thighs, inserted his cock and rode him. She was very good at it, he had to admit. Just before he squirted, he turned her on her back and fucked her. She came to the plateau and got all hot, and when she realized from his thrusting that he was about to squirt, she quickly masturbated her clit to orgasm. They lay next to each other, breathing heavily, and she told him everything. Well, some of it.

She only had one brother, no sister. Back then, they explored their genitals with childlike curiosity and learned to masturbate each other. When their aunt and uncle spent the night with them, they spied on them and tried fucking the same night. He got married and had a daughter, Camilla. His wife died weeks later and she moved in with him and they raised Camilla as their daughter. They lived like a married couple and that was all there was to it. Frank raised an eye-

brow. "And that's it?" She nodded, sometimes he cheated, other times she did. She had a lot of lesbian affairs, Elli said after a long hesitation. She had turned bright red and left quickly. The little French girl had waited sitting on the stair landing until the mistress left his room. This soon became routine, as Elli came every third evening after fucking Uwe to be fucked by Frank. The last to come was the cute little French girl.

Camilla's jealousy had grown even stronger. She said reproachfully, "you're not just fucking the French girl, you're fucking Mom too, you traitor!" she hissed and smiled right back, "no, you're not a traitor, you're a delicious candy that everyone wants to nibble on!" They both laughed and she said, "It's only natural, quite in the nature of things, that they all snack on the candy!"

The next time he masturbated Camilla, instead of reaching into his mop of hair as before, she reached into his waistband and grabbed his cock. "Want to snack too, a little!" she laughed and he still didn't squirt, he needed it that evening because one or two women were lying down with him. They still learned a lot, Camilla turned 15 and was now just as big as Elli and her parents celebrated their clever and studious daughter. Frank didn't have a present for her, but he hugged her and kissed her on the lips.

The next day, she hugged him before studying. "I'm 15 now," she said and he nodded, that was yesterday too. Of course he knew what she was about, but she should say it, speak it. She sat down on the couch, not at the table. "You've already deflowered a few of your students," she said, her cheeks glowing. "Yes," he replied, "quite a few in fact! At least all the ones who were still virgins!" She turned a little pale. "I'm still a virgin too, Frank," she whispered softly and added almost inaudibly, "Please, Frank, please!" He smiled and gave her a kiss. "You like to fuck me, do I understand you correctly?" and Camilla nodded with downcast eyes. "You're the sweetest man I know," she added, "you're the one I want to give my virginity to!" He nodded with teary eyes, hugged and kissed her once more.

Without a word, he laid her on her back and flipped up her skirt. They looked deeply into each other's eyes and Camilla nodded ea-

gerly. He saw her seriousness and nodded too, the pact was made. He penetrated with infinite consideration, yet she cried out softly as her hymen tore. He penetrated to the end and embraced her before he began to fuck. He only fucked her briefly and she had reached her plateau with her clitplay, smiling. He thrust into her quite hard and she orgasmed, very easily and only twitched briefly. She reached down, onto his cock, as he squirted.

They fucked every morning and sometimes after lunch too. It was a physical challenge to fuck Camilla, Elli and, finally, the sweet French girl Marie. Marie had told him that her father had taken her virginity at 13 in the marital bed, next to her terrified mother. He fucked her until she was 22, when she had her first job outside her village. She had learned to love fucking shortly after her deflowering, her father was very sensitive and taught her to take care of her own orgasm. Her mother, who was always completely terrified of being fucked by him, was incapable of reaching orgasm during fucking and started masturbating every time he mounted her. Most of the time she had already had an orgasm for the second time when he squirted. She often continued to masturbate as he fucked Marie, masturbating with her eyes wide open in fear until he and Marie were finished. She had never found out why her mother was always so frightened, both when fucking and when masturbating.

Camilla got her period at 19 and Frank urged her to accompany Elli to all the parties and balls. It was much wiser for her to choose her own husband and not marry someone for tactical or strategic reasons, although that was the custom at the time. But he had brought Camilla up to be very independent and expected her to be. She carefully felt her way forward and fucked the interesting ones as a test. She was very critical when it came to fucking and discussed the night with Frank in the morning. She fucked him more than ever before because she knew he would be leaving soon. He came to her wedding a year later, she really wanted him to. On the wedding night, when the drunken husband had fallen asleep after fucking her, she beckoned him over. He had to fuck her twice really hard and cum deep both times. According to the calendar, it was the best night to get pregnant, she breathed into his ear. "Please, make me a baby, please, please!" she breathed and that was the last thing he heard

from her. Nine months later, she had a beautiful son, Frank. He never asked if he was the father.

The Wennerströms had highly recommended him. A 13-year-old girl from the extended royal family of the Bernadottes needed a tutor. Elli Wennerström had convinced her friend Cäcilia that Frank, as a famous polymath, was the right man for her daughter, but also for Cäcilia herself. Elli described the sex with him in the highest terms and enthusiastically. Princess Cäcilia received him with great curiosity, but the pomp and formality of the royal household disturbed him so much at first that he wanted to turn back on the spot. But his attachment to the friendly Wennerströms did not permit this rudeness. He raised his salary so brazenly in the hope that he would certainly not be accepted.

The princess, however, was a friendly and winning person. She was 38 and quite wealthy, she didn't bat an eyelid when he mentioned his salary expectations. She was quite pretty and a little chubby, but she had pulled her short skirt up above her knees and let him see her clean-shaven pussy. No, not casually, not unintentionally. Absolutely not. And she begged his indulgence that only the beautiful, cozy princely room with marble fireplace next to her bedroom was free, but it had its own bathroom.

The chat, with a clear view of her cute, beautiful pussy, revolved around lessons and all the formalities. He said he always dined with the servants to avoid the formal banquets and choose one for the night when flirting. She stiffened briefly and promised not to bore him with banquets. And of course he could choose whoever he wanted from among the beautiful servants, she would be happy to arrange for anyone to do his bidding, the maids were almost serfs, she said maliciously. Frank knew he had stepped into the wrong puddle. The princess leaned forward, offering him a view of her full, flawless breasts. "Elli told me you prefer shaved women," she whispered softly, "I shaved it this morning especially to pique your interest."

She straightened up and Frank knew how wrongly he had approached the matter. "But if you want the hairy maids..." Frank didn't let her finish. "No way, princess, no way!" He looked at her

sharply. “His Grace, the Prince?” he asked without finishing the sentence. She smiled like the Sphinx. The Prince was no longer the youngest and very weak on this particular point, she said indifferently, as if they were talking about the weather. He was in parliament all day and it was tiring him out. He was satisfied if she made him happy once a week and he had otherwise given her a free hand, she was 40 years younger than her 78-year-old master. She had hoped that Frank would look after and water her little flower with the same care as Elli’s, but not just every few days, but much more often, every day maybe? “Elli? What Elli?” but she just smiled.

He was all the more surprised by the next point. Elli had told her how carefully and gently he had taken Camilla’s virginity and introduced her to the art of lovemaking. The princess wanted the best for her only child, she should neither give away her virginity in the horse stables or in a hidden barn nor be fucked by the servants. She knew, said the princess, how unfashionable and classist that was, but she would be happy if Jenna did not suffer a worse fate than Camilla. She was placing the happiness of her only daughter in his hands. He looked at her inquiringly. Did she know what she was saying? Was she clear-headed or foggy from the liqueur she was sipping? He asked, damn it, the first time he had heard such a clear request.

The princess was perfectly clear-headed and stuck to it, seriously. She told him that at 17, she knew absolutely nothing about sexuality when she married the prince’s son. It was an arranged marriage, she came straight from the strictest girls’ convent to the wedding. At 17, she had never seen a naked man or a cock, she had never touched herself, nor did she know anything about female masturbation. She had only read a lot of spiritual and philosophical things about marriage and was floating in completely unrealistic, vague clouds.

The young prince was a very clever and sensitive man. He just lay next to her for the first week and explained everything to her truthfully. She was ready after a week, he deflowered her very gently and tenderly and taught her how to fuck. He was a good and patient teacher and after 3 months she got her first orgasm ever, and then every night, because the handsome young dragoon officer was an ex-

cellent fucker. Unfortunately, he died in a riding accident in their 4th year and his father, also a widower, married her on the spot.

Frank was good at mental arithmetic, the young prince couldn't be Jenna's father, he muttered. The princess blushed. Yes, he wasn't the father and neither was the prince, he was already weak in the loins by then and could no longer get an erection. She did it to him with her mouth only, he was happy with it and she didn't really care. The prince had already released her from her vow of fidelity before the wedding and since then she has been fucking all the nobles of Europe with great pleasure. And no, she didn't know who Jenna's real father was, it could be the king himself, the king of Norway or any of the the princes in the country.

She kept her promise not to lie down to commoners. She had lain with many nobles from abroad, but she felt that most of them did not even come close to her first husband. She had often regretted her promise, for she knew that many a groom had more to offer than a king or a duke.

Frank nodded. "I heard you, Princess! Jenna will not be left ignorant in the dark as she was at the girls' convent, he was enlightened and modern in his views and will do his best to raise Jenna to be an educated, modern woman as well as Camilla. A great word of honor from an English knight." The princess had teary eyes and hugged him spontaneously. They were handsy. He had already packed in Wenersholm and the princess had been on the phone to Elli for half an hour by which time his luggage had arrived.

He was not disappointed. The tired prince only greeted him briefly and was gone after two minutes. Princess Cecilia whispered to him that she would be there in an hour. He was still reading when Cäcilia came in wearing nothing but a negligee. The thing fluttered to the floor. The princess was much slimmer in person than in her elegant clothes. She clearly had beautiful, full breasts with large dark teats. Her pussy was, as already seen, clean-shaven and revealed a glimpse of her beautiful sex. Frank, who was lying in bed, put the book aside and took off his shirt. Cäcilia snuggled up to him and took hold of his cock. She knew exactly what to do with her mouth, lips and tongue to

get him hard in no time at all. She kissed wonderfully and excitingly, now she set the tone. She wanted to be fucked in different positions, from the front, from behind and also from the side like the very old Chinese women. She did every position until she reached orgasm. She quickly had wonderful orgasms and always had to catch her breath before moving on to the next position. Each time she took care of his erection anew and took the brave fellow into her mouth. She was better with her mouth than almost anyone else before, and he could now well imagine that she could make even the old, loin-weak prince happy. Cäcilia asked how he preferred to squirt and nodded in agreement when he said from the front, soldier style. He fucked the wonderful woman in his favorite position, increasing his pace as he watched her race to orgasm. She hugged him and held onto him as the orgasm rushed over her and he cummed at the same time. She caressed his face until he had finished cumming and sank down next to her, out of breath. She kissed and stroked his face, “oh, Frank, fucking you is really a pleasure! Better than Elli ever described it!” He took a breath, “And you, Cäcilia, you know how to give orgasms like no other!”

She told him about the extremely sinful nights 14 years ago with the heir to the Norwegian throne, who had since become king. She thought he was Jenna’s father, it was very plausible for her because of the date, and about her state of mind during those four nights, where she had one orgasm after another and greedily let him squirt inside as if she was crazy. Frank said that hardly any woman would be able to sense the exact time of her ovulation, that had been scientifically researched. Much more important was her feeling as to whether it was him. Science had no clear answer, but many serious scientists believed that the mother could somehow sense it. She described to him the crazy nights with the broad-shouldered Norwegian and yes, she believed it was him.

Cäcilia glanced at the wall clock. She quickly put on the negligee and told him she had summoned her best horse from the princely stables because Elli said he loved a maid for dessert. She scurried out and whispered for a minute with the girl, who entered in a coarse nightgown. She stepped up to the bed with a smile and dropped the nightgown. She was slim, athletically built and quite pretty. Her

name was Ena, she said with a smile, she had been sold here from Finland and belonged to the mistress. "I'll do anything you want, Sir Frank, we girls saw you when you arrived and all of us, without exception, sighed happily. Secretly we all knew that the Princess Cecilia would not neglect us, she never does."

He let her lie with him and caressed her beautiful body. Only her breasts weren't regal, and her white-blonde fuzz over her love cleft fascinated him, as did her white-blonde hair, which fell straight to her shoulders like spaghetti. She had snow-white, long eyelashes and reddish flashing eyes; she was an albino. She twitched slightly when he ran the palm of his hand over her white-blonde pubic hair. Her clit suddenly peeked out a little from her slit and twitched with every movement of his hand. "I orgasm like this sometimes too, Sir!" she whispered, "I've always found it strange." She was 24 years old and was allowed to take turns with the other young girls selected by the mistress to fuck only the men the mistress gave her. The less pretty or older girls were allowed to fuck the servants, stable boys or gardeners; the mistress paid very close attention to her instructions in this regard. Violation was punished with immediate dismissal and Ena had never experienced it, they all followed the mistress's instructions.

Ena palmed his cock, "May I put it in my mouth and make it hard, Sir Frank?" and he nodded. The Finnish girl licked and sucked him stiff, then he fucked her from the front. He had asked her how she liked it best and she said, "Just as you like, Sir! I don't have a favorite position, Sir! I don't orgasm while fucking, but if you allow it, I'll masturbate while you squirt!" Frank nodded, that was okay with him. She fucked very gracefully and masturbated long before he squirted. She reached her plateau and her finger gave her several orgasms in quick succession and she only stopped when he had finished squirting. He lay panting next to Ena until his breathing calmed down. He asked her if another girl was coming tomorrow and if the girls would divide it up themselves. She said yes, if he didn't ask for a specific girl, another one would come. And they tell the mistress when they wanted to fuck or not because none of them wanted to get pregnant. She quietly scurried out and he fell asleep.

The next day, Jenna came into his room in the morning, that's where the lessons were being held. She was an athletically built, tall girl who looked more 15 than 13, even though she was turning 14 in two weeks. She sat down on his lap with her back to him without being asked. "Mom said to sit down like this and trust you, you know how it goes." Frank was taken aback, but Cäcilia had surely spoken to Elli or Camilla, that's why. He opened the book on the table and let her read it aloud. She flinched a little when he touched her knees with his hand, but she immediately relaxed again. She read haltingly as his hand slid up her inner thigh. She opened her legs slightly and tried to continue reading. When he touched her pussy, she fell silent and closed her eyes. He asked her what her mother had told her about it. She only answered after a while. "You're going to touch me and I have to let you. You will take my virginity and make me a woman and I will have to let you do that too. You will teach me to fuck like adults and I must let you fuck me as often as you like, Sir Frank!" She fell fearfully silent and he stroked her thighs reassuringly. He turned her around to face him and stroked her bony back reassuringly.

"Now, very slowly, my girl, very slowly and calmly. I'll call you Jenna and you're my student for now. You just call me Frank, no sir, no frippery, I'm your teacher and I want to be your friend. Secondly, I like to touch you, but only if it's okay with you. When we've become very good friends, you can tell me if you want to give me your virginity, and only if you want to. And if you like it, and only then, we can fuck if you like, not a day sooner. I want to know and hear everything from you so that I can get to know you really well and become your friend. Is that all right with you, or is there anything else you want to know?" She shook her head, "No, Frank, I actually want to be your girlfriend too. Maybe we'll do everything exactly as you said." She was already more than just 14, he could see that, she looked at him wisely and trustingly.

He questioned her, kindly and not inquisitively. She nodded, she masturbated every night before going to sleep, it was something she had learned sometime in childhood. She always masturbated to orgasm, which she loved, and fell asleep immediately afterwards. She used to masturbate together with her girlfriends or they would mas-

turbate each other. Then she played more and more with the boys, they hid and she learned how to masturbate him and make the little boys' cock squirt, which she found incredibly great and exciting. A boy with a very small and narrow cock was allowed to fuck her properly for the first time. His cock fitted through the hole in her hymen and he fucked her properly like they had seen the adults do and he squirted inside. Everyone stood around in a circle and watched, she was the first girl to get fucked, that made her queen of the pack. After they swore by oath not to tear her hymen, she let herself be fucked by one after the other. The ones with the bigger cocks were only allowed to fuck up to the hymen and squirt through the hole. She checked every evening with a small mirror that her hymen was not damaged. They did this to this day without an adult suspecting anything.

Frank had listened with amazement and praised her for exploring sexuality so courageously. He probably couldn't teach her anything new, he exaggerated. Jenna fumbled a little. "I spied on you yesterday when Mom came over to fuck you. Unfortunately, I couldn't see it and I couldn't understand your mumbling, honestly! Then when the white-haired girl slipped into your room, I left and imagined everything as I masturbated to sleep. Do you forgive me, Frank? I won't spy on you anymore, I promise!" Frank smiled and laughed. "It doesn't matter, you're just curious, that's quite normal. And it's true, I fucked your Mom and then the girl from Finland, her name is Ena. But your Mom is much better to fuck, I can tell you that!" She looked at him wide-eyed. "And — you're not angry with me, Frank?" "But how that," he shouted, "now my little friend, now we have to get on with the reading. — May I rub your clit a little while you read?" She looked at him wide-eyed. "To orgasm?" she asked uncertainly and he nodded kindly. "Of course, if you like it, then tell me!" She nodded, okay!

She continued reading with her back to him, he felt for her clit and she willingly opened her legs. He masturbated her very lightly and very gently. She stopped reading and laid her head on his chest, she closed her eyes and her thighs began to tremble. "Yes, please! Please keep going, Frank, like my girlfriends used to!" He continued to masturbate her gently until her thighs twitched and trembled involuntarily. She tossed her head back and forth in orgasm and closed her legs.

He let her calm down and whispered from behind that it was great and she nodded eagerly. They continued to learn dutifully, she wanted three or four orgasms during the day and so he did it to her all week long. She liked him more and more every day, she had great confidence in him and was smitten with her teacher in no time. At the end of the week she said she wanted to fuck him properly and give him her virginity. He said, let's do it in a few days? She blushed deeply and finally nodded in agreement.

He hugged Jenna in the morning, kissed the hair on her head and whispered in her ear that it was time. She was tall like him and he gently laid her on her back on the couch. She took off her skirt and spread her legs willingly. He gently lay on top of her and penetrated her up to her hymen. They gazed into each other's eyes for a long time and she nodded in invitation and determination. He penetrated very slowly, savoring the moment when her hymen tore. She opened her eyes wide and a few tears of joy ran down her cheeks. "Now I'm a real woman," she breathed, "a real woman!" He fucked her for a very, very long time, she had a violent orgasm and he squirted in the middle of her orgasm. She stroked his head and kept kissing him on the lips. "Thank you, Frank, I'll never forget this beautiful moment!" He nodded wearily. His dark addiction was satisfied, he had deflowered another virgin. It was a special moment for him too.

Jenna really tried hard and studied diligently. They fucked every morning before studying, yet she continued to sit on his lap and let him masturbate her several times a day. She loved to lay her head on his chest and surrender to orgasm with her eyes closed. She never spied anymore, her mother came to fuck him almost every night and had one of her maids come in afterwards. He gradually got to know them all, memorized their names and life stories and their preferences for fucking. It was a nice and quiet time, and he moved on when Jenna turned 19. Princess Cecilia had gotten him the next job and highly recommended him to her friend, telling her over the phone what he was so good at.

Princess Aurelia received him in her bedroom for the first meeting, she had a tactical cold and quickly sent the maid out. The maid went out and brought them tea. He couldn't find a chair and she pat-

ted the mattress next to her. He sat down at arm's length and she started the conversation.

She was very closely related to the king and had the sharply cut face of the Bernadottes. Her dark, almost black hair framed her face and fell slightly curled down to her snow-white shoulders. Her translucent negligee was only loosely folded at the front and he looked at her breasts; they were still full, but not as firm as they had been in her youth, after all she was already 51 years old. His gaze slid lower and she smiled maliciously. "Cousin Cecilia told me you like it best clean-shaven, Sir Frank," her full alto voice rang out. It was a most interesting introduction to the conversation, but he nodded, "That is true, Your Grace." He looked and she let him look, smiling.

She quickly got down to business now. Her daughter Anna was 16 and still at the girls' convent and would be coming home in two weeks. She was completely inexperienced and naturally untouched, her mother said, her fingers nervously playing with the hem of her negligee. Her middle finger ran over her cleft a few times, then she demurely pulled the negligee back into place when she caught his gaze. The princess was not happy about sending her second daughter to the girls' convent, but her husband had demanded it.

Ah, her husband! She shared Cecilia's fate, said the princess, her husband was also already weak in the loins, but he didn't begrudge her an affair and watched over her love life with suspicious eyes. Her last affair more than 14 years ago was ended abruptly by him. It increased his weakness and she could only do him with her mouth once or twice a week. That was enough for him, but she was unsatisfied. "Understandable," Frank said, "that is indeed unsatisfying." The princess smiled and cast her eyes down. "Cecilia said you could help me out, but it couldn't be made public." Frank nodded, he would be young Anna's tutor, but it could certainly be arranged. Aurelia lowered her eyes, "Cecilia had told me how discreet you were, Sir Frank!"

Frank asked what the little lady was to learn. Princess Aurelia looked into his eyes. "Firstly, she should learn German and English well, that's important to me and my husband. The war must end one

day and we want her to marry well. And now for the second.” Aurelia paused and thought about how to put it. “Cecilia told me that you did not disappoint her, Sir Frank. You taught her daughter Jenna everything she should know as a married woman. I am very reluctant to talk to Anna about all this, I don’t know why. But you would already know how to introduce a virgin to the art of love.”

Frank interrupted her. “Does Anna have to remain a virgin?” Aurelia gave him a long look. “I don’t think that will be possible,” she chuckled lightly, “the art of making love doesn’t involve miracles.” She saw that Frank was thinking. “You were allowed to take Jenna’s virginity, weren’t you?” she asked. He nodded, “Madame Cecilia specifically asked me to, and Jenna was willing of her own accord. She was unaffected, but not ignorant. She was a bright and curious child who had already experimented a lot.” Aurelia shook her head. “Anna hasn’t had the opportunity to do that, she’s a blank slate in the truest sense of the word. And as for my assignment, I ask you for it, specifically.”

Frank leaned back and stared at her cleft for a long time. Somehow he was happy and tense at the same time. He had fucked Cecilia, Jenna and the maids in previous years and knew what to expect each time. Now there was a new woman, a new virgin and a lot of new maids waiting for him. “Did Madame Cecilia tell you that she sent me her prettiest maids?” he asked and she nodded casually. “Yes, she did, and I will do the same if you like.” Frank affirmed, it was a good custom, he said.

“Your Grace, may I ask two more questions?” he asked purely rhetorically, as he continued straight away. “How do you yourself feel about masturbating and secondly, how does your daughter feel about it?” She laughed uproariously. “It was one of the nicest things I learned at the damn convent and I do it every night to go to sleep, like most of the girls did there. Since my husband is incapacitated, I do it several times during the day, perhaps to annoy him.” The princess surprisingly pushed back her negligee and pressed down the flesh around her clitoris with two fingers so that the little guy stuck out stiffly and cheekily. “Do you want to see it,” she asked cooing and placing a finger on her clit. He shook his head and pulled her neg-

ligee together. “So, how about Anna?” he asked, looking into her eyes and not at her pussy.

She answered without hesitation. “As a small child, she sometimes stuck pencils or something similar in her pussy, but I forbade her to do it at the time and taught her about her hymen. That worked. Since then, she’s kept a very low profile and I really have no idea if she’s masturbating yet.” She shook her head decisively, “no idea, sorry!” He stood up, it had all been discussed.

She held his hand firmly and made him sit down again. “I don’t know, dear Sir, how to put this. My elder daughter Jenny is married and lives in the north wing with her husband. She desperately wants to have a child, but he seems to be firing blanks. At the same time, however, he resolutely refuses to go to the doctor with the problem — out of male pride, I suppose. I would be very grateful if you had any ideas on how to get him to do this. You’re a renowned polymath and maybe he’ll listen to you, my husband certainly didn’t.” Frank thought about it. He had never dealt with the problem of infertility either privately or academically. There was certainly a lot of literature on the subject, he would have to read up on it.

He nodded nonetheless. “I will try, madam. I must say, however, that I have not dealt with the problem before and that would be an advantage when I speak to your son-in-law. I will at least try.” Princess Aurelia smiled and let him go, he would be moving here in 10 days.

He let himself be driven back to Cäcilia. He had many questions, and above all she had to tell him everything she knew about Aurelia’s private life and her sexuality. The poorly sprung carriage gave him a good shake and he cursed the new telephone. Of course, a useful invention, but when the ladies gossiped for hours on end and spilled their most secret secrets at length, it was not a blessing, definitely not.

Cäcilia didn’t mind telling him all about Aurelia after they had fucked. After all, he would be dealing with her for the next while. But she hardly knew anything he didn’t already know. After all, they had

both learned to masturbate in the same convent, they had played lesbian games with each other again and again and they described to each other how they had sex with their loin-weak husbands, which was a big and embarrassing problem for both women.

He arrived at Aurelia's Råvenholm castle on time, he moved into his room and then a maid knocked, followed by the princess. "I know how much you dislike formal banquets, but it has to be today, my husband, my big daughter and her husband want to meet you. I beg your understanding!" Frank said he would be punctual and cheerful. Aurelia gave him a venomous look at first, then smiled and left.

The banquet passed in a very pleasant atmosphere. Both the count, Aurelia's husband, and the son-in-law had read his China book and they had a lively discussion until liqueur and cigars were served. The son-in-law was particularly interested in the spicy bits and asked more and more questions. The ladies were embarrassingly flushed, which spurred Frank on even more to answer the spicy bits in flowery language. He didn't smoke, but the Swedes knew a thing or two about liqueur. However, he was sensible enough to stop in time. A maid accompanied him to his room.

"Her Grace has sent word," said the maid, "she will be here in less than an hour. What can I do for you?" asked the pretty girl. He already had an idea, but he wanted to save his strength for Aurelia. "Yes, yes, you can do something for me," he said, "come with me into the shower and wash my back." The girl blushed deeply, but she was still in the shower cubicle before him. She was quite pretty, even if her face prevented her from being called beautiful. She soaped and actually washed his back, then grabbed his stiffening cock and pressed it into her fuck hole. He didn't move and shook his head with a regretful smile. "I have to be fit right after," he said, studiously overlooking her pout. "Maybe you'll come later, when Her Grace has gone?" he tempted and she smiled suddenly. "I'd love to, I really would, Sir!" She left with a smile and he went to bed with a book.

Aurelia arrived on time, carrying two small glasses and a bulbous bottle. "What kind of china book," she asked, pouring them a shot, "my husband was more aroused than he'd been for a long time and

squirted down my throat like a wild boar!” She downed the spicy booze and poured herself another. “I need another shot to get rid of the taste!” She was a little tipsy and dropped her robe.

Frank said with a smile that his book was harmless and only pubescents would get upset at the spicy bits. Aurelia snuggled up to him and he said he had just had a shower. She nodded and grabbed his cock. “A beauty,” Aurelia said and took it in her mouth, “what do you like in particular, Mr. Frank?” He moved his hand aimlessly in the universe. “Anything my cock can do in your pussy, and I like to finish it off in a soldier’s manner, if you like.” She looked at him questioningly, “Soldier manner?” “Yes,” he laughed, “I am on top as the victor and you are the conquered wife of the conquered!” She laughed, “so that’s Swedish home cooking!” and they both laughed, the booze making them laugh.

As Cäcilia had said, Aurelia was very, very easy going and orgasmed every few minutes. She fucked very gracefully and very actively, she knew how to orgasm in every position and she just kept on fucking without stopping. But she got tired earlier than him. She’d had enough, she panted, and lay down on her back. He penetrated her and fucked her hard. After the squirting, he was done too. She kept kissing him and breathed how nice it was to fuck properly again. He said with a smile that it had been quite a vigorous exercise and that he hoped they would take it slower in future. Aurelia smiled, “Yes, my dear, I don’t want to have sore muscles every morning either. But today was a premiere, a curtain call, and tomorrow is a general performance.” Frank laughed, a good comparison. “And the Count, won’t he miss you now?” he asked. Aurelia shook her head. “He’s fast asleep, I’ve made sure of that.” She stood up and Frank said that he had summoned the maid to show him in afterwards. “Good choice, Sir, good choice!”

Minutes later, the maid knocked and joined him. “Was she good, our mistress?” she wanted to know. He looked at her questioningly. “Our Mistress hasn’t fucked in years, just with her finger, and the girls and I were getting worried about her.” He reassured her, “The mistress hasn’t forgotten how to do it and she fucked very happily!” The maid nodded in satisfaction. “Please be good to her, she’s a good

mistress like no other!” He promised, before pulling the maid to himself and making her hot with tongue kisses.

She fucked rather unimaginatively and didn’t have an orgasm either. But when he started to squirt, she rubbed her clit very quickly and triggered her orgasm. They finished at the same time, gasping for breath. Another one would come tomorrow, she said as she left.

The next morning there was a knock on his door, it was Jenny, Aurelia’s older daughter.

She was smaller than Aurelia, but just as pretty. Her face reminded him of a small, friendly mouse. They had had a very good chat last night, she was smart and educated. She was just very sad because she didn’t have any children yet. Now she approached him. “We had a good chat yesterday, Sir, and I have now decided to have a child. Yesterday was the first favorable day according to my calendar. I am determined and I ask you for it, Sir Frank.”

He slammed his book shut and turned to her. “Does your husband have an erection problem?” he asked and she answered frankly. “No, Sir Frank, it’s not that. He fucks me like a world champion every night, I usually orgasm easily when he fucks me. He squirts as well as other men, I’ve had a few. But I don’t get pregnant. That’s why I’m asking you to make me a child, I really long for it!” Frank thought for a moment. “Are you going to talk to him about it?” “But no, what are you thinking? He would be furious. No, it must remain our secret.”

Jenny had already slipped her dress off and lay naked on his bed. Surprisingly, her pussy was hairless, not even a little fuzz. This made her pussy look childlike and almost virginal, which was very attractive to him, as he loved virginal girls more than anything. He quickly undressed and lay down next to her. She was hot after a few French kisses and stammered, “I fucked a lot of men before marriage, but this is the first time I’m cheating on him. Forgive me, Frank!” He nodded with a smile, “it’s only a little I can do for you, but that little shall bloom like a flower!” They fucked wildly, she didn’t orgasm and she closed her eyes in devout prayer as he squirted inside. She asked his permission to continue masturbating, she was horny from fuck-

ing. Her clitoris was dark red, swollen to bursting point and throbbed demanding. “Do you want me to do you, Jenny?” he asked, but she shook her head. She masturbated very intimately and withdrew completely into herself. Frank waited and penetrated her when her orgasm was at its peak. She sighed deeply as he penetrated her and held herself on the plateau masturbating, rushing from orgasm to orgasm. He squirted hard again and kept his cock inside her until she had finished masturbating. Then that was enough. She came for 5 days, always at the same time and let herself be fucked. Then she stayed away because Anna came home from the convent.

He stayed alone all day, only in the evening did he go into the large dining room next to the kitchen where the servants were having dinner. He looked around, all the pretty young maids were there. Perhaps 35, he estimated, and he recognized a few faces straight away. There were a few older maids here too, but he hardly noticed them. He sat down between two pretty girls, ate, drank and chatted until he became interested in one of them. She flirted back, but regretted that today was not a good day. A second later the other had bagged him, “it’s an auspicious day, Sir Frank,” she fluted, “may I?” Frank laughed and slapped her thigh. “If your fine day can be delayed until the mistress has finished with me, then you are welcome to snack on me!” Both girls laughed loudly and heartily and asked if they could both come? Astonished, he nodded, okay!

For once, Aurelia didn’t rob him of all his strength that evening. The door had barely closed behind her when the girls scratched at the door. They both lay with him, but he was skeptical. Things had gone very well with Mei and Baihua, but later isolated attempts had been less fortunate, with one always believing she was getting less than the other. So far, he had held back when a threesome was in the offing.

But these two girls liked each other, that was immediately clear. They licked each other’s clits to orgasm and took turns laughing happily. He fucked both lickens in turn from behind, holding back the squirting for as long as he could. He pulled his cock out of the one having her dangerous period and then immediately rammed his cock into the other to squirt inside. He wasn’t always sure if he was squirt-

ing into the right one. They all three laughed when he rammed his cock into the fuck hole along the lips of the licker without her stopping licking. It made him really horny when the licker pressed with her thumbs down the flesh around the clit of the licked one so that the clit came out well.

After hours of fucking and licking, they were all three exhausted and one of them thanked him for pulling his cock out. He said grimly that that was no guarantee, but the girls disagreed, they always did it that way. The one with the dangerous days said meekly that he always squirted inside her. He was very sorry about that, he said contritely, and she should tell him when she got pregnant. They were almost offended when he asked if they were a lesbian couple. There was nothing lesbian about clit licking! But they made up straight away and the girls sneaked out.

The next morning, Anna arrived. The 16-year-old looked a lot like her sister Jenny, but she was very shy and very reserved. He checked her knowledge of German, she had already learned it a little. He put the book on the table, but Anna turned the book over and sat down on his lap with her back to him. He immediately thought of Jenna, and not without good reason. When his hand slipped under her skirt and touched her knee, she immediately opened her legs. He immediately turned her around to face him and asked her what her mother had told her to do. He knew instinctively that Cecilia was speaking in her. Anna swallowed and told him everything.

He would touch her while she was learning and she should let it happen. He was going to bring her to orgasm, that was also perfectly okay and she should let it happen. He was going to take her virginity at her mother's request, so it was also fine and if he taught her how to fuck properly, it was also her mother's wish.

Anna looked him straight in the eye. "You want me to trust you, you're not just my teacher, you're a friend. A friend that I should feel free to trust, because you mean me no harm." She looked at him inquiringly. Could she really trust him?

Frank smiled very kindly and said that all this was right and wrong at the same time. He had already explained this to Jenna once, it ran through his head. There were important things missing, without which it made no sense. “We need to get to know each other first and tell each other the important things that go with it. How can we become friends if we don’t know anything about each other? This friendly trust has to develop first so that we can respond to each other. Do you understand what I’m trying to tell you?”

Anna thought. “When you tell each other the secrets, is that what you mean?” Her question was logical and he recalled that she was already 16. He nodded, “That’s right. Ask me something, I’ll answer you honestly, even if it’s a secret. I want to gain your trust as a friend and I won’t lie to you.”

Anna looked at him with inscrutable cat eyes. “So that means I ask you a question and you answer honestly?” Frank nodded, “just ask whatever it is.” Anna looked him scrutinizingly in the eye. “Yesterday I was sitting on the stair landing in the dark and I saw Mom go into your room.” Frank returned her gaze. “She came to fuck me.” Anna shook her head decisively. “Mom’s not that kind of girl, she doesn’t fuck other men, only Dad. I know that.” Frank was still looking at her. “Ask her if you don’t believe it. She’s been fucking me for ten days now, every night when your daddy’s asleep. I’m telling you the truth!” Anna’s eyes wandered off. “And what happens then?” she asked, unsure now. “Then two of the maids came into my room and we fucked.” And again she looked at him scrutinizingly. “Three of them? Fucked? Do you have two cocks, Sir Frank?” He smiled for the first time. “No, my child. The girls took turns licking each other’s clits and I fucked one at a time at the same time, all it takes is one cock.” Anna looked at him in confusion. “One licked the clitoris of the other? And you only fucked one at a time?” Frank nodded, “That’s exactly how it was, their names are Maria and Erika, she’s from Lapland. Ask them, they’ll confirm it.” Anna nodded. “I’ll ask, because lying is easy! And then what was it?” Frank was getting impatient. “I was asleep, I was really tired from all the fucking.” Anna looked at him triumphantly. “So you didn’t notice that I opened the door a crack later?” Frank shook his head, “No!” “And that I looked for a long time because your cock had grown semi-rigid and kept twitch-

ing in the dream?” Frank replied in the negative and she nodded with her cat smile with satisfaction. “I’ll take your word for it, because you didn’t wake up, Sir Frank.”

Frank said she should just say Frank, friends don’t talk to each other so formally. And now it was his turn to ask, okay? Anna nodded and leaned forward, she definitely liked this game. “Do you ever touch yourself on the clit?” She flinched and shook her head, far too quickly. He said it only applied if you weren’t lying. Anna thought for a long time. “Yes, sometimes, maybe.” Frank shook his head again. “It doesn’t apply and there’s no friendship and trust if you don’t tell the truth. I’ve told you everything truthfully so far.” Anna wiggled her butt back and forth, “do I have to say it?” Frank nodded, “Yes!” Anna lowered her eyes. “Yes, since I’ve been in the convent, thank God it’s over.” “So, since you were in the convent, have you been rubbing your clit to orgasm?” Frank asked her very directly. But she nodded, “yes, every night like the other girls.”

“And you enjoyed masturbating?” She said, not understanding. He said the clit rubbing to orgasm was called masturbating. “I see,” she said, “at the Convention we said either clit rubbing or mimouche tickling. But yes, when I do it to myself, the masturbating, that’s quite wonderful and I do it every night before I go to sleep. But there were some who were mean. They rubbed the clitoris to orgasm and then didn’t stop, they made you jump from orgasm to orgasm until you passed out, really passed out. And when you woke up, the whole gang would be standing around laughing at you.” Frank remained silent and didn’t correct her. “They soon knew I was quick to faint and they did it again and again.” The look on her face revealed how hurt she felt.

“The nuns always talked about it being a bad sin. And if you were caught masturbating, you had to do it in front of everyone, it’s very humiliating.” He nodded, “I believe you. And did you do it to others too, rubbing each other’s clit?” Anna nodded, resistance was futile, Frank seemed to know everything.

“Sometimes you crawled under the covers with someone else and rubbed your clitoris, sometimes you did it to each other.” Frank

laughed softly. "When you say 'you', are you hiding behind it?" Anna nodded, "Yes," and looked down. "There weren't any boys in the convent, were there?" he continued asking. She nodded freely, that was harmless. "But you were smarter than the nuns, weren't you? You snuck off to a meeting place, you clever girls!" "Jesus, yes!" she gasped, slapping her hand over her mouth.

Frank smiled very disarmingly. "So, tell it, I certainly won't tell the stupid nuns." Anna smiled. "You talk like a friend, Frank. And that's how it was. We sneaked to the bathing pond, we took off our clothes and swam to the big willow, the meeting place, and then back again, got dressed and acted all innocent. The nuns never caught us." Her eyes flashed triumphantly.

"You didn't just swim around like that, you met boys there and played with each other, did you?" Again, Anna couldn't think how he knew that. "Yes, of course, dear Frank." She had a hot feeling in her pussy. "We all grabbed each other and rubbed their cocks until they squirted, it was really funny! But the boys loved to watch when one girl lay down in the shallow water and another licked her clitoris to orgasm, they stood in a circle, looked like sheep in a thunderstorm and all got hard cocks. But I never took part in the licking, I found fucking much more exciting."

Frank looked up and Anna wondered if she had said something wrong. He nodded encouragingly, "Go on!" She just kept talking, she hadn't said anything wrong. "I'm not lying, Frank, I want us to be friends. I always chose the one with the smallest cock and we fucked in shallow water, like adults. I didn't want them to tear my hymen, Mom always warned me about that. If a cock was too big, it wasn't allowed to fuck, only the ones with the little ones. And it was a great feeling when I could feel them squirting deep inside. The older ones said we could do it because I don't have a period yet. Like herself, I probably won't get my period until I'm 20, Mom said."

Frank nodded thoughtfully. "So you're already a real woman," he said, "you've already fucked one!" Anna took it the wrong way as intended. "I'm really not lying, it's all true, and I haven't just fucked once, I've fucked a hundred times!" Frank's eyes widened in surprise.

“Really? Can I have a look at your hymen?” Anna thought about it for a long time and chewed on her lower lip. Then she gave herself a jolt, leaned far back and spread her legs high in the air. He parted her labia with his fingers. Yes, she still had a hymen, but it was torn at the side. He admired her virgin, childlike pussy and her clitoris, which was slowly erecting and getting hard. He touched her clit and said, “It must be really hot in your pussy?” She looked uncomprehending, “pussy?” Frank explained that the whole thing was called pussy. She nodded and said yes, it gets as hot as in the night before she masturbates.

She sat up. “Can I ask you one more thing, but don’t lie!” He smiled, “I’m not lying to you, you know that.” Anna took a running start. “My cousin Jenna, you taught her too. Did you do what my mother told me to do with her?” He nodded thoughtfully, but he didn’t see any conflict of interest. “Yes,” he said, “what do you want to know?” Anna, as if shot from a pistol, “From the beginning, everything!”

“Okay,” he said, “at the beginning she sat on my lap like you did earlier. I stroked her clit because I know that’s where girls learn much better. She agreed to let me masturbate her when she told me to do it to her. I did that all the time and one day she was ready. So I took her virginity and then fucked her every day until the end of the training. That’s all, and it’s true!” Anna nodded, because she had spoken to Jenna about it once and he wasn’t lying.

“You’re becoming a good boyfriend,” she said with an expert connoisseur’s look, “Jenna described it to me the same way recently. It’s good when a friend doesn’t lie to you.” He grumbled that it was the right thing to do.

“But now to something else. Where did you learn German?” She replied, “In the convent, you could choose between German, English or French. Almost everyone took English, but my dad signed me up for German. There were more German and Austrian princes to marry than English. I cried because I didn’t want to marry a prince back then, I didn’t want to get married at all, although I understand much

better today why Dad made me learn German. But in five years, the nuns didn't teach us as much as they did in English."

"We'll be speaking fluent German in two years, trust me on that!" She nodded and murmured, "I'll be sitting on your lap and learning German and you'll be stroking my clit because I'll learn better then. Right, dear Frank?" He nodded and grumbled back, "just like that, my dear little friend!" She looked down at the floor. "And if it gets hot in my pussy, can I ask you to masturbate me to orgasm?" Frank grumbled, "Only if you want to and say so, otherwise of course not!"

She sat down on his lap and opened the book. It was a retelling of Grimm's fairy tales, but the prankster had embellished the stories with juicy sexual details and daguerreotypes, which were pornographic photographs. He let his hand wander under her skirt to her pussy. She stopped reading and said over her shoulder, "On my clitoris, please!" He obeyed and stroked her clit very gently, it was still a long time until lunch. Anna giggled when she turned the page and saw a smutty scene. After lunch they continued learning, Anna read the text aloud and he corrected her pronunciation relentlessly. She giggled and said that there was no such book in the convent. He laughed too, saying that she could learn to read from a prayer book. She didn't want that, for God's sake!

He stuck to stroking her clit very gently. She faltered more and more as she read and finally leaned her head against his chest. "Please, Frank, I need an orgasm!" He just hummed a sound and masturbated her. "Do you want me to keep going until you pass out?" he asked jokingly, but her thighs were already trembling violently and she gasped, "Another time, Frank, another time, maybe tomorrow? Yes, tomorrow!" He remained silent and soon let her orgasm. Her orgasm was quite strong and tore violently at her abdomen, but it only lasted seconds. She turned around and kissed him on the lips. "Frank, I think we're good friends now!" He nodded and grumbled complacently.

Aurelia came and was curious. He said: "Take it easy, Your Grace! I just met your daughter and realized that you have already instructed the little one all the steps! What happened today!? My pace

or none! And I mean that very seriously, Madame Aurelia!” She became sheepish and said, of course, at his pace.

Aurelia no longer fucked as sportily and aggressively as on the first day, she knew that he still needed strength for the maid. She took care of her orgasm, she let him fuck her for as long as he wanted and she didn’t demand that he squirt. She looked at the wall clock and left quietly, handing the door handle to the maid. Today it was a very gentle maid from Lapland’s turn, she masturbated while fucking from start to finish and let her soft little orgasms wave over her body like gentle waves. She noticed that he was about to squirt and so she grabbed his cock, masturbating him during the squirting in such a pleasant way, that he felt more aroused and horny than he had in a long time. She let him slide gently next to her side and continued masturbating her clit for a long time until she drowned silently in the last waves. She kissed him lightly on the lips and disappeared silently.

He lay awake for a long time. Anna had said something that stuck with him. The first girl to faint while being fucked. They, Field Marshal Tilly’s drunken mercenaries, attacked the Premonstratensian monastery like a pack of mad dogs, in whose inner courtyard the nuns who had fled here tried to hide. Catholic or Reformed? Nobody was interested in that anymore, they smelled tender female flesh, which was all that mattered. Franz Herrnthaler charged forward, screaming wildly, his sword blade scraping menacingly across the granite stones of the inner courtyard. One mercenary after the other grabbed a nun and Franz grabbed the first one he came across. He dragged her onto the grass behind a stone pillar; he wanted to be alone with his prey while he fucked. She was very young, maybe 14 or 15 years old, wearing a blue robe that he violently tore over her head. He didn’t pay attention to the color of the habit, whether she was a nun or a novice, it didn’t matter at all! He suddenly sobered up a bit. She still wore the tightly tied headscarf, the klobuk, otherwise she was completely naked. She only had very small breasts like a pubescent girl, a hairless naked pussy and a cute little slit. He had thrown her on her back and was throwing himself over her. He looked into her light green eyes; he would never forget her again. He discovered something that really bothered him. It was a kind of wart

the size of a gooseberry, thickly hairy and pitch black. It hung from her flawless neck by just a tiny thread under her ear. He drew his dagger, cut the thin thread and cursed loudly. The gooseberry fell onto the grass and he pocketed the dagger. She shrieked: "In the name of Jesus Christ, please don't, I'm a virgin!" and Franz immediately thought of how many virgins he had already deflowered. He knelt in front of her cunt and rubbed his cock to make it hard. She watched him rub himself and laughed with a stupid grin on her face. She started masturbating her clit, quickly getting hot. She laughed her stupid grin as he squirted a single jet onto her stomach. He held his stiff cock ready. She rubbed faster to come to orgasm. He realized that she was going to orgasm at any moment, her twitching legs thrown high in the air. Her grin twisted her face and with a single jerk of his cock he deflowered her. She screamed Christ's name again as his cock tore her hymen. He fucked the farm girl wildly and uninhibitedly in soldier style and noticed that she had passed out. He paused and waited motionless. After a minute she opened her eyes and immediately started manically rubbing her clit again and he continued fucking her. He increased the pace, now it was time! He felt her finger ride her clit to a powerful orgasm and then looked at her grinning, contorted face as he squirted inside. Unable to hold back any longer, he squirted madly into the unconscious doll he had picked up with both hands in a sexual frenzy. She had fainted again. He immediately calmed down and held her in his arms for minutes. Finally, finally, she opened her eyes with a smile, then immediately rubbed her clit vigorously again, screamed the name of Christ over and over again until she orgasmed violently again, throwing her legs convulsively in the air and screaming hoarsely. "You have violated me!" she shouted and Franz jumped up and ran away with the sword in his hand. The image faded and Frank fell asleep.

The next morning he met Anna in the hallway and she took him by the hand. "Friends for ever!" she breathed and they walked to his door holding hands, walking into the room. "I promised you yesterday, and will you promise me not to be mean and rude?" He didn't know what she was referring to at the moment. She noticed his quizzical confusion. "Masturbate me until I pass out!" she reminded him. "Uh!" he managed to say, "right now?" She nodded, "right now!" He sat down at the table and she sat on his lap. She spread her

legs invitingly under the knee-length, short skirt. “I won’t be brutal,” he promised and asked why her clit was so stiff and hot!? He heard her chortling, quiet laugh. “I’ve already prepared a bit for this, dear Frank!”

He masturbated her finely and gently, but very specifically to the first orgasm. “Yes, now!” she cried in orgasm and he continued, something he never did before. Her orgasm came very quickly, again she shouted “Yes, now!” and he continued, faster than before. Her orgasm came just seconds later, now she no longer had the strength to scream. The next orgasm came seconds later, he kept going, her thighs were shaking since the first orgasm and he kept going, to the next orgasm that made her tremble. It didn’t take her another minute, she was shaking all over with every orgasm. He noticed that after that orgasm she slumped and her head fell forward. The green eyes from the Magdeburg monastery garden flashed briefly up. He didn’t stop, she only twitched briefly in the orgasm, she twitched with the next one and the next. Then she trembled hard and a deep sigh, a sigh from the cellar, escaped from her chest. Now he stopped and held her in his arms for minutes. She woke up with another deep sigh and looked around in confusion. She woke up completely and turned to him with shining eyes. She wrapped both arms around his neck and kissed him repeatedly on the mouth. “Oh, Frank, it was so beautiful, more beautiful than ever before! You were so gentle, I barely felt your finger, I felt one orgasm after another. My legs were shaking, I noticed that. And a wonderful, light tiredness after every orgasm and gradually it became wonderfully dark. I must have lost consciousness because later I woke up. Oh, Frank, my best friend! It was wonderful, you were gentle and tender and not brutal and mean!” She hugged and kissed him for a while longer. And she said it should always be that way. He bobbed his head, “once a day is enough!”

She studied and studied while he played gently with her clit. Twice in the afternoon she bowed her head to his chest, he understood her signal and masturbated her to orgasm with gentle determination.

This is how the next few weeks passed. Anna wanted to be masturbated every morning until she fainted, until she let out a deep sigh

from the basement, then two or three times to an orgasm during class, depending on how she felt. That evening Aurelia said with proud excitement that she was going to be a grandmother and that Jenny was pregnant! She thanked him; his conversation with her son-in-law had had an impact. He wiped it away. "What conversation? Your son-in-law may be nice, friendly, jovial and winning, but he is as stupid as straw! He would nod if I said that the moon gets black colour during the new moon. No, I didn't say a single word to him, but with Jenny, extensively." Aurelia's eyes widened as she thought. "Sir, you didn't...?" He said nothing.

Aurelia was having more and more difficulty reaching orgasm while fucking. He lay breathing heavily next to the beautiful woman who was masturbating for a very long time to reach orgasm. But she smiled when he once said how well and carefully she chose the girls. They were all very willing and gave their best for a nice fuck. She said she sometimes wondered why he seemed to have so much fun with her maids.

He had waited long enough. Anna was head over heels in love with him and talked about being fucked by him every day. He smiled and hugged her tightly one morning. "Today we want to fuck, what do you think?" he whispered in her ear. She cried out briefly with joy, immediately took off her dress and lay down on the bed. He admired her hairless pussy, hairless like Jenny. A genetic defect, it flashed through his mind, but immediately afterwards the figure of the deflowered novice in Magdeburg appeared to him. What a beautiful girl she was, the innocent farm girl he had deflowered and fucked. He saw Anna again, her face glowing with anticipation.

He entered slowly and paused when the hymen stretched. Anna closed her eyes and listened within. He felt his cock reach the tear in her hymen. The hymen didn't tear, it just gave way. He penetrated very deeply. "It's not torn," Anna murmured disappointedly. He shrugged his shoulders, "It doesn't have to be that way." They fucked for a very long time, maybe half an hour. He reared up and squirted inside, then sank wearily next to her. "I'm a real woman now, even if it's not torn!?" she breathed. Yes, he said and had her describe again what fucking was like during the time of the convention. She de-

scribed every detail and he listened with his eyes closed. She had let at least two, sometimes up to five, fuck her every time the big girls licked her clits for so long. The boys fucked her very eagerly and all of them squirted inside. He examined her, her hymen was still there, deeply torn on the side. He shrugged, that was just how it was. The lesson continued, Anna sat on his lap as usual and he stroked her clit gently. She enjoyed it and leaned against his chest when she wanted an orgasm.

They fucked every morning before class. She always reached the plateau with a short masturbation and her first orgasm very quickly, he kept going and going. She continued to orgasm, having one again and again, and one morning she fainted. He continued to fuck the unconscious girl relentlessly and squirted inside. Since then she wanted to pass out every time they fucked, she said it was wonderful. It was fine with him.

Jenny had lost the baby, Aurelia said sadly. That thought made him feel bad, he didn't feel like fucking and sent Aurelia and the girls away too. He slept very restlessly, the novice in Magdeburg laughed at him maliciously and had herself deflowered a hundred times, calling out Christ's name while hard masturbating. Each time he felt her hymen tearing, he would wake up for a second, only to sink back into the dream and deflower her all over again.

He was exhausted in the morning, but he still went to Jenny in the north wing and gave her a long, wordless hug. They sat at the kitchen table and she cried. After a while, she wiped away her tears. "Shall we try again, Frank?" she asked and he immediately said yes. "After two periods, just to be safe," he told her to tell him when she ovulated again. She was reassured and a little more confident when he left. He told Anna that class was canceled today and read all day. In the evening he fucked Aurelia and a sweet, gentle girl. He slept dreamlessly and was back to his old self the next day.

He fucked Anna every morning until she passed out and more, she wanted it that way and he slowly started to like it. A lot of sadism was coming out of him, he knew that, but he didn't care. Her hymen was finally torn and was completely gone weeks later.

He visited Jenny early on 6 days and they fucked right next to her sleeping husband. Maybe he knew it, but he didn't say anything, maybe he just dreamed it, that Jenny let the Sir fuck her twice every morning. They continued to fuck shamelessly when he woke up and Frank fucked Jenny wildly with his morning wood. The husband was drunk every day and it didn't bother him that Frank fucked his wife in their marriage bed. He watched them fucking and rubbed his cock, he waited until Frank had cum and fucked Jenny immediately afterwards. Frank fucked Jenny for a whole month and then another until she finally got pregnant again.

Jenny had given birth to a son and continued to let Frank fuck her in the mornings. Her husband knelt next to them and masturbated, grunting pleasantly. He opened his eyes wide and squirted into Jenny's mouth. She continued licking him until he started masturbating again. He waited patiently until Frank had enough and then fucked Jenny hard and good again. Frank watched as Jenny was fucked by her really steadfast husband. The husband fucked very well, he could fuck Jenny long enough for her to have an orgasm, often two orgasms in a row. Jenny's face lit up as she gradually reached the plateau and screamed at the top of her lungs in orgasm. Her face contorted in orgasm and she calmed down a bit, but her husband stubbornly continued fucking. They continued to do this for years.

She had another cute daughter and she was happy with her motherhood and fucking Frank every morning. Aurelia and Anna, of course, knew that Jenny's children were his, but neither of them made a comment. Only the husband firmly believed in his fatherhood. Jenny had sat down on his lap, cooing, and whispered in his ear, "Of course they're your children, my darling! You're the one who makes me orgasm, but with Frank I always have to end the fucking with a clitoris game. Don't you always love watching me being fucked by Frank and masturbate at the end!?" She kissed him on the cheek and the matter was settled.

The joy with her grandchildren made Aurelia motherly soft. More and more often she abstained fucking and sent him her sweetest maids. Anna studied eagerly and now spoke German fluently; they

had already started with English. Aurelia started looking for a new job for Frank.

He had been in Sweden for 20 years, the forgers in London were doing their job well and he was moving from family to family. He was passed down among the nobility, he only took girls as students and deflowered most of them after just 14 days. Not every mother needed him to fuck, maybe half of them did. He could fuck a lot of noble mothers, and by God the Swedes weren't "cool blondes"! They loved fucking just as much as mothers in other countries, many fucked gracefully like the Asians or heatedly like the Italians. He had hardly met anyone who fucked badly, reluctantly or with dislike. However, one thing struck him, female masturbation was considered a vice of older women, the young girls did not masturbate as often as the girls in other countries. And many nobles treated their maids like serfs. They all came from poorer countries such as Scotland, Ireland, Lapland or the East. He had met hundreds and the mistresses ordered them to do Frank's bidding. However, he had his principles and, smiling kindly, sent away everyone who suffered under the high woman's orders. He instead went to the hardhearted Mistress and fucked her, including many against her will, some in front of their grinning husbands. The mistress should feel free to experience what it was like to have to do something you didn't want to do. But most of the noble women pursued him, what he, by God, did not dislike. But everyone made sure that they sent the lovely maids to him with a smile at night. He was very happy with this easy lifestyle in Sweden.

Then, a letter from Paris called him back.

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Let's Save France

by Jack Faber © 2024

The letter came from the Countess Jeanette de Belfort, which initially meant nothing to him. When she mentioned that she had been his pupil 50 years ago, the girl who loved to ride out in the morning naked without her breeches, he immediately remembered. She needed his help immediately, her granddaughter needed him, immediately. He replied briefly that he was on his way. He spent one last night in the arms of the sweet Princess af Berling, who at 34 was a graceful and lovely fucking girl.

The ship's passage to La Rochelle took 3 days, he really wanted to be alone, but Princess Alexandra Wolkoff from St. Petersburg was glued to his heels. He recognized immediately that she was a completely impudent impostor, coming from the south, Picardy or Languedoc perhaps, judging by her French. She didn't speak Russian either, apart from "Da" and "Njet". He resigned himself to fucking her twice a day. She was very experienced and he had no regrets. He avoided any discussion about her great projects, where he could double his fortune overnight, guaranteed!

In the spring of 1934 the barge from La Rochelle landed in Paris; the Wolkoff had missed the barge by only minutes. He took a carriage to the Countess. She lived on an entire floor in a classicist palace in the city center. The porter took his luggage and led him to the first floor. He didn't wait 2 minutes, the Countess asked.

Never in his life would he have recognized the plump 70-year-old white-haired countess as the young tomboy who had her childish orgasms while riding with her bare ass. They greeted each other and she staggered into the nearest chair. "Francesco, you haven't gotten a day older!" He sat down and held her hand. "It is the will of heaven," he said quietly. He had been adopted, he lied according to his made-up CV, his name was now Frank Butterill and he was a Knight of Great Britain, a loyal subject of the kingdom. And he is still a tutor like before.

The Countess caught herself and nodded. “I take the ways of the Lord seriously,” she said, “forgive me for being frightened. I had you investigated and wrote to you in my time of need, because I need your help, Francesco, Frank!” He nodded and replied that he had come and would like to hear how her life turned out.

“Oh Frank, thanks to your teaching I have had a beautiful and very sexually fulfilled life. I followed your instructions and fucked all the suitors extensively for two years. The winner was Count Belfort, a man with a strong loin, who gave me a daughter, Audrey. Unfortunately he died 18 years ago and I haven’t had a husband since then, I mourned him. I left Belfort Castle to his younger brother, he was my lover for a long time, the good boy. We have the affair ended after he made me forget my tears in orgasm night after night for over a year. I don’t need a castle, the fortune allows me to have a nice retirement. I only have my cook who runs our household.”

The Countess sipped her liqueur and moistened her throat. “Aubrey had an unfortunate hand when she married the Marquis de Beaumont. He is a wealthy ne’er-do-well, he drinks, gambles and bets on horses and is always lucky, he constantly increases his fortune. He is no good as a husband. After he meets Aubrey and started beating her, she sleeps in a separate bedroom and no longer lets him fuck her. She plunged into countless affairs and had Virginie, my little granddaughter. Aubrey only has her affairs in her head and Virginie is a neglected child of 16, unfortunately . This is my great need, Francesco, Frank!” She paused and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye.

“Virginie is my everything, Frank! She has a nursery with me, but she comes less and less often. The tutors have given up one by one, the child is wild and stubborn. She has panic attacks and temper tantrums, she refuses to wear underwear and masturbates unabashedly in public, at least she plays with her genitals. I don’t know whether she masturbates properly. She attacks little boys, pulls down their pants and masturbates them wildly, making them squirt on the floor with a malicious grin. I don’t know how to control her anymore. That’s why I asked for your help!”

Frank nodded. Can she take Virginie over so he can start classes? The Countess nodded. Aubrey would certainly be happy to have one less thing to worry about and more time for her love affairs. Jeanette said regretfully how much she suffered because of her daughter's life of disorder. But this train has finally left. Now she could no longer hold back her tears and cried heartbreakingly. Frank took her hand, he would do his best to help her and Virginie too. Countess Jeanette said in tears that the child was already 16 and she didn't know whether Virginie was already fucking around or was still a virgin. Her tears flowed again. "Frank, she is a tomboy, uneducated and wild. She needs instruction, a firm hand and someone who could look after her conditions. I have read your famous China book, it is quite spicy, but it has convinced me that you can help Virginie. You don't just know casual love affairs, but also problematic ones. That completely convinced me!"

Frank nodded reassuringly. She should call Aubrey and have Virginie brought here. Jeanette picked up the phone and spoke to her daughter for 10 minutes. She would bring Virginie over on Sunday evening and she could stay as long as she wanted. Aubrey assumed her child would want to come back after a few days because Jeanette didn't say a word about Frank. The cook poked her head in, Madame, it's served!

The two of them ate and the cook served the delicious meal. Frank looked at the cook and found her not uninteresting. Her name is Marie, Jeanette said, she is 30 or 31 and a real Parisian child. She had been with her for 5 or 6 years and was extremely hardworking. Frank nodded, showing no interest, and let Jeanette talk about her love life. She blossomed and talked dreamily about the wonderful affairs she had had, the happiness she had felt while fucking her husband and her lovers. Her husband had died within months and she was in the arms of his youngest brother, whom she had been fucking since he was 12. She raved about the virility of the boy who continued to fuck her a year after her husband's death. She hadn't fucked again since then, in 18 years, she said with a downcast look, as if she was ashamed of it.

After dinner she showed him around the apartment, showing him Virginie's nursery and the study room with a narrow couch where he could sleep. Then she showed him her spacious bedroom, in the middle of which was a huge double bed. "My bed of sins from my wild times," said Jeanette. She would have hoped he would sleep with her, they weren't strangers, she said, blushing. He was happy to accept that, he said and put his arm around Jeanette's shoulder, it was certainly more comfortable than the couch. He felt her sigh of relief. They drank a few more glasses of liqueur in the salon and he discreetly asked about Marie, the cook. No, she wasn't married and, to her knowledge, didn't have a lover, Jeanette said. But she didn't know for sure. He changed the subject and had her talk about how she seduced her little brother-in-law when he was 12. Jeanette reminisced about the boy, who soon grew up and had his affairs and friendships, but remained a loyal and potent lover for over 30 years. There was nothing to be sorry about; she also had a lot of lovers. Her eyes flashed as they left and went to bed.

Jeanette changed behind a screen and went to bed in an open negligee, where Frank was already lying. She left the little light on and reached for his cock. "The good old gem!" she exclaimed quietly, "not aged a bit!" She played with the hard-on. "I haven't had a cock in my mouth in 18 years, Frank," she whispered, "and my pussy has gotten old and wrinkled. It's shrunk so much that I can barely fit two fingers in it. But I'm still training the clit well, each night." Frank remained silent, pushed her negligee aside and his hand explored her old body. She sighed deeply when he found her clit and her pussy too. "Shall we fuck, Jeanette, like the good old days?" His voice trembled slightly. She sighed, "You have to be very careful, my love, I'm very, very tight!"

He penetrated very carefully, he didn't hurt her. She had moistened herself with a lot of saliva. She expanded her vagina by pulling her wrinkled labia apart as far as she could. Frank found that she had a considerably large, erect clit. Still, she whimpered in pain as he pushed in as carefully as possible. Her vagina expanded and gradually accommodated itself. He waited a while before fucking her. She whimpered in pain and sighed pleasantly at the same time, but no matter how excited she became, she couldn't orgasm. She reached for

her clit with a finger and rubbed it. That seemed to be good, she barely whimpered anymore. He fucked carefully, he took his time and kept the slow rhythm. After 20 minutes Jeanette sighed deeply, her finger raced on her clit and she had an orgasm that was very light and only made her tremble a little. He stopped fucking as Jeanette grimaced in pain.

“You couldn’t squirt at all, poor me!” she sighed worriedly. He didn’t say anything because he knew the solution. “I’ve never called Marie before, but maybe she can come to you?” she put her idea into the room. He opened the door and called Marie. After a few moments, she poked her head out of her door. She saw the naked man under the door, she stared at his erect cock. He called quietly for her to come to Madame straight away. Now she came out, pushed past him and looked at the Countess. She wasn’t sick, was she? The Countess said, “Marie, it’s unusual, but do you want to lie down with us, lie down with Sir Frank?” Marie froze and stammered, “Madame, I don’t know! I’ve only fucked once, when I was 14, but never since then! I really don’t know, Madame!” Jeanette smiled her best smile and pointed to the huge mattress. “Just come here, Marie, Sir Frank would love to do it with you!” Marie approached uncertainly and Jeanette waved her over. “Come on, Marie, don’t be afraid! Drop your nightgown!” Marie obeyed, she always did.

Frank looked at her while Marie lay down next to the Countess and tried to hide behind her. He lay down between the two of them and spread Marie’s legs. “Oh, he’s already quite stiff,” he said quietly. She blushed and breathed, “I was already falling asleep, of course I’ve already done it twice, like always, so he’ll still be stiff!” He smiled kindly, “that’s okay. But I see you still have your hymen! Didn’t you say that you’ve already fucked!?” Marie looked at him for a long time. “Yes, but only once, when I was 14.” He looked searchingly into her eyes. “The young gentleman from Montmorency, the 13 years old son of the Lord, only had a very small cock, it was actually quite soft and he squirted as soon as he has penetrated. He grinned very strangely and said, ‘So now you’re a woman!’ I believed him, he was the son of the Marquis and he didn’t lie!” Marie was a little annoyed because Frank seemed incredulous. “It really was like that, Master Butterill, I swear!”

He dropped the subject. Marie had a slim figure, hardly any breasts and a small, natural bush. He caressed her clit. “Do you want to fuck with me?” he asked as he heated her up with gentle clit rubbing. “I don’t know, Madame!” said Marie shyly to the mistress, “here? Now? Immediately?” Jeanette stroked her head soothingly. “But yes, my child, if you like, it’s fine with me. Yes, here, right now, and don’t be afraid!” Marie still hesitated, looking from Jeanette to Frank and back again.

“What must I do now, Master Butterill?” she asked uncertainly, her voice shaking. He replied, “Just call me Frank and I’ll call you Marie.” It was clear to him that Marie expected precise instructions. “Lie on your back, legs up and knees apart. Yes, that’s good, you can put your head on Madame’s chest, perfect!” He knelt between Marie’s legs. “It’ll just sting for a moment and then I’ll fuck you if I may?” He looked at her questioningly and she nodded eagerly, “Yes, you can, Mr. Frank!” He smiled and said she didn’t need to stiffen and tense up, just close her eyes and fantasize like she was rubbing her clit. She nodded, she would think about how the little rascals splashed on the floor in the basement. She always thought about that while masturbating. Frank grinned involuntarily as she closed her eyes and began to smile.

He held Marie’s hips and penetrated forcefully. “It’s pricked now,” said Marie and opened her eyes, “it’s pricked, Mr. Frank!” He smiled and started fucking Marie. She was stiff at first, but then she began to rock her abdomen and fuck at his pace. He wasn’t dissatisfied because they fucked for a long time and she had already reached her plateau. She opened her eyes, “May I?” she asked, pressing a finger to her clit. He didn’t need to answer, she rubbed her clitoris uncertainly, then more and more decisively. He wanted to, he had to squirt inside. He squirted for what seemed like an eternity, then collapsed next to her, breathing heavily. He and Jeanette were watching her masturbate, she had closed her eyes and ignored the squirting, she was masturbating firmly and determinedly, nothing and no one could disturb her. She increased the pace, her finger raced and her face contorted. Her orgasm was very strong and made her gasp a few times and then it was over. The two of them had probably watched her for a few minutes and Frank’s cock was ready again.

He fucked the astonished Marie again, she rocked from the start and clung to him. She shyly asked him if she could touch her clit and he nodded, "as soon as I fuck you faster and just before I squirt." Marie nodded and whispered that she would. She actually only reached for her clit when he increased his pace. He squirted in again and that was enough. He lay down and gasped for breath. Marie had already masturbated intensively while squirting and continued with her eyes closed. It took now much longer and she fought doggedly with the clit. Then, finally the orgasm! It tore her back and forth hard, then it was over and she opened her eyes and smiled. "Now you're a real woman, Marie!" Frank said and she nodded. "I've never done it four times in a row, Frank! That was incredible! And thank you, Madame!" He asked her and she explained in a quiet voice exactly what the brief fucking was like 15 years ago. In any case, it wasn't as much fucking as it was now, said Marie, the boy had cummed straight away and didn't continue.

Jeanette asked her if she wanted to come back tomorrow to fuck with Frank. Marie looked into his face for a long time, "yes, I would like that, Madame! I will do it twice more first, as always, is that all right, Madame?" Jeanette nodded, that would be great, master Frank would also like to do it twice like before. They chatted, then Marie left. Frank and Jeanette whispered for a while; she really wanted to know which rascals splashed where on the floor. He grinned tiredly and fell asleep.

Marie was like a different person all day, she smiled to herself. In the evening he whispered to Jeanette that he wasn't going to fuck her, he didn't want to cause her any pain. She should masturbate, it wouldn't cause her any pain. He had told Marie that she didn't need to masturbate before fucking, it was enough if she masturbated while fucking. Marie thought, "maybe we'll try it like this." He called her into Jeanette's bedroom and they fucked twice again, and like yesterday, Marie masturbated while fucking, just like Jeanette. Marie smiled, it didn't sting anymore and the two orgasms were great. Frank asked her about her period, but she looked at him with wide eyes. "Period? The menstrual period? I've never had that before," said Marie, "is that bad?" But he explained to her that that only

meant that she wouldn't have a child from fucking. Marie nodded, she had never thought about having a child, never.

It was a strange arrangement, but at least for him it was satisfactory. He explored the district during the day and brought a few bottles of good wine with him, because Marie never bought wine, only Madame's favorite liqueur. When the table was cleared in the evening, they invited Marie to the table for a glass of liqueur. She said openly that she had done hundreds of handjobs and that she never wanted to fuck again after that strange first time. And the rascals knocked on the kitchen window when they went into the basement to squirt. She was somehow a tolerated spectator; the boys sometimes wanted to see her cunt or she was allowed to rub one and the other and let them squirt. But it was just a harmless game, she knew that. She listened with her mouth open as the Countess discussed some juicy passages in his China book with Frank. Frank had lived in China! He had fucked the Chinese girls! Marie couldn't help but be amazed. Of course, she had already seen Chinese women on the streets of Paris and pranksters had persuaded her that the Chinese women had cross-slits "down there." Frank laughed out loud, what a nonsense! He assured Marie that the Chinese women's bodies were just like hers, that they fucked and masturbated just like us. The only real difference was when it came to pubic hair. Most Chinese women only had a small bush, usually shaped like a candle flame and perhaps two fingers thick.

One day Aubrey brought Virginie, she came in briefly and Frank was introduced to her as her daughter's tutor. The elegant clothes and the careful make-up did not deceive him; you could see that she was the port whore of the nobility. Her worn-out face may have been beautiful at some point, but the alcohol and cocaine had caused significant damage. He said goodbye to her and spoke to Virginie, who was called Ginni.

She had already heard that he was the new tutor. But she didn't need a tutor, they were all stupid. He could agree, the others were probably stupid, but not him, she would soon see that. "Pah!" she cried, "I'll soon know how stupid you are!" She kicked him in the shin and he immediately kicked back. She paused. None had dared

that so far. And this one grinned cheekily. He was about to stick out his tongue, she thought. She took a step back and they both stared at each other in silence. Frank asked if she thought she was stronger than him? She shook her head, “No, you’re much taller than me, that would be unfair!” He smiled. “Okay, I don’t mind. We don’t have to fight to find out who is stronger.” He made it clear that the issue was settled.

Ginni asked what he could teach. He said a whole lot of languages, for example. English, German, Italian, Chinese or Swedish. “Bah!” shouted Ginni, “no one needs all those languages!” He nodded in agreement, “you’re absolutely right, I can also speak Latin, and that’s a dead language. That means no one speaks Latin these days.” He picked up the Grimm book from the table. “Learning German can be really cool,” he said and handed her the open book. She glanced at the daguerreotypes and was taken aback. She continued leafing through the pages, but he decisively took the book from her hand. “The book is in German, but nobody needs German, you said.” He put the book pointedly on the table. She looked at him with big, angry eyes hostilely. “There are probably books like that in French too, ugh!” she exclaimed triumphantly. He nodded. “You don’t even need to be able to read to look at a few dirty pictures. And if you have to shovel manure in a cowshed as a maid, you don’t need to be able to read.” She thought about it. The guy was clever and cunning, that was clear. “But I can read!” she cried defiantly. He nodded slowly “Most noble gentlemen hardly marry a stupid woman who can do nothing but fuck, don’t you think?” She remained silent defiantly. “I’ve never fucked before and I certainly won’t need it later!”

He grinned cheekily. “If you work in a restaurant kitchen and have to peel potatoes for a handful of sous, the chef won’t ask whether you want to fuck or not, he will fuck you anyway and grin cheekily. And especially if you come from a noble family, he hates them! By the way, the maid in the cowshed gets fucked too, whether she wants to or not!” He knew he was teetering on the edge, but perhaps she could be made to think. She didn’t make it easy for him. “If someone like that fucks me, I’ll bite his cock off!” she exclaimed, sitting down on a chair and sulking. He took the book from the table and brought it

into the study. Aubrey had left, before blowing a thoughtless air kiss towards Ginni. Ginni had watched her silently.

Jeanette also sat down and Marie brought tea and lemonade for Ginni. Ginni called after Marie, "Are we going to the cellar then?" Jeanette asked sharply, "What do you want in the basement?" Ginni looked at them cheekily and squeezed from the corner of her mouth, "We rub the guys' cocks and make them squirt on the floor, it's really fun!" Jeanette turned pale and said angrily, "I've already forbidden you from going into the basement a hundred times!" "Pah!" Ginni replied angrily and put her feet on the seat next to her. She leaned her knees left and right on the armrests. Frank saw her pussy, she really wasn't wearing any underwear.

He knew that she was already 16, but she looked more like a lanky 13 year old, no breasts at all, bony and skinny, her pussy really red. Only a delicate fluff didn't fit in with the rest. He looked closely at her pussy, she had started pulling and tugging on her pussy lips. It was a pretty pussy, childlike and virginal. Her labia were red and after a few minutes Ginni started pulling and tugging on her clit.

Jeanette leaned over to him and whispered that the little one was now masturbating, whether they were there or not. He whispered back that it wasn't masturbating! Jeanette shrugged and they chatted quietly about the eventual lessons, but their eyes remained fixated on Ginni's sex. After a while Jeanette asked, "Now what?" Ginni had leaned back all the way and was rubbing her clit between her thumb and forefinger. She masturbated like she normally masturbated the boys' cocks, only her clit wasn't a centimeter long. Her clit was now red and very stiff. She masturbated the way little boys masturbated, holding her clitoris, which was not a centimeter long, between her thumb and indexfinger and rubbing it determinedly back and forth. She smiled with her eyes closed and did so for almost 10 minutes, the longer she masturbated the more her smile distorted until it became a grimace twisted with effort. One last hard rub, then she shuddered and jumped up. She ran into the toilet, left the door open and grunted very loudly.

She came back and stood in front of the two of them. “Well, have you talked enough about everything I have to learn!?” They didn’t answer, Ginni sat on the chair with her legs apart. He looked at her calmly and asked if she would be okay if they could talk about studying tomorrow after breakfast, when class could start. “Pah!” Ginni answered and ran to the dining table, Marie served dinner. They ate peacefully and Ginni went into the children’s room while Jeanette and Frank drank another glass of liqueur. It was difficult how to proceed with Ginni. They went to sleep and he called Marie into Jeanette’s bedroom.

At breakfast Ginni was rubbing her bottom, you could tell that she had something on her mind. He went into the study and set out two chairs and some books. Ginni closed the door behind her and sat down. She waited until he sat across from her. She looked at him sharply, “I saw yesterday that you went into Grandma’s bedroom! You probably fucked her too!”

She didn’t expect him to stay so calm and answer so calmly. “That’s right, I sleep in her bed because it’s more comfortable than the couch. And we fucked long before your mother was born!” It wasn’t what she expected, but she still had a trump card. “I also heard that you called Marie in, and she went in in her nightgown. I only woke up very late when she came back.” He nodded, “Yes, and what do you want to know?” She chewed her bottom lip. “So what did she do with Grandma for so long?” He smiled disarmingly, so much so that she already regretted her question. “That’s easy to answer too, she let herself be fucked, Marie.”

Ginni laughed. “Don’t talk shit, teacher! Let herself be fucked, Marie? I know very well that she won’t let herself be fucked, because she turns down all the boys who want to fuck her. Show off her pussy for a look and bring the boys to squirting, she does that, yes. But fuck? Never!” He was still smiling, “I told you the truth, Ginni, I’m not lying to you.” She didn’t want to admit it. “Well, Grandma can’t have fucked her, she doesn’t have a cock.” She paused, “Does that mean you fucked Marie? And Grandma allowed that!?” She couldn’t believe it. He said, “Marie and I fucked twice in a row and your grandmother didn’t mind! I’m telling the truth, Ginni!”

She had become very small. “And if I ask Marie and Grandma?” He held her gaze and said, “They’ll confirm it to you if they don’t drive you annoying brat to hell!” She ducked because no one talked to her like that. “Grandma always scolds me when I masturbate in front of everyone, saying it’s ugh! But yesterday I did it in front of you two and she didn’t make a peep.” He looked straight at her. “Of course we saw it and it was clear to us that you have no idea how a girl masturbates properly. Correct and properly, mind you.”

Now she became upset, but he stuck with it. Right or not right. There was a lot of talk that he had to prove it to her, otherwise she wouldn’t believe him. He said he would show her, but he demanded that they then peacefully agree on at least 4 subjects that he should teach her. She didn’t think for a second. “Great, the bet is valid!”

He nodded with a smile and said, firstly, she had to go pee. She left and came back. “Good,” he said, “that’s the first point, don’t masturbate with a full bladder. Now, put yourself in my arms like a baby, I have to get my hand close to your clit.” She nodded and lay on his arm. He lifted up her skirt and placed her leg on the table. “And now point two: wet my finger with spit, I have to make your clit really wet.” She licked his finger and he wet her clit, three times in a row. “And now point three: pay close attention to what I do with my finger.”

He masturbated her properly and vigorously. Her legs began to shake and she breathed, “Here we go!” He continued, unfazed by her violent flinch. “It’s done,” she cried anxiously, but he shook his head and continued rubbing her vigorously. Minutes later, her legs twitched involuntarily and the orgasm hit her like a tiger that had bitten into her flesh. Now it was finished.

It took two minutes for her to breathe normally again. “Phew! That was strong!” she exclaimed. “Yes,” he said, “that was your first real orgasm. And maybe now you understand better that you do it in private and not in front of other people, maybe in front of boyfriends and girlfriends.” She sat up. “Can I try it myself now?” she asked and he replied, “Friend?” She nodded, “Friend!”

She sank back onto his arm. He said, “not with a full bladder!” She nodded and shook her head. “Second, get your clit wet!” She nodded, wet a finger and rubbed her clit with lots of saliva. “And here we go!” he commanded. “No, start slowly until the clit is pointy and hot and greedy, then go faster.” She did the same, picking up speed as her legs began to shake. “Don’t stop, keep going!” he ordered. She closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip from the strain. Her orgasm rolled on and she kept her finger racing until she arched and convulsed in orgasm. She opened her eyes and beamed. He waited until she calmed down and had her sit on the chair opposite.

Her eyes flashed and shone. “Okay, you were right, Mr. Frank. Maybe it’s also true that Marie lets you fuck her. Twice in a row.” He smiled, “We’ve been fucking for 10 days, Marie and I. I think she enjoys it, she likes fucking, definitely!”

She nodded. “And are you going to fuck me too?” He waved his hand. “Certainly not today, little miss, that’s going too fast for me! And, besides, we wanted to decide together which four subjects we should start with!” She was pretty disappointed and said she wanted to fuck too if Marie was allowed to fuck. Or Grandma. He said, “Grandma has a hard time fucking, but she always wants to do it again. She usually masturbates when I fuck Marie, masturbating doesn’t hurt her.” She looked at him and wanted to ask more, but he cut her off. “Mathematics, that’s definitely important.”

She grumbled, that’s just arithmetic! He nodded, “Computing is just the tail of the cow, the whole cow is mathematics.” She grumbled, “Okay, first compartment: the cow and its tail.” Frank had to laugh and she joined in.

“And you watch when Grandma masturbates?” Frank nodded in the affirmative and said that geometry and algebra fit mathematics like closest friends or siblings.” “But these two don’t have tails like the cows,” Frank smiled, “They would like to have one too, but they lost theirs while playing wildly!” Ginni smiled, “So Grandma masturbates and lets you both watch!?” Frank waved his hand. “Of course, the three of us are like good friends, Marie also lets us both watch

when she masturbates again after fucking. And finally, Latin or should you prefer Chinese?”

She shook her head, “German, because of the pictures!” Frank smiled. “Firstly, you can always look at the pictures during class, otherwise please don’t, I always want to know where my books are. Secondly, in my opinion, German is not that important. There will be war in the next few years and Germany will lose, England will win. English is the language of the winners, they will look for people in France who can speak English.” She was quick in her thinking, quick in her decisions. “Are you serious about the war?” she asked and he nodded, “Deadly serious! I don’t know if the war will come to France, but Germany one hundred percent!” She looked into his eyes. “English, okay, and the German pictures in class!” Frank nodded, “we have 4 subjects, we’ll start immediately!” She wanted to ask something else. “Frank, can you tell me exactly what fucking is like with Grandma and Marie?” He nodded, okay, and leaned back.

He said he used to fuck her Grandmother a lot before Aubrey was born. She’s old now, she still likes to fuck with him. But with women so old, the vagina shrinks so much that you can’t get two fingers in it, so fucking her hurts a lot, but she still wants it. Ginni interrupted him. She also had a very tight vagina, once a boy was allowed to put his cock through the hole in her hymen and fuck her, but she didn’t think it was that great because in the end he squirted in, the pig! She then put one of her fingers in and it was really tight in there.

Frank nodded and asked if she was interested to hear him fucking Marie? She nodded eagerly and he talked for half an hour about how fucking Marie, who was much younger than her Grandmother, it was completely different. Ginni was hanging on his lips; she had her hand pressed against her pussy. He had to explain some things in more detail because she was really interested. When he was finished, her face was glowing. She wanted to fuck like Marie, right now. Frank shook his head, “We should at least wait a few days until we have learned a lot and become good friends. You shouldn’t just fuck like that, but get to know people before you fuck each other. I always think so, it saves money and a lot of trouble for me.”

Ginni nodded to his surprise, “Yes, that makes sense!” She said she got really horny, could she masturbate again? Frank said, “Yes, of course, you can masturbate in class at any time if you feel like it! But you’d better sit there on the couch and let me watch you, may I?” She nodded and sat on the couch with her legs apart, then pulled her legs up and her skirt too. “Is that how you see everything?” She asked and he nodded. He said it was nice to watch her. She masturbated very well and deeply, she got a big and strong orgasm. He praised her on how well she had learned it. Then they went to dinner; Marie had rung the bell. At dinner Ginni was as silent as a fish, she looked at Jeanette and Marie with new eyes. She kissed them all goodnight on the cheek like a well-behaved child and went to sleep in the nursery.

Jeanette looked into her liqueur glass and sipped with her tongue. She put the glass down and waited until Marie had cleared away and was working in the kitchen. “The child is completely changed, Frank,” she said with a searching sideways glance. “Have you fucked her yet?” Frank smiled. “Dear Jeanette, I’m honored by your question, but no, she’s untouched and I’ll wait another week or so to see if we become such good friends. She was just taken seriously for the first time in her life, that surprised her so much. We have planned a learning load, math, geometry, algebra and English, just to start with. She will learn, I promise you.” Jeanette took a breath. “I’m sorry for my suspicions, but she seemed completely different and I thought, well. I just thought so, that’s how I am.”

Frank asked her about Aubrey’s love life and Jeanette knew a surprising amount about her daughter, she despite everything was quite proud of her. She knew when Aubrey had started masturbating and how addictive it was to her. She knew the boy who had deflowered her and the drama that ended the relationship. Jeanette had taken her to parties, dancings and balls and encouraged her to try out fucking interesting guys, something that Frank himself had recommended to her at the time. He remembered clearly, even though he was driving to a new job days later.

Before Aubrey got married, she fucked her Louis every night for 6 weeks as a test. Jeanette lay next to the two of them in her bed and watched the test fucking very carefully because she could masturbate

while watching it. Jeanette then let Louis fuck her each time while they watched Aubrey masturbate, slowly and absorbedly. Because she always masturbated for a long time, Louis was able to fuck Jeanette really hard twice in a row, he was good at it.

Louis later apparently lost interest and let Aubrey fuck whoever she wanted. Aubrey insisted on only socializing in high-class circles. But she became addicted to pleasure, she kept the lover for a week at most, then she sank her claws into the cock of the next one. She soon rejected handjobs, and later also blowjobs. Fucking was the only vertical thing, soon she had tried everything, all positions, role plays and SM and stuck to fucking the good old French way. She let herself be fucked and only rarely rode when the master was too tired or too old. Alcohol had always played an important role; for the past year she had sometimes taken cocaine, but it didn't bring the promised kick. Jeanette was sure that Aubrey would easily get off the coke; she was more at risk of alcohol. That ruined her in the long run, Jeanette said sadly. "If you want," said Frank, "I can take care of Aubrey too, I can fuck and she seems like good prey to me!" Jeanette elbowed him in the side. "Marie and I aren't enough for you!?" Frank laughed and so they went to bed. Jeanette wanted to be fucked tonight.

Ginni went into the study straight after breakfast and leafed through Grimm's fairy tales with red ears. "Are the girls here all getting fucked?" she asked him as he entered. He said the editors weren't allowed to print anything too hefty, i.e. not all photographs. But the girls were always fucked, and he was there several times when the girls were first photographed and then fucked really hard, by the actor of course, then by the photographer and his assistants or anyone who was present. "You too?" she asked and he, "yes, of course, everyone!" He later helped clear out the pictures. For a while he kept the wildest pictures because they were really hot porn, but later he threw everything away. And yes, the girls were all professionals, whores. Ginni nodded silently, she knew what a whore was.

They started with mathematics and she learned easily and quickly. She kept straddling herself on the couch and masturbating. He watched, it became more and more exciting every time. She learned quickly there too.

Frank fell asleep immediately after fucking Marie. He dreamed of war again. They had moved north from the south of Bavaria, they had attacked, robbed and raped everything. Franz liked the parishes and monasteries best, where there was wine and booze to steal and nuns and novices to rape. He wasn't a thug; he tore the robes off the nuns and novices. Most of them lay down in fear- and fell to the ground in fear and didn't resist being fucked. A novice girl knelt and prayed for a moment and lay down, ready to fuck. "Take my virginity, soldier, in Christ's name!" She screamed briefly when he pierced her hymen, but she masturbated continuously from start to finish. She was so used to it, she whispered with a very shameful expression on her face, she had only ever done it for herself, but had never before fucked. He waited until she had reached orgasm and increased his pace. Her eyes widened in fear, "in Jesus Christ's name!" as he squirted inside. A citizen's woman whom he had laid across the kitchen table, called to her 4 or 5 year old daughter to go out, but the little girl curiously stood next to the mother he was fucking. The little girl took her thumb out of her mouth and asked if it hurt her Mom? He said, panting, but no, yes! The little one looked at her mother's pussy and exclaimed in surprise, "such a big hole!" and kept sucking her thumb excitedly until he finished cumming. "Are you making such a big hole for me now too?" she asked uncertainly and lifted her skirt. Franz ran away in a panic.

He woke up suddenly. He looked at the clock on the wall; he hadn't slept for more than half an hour. Jeanette masturbated as always with her finger slowly circling. She had completely withdrawn into herself and stared fixedly at her inner images. Frank coated his cock with lots of saliva and very carefully penetrated Jeanette's tight pussy. She continued masturbating without seeing him, only a steep wrinkle on her forehead showed that she could still feel him painfully in her tight hole. He fucked her at her pace, her finger rubbing her clit slowly. She usually masturbated in this slow manner for two hours, sometimes for less. He fucked her very slowly until she tensed slightly and increased her pace. He kept up with her pace and she went even faster, heading towards her orgasm. He had to squirt, it couldn't wait any longer. He was still squirting as her orgasm made her tremble slightly, it was always so gentle. She continued to rub herself with a contorted face, prolonging her orgasm by a minute at a

time. The orgasm suddenly stopped and she woke up from her torpor. With a relaxed smile she realized that his cock was in her old, wrinkled cunthole. He hugged her lovingly before they fell asleep.

Frank drove with Ginni to her mother, who was sick in bed with a cold. Ginni led him to her bedroom and immediately closed the door. "She's masturbating, maybe we shouldn't disturb her!" Ginni sat down on the small bench. "I can see it, Frank, you really want to fuck her!" There was nothing left of the cheeky brat, she was a big, grown-up, sad child. He went to Aubrey and lay down next to her. She looked up briefly without stopping her slow masturbation. "You are the new teacher," she said without any surprise as he mounted her. She just nodded as he began to fuck her and she nodded again and again until he squirted. She was still masturbating when he left. He drove home with Ginni. She didn't say a word, she simply took his hand and led him to the taxi. She had a sad look on her face, but she drove him to Aubrey's every morning all week long. "Ah, you're coming to fuck, Master Frank!" Aubrey smiled every morning and let him into her bed. She fucked really well, she was totally committed to it. Now that she wasn't masturbating, she concentrated on fucking and orgasmed very well. They didn't kiss with tongue, they didn't cuddle either. They fucked with great concentration, he kissed her on the cheek as he left. Ginni waited sadly for him on the bench, took his hand and they drove home in silence. Ginni didn't bring up the fact that he was fucking Aubrey. She was his partner in crime. He fucked Aubrey every morning for a week. It was over in one fell swoop, Aubrey was healthy again.

Ginni studied doggedly. He had discovered 5 juicy photos from the photographer in the unfathomable depths of his travel bag and gave them to Ginni. She laughed and looked at the pornographic images. She particularly liked one, the girl was riding him with her back to him, her mouth wide open. Her clit was sticking out way above his cock. "She's having an orgasm!" Ginni shouted enthusiastically and Frank confirmed. Ginni masturbated much more often than usual, Frank watched her with a smile. Gradually the effect of the images wore off.

Ginni wanted to fuck. He didn't let her beg for long, it had been a month and there was a spark between them. She was head over heels in love with him, which was okay in his opinion. They would fuck now, he said, and she threw herself on his neck. He laid her on her back and flipped up her skirt. Her cheeks glowed with excitement, she nodded eagerly, she wanted it, she shouted excitedly. She hugged him tightly as he penetrated. Her hymen tore easily and she kissed him with a long French kiss. They fucked, smiling and happily. Jeanette heard them and poked her head in briefly and then left immediately, smiling.

They fucked whenever they felt like it. He now had a lot to fuck. Jeanette, here and there. Marie, every night, but he spared himself and only fucked the little Parisian once. He visited Aubrey several times a week after breakfast; she enjoyed being fucked with enthusiasm. And Ginni fucked him during the day. He had grown fond of the girl. Even though she was already 19, she still only had childish fuzz on her pussy and still no period. She had grown tall and become a very pretty young woman. He had been in Jeanette's house for 6 years, but Ginni made no move to seriously meet other young men. When he went to Aubrey's, she would sometimes fuck one or two of the little rascals. Frank came into the study where she was fucking and one or two were waiting to appear, slowly rubbing their cocks to keep them stiff. He liked to watch her when she let the little boy's cocks fuck her, she clearly loved the little boys. The boys usually fucked her in turns for two hours and only left when no one could take it anymore. Whenever he talked about getting married or fucking adults, she would hug him lovingly and say, smiling but firmly, that she was his wife and no one else's. Period.

The day the Germans trampled on the French border was a memorable one. Frank was well informed and knew they would invade France very soon, but it still surprised him; he didn't find out until the next day. He had enjoyed fucking Aubrey that morning and came into the study. Ginni, as she had often done before, had gathered five rascals and was just letting the sixth fuck her. He looked at her beautiful face, glowing and radiant with lust. One after the other, Ginni was allowed to fuck, the boys had an inexhaustible supply of squirt

and fucked the horny young woman one after the other until lunch without a period or comma.

In the evening he fucked Marie and slept for an hour. He awoke to find Jeanette masturbating for two hours in complete mental seclusion. Only when she reached the point of climbing the mountain to orgasm did he wet his cock with lots of saliva and penetrated her carefully and considerately. She didn't flinch a bit, they had been fucking like this for years. In this way she felt no pain and really enjoyed being fucked, the last joy of a 75 year old. He fucked her like he always did, her eyes looking through him. She was being fucked right where she was by her 12 year old, the boy fucking her with his big cock and squirting even though she had yet to climb to the top. She saw her 15 year old lover in front of her, plowing and fucking her daily until he was exhausted. Her husband, a really good man, kept looking up from his newspaper when Jeanette and his stepbrother were fucking like idiots next to him in the marital bed. He briefly pushed his brother aside to fuck Jeanette, briefly and not particularly exciting. The boy turned 15 and 16 and buried his cock deep in Jeanette's pussy. The boy had a developmental spurt and fucked Jeanette for hours every day. She picked up the pace, her breathing became very shallow and finally, only a few more steps to the summit. Wanting to stay on top, she kept rubbing quickly, prolonging the brief moment of orgasm, delaying its end for minutes. She hovered over the abyss for a second, then fell down into the black abyss. Frank was already asleep.

He woke up and touched Jeanette, who was lying contorted on the bed in orgasmic ecstasy. She was ice cold, she had been dead for hours.

They gave her a beautiful funeral, a good 150 old women and men, acquaintances and friends from her life, threw white carnations down onto the coffin. Aubrey, Ginni and their men stood until the end, shaking hands. Marie cried nonstop and so did Ginni when she looked at Marie. Jeanette had been a good woman, the best Grandma ever. Ginni was shivering, a warm, soft coat had slipped off her shoulders.

Jeanette had bequeathed her large fortune to Ginni, but they dissolved the household and moved with Marie to Aubrey; she had plenty of space. Frank and Ginni got a large shared bedroom, he visited Aubrey every morning to fuck and had Marie come to them every evening and fuck in the big marital bed. Marie discovered her lesbian inclination and cuddled with Ginni or Aubrey, neither of whom were averse to it. Frank often sat in the cafés during the day and wrote his next book, which was about the life story of a mercenary in the Thirty Years' War. There was so much literature in the university libraries that he was able to mix the novelistic, unvarnished truth of the first-person narrator with historical facts. He had already sent a first, unfinished manuscript to several publishers.

The doors were kicked in early in the morning by rough soldiers' boots and the German field gendarmerie picked up Aubrey and her husband. They didn't hear from them for 10 days, despite frantically asking about them. On the 10th day, a call came from the mortuary. You could pick them both up and bury them. Frank immediately accompanied Ginni to the morgue.

The two were badly beaten up, Ginni confirmed to the pathologist that they were her parents and ran out into the fresh air. Frank uncovered the bodies. Both had been brutally tortured. The fingernails were torn out, the teeth were knocked out, no bones were left intact. Aubrey had definitely been raped, her skinny breasts and genitals riddled with knife wounds. Her husband, whom he had never met during his lifetime, was also horribly damaged.

He sat down next to the pathologist in the cubicle that was his office. The pathologist offered him a cigarette, his first. They smoked in silence. The pathologist shook his head in disgust. "The two were tortured horribly before they were shot in the back of the head. The fucking Germans! They bring them like this every day!" Frank asked if he could see the papers. The pathologist pushed it to him without a word. It wasn't much. He read the gist: "summarily executed, dangerous criminals, resistance." Frank laughed harshly. "Those two, dangerous criminals? The only thing they ever endangered was champagne bottles!" He was silent for a while. "The Germans must be completely crazy. They were harmless Parisians, bon vivants. They

never committed a crime, except perhaps alcohol abuse in noble society. The Germans must have gone completely mad!" He signed the papers for the undertaker, nodded in greeting to the doctor and went out.

Ginni sat on the park bench and they walked home in silence. Paris had become gray and silent since the Germans had gripped the city with a steel fist. No hustle and bustle, no happy singing, no accordion, no children's laughter. An old silent whore on her deathbed.

It had become quiet in the house. Friends, acquaintances, lovers called. Ginni got tired of telling everyone the same story. Frank took over the phone calls, he stood firmly on the ground and had to be strong for Ginni, be there for her. A week later there was the funeral, there were hundreds, maybe thousands. He had organized folding chairs for Ginni and Marie, and for an hour unknown faces passed by, shaking hands and murmuring the same words.

They came home dead tired. Less than 10 minutes later two men knocked. Pat and Patachon, Frank thought, but the Tall and the Short weren't jokes, by God. They put two small boxes on the table, two medals — maybe from the First World War — "Pour le Mérite", for the deserving one. Ginni was completely confused. What does that mean? "They were patriots," said Tall. "Real patriots," echoed the Short. "We were sent to see if the relatives of the patriots were in distress and needed help," said the Short one. "But you don't seem to be needy," said the Tall One. He placed a handwritten business card on the table. Just a phone number and "bene mane" underneath. They nodded to Ginni and Frank, then left like ghosts in the fog.

Ginni remained sitting motionless while Frank brought the ghosts to the gate and exchanged a few words with them. He sat down next to Ginni. "The telephone number leads to the resistance. The inscription is Latin and means "Until tomorrow." It means until a morning when we wake up without Germans. And then this." Frank put a paper on the table that he had stolen from the pathologist, "summarily executed, dangerous criminals, resistance."

Ginni stared at the paper. “What does all this mean, Frank?” He thought. “Your parents obviously led a double life. They were in the Resistance, hence the visit of these jokers. The Resistance takes care of their relatives, that’s decent. And yes, the Germans were thorough, they caught them, tortured them and killed them. That Paper is from the Germans.”

Ginni stared at the paper. “I had no idea, really not. I always thought my parents just lived an easy, lively life. They haven’t said a word the whole time, even though the Germans have been tormenting us for a year. Resistance? Louis? Aubrey? Why Didn’t they say anything!?” Frank stroked her cheek. “They wanted to protect you, little one. This is the only way a resistance fighter can protect his family. The Germans know that. They will never bother you.”

They handled all of Jeanette’s, Louis’ and Aubrey’s estates. Frank found a whole drawer full of love letters and pornographic photos featuring Aubrey. He looked at the pictures and checked her correspondence, but there was nothing Ginni needed to know. He kept the photos and burned the rest in the garden. He showed Ginni the pornographic images, she looked at a few and put them away. “I can’t, she’s my mother!” He took care of the around 500 pictures in his travel bag.

Marie was given a large and bright room. Ginni also gave her a small fortune from the large one she inherited from Jeanette, Louis and Aubrey. Frank looked through Louis’ papers and fought his way through a disorganized jungle of pluses and minuses. In the end, there were three names left that Louis owed money to. Ginni paid off the debt, it wasn’t much.

Day after day Frank sat with Ginni on the terrace or in the garden. She talked for hours about her parents, the Resistance, being patriotic. Frank wasn’t surprised that she hated the Germans, but he was surprised at how serious she was about finding her parents’ traces in the Resistance. No, she wasn’t ready to join the Resistance yet. But she thought about it.

Frank's book was published. The response was divided. Well-known historians pushed it into the mud. The facts themselves were accurate, but the novelistic — No, that was soft porn. But that's exactly what helped the book achieve good sales. The historians didn't bother him, but the royalties were good for him, even though he didn't depend on the money. Ginni had read it and thought it was very good. Her judgment carried weight.

Frank wasn't surprised when Ginni said one day that she had contacted the Resistance. And yes, she was seriously considering joining. He nodded, of course he would accompany her. Louis' estate included several rifles, as his father was a passionate hunter. They took 5 rifles to an arms dealer who was a master of his craft. He whistled through his teeth; they were excellent weapons, each one a magnificent piece. He was happy to advise them; he didn't want to know what they needed the weapons for. "There's plenty of game," he said, "you can buy a hunting license." Frank elicited from him that two Steyr Mannlicher rifles were best; the magazine could easily be expanded from 3 rounds in the standard version to 8 or 10 rounds. The scopes were old and not particularly good, so he would get new ones. He said the special thing was the long barrel, which made it possible to shoot the game from a long distance. The deal was perfect, he would get the three other rifles at a good price and upgrade the two Steys. They will test shoot at the shooting range in four weeks.

Ginni was excellent at the test shooting. Frank was pretty good too, he didn't mind that she hit better. He had the weapon master explain the technical aspects to him and acquired some special tools. He was very satisfied, the rifle scopes came from Italy and were great. He also bought a case for each rifle and a cartridge pouch. The fact that he bought 500 rounds of ammunition for each rifle embarrassed the armorer a little. But Frank paid everything in cash in advance and gave the address. He should deliver everything there in one go.

Ginni went shopping with him for clothes. Rough, strong work clothes like those worn in the country. They went to the Resistance together, the meeting took place in a brothel. There was a heated discussion about how they both wanted to stay together and be used as

snipers. Frank had taken their best target cards with him, the weapons master had signed that they had shot at 250 meters. A resister got up and came back after 10 minutes, the armorer was no stranger and confirmed everything. He would use both of them as snipers.

They became one in trade. They made a generous donation and were assigned to the Northeast section. The day after tomorrow, 4 a.m., here in the brothel.

Ginni filled up the household budget and spoke to Marie at length. She should be responsible for the house and provide everything needed. Then they packed their backpacks, taking nothing unnecessary with them. Frank pocketed a long hunting knife that Louis had left behind. He sewed two leather straps to the rifle cases so that they could be carried under backpacks and both hands were free. They arrived at the brothel on time and climbed into the back of a rickety-looking pickup truck. Explosives and ammunition were hidden among the camouflage's painting supplies. They drove north along winding roads without ever seeing a German.

The commander of the northern sector was a square, beefy man, Jerome. He immediately had a good rapport with Frank; one Mercenary recognized the other. He had a harder time with Ginni. The women who fought in the resistance were rarely as pretty and fragile-looking as she was. But Frank said his wife shot better than some men. Jerome nodded in agreement, Frank was responsible for them both and he would assign one of his best scouts to guide them. The third man's name was Mireille, Miri. She also came from Brittany and Jerome thought highly of her.

Miri only came after two days and the three of them sniffed each other. Miri was a bitter, middle-aged woman, older than Frank. She won over Frank when Miri sat down with them both over a map. She knew every bush in the section, she knew exactly where the Germans had their permanent bases and where the easy-going gentlemen patrolled. She knew which farms were happy to supply her with food for free or cheaply and which ones were avoided like the plague. For them she had nothing but curses and disgrace. Frank noticed that

she was armed only with a long, curved knife. “It looks like a fish knife,” he murmured and Miri replied, “It is a fish knife and good enough.” She pointed to his hunting knife. “Looks very good too, but I find straight blades more difficult to handle than my curved one. Tried both, I say.” This ‘I say’ was one of her favorite words.

Before they found a corner in one of the barns to sleep, Miri asked Ginni if she was Frank’s wife and Ginni nodded. “Sure,” Miri said, “you can fuck however you want, if it gets too much for me, I’ll use my finger. He’s my very best friend.” Ginni was still a bit inhibited and shy around the older woman, so she said that it didn’t bother her or him if she did it herself. Miri laughed loudly, almost vulgarly, “don’t be so tense, dear, I’m just biting Germans and won’t take Frank away from you for now. For now.” She laughed again and Ginni laughed with her. “No problem, dear Miri, the last person who tried this is rotting in a Parisian sewer!” She laughed shrilly at how cheeky she was showing off.

“We killed four Germans silently on the last crawl,” said Miri with a smile, “I’m still as horny as a fisherman’s wife after killing them.” Ginni had told Frank they couldn’t fuck today because of the calendar. They lay tightly wrapped around each other and warmed each other. Miri snuggled up to Frank from the other side, but it was clear that she couldn’t or didn’t want to keep her fingers to herself. In any case, Frank felt Miri’s fingers crawl under his waistband and rub his cock for long minutes. He grinned crookedly, operating with this woman in enemy territory will be a real challenge. Miri turned on her other side and he heard her masturbating loudly. He grabbed Ginni tighter and fell asleep.

Miri had been up for a long time and had already discussed the next prank with Jerome. She was the leader of the group of three, she made that clear. Frank remained stoic and reserved, while Ginni had a hot temper and pouted. Frank whispered to her to accept it. If Miri did something stupid, he would take over. Ginni immediately calmed down.

The plan was to sneak up to a farm in the afternoon and evening, buy three backpacks full of food and come back at night unseen. Miri

was supposed to find out whether the new ones were any good. Frank nodded, that was okay. Even if no direct action was planned, they readied their rifles and then marched off. Miri in front, Ginni second and Frank behind, he should also protect the back.

They got to the farm completely silently, Miri paid a fair price and they packed their groceries into the top of their three backpacks, the farmer's wife packed something on top for them that they hadn't paid for. They drank a cup of hot coffee standing up and set off, carrying the snack in their hands. On the way back they had to take cover and hold their breath until the 4 Germans passed by, just a few meters away. They arrived at the command center at sunrise. Miri went to Jerome to report after Frank told her he was going with Ginni to the river behind a barn to bathe; they hadn't taken off their clothes for three days.

They were bathing and Ginni brought it up. Miri had grabbed his cock, then masturbated loudly. He nodded, yes, the woman is as vulgar as a fisherwoman, but she is an excellent scout, you have to give her that. "And as for my cock, let her have the pleasure. I feel sorry for her because she doesn't seem to have a lover, poor thing. I'd much rather have one like that than a mustachioed sergeant leading us to our deaths!" Ginni laughed with relief. "It leaves me cold when she paws at your cock to get excited! I'm yours and you're mine, she should stick to that, I'm not asking for anything more. And you, just let her do it to you, your poor cock is currently very neglected!"

They slept until noon, Miri too. They strengthened themselves with a hearty lunch and gradually got over the sore muscles, they were out all night. He and Ginni went to the creek again to wash their underwear, which they didn't have much of. There was a two-hour meeting where Jerome briefed his lieutenants on the developments of the last day. There were few changes, but Jerome suspected that the Germans were either moving up a house or getting reinforcements.

After nightfall, the three of them lay down in the barn again, away from the others. Frank kept Ginni warm and she kept him warm. Miri warmed herself again on Frank's bottom. The two weren't fuck-

ing again, so it was her turn. Of course she waited until Ginni fell asleep. Extremely carefully, she unbuttoned Frank's pants and he turned to her. She took his cock out and stuffed it into her pussyhole, she fucked him quickly and made him squirt inside. He took her hand, pressed it upon his cock and she had to masturbate him again with her fist. She did hesitantly although it took a long time, but that was the only way he could calm Ginni down. She turned around and masturbated excitedly, not the least bit quietly. Frank had found out that Miri was only 33 and had already fucked the entire company in the last two years. "She has her eye on you, Frank," Jerome whispered, grinning. "We've all fucked her, and you're the new one."

He now went swimming in the creek with Ginni every morning, sometimes some people stared at the bank, because Ginni was a damn pretty treat. She lay down in the shallow water and showed her pussy to the masturbating boys and laughed quietly when one of them stood up to splash into the water. They were quiet, peaceful days, and that night Miri secretly unbuttoned his pants, stuffed his cock into her fuck hole and secretly fucked him until he squirted inside. She then had to masturbate him with her fist against her will, the only way to calm Ginni down. Then she turned around and masturbated quite loudly.

He had always pulled back forcefully when Miri stuck his cock deep into her pussyhole and secretly fucked him for minutes squirting inside, but that wasn't possible now. He knew that Ginni was wide awake and watching everything. She couldn't stand it now, he could clearly feel that. After squirting, he took Miri's hand on his cock and she had to masturbate him with her fist again, although it took a long time, but he wanted to calm Ginni down. Miri masturbated every night while panting quite carelessly loud, Ginni also masturbated, but quietly and completely inaudibly.

A few days later an order came. The Germans had not received any reinforcements, but rather a few officers who might have carried out an inspection. Three dozen resistance fighters hid within about 500 meters of the fortified base and sent a courier every hour. Jerome's mission was clear, to eliminate as many of these bigwigs as possible. Frank and Ginni nodded, shouldered their rifles and packed

a pile of bullets in their pockets in case a fight broke out. They followed Miri, the Germans were less than an hour and a half away. Frank whispered quietly to Miri. He wanted to climb a tree and shoot from high above. Miri nodded and led them and a handful of men to the grove. The men hid under the trees, he chose two trees. Ginni didn't climb as well as he did, he helped her up as far as she could get. He quickly climbed up the other tree, as high as he could. Ginni was about 4 meters high, he was at least 9. The German goal was a good 400 meters away. They waited. As the courier had said, the officers returned from their exit in three limousines. Frank counted 16 officers and three drivers. They stopped in front of the gate.

Frank nodded to Ginni and they started firing. Every shot had to be right. The officers fell forward and Ginni shot the last car to pieces; it exploded and set the other one on fire. Frank had a good view from above and aimed at those who had almost reached the saving gate. He aimed only at the glittering gold heads and let the drivers get away. The third driver ran through the gate in his uniform on fire. At least 4 officers had reached the gate, maybe 5.

Some Germans came out of the gate and fired their machine guns empty. They shot everywhere except the grove. They had no idea where the shots were coming from and quickly disappeared behind the gate, which immediately closed. Frank waved to Ginni, get down immediately!, then he quickly got off. Ginni had torn a hole in her pants during the hasty descent, but otherwise everything was okay. They ran after Miri with the men until they reached the others and they all ran for another quarter of an hour until they were safe. An hour later they arrived at the command center and Miri immediately went to Jerome to report.

Frank sewed Ginni's pants. He had more practice at it and they chatted. He praised Ginni for shooting at the gas tank, he had never thought of it, he didn't know automobiles well, he had only ever been driven in them. She said she only caught one or two officers; the others immediately ducked. She was angry because she no longer had a target and fired blindly at the car; the hit in the tank was really just a coincidence.

Jerome came into their barn and clicked his tongue. Ginni, who was naked underneath, was really a goddamn pretty child, he said under his breath. He wanted to know how many they had caught. Frank looked up from his sewing kit. He had counted 16 officers and 3 drivers. One car had exploded and a second was at least half burned out. Four officers and two drivers were able to save themselves, the third driver burned like a torch. None of our men were injured, even though the Germans were shooting like crazy. Jerome nodded, that was a very successful action.

He looked at Ginni's pussy again and said with a chuckle, Miri is a great scout, she just couldn't count. He asked if they wanted a cognac, but they politely declined. "The other 30 men should have a drink, they covered us exemplary, they are well trained," said Frank. Jerome walked away satisfied and Frank called after him to watch the Germans and see what they were doing.

The couriers reported that there was nothing to report from outside, they had just pushed the two broken cars out into the field and cleared the road. Frank and Ginni cleaned the rifles as the armorer had shown them. They lazed around for three days, Miri took out his cock every night, let him squirt secretly inside her fuckole and then had to masturbate him with her fist, afterwards masturbated her own way. They went swimming in the creek every morning and Ginni paraded her pussy in front of a dozen masturbating guys.

Ginni whispered the next evening that they could fuck now. He hugged her lovingly and they fucked quietly. Miri heard them of course, she smuggled her hand onto Ginni's pussy and felt the fucking. She sensed that he was about to cum and quickly masturbated Ginni's clit. Ginni soon came to a very strong orgasm and Miri withdrew her hand. Frank was already in the final and splashed in. Miri whispered quietly, that's how it has to be, absolutely! and masturbated loudly like always. Ginni breathed into Frank's ear when Miri fell asleep about how strange this woman was! But it's okay for her. He nodded and kissed her gently, then they fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

The next day, sneaking around to buy groceries. On the way back, early in the evening, Ginni stepped out to shit in the tall grass. A patrol of Germans came around the corner, 6 men. 2 just went to the tall grass in the same place to piss. In the instant, they stared at Ginni, who felt discovered and stood up naked. The two soldiers stared at Ginni's naked pussy and she ended her life, where the hell were the other two!? Four soldiers fell like sacks of potatoes; Frank killed the first with a stab in the kidney and cut the second's throat all the way to the spine. He went behind the third man, grabbed his chin and cut his throat. From the corner of his eye, he saw Miri elegantly sever her throat with a quick stroke. They looked at each other and Miri said approvingly, "You're good with a knife, Frank!" He walked up to Ginni and hugged her. She was shaking like a leaf.

Miri was waiting on the way. She had 6 submachine guns and weapon belts with bayonets and reserve magazines slung around her left and right and shared the load. They trudged into the command center in silence. Jerome nodded approvingly when he saw the 6 submachine guns. After breakfast they went into the creek to swim. Frank looked at Miri's naked body; she looked okay without her rags. They splashed happily in the water and splashed each other, the tension from last night melting away.

Frank and Ginni fucked that night. Miri masturbated Ginni and pulled Frank on top of her immediately after Ginni's orgasm. He was hesitant at first, but he fucked Miri with pleasure. She wasn't as tight as Ginni and masturbated constantly while fucking. He waited patiently until she finished masturbating, then pulled out his cock. Ginni said angrily as she stood up, "You're playing with your life, Miri! You'll end up in a Parisian sewer!" Miri was quite upset and mumbled a half-hearted apology. Ginni hissed that she should at least wait until Frank had finished fucking her! Miri nodded. And she stuck to it. She masturbated Ginni to orgasm that night and waited patiently until Frank had finished squirting. She gave him a few minutes to recover and took his cock in her mouth. Then she let herself be fucked while masturbating for a very long time. They never talked about it, but that was fine with them all.

Jerome finally had the phone installed. A farmer from the area said that a convoy of 8 personnel carriers was on the way, probably to the German base. Miri, Frank, Ginni and about 25 men immediately ran. They were in position an hour ahead of the convoy. Miri ordered the men into strategic positions. Frank and Ginni looked for favorable positions; they wanted to set the gas tanks on fire, that seemed to be the most effective.

The convoy arrived an hour later and stopped in front of the gate. Frank and Ginni fired at the gas tanks, two of which immediately caught fire. The crews jumped from the trucks in panic and Miri's men covered them with continuous fire. The gate was thrown open and the Germans took refuge inside. A total of 3 trucks burned, it would take time to clear the road again. The resistance fighters quickly retreated and ran for a kilometer. At the command center, Miri reported that they had only killed a few Germans and that three trucks had been destroyed. Nevertheless, a successful operation, the Germans were at least irritated.

The next month was very quiet, they went four times to buy groceries. The farms that had initially done good business with the Germans, but became patriotic again, as the Germans hardly paid any more and instead requisitioned. The resistance at least paid moderately, so it was better than nothing. But the resistance was fighting an angry giant. Anyone who was caught was shot immediately. A group of 12 men ran into a trap and were wiped out down to the last man. This weighed on the resistance fighters for weeks; the dominance of the Germans was felt.

Frank learned more about Miri. She grew up in a fishing village near St. Malo, her father and two older brothers went out on the English Channel every day and they got by in poor conditions. When she was 13, her mother suffered a stroke and quickly sank into dementia. She washed her mother from head to toe once a week. The sick woman tugged and pulled on her clit and Miri patiently masturbated her. The mother grinned really dirty, but she forgot about it after a minute. Miri lay with her father, who fucked her every night after sunset, and after him she fucked her two brothers. This was nothing unusual and for Miri it was completely normal. When the three of

them were at sea, she occasionally fucked the very young and underage boys in the village; she was crazy about little boys' cocks. These weren't love affairs, that was just fucking.

Cannon shots shattered the morning silence. Miri and the 12-year-old she had been fucking since sunrise in a dilapidated boathouse were startled. German ships lay in front of the village and tested their new guns. House after house exploded on impact, the gunners adjusted their toys and destroyed house after house. The next day they shot the next village to the ground. Miri searched in vain for her mother in the crater where her house used to stand. She sat on the beach and waited for her father and brothers. But they didn't come anymore, they had definitely been sunk by the Germans.

Jerome, her neighbor, found no trace of his young wife and three children in the remains of his house when he returned home from the sea. Screaming and cursing, he dug a deep hole to bury the few scraps of flesh that remained from the laughing crowd of children. When he had dug up the grave again, Miri stood next to him, took his hand and prayed with him, crying. Jerome raised his fist to the sky and swore to kill all Germans.

He headed east, where the Resistance was supposedly located, east of Reims. A dozen angry fishermen followed him as he set off with Miri by the hand. They walked 400 kilometers. Jerome stopped four and five times a day to fuck Miri after snack. They were soon followed by 40, 50, 100 men. They sat in a circle around the two of them as they fucked. It always made Miri very horny when the men pulled out their cocks, rubbed them and squirted upon her naked body. When Jerome was done fucking, she would smile and grin and let everyone cum in her hole. It annoyed her when a few couldn't find a place and splashed onto the forest floor.

After 4 weeks they arrived in the northeastern section, where about 30 men held the position. Jerome brought around 200 angry men with him, and the headquarters in Reims sent them weapons and ammunition. Nobody had elected him, but Jerome was the boss, the born leader. Miri had proven along the way that she was the best scout and remained his right hand. Jerome appointed 10 men as

group leaders who had to get their people under control. Jerome didn't hesitate for long, anyone who was stupid got his fist in the mouth. Anyone who was completely stupid got a beating with a piece of timber and remembered it for a week. He led traitors and German prisoners into the forest and shot them.

After a short time his troops were in line, Reims sent them here and there to attack the hated Germans. Jerome sent out couriers and spies and attacked the Germans wherever he could. Miri stayed with him for the first year, but he became too boring for her. She fucked her way through the ranks of the resistance fighters and remained Jerome's best scout. She always let him fuck her when he needed it.

Ginni and Miri fucked Frank and he subconsciously knew that two different women made him more rounded than just one. He was emotionally connected to Ginni like no other woman before. He was very pleased with how well Ginni learned the craft of war. And she became very self-confident and mature, no question about it. Miri no longer was to her a competitor, but an additional and different pussyhole he really needed to fuck. Miri remained that, the second woman to fuck, but she didn't come close to Frank. Miri clung to Jerome with childlike love and was very happy when he called her to fuck.

Reims called. A detachment of Germans was advancing towards the unruly town; they had set up a base in a village outside the town. An attack was expected at any time. Jerome sent 120 men, they had borrowed some trucks and reached the villages outside Reims after 4 hours. Miri met with some resistance people outside the city and the procedure was discussed. The Reimsers had enough food and were able to take care of them. However unlikely it may seem, Miri hid all 120 men in the woods outside the village. Some of the men could hear the clattering of eating utensils because they were so close.

Frank and Ginni set up temporary high stands 350 meters next to the road at a height of 5 to 6 meters. They had to wait three days, watched the Germans through the rifle scope and were supplied with food by a courier. They were only a few meters apart and took turns sleeping. Frank told Ginni on the third day, "Something's happen-

ing!” He whistled softly and instructed a runner who immediately ran to Miri. She had wisely left 3 couriers at different distances who could immediately come and get Jerome by bike if the phone didn’t work.

The Germans marched in ranks towards Reims, the wagons with the guns followed the orderly procession. They had discussed that Frank should fire the first shot, Ginni should search the platoon from front to back for officers and kill them, then the platoon. Frank waited until the last gun truck was on the road and killed its driver. The way back was blocked. He killed first the drivers and then every officer from back to front. The Germans had no cover other than the gun trucks. Ginni precisely killed one officer after another until none remained. Miri’s men advanced on the platoon from all sides, aiming precisely because there was no ammunition to waste. The shooting lasted over two hours, and the Germans fought back bravely. Then they were all dead or incapacitated. The resistance fighters walked down the street and shot the wounded. After half an hour, Frank ran out of ammunition and observed the scene through the rifle scope. Ginni continued shooting for a while, even then she was dry. Frank had warned her to keep the last 5 shots as a reserve. He put a sixth cartridge in his pocket, just in case.

Miri and two others walked the battlefield. 300 soldiers, 8 drivers and 22 officers. 12 resistance fighters were dead and around 25 injured. She immediately sent a bicycle courier to Reims. He arrived an hour later with a food convoy. There was enough food and good wine, then Miri shouted loudly that they were leaving at 3 a.m., two villages back where their trucks were. By midday they were back at their command center and she reported to Jerome. The wounded had been taken to Reims; those who could would come back.

Ginni had called Marie every month and everything was fine. That was a great relief, because if the Germans had known that they had joined the resistance, they would have raided and looted the house long ago.

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The Eternal Life

by Jack Faber © 2024

Magdeburg, May 23, 1631. — 16-year-old Anna Kornmesser lay naked on the large marriage bed and gently caressed her body. Four days ago she was married to the 50-year-old city councilor Kornmesser. From outside you could hear the distant thunder of guns in the small chapel. The councilor was a brilliant match and her father insisted, war or not, that he quickly get his virgin Anna under the hood. The wedding party had been postponed until “after the war” and after the ceremony the councilman gave his young wife a hearty kiss and whispered in her ear that he urgently had to get back to the council, but he would be home in time for his wedding night! He winked mischievously because they had never fucked before and she was determined to remain a virgin until her wedding night. She had shyly and shamefully given the magnificent groom handjobs with her fist, she had spread her labia with her fingers. and let him squirt on her pussy from the outside. He laughed happily when he had squirted on her pussy, he laughed and kissed her on the mouth, “You’ll like the fucking, my little Anni!”

She had been waiting for 3 days, had only eaten and drunk briefly and was waiting for her groom, naked and expectant, on the marriage bed. All she dared to do was tease her body with caresses until her pussy was hot as the stove. She caressed her clit very carefully because it threatened to explode at any moment which she didn’t dare at first, but she did it almost nonstop for three days because it was so exciting. She spread her legs and they shook as she caressed her clit. She felt her way to the point where she felt exactly that the explosion, Elsbeth’s orgasm, was only a second away. Once she stopped too late and her clit exploded like Elsbeth’s. She repeated it constantly now, for three days. She was startled every time the clit winced, twitched and throbbed. She paused for just a few minutes and then did it again until the next wincing, twitching and throbbing of the clit, full three days long. She had watched her friends fuck and was really looking happily forward to fucking.

She had noticed very early on that all her friends sometimes stimulated their clit, played with it, and then rubbed it furiously to explosion. Elsbeth demonstrated it a few times and let Anna watch. Anna placed her face directly in front of Elsbeth's vulva and saw it very closely, but she simply didn't understand the process, even though she tried it at home. Elsbeth had stopped after she had an orgasm like when she was having sex with Lothar. Anna had tried it once, at night, and she had done it exactly like Elsbeth. But when her clitoris began to throb, tremble, and throb, she stopped in fright. She had become afraid because it was completely different for Elsbeth. Since then, however, she had tried it again and again and eventually could do it just as well as Elsbeth.

She had often accompanied all her friends to the woods for sex, acting as their "chaperone." Erika, Miriam, Ruth, Elsbeth, Doris. The girls lay down on the soft forest floor and hiked up their skirts. The boyfriend unbuttoned his pants and took out his penis, rubbing it with a grin until it was hard. But first, all the guys had to ejaculate their initial, full load into the girls' mouths or throats, because such a full load could cause pregnancy, but the girls swallowed the semen with pleasure. Anna held Elsbeth's skirt and laid her face on Elsbeth's inner thigh so she could see it clearly and up close. Usually, Elsbeth guided the penis into position, sometimes he did. Anna wanted to see it from the very beginning: the penis penetrating deep into the cunt, then pumping and thrusting in and out for quite a while, a long, very long time. Elsbeth rubbed her clitoris while being fucked and had an orgasm very early on, and then another, and another, and it looked incredibly exciting. None of the others had an orgasm, or at most, almost. Her boyfriend paused, and Elsbeth spread her cunt wide open with her fingers so Anna could see exactly how he spurted his pre-cum from the opening in his glans in broad jets into Elsbeth's cunt. Anna looked up at him appreciatively, and then he thrust further, pumping in the rest, shot after shot, grinning—Anna held her breath because it looked very exciting when he shot, shot after shot, into Elsbeth's cunt with a broad grin. Then it was over. Elsbeth was the only one who let Anna see the proper way to ejaculate inside her, clearly and precisely. The others just lay twitching, trembling, or bored beneath their fiancés, being inseminated silently and secretly, mostly without even noticing. Doris was the only one who

complained loudly. She turned to Anna. “He came way too fast again, the idiot!” She kissed Anna like a lover, with her tongue, which Anna liked very much because it made her pussy hot and throbbing. Doris wiggled her hand under her skirt for a long time until she was trembling and twitching; then she stopped the tongue kiss and the wiggling. Anna wasn’t surprised, because Doris was just rubbing her clitoris, just like she did every night to fall asleep. “Phew, that would have been right!” Doris gasped softly, and then she was completely peaceful and no longer annoyed.

She had observed that all of her girlfriends sometimes teased or played with their clits. Elsbeth did it often and let Anna watch it. Anna put her face right in front of Elsbeth’s pussy and saw it up close, but she just didn’t understand the process, even though she tried it at home. Elsbeth had stopped after she had an orgasm like when she was fucking Lothar. Anna had only tried it once, at night; she had done it just like Elsbeth. But when her clit began to rage, tremble and throb, she stopped in shock. She was afraid because Elsbeth’s situation was completely different. She had never tried it again since.

Anna touched her clit softly even though it threatened to explode and pressed it down firmly. That was the right order, first marriage, then fucking and the party after the war. She had already married, now it was time to fuck and then the war had to stop. Anna was incredibly happy and quickly triggered an orgasm.

Rough boots could be heard on the stairs. The door opened and a man entered, but it wasn’t Kornmesser. He took off his broad hat. “Yeah, who do we have here?” exclaimed Franz Herrnthaler. She continued rubbing her clit completely unashamedly — because she never hid her jerking-off when someone entered her room — and said, “Please don’t kill me, noble sir! I am Anna and I am waiting for my newlywed husband for the wedding night. We want to fuck for the first time.” Anna covered her other hand with one, which continued diligently rubbing her clit fast even though a stranger had entered. She couldn’t simply stop wanking now; she never stopped when Mom, Dad, or Grandpa came into her room. Franz threw his boots into the corner after his hat. He took off his doublet, shirt,

weapons belt and trousers. His cock stood horny and cheekily horizontally. Anna, surprised, placed a hand over her lips while continuing to jerk off her clit firmly with the other hand: "Oh Holy Mother of God, you have a tremendous cock like a stallion, kind sir!" Franz grinned impudently: "Well, we'll take care of the fucking right away, dear Anna, make room for me!" She moved aside and he lay down next to her.

"My husband should do the first fucking for me," the stupid girl said very uncertainly, "don't you think!?"

"Oh, come on," cried Franz, "now I'm here and I can take care of fucking you just fine, dear Anna!" She nodded, "I've been waiting for him for three days already. I've only been stroking my clit a little for three days, but he hasn't come!" He smiled; she was obviously not very clever, but she wasn't afraid at all and continued masturbating unashamedly, having small, gentle orgasms, only to continue masturbating immediately. "What's your name?" she asked, "... — and shouldn't I rub your stiff cock with my fist instead?!" He replied, "I'm Franz, and I've come to fuck you!" Anna nodded obediently, ".. .. so, not let you cum in my mouth with my fist?! I'm quite good at rubbing it with my fist and making him cum, really! I've done it to my friends and my girlfriends' fiancés time and time again after they'd finished fucking my girlfriends, Mr. Franz. They were so pleased with my skillful fisting assistance that they often asked me to do it for them, quite secretly of course, when their own fiancées were not present." He shook his head in refusal, and she nodded; so he didn't want to use his fist like the councilman. "My dear child, lie on your back, I'll take care of the fucking!"

Anna resisted, but only a little. "I've been told that my first time fucking has to be done by my husband, the councilman. I kept my hymen for him, after all, because that's the proper thing to do!" Franz smiled. "Anna, my dear child, think logically. The wedding night belongs to the newlywed husband, the first night to be precise. And you've been waiting for three days and three nights already, and you've rubbed your clitoris raw with desire for fucking." Anna nodded eagerly. "Yes, Mr. Franz, that's true. I'm really sore from wanking my poor clit so much, because normally I only do it once at night

to fall asleep quickly. But I've been longing so much for my councilman to finally come and have sex with me, so I couldn't do anything but jerk-off my clit again and again — wasn't that right, Mr. Franz?" Franz chuckled and kissed Anna's hairline. "No, that was certainly the right thing to do, if your husband just won't come and have sex. You've never even had sex, have you?" Anna turned bright red.

"Yes, Mr. Franz, my friends and my girlfriends' fiancés were always allowed to fuck me and cum inside my cunthole, but only in the entrance of my cunthole. I asked everyone not to tear my hymen apart; that was for my husband to do when I got married. And they were all good and didn't tear my hymen — Or maybe just a little bit, when Lothar was angry because Elsbeth hadn't come and he wouldn't even ejaculate beforehand in my mouth, but instead shot his full load into my pussy three times in a row, which tore it a little on the side because he was doing it so roughly. I wanked my clit just like Elsbeth did during sex and exploded three times in his arms while my girlfriends watched breathlessly. And of course, my father is allowed to fuck me when Mom says "the blinds are down". She's always green with envy because Dad's penis isn't very thick, much smaller than those of my friends' fiancées, and fits perfectly next to my slightly torn hymen in my pussy, so it never tears it. We do it every Sunday when they come home from the pub. First I watch as Dad fucks Mom, and then of course Daddy fucks me too. She doesn't seem to like that Dad and I have so much unchaste and filthy-piggish fun together every Sunday — and of course every afternoon when Dad feels like fucking. We always do it in front of Mom because Dad likes to annoy her so much. 'You are fucking like 'dirty pigs', Mom comments annoyed."

Franz let his hand slide gently from the top of her head to her inner thighs. "Well, I want to be your husband now, three nights after our wedding night. After the wedding night, any young woman can fuck with whomever she wants, with her boyfriends or her friends' fiancés, and of course, her beloved Daddy too. And they can all ejaculate inside you to give you a child. You understand that, don't you? Ejaculating inside is how you give a girl a child, you must know, but only if the Lord wills it and allows it." Anna shook her head. "No, I didn't know that. I always thought it was supposed to be my husband

who gives me a child. But you seem like an honest man, Mr. Franz; you wouldn't lie to me, would you? And now I understand why my girlfriends quickly pulled their fiancés' cocks out before they came and squirted it into her mouth with their fists, but not always. Of course, no unmarried girl wants having a child." Anna looked up at him innocently. "Did I do something wrong, letting all my friends, my friends' fiancés, — and even my Daddy just ejaculate inside me? I didn't know that's how babies are made, honestly. Because most of them sneaked their cocks past my torn hymen just before ejaculating and then, grunting sweetly and lovingly, ejaculated inside me. Of course, my girlfriends didn't like it very much when they had to sit idly by and let me be fucked by their fiancés, because we always did it, despite everything — and of course with all the fiancés, of course all five of them fucked me one after the other — one immediately after the other, of course. — I always thought that was the right thing to do." Anna couldn't hold back her tears any longer. Franz stroked her back and bottom soothingly. "Not every time when a man ejaculates inside you does he give you a baby. That's why husbands and wives have to fuck diligently every night until they're exhausted if they want to have a child — of course, making babies is a bit of a gamble. And you need God's blessing and approval, otherwise it'll never work."

She had a clear memory of her friends lying down to fuck, so she lay on her back and bent her legs up. "Is that okay with you, Mr. Franz?" She whispered, a lump in her throat from excitement. She had gotten married first and now it was time to fuck, the wedding night had been a long time ago. Three nights, actually. The councilman had unfortunately missed the wedding night and now, thank God, Mr. Franz was here to give her her first real fucking, and he seemed to really want to do it. "And do you want to make a child for me, Mr. Franz, or should I take out your cock to cum and let you cum in my mouth like my girlfriends sometimes do?"

Franz knelt in front of her pussy and positioned his hard-on. "It stings a little the first time," he said quietly and she nodded eagerly, "... you'll have to pierce my hymen, I know!" she breathed with her eyes closed. Franz grabbed her hips and thrust forcefully. She squealed briefly, then smiled. "Now you have to thrust for a long time

and cum inside at the end, I've done it many times! But although all my best friends' fiancés and even my dear father always gladly and completely squirted their entire load of mucus into my pussyhole, the Lord God did not give me a child." He paused for a moment, then began to fuck her. He actually fucked her for a long time, she quickly became aroused and orgasmed very quickly. She reared up and collapsed, unconscious. He had already fucked an unconscious novice, so he lifted Anna a little and fucked very quickly and squirted in thick jets into the unconscious girl's cunthole. She woke up after 2 minutes and looked around confused. Franz grumbled that everything was fine.

Franz was resting, she was excited, she wanted to do something. He grumbled for her to masturbate. Anna looked at him blankly. "Have you never rubbed your clit before?" he asked with suspicion. Anna shook her head. "But of course, every night before I go to sleep, Mr. Franz. And why should I wank my clit now, Mr. Franz?" He grumbled because he liked watching it so much, and she understood that straight away. "How long should I do it?" she asked after a while of pleasant rubbing. "Until it explodes like a cannon," he said, "or until you faint!" He didn't know if a girl could faint while jerking off herself. Anna continued with a smile, "that's great!" she called out from time to time, looking him steadily in the eyes. "I don't know how you feel about it, Mr. Franz. My mom always says when she sees me doing it that it's a sin, a moderately serious sin. Do you think that too?" Franz shook his head. "The whole sin thing is nonsense, even if your mom says so." Anna looked at him gratefully. "Mom does this sin every morning too in secret, after Dad has left and she thinks she's unobserved. All talk and no action! My grandpa showed me how to do it myself with my finger and my clit, and ever since, I do it every night to fall asleep better, Mr. Franz. Grandpa always loves watching me do it in front of him, and I like it too; only Mom scolds us both calling us "shameless pigs". But Mom sometimes does it with the neighbor's wife too; they grunt and smack their lips like pigs, licking each other's vulvas and making each other explode. Elsbeth says Mom's a sow herself because she engages in piggish tribadism with the neighbor. I believe Elsbeth, because she knows everything about sex.

And now it feels very good, Mr. Franz, it's just like I always do it at night. But the fucking is much more intense," she gasped and he warned her to definitely keep going. Her eyes grew larger and larger and she cried, "Oh!" and her whole body twitched in orgasm like Elsbeth's, surging like a wave and then it was over. She was still staring into his eyes. "That was a very surprising explosion, Mr. Franz!" she exclaimed, "very surprising indeed!"

Tears streamed down Anna's cheeks. "Councillor Kornmesser only has himself to blame for not receiving my virginity as a wedding night gift. And I am eternally indebted to you, Herr Franz Herrnthaler from Tyrol, for stepping in for him. For tearing my hymen so gently and tenderly as no one else could. For fucking me so skillfully to such powerful orgasms that I even briefly lost consciousness in a moment of supreme, holy ecstasy. And for so selflessly ejaculating your precious seed into my cunthole, because, to my delight, you wanted to give me a child. And I also thank you for your honest answers regarding my jerking-off; that it is not a sin and that I may gladly continue to do it in front of Grandfather in the future without feeling guilty or like a 'shameless pig.' I was particularly pleased by your reminder that I am now a grown woman and may confidently mate with anyone, and that my lovers are welcome to ejaculate inside me, whether for pleasure or to make me a child. — Herr Franz, I will be grateful to you for all of this until my dying breath!" Anna took his face in both hands and gave him a deep, so honest, and so graceful French kiss that Franz felt dizzy. His cock swelled to bursting with the intensity of the kiss. "You're making me blush, Anna Kornmesser!" he smiled.

His cock was ready again. "Come on, Anna, let's fuck again!" and she smiled as she got into position. He fucked her hard, because the second time it lasted much longer. She nimbly climbed back up to the platform, clinging to him in her orgasm, and collapsed lifeless like a doll. He held her tight and kept fucking her. She woke up and immediately realized that Franz was fucking her hard. She was tired and completely exhausted, and stared in amazement into his eyes as he ejaculated inside her.

They then fucked twice more, she cheering and yelling with delight as her orgasm exploded, fainting each time. She awoke when it was already over. He left his cock inside her for a long time and only pulled it out when it had become completely soft. She bent down, took his penis in her mouth, and licked it clean.

They didn't speak; there was really nothing to say. He quickly dressed and turned in the doorway. "Thank you, Anna!" and she replied, "Thank you too, Herr Franz!" She kissed his hand and murmured, "Thank you for not killing me, dearest Herr Franz!" and then he left. She stood naked behind the window curtain. There he walked, right across the cathedral square, a tall, broad-shouldered warrior, a powerfully built loinstrong hero, with the dick of a breeding stallion.

Anna pressed her hand to her stomach. She was pregnant; she knew that suddenly. She didn't yet know that she was already a widow. Tilly's gang of murderers had massacred the entire councilmen on her wedding day.

Franz stopped, faltering, in the cathedral square, for a bright, blinding light from the sky struck him, him alone. It was like a tremendous blow to his head. He staggered and fell to his knees. Anna had clapped a hand over her mouth; for heaven's sake, what had happened? He knelt hunched over on the granite slabs, leaning on his sword with one hand. The light had long since gone out when he staggered to his feet. He picked up his broad-brimmed hat and absentmindedly put it on. He continued walking, disappearing down a narrow alley behind the cathedral.

Franz was scared to death and shocked, what had happened? He staggered from bar to bar, from wine cup to wine cup. He couldn't think clearly or think anymore for a long time.

How could he have known back then that eternal life had been given to him?

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